

GERMANIA GUARDING THE RHINE.

Digitized by Google

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

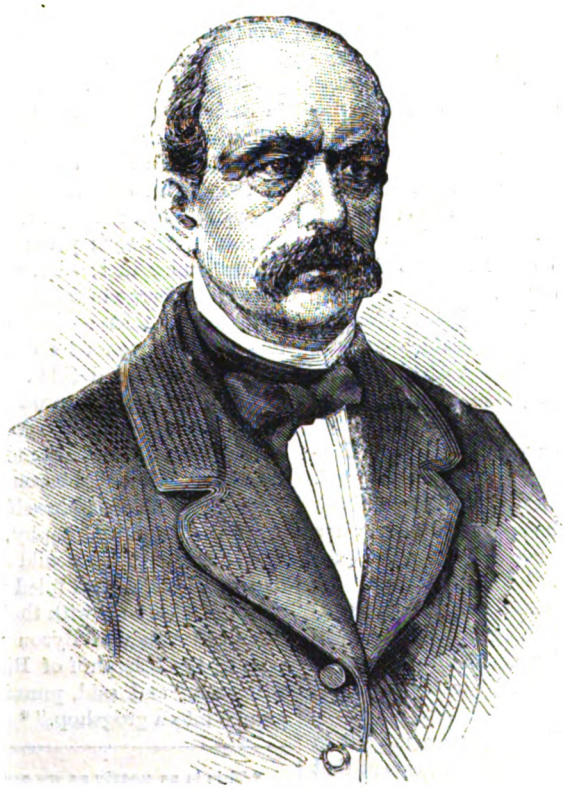
VOL. II.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

BISMARCK: AN HISTORICAL STUDY.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

OTTO EDWARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK is beyond question the most notable statesman of our day. To him more than to any other man is due the creation of the German Empire, the second in population and the first in military strength of the existing states of Europe. Fifteen years ago, when he became Prime Minister of Prussia, his name was hardly known. Five years later, Carlyle wrote of him: "He is the only man appointed by God to be his vicegerent here on earth in these days, and knowing he was so appointed, and bent with his whole soul on doing, and able to do, God's work." Others represent him as embodying in himself all the vices of statecraft: the wiliness of Metternich, the unscrupulousness of Talleyrand, the truculence of Menschikoff. Both representations are wide of the truth. Let us, by examining his work, and the fashion in which he has done it, endeavor to ascertain what manner of man he is.

On the river Biese, in the circle of Stendal, of the Prussian province of Saxony, is a little town for which one will look in vain on our common maps or in our most complete gazetteers. Yet it has a written history going back for seven centuries, when the region hereabouts was wrested from its Slavic possessors and fell to the Bishops of Havelland. One of these, about the year 1200, built a fortalice to guard the borders of his territory, calling it Biscopenmarck—the Bishop's Marck or Border—which in time became contracted into Bismarck. The town which grew up around it came to be of some note. It rejoiced in a cross which is said to have fallen from heaven, and to which pilgrimages were made in the thirteenth century. Near by is still standing an ancient tower called the "Bishop's Louse." Legend says that it was once the abode of a gigantic louse, for whose sustenance the neighboring peasants were obliged to furnish enormous supplies of flesh. The legend is satirical; the great louse being the representation of the devouring ecclesiastical vermin who infested the land.



OTTO EDWARD LEOPOLD PRINCE BISMARCK SCHÖNHAUSEN.

From this town set out bold German Ritters bent upon new acquisitions, who took its name as a surname, calling themselves Von Bismarck. The first of these of whom we find special mention was Rule von Bismarck, who as early as 1300 held broad lands near Stendal, of which town he was a leading burgher and a member of the guild of tailors. Not that he was of necessity an actual craftsman, but because every burgher must be enrolled in one of the regular guilds. Traces of this custom exist in England. The Duke of Wellington was enrolled as a member of the "Worshipful Company of Master Tailors" in London, and the Prince of

Digitized by Google

Wales is, we believe, free of the Fishmongers. Rule von Bismarck led a stirring life. Among his other doings he got into a quarrel with the Church about some lands, was excommunicated, and died under the ecclesiastical ban. Still more notable was his son, the Knight Claus von Bismarck, master of the aristocratic guild of the tailors who fell into feud with the more plebeian guilds, got worsted, and were banished from Stendal. Claus went to his estates; rose high in favor with the Markgrave Ludwig of Brandenburg, to whom he did many good services, especially that of lending him money, for which he was rewarded with the fief of the Castle of Burgstall, one of the chief strongholds in the Elbe region. His descendants held this title till the middle of the sixteenth century, and were noted as famous hunters. Then the Elector John George (the Markgraves of Brandenburg had before this attained to that dignity), also a famous hunter, cast longing eyes upon Burgstall. By dint of much negotiation and more coercion he induced the Bismarck to exchange it for the less valuable estates of Crevese and Schönhausen, whence in time arose the houses of Von Bismarck, of which we have to do only with that of Schönhausen. The house was not strictly a noble one, but belonged to what is styled the *Junker* order, corresponding very nearly to the English squires.

Schönhausen is an ancient little town. Its church, built by the good Siegbodo, Bishop of Haveland, and consecrated in 1207, is the finest village church in the Elbe region. Hard by is the mansion of the Von Bismarcks, a substantial house of two stories and high peaked roof, built about 1690; the massive foundations are more than a century older, for the original mansion was burned down during the Thirty Years' War. At the beginning of the last century this was the residence of Karl Wilhelm von Bismarck, formerly captain in the royal guard, but who had settled down to the life of a country gentleman, devoted to field sports, and standing in much awe of his spouse, Frau Wilhelmina Wenke, who was addicted to society, literature, science, and chess. To them was born, April 1st, 1815, their son, whom we know as Prince Otto von Bismarck. Of several children previously born, only Bernhard, five years the senior of Otto, survived childhood. He rose in time to be a privy councilor and chief-justice of a district court. Twelve years younger than Otto was a sister, Malwina, who in time became the wife of the royal chamberlain, Oscar von Arnim. Bismarck's letters to her, running through many years, form the best part of the rather trashy memoir by Herr Hesekiel, which is, nevertheless, quite the best that has been written, although it comes down only to the year previous to the Franco-German war, leaving us to other sources for the most important part of Bismarck's career.

When Otto was a year old, the death of a distant kinsman put his father in possession of several considerable estates in Pomerania, among which was that of Niephof, which became for many years the home of the family, although they kept up a Winter residence in Berlin.

At the age of six Otto was sent to a private school in Berlin, in which his elder brother had been for some time pupil. Six years after he was transferred to the gymnasium, whither Bernhard had preceded him. Here he spent ten years, when he went to the University of Göttingen to study jurisprudence, for he had been destined to a diplomatic career. He wished to go to Heidelberg, but his good mother had heard much of the wild ways of the Heidelberg students, especially of their beer-drinking proclivities, and taking what she supposed to be sound advice, decided in favor of the reputedly more sober Göttingen.

Bismarck had grown up a very tall young man, modest in manner, and nowise distinguished as a student, except that he made himself a perfect master of the English and French languages. He was a fine dancer, a good horseman, and an expert fencer. So quiet had been his Berlin student life, that he had found opportunity for only a single duel. This, if we may put faith in an account of it, written in doggerel verse, was a funny affair, a sort of running fight, in which Bismarck got a slash in the leg, while his near-sighted antagonist suffered the loss of his spectacles.

At Göttingen, where he remained only a year, he distinguished himself by his conspicuous absence from lectures. He was early initiated into the wildest set of students. One day he was summoned before the dean to answer for some escapade. He made his appearance, accompanied by a huge dog, and attired in a gray dressing-gown, top-boots, and a tall stove-pipe hat. He underwent a sound rating, and was returning home in no amiable mood, when he encountered four Hanoverian students, who set up a loud laugh at his odd appearance. "Are you laughing at me, gentlemen?" demanded Bismarck. "H-m, one may say that easy enough," was the response. Here was a glorious opportunity for a formal students' duel. Bismarck was not posted up in the etiquette of the occasion, but he managed to growl out a reply sufficiently provocative, and was challenged by all the four. He accepted the challenges, and hurried to the headquarters of the Brunswickers, by whom he was furnished with the proper fighting equipments. The Hanoverians were charmed at his pluck. They withdrew their challenges, made all courteous apologies, swore that he was no *Fuchs*, but a jolly brave *Bursch*, and formally inducted him into the Hanoverian *Burschenverein*. The Brunswickers were wroth that he had joined another union after having been armed by them. Their senior challenged him, and got a bloody slash across the face. One duel led to another, and before the year was out Bismarck had fought twenty times, losing blood only once, when by the breaking of his opponent's sword he received a wound in the face, of which he still bears the scar. The blood was decided accidental, and so "not good."

From Göttingen Bismarck went back to Berlin, nominally to study for a magisterial or diplomatic career. He led a wild life, but managed to pass his examinations, and in 1835 was made examiner in a magistrate's court, and in the following year received a position in the Department of the Administration of Justice. In 1838 he entered the Jäger Guards in Berlin, to perform his term of military service. In the following year he was transferred to a Pomeranian regiment.

His father's affairs had gone badly. What with the cost of the Berlin establishment, of Summers at the watering-places, and bad management generally, he was on the verge of ruin. His sons persuaded him to put the Pomeranian estates under their care, while he retired to Schönhausen. Otto took charge of Kniephof, near which his regiment was stationed, so that he had opportunity to manage it. For two or three years he devoted himself assiduously to his work, manifested decided administrative capacity, and the estate again became productive. When matters began to go smoothly, he fell into ways at which his staid neighbors were aghast. He would mount his horse and ride twenty or thirty miles to a wild carouse with the officers of a garrison. Then he would shut himself up in his room, devouring books upon theology, philosophy, and history. Then he would fill the house with his wild fellow-officers, who quaffed huge bumpers from a bowl filled with porter and champagne, and rent the night air with their shouts and pistol-firing. The Newstead Abbey of Byron might have served as the prototype of the Kniephof of Bismarck. Men called him "Mad Bismarck," and said, punningly, that he had "turned his grange into a grogshop." *

* This is as nearly as we can reproduce in English the German play upon words, which turns upon the similarity in sound between *Kneiphof*, the name of the estate, and *kneipchof*, a low pot-house.

During this wild period he won his first medal; one which he is still fond of wearing, and of which he is more proud than of any of the prouder ones to which he has a right. His servant had been flung by a runaway horse into a deep river; Bismarck, in full uniform, plunged in, and, at the imminent peril of his own life, brought him out; and for this received the medal for saving human life.

This way of life lasted several years, during which he made a tour in France and England. Then Kniephof grew quiet and decorous, and it was whispered that it was about to receive a mistress; but as time passed and none appeared, it was conjectured that Mad Bismarck had been crossed in love. He had indeed fallen in love, and stood a more than equal chance of being crossed. He gave up his wild life, and, having completed his term of military service, resumed his official post in Berlin.

His father died in 1845, and the estates were divided between his two sons, Otto receiving Kniephof and Schönhausen, making the latter his home, and being elected to the post of captain of dykes, a responsible position in that flat region, liable to constant overflows.

Great was the astonishment of the sedate Herr Jacob Putkammer and his spouse, the highborn Lady Luitgarde von Glasenap, when one day they received a letter from Bismarck, asking for the hand of their daughter, and greater still when the gentle Johanna acknowledged that he had won her heart. The father made slight opposition, but the mother was obdurate until the lover appeared in person to plead his suit. Her objections vanished at the sight of the stately and courteous gentleman into which "Mad Bismarck" had been transformed. The marriage took place in July, 1847. It would be hard to find one which has proved itself more fortunate.

Bismarck's political career commenced only two or three months before his marriage. Up to this time there had been in Prussia nothing at all answering to a national diet. There was, indeed, a separate local diet for each province, and King Frederick William III. had, as long ago as 1820, introduced some reforms, and promised many more; but he had died in 1840, leaving his promises only partially fulfilled. In February, 1847, his successor, Frederick William IV., put forth an ordinance instituting a "united diet," to be composed of princes of the blood, certain nobles, and a deputy and alternate from each provincial diet. Dyke Captain Otto von Bismarck was chosen alternate from the province of Saxony, and his principal being ill, took his seat in the United Diet, which convened in April, 1847, in the White Room of the Royal Palace of Cölln-on-the-Spree.

The functions of this diet were limited enough, and the king opened it with a speech, in which he told them that even these functions rested solely and entirely upon his free grace and absolute will. He said: "As the heir of an unweakened crown, which I must and will hand down unweakened to my descendants, I know that I am perfectly free from all and every pledge with respect to what has not been carried out of the promises of my father, and above all, with respect to that from the execution of which his own true paternal conscience preserved my illustrious predecessor;" but the law of 1820 had been carried out in all its essential parts, and had proved itself to be a wise one; "therefore have I proceeded with a cheerful heart, indeed, but with all the freedom of my kingly prerogative, to its final completion. Yes, far beyond the promises of the king of blessed memory, I have granted you, within certain necessary limits, the right of granting taxes;" but he had granted this of his own royal will, and of his own royal will alone he promised that, except in case of war, he would "contract no State loan, levy no new taxes, nor increase existing ones, without the free consent of the Orders." But he warned the members of the diet that "it was not their province to represent opinions, or to bring opinions of the day into practical operation; for the Crown must govern according to the laws of God and the land, and its own free and unbiassed resolution, and not according to the will of the majority." And he adds, emphatically, "I would not have called you together had I the smallest suspicion that you had any desire to play the part of what are called representatives of the people."

As for all written constitutions, he rejected the very idea with contempt. If there were anywhere people who found content in such, it was well enough for them; but, he asseverates, "No power on earth will ever succeed in moving me to change the natural relation between prince and people into something conventional or constitutional; and, once for all, I will never suffer a written sheet of paper to force itself in between our Lord God in Heaven and this people in order to rule us with its paragraphs, and to replace by them our ancient and time-hallowed trusty reliance upon each other."

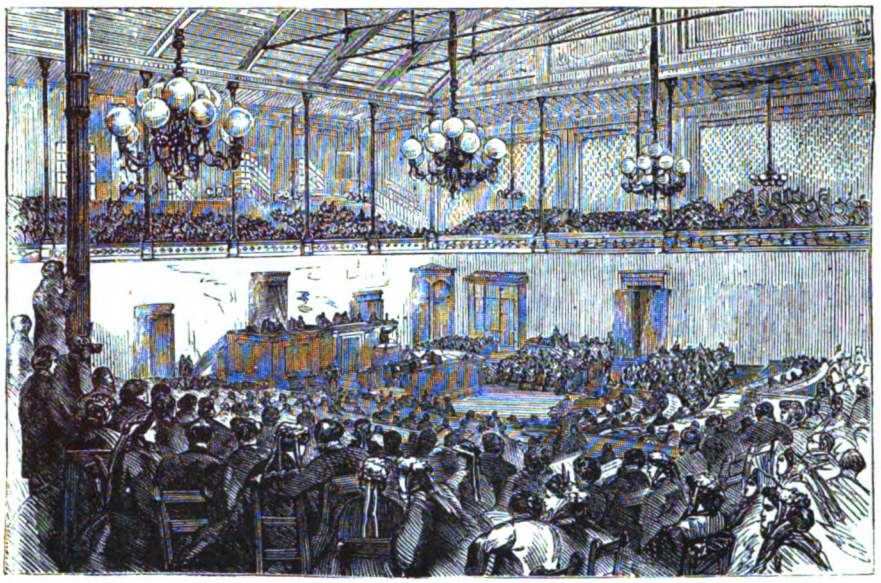
As for a written constitution, three years had not passed before the king was compelled to grant one, to which, when the pressure was overpassed, he paid as little respect as might have been expected. Meanwhile, there is something not a little ludicrous in the monarch of a mushroom kingdom like Prussia appealing to divine right and time-hallowed sanctions. Men were yet living whose grandfathers could recollect when the Elector of Brandenburg was permitted, by grace of Austria, and at a heavy cost, to style himself King of Prussia; and how he was sneered at by the Order which he left, and flouted by that which he entered. The first Frederick became King of Prussia not two years before the first George became King of England; but the most stupid Guelph had in his veins some of the royal blood of the Stuarts and Plantagenets, while no Hohenzollern could claim a drop of such sacred ichor; and no one can transmit what he has not received. A wise man may ascribe sanctity to an image which he believes came down from heaven, although it were a very rude one; while he would hardly value one which had been carved before his own eyes, except for its own intrinsic worth. The century-and-a-half old Prussian monarchy had a value because it was useful, just as the six years' old German Empire has a value because it is useful and bids fair to continue.

The king struck the true note in defense of his claim to absolutism when he said that Prussia was not ripe for any other form of government. "It has pleased God," he said, "to make Prussia strong by the sword of war from without, and by the sword of intellect from within. As in the camp, unless in cases of the most urgent danger or grossest folly, the command can only be vested in the will of one. So can the destinies of this country, unless it is to fall instantly from its height, only be guided by one will."

Bismarck had hitherto apparently scarcely given a thought to political questions. But he was an absolutist by temper and by his very birth as a *Junker;* and as he then looked at the matter, the right divine to rule in Prussia lay only in the king, and in his first speech in the Diet he uttered his political creed: "The Prussian sovereigns are in possession of a crown, not by the grace of the people, but by the grace of God—an actually unconditional crown, some of the rights of which they have voluntarily conceded to the people." If for the sovereignty of the Crown, we substitute that of the State, in whatever hands vested, we shall have the creed to which he has ever been faithful. And if to this we add an intense patriotism, which led him in everything to look solely to the safety and aggrandizement of Prussia, we shall have the key to Bismarck's whole career, from the moment when political power came into his hands. Crowns quite as much given by the grace of God as that of Prussia were swept away without scruple, whenever Prussia could thereby gain an advantage—her boundaries be rectified or her

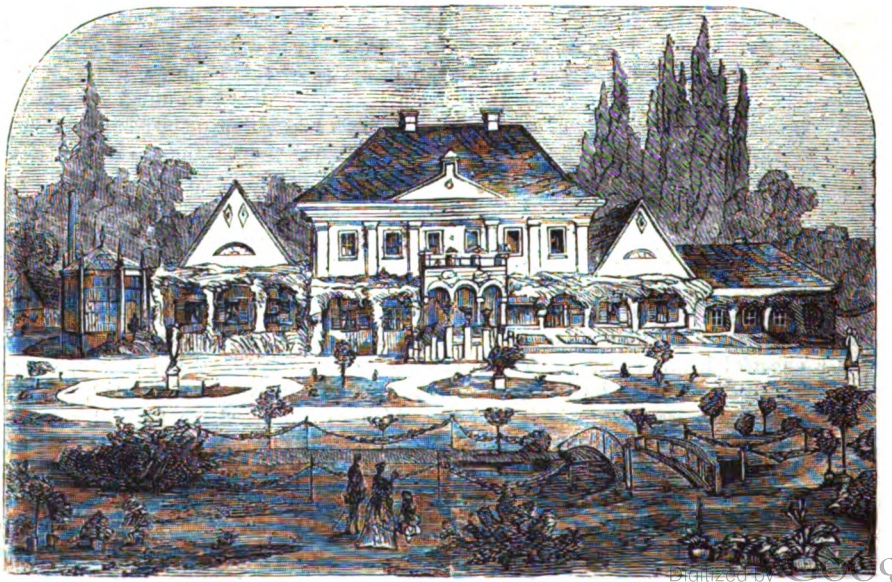
frontiers made more secure. Prussia would be stronger by the possession of Schleswig-Holstein, of Hanover, of Hesse Cassel, of Frankfort, of Alsace-Lorraine, and he took them when he had a chance, quite regardless of the protestations of kings, dukes, senates, or peoples.

His theory of absolutism was soon destined to be rudely tested. The deluge of 1848 came. It seemed as though the windows of heaven were opened and the fountains of the great deep broken up. The waves swept over the continent and dashed against the walls of Berlin. Democracy was rampant there. For a time it seemed that Frederick William would tread the path of Louis XVI. He was forced to stand bareheaded while the bodies of the populace shot down by his soldiers were brought into the courtyard of the palace. "National property" was inscribed over the gate of the palace of his brother and heir-apparent. In spite of all that he had said, he had sanctioned a popular constitution, under which a diet was convened. Bismarck set himself to bring about a reaction. He organized clubs; was busy in beer-houses, through the press, and in the constitutional diet, where he soon found himself at the head of the *Junker* party, and was often called privately into the royal councils. It was the work of a politician rather than a statesman; but it was the only work then to be done, perhaps the only work which he was then capable of doing. His higher qualities had yet to be developed. Meanwhile the revolutionary flood was stayed in central Europe. Louis Napoleon grasped the reins of power in France; the shattered German Federation was reorganized, with its cumbrous Frankfort Diet, and in that federation Austria, so lately on the verge of ruin, had more than her old advantage over Prussia, for by her influence over the smaller States she could shape the action of the Diet, dragging Prussia, however unwilling, in her course. "The Federation," wrote Bismarck years after, "has been for Prussia a noose around our necks, with the end of it in the hands of the enemy, who only waits the proper moment to pull it." The king, somewhat hesitatingly, proposed to Bismarck to go to the Diet as Prussian ambassador, asking if he could manage the duties. He replied: "Try me, for six months, and then, or sooner if you think proper, remove me." In 1851 he was sent thither, as Secretary of the Embassy, but with the understanding that he would soon be placed at its head.



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN BERLIN.

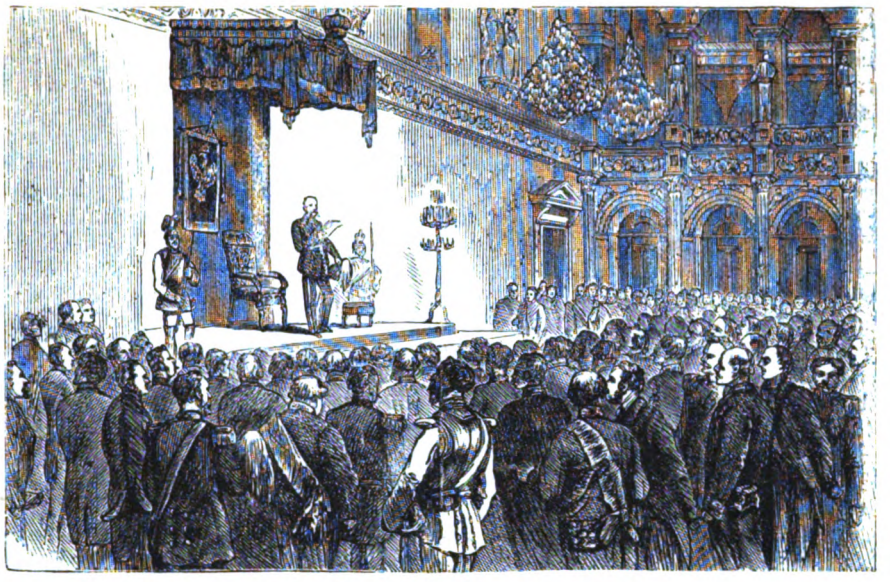
It was not long before it was clear that Bismarck had at last found his right place. He held the position for eight critical years, in the course of which he was temporarily sent on several important diplomatic missions. His chief endeavor was to win for Prussia at least an equality with Austria in the Federal Diet. He mastered the craft of diplomacy, at which he laughed in private, styling it "the art of saying nothing in many words. . . . I write reports of many sheets which read as tersely and roundly as newspaper articles, but if any one can say what there is in them after he has read them, he can do more than I can. Each of us pretends to believe that his neighbor is full of thoughts and plans if he would only tell them, and at the same time none of us know an atom more of what is going to happen to Germany than of next year's snow. Nobody knows what quackery there is in this diplomatizing." But one thing he did know: Austria could hardly want anything which would not work harm to Prussia; and come what might, she must be closely watched. In the meantime Frederick William became incapable of wearing any crown, by God's grace or man's. His faculties decayed, men said, through drunkenness. He was known throughout Europe as "King Cliquot," and in 1857 his brother, now the Emperor William, became regent. He had learned to estimate Bismarck at his true value, and continued his confidence. When the Austro-Italian war



VARZIN, RESIDENCE OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

Digitized by Google

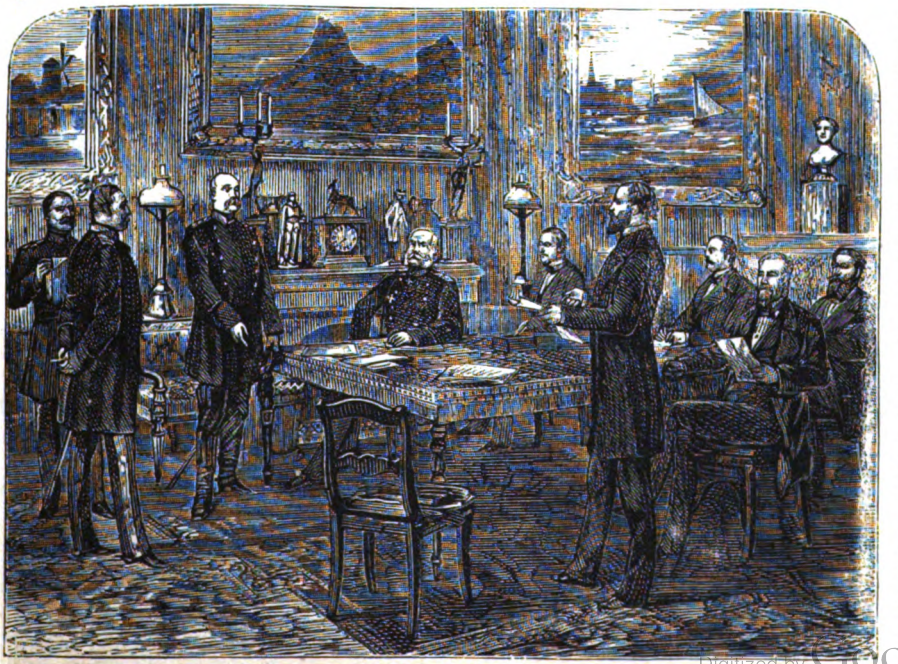
was imminent, with France as the ally of Italy, it seemed as though the Federation, and with it Prussia, would be dragged in, and the seat of war be transferred from the Po to the Rhine. Early in 1859 it seemed of paramount importance to secure perfect accord between Russia and Prussia, and Bismarck was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, from whence, after surveying the situation, he wrote: "If we fire one shot on the Rhine, the Italo-Austrian war is over, and in place of it we shall have a Prusso-French war, in which Austria, after we have taken the load from her shoulders, will only assist, and will assist just so far as her own interests are concerned. That we should play a very victorious part is scarcely to be supposed." As it turned out, the Federation kept aloof; the war was confined to Italy, and by the peace of Villafranca, Austria was stripped of most of her possessions on the peninsula, and the King of Sardinia became King of Italy.



THE KING OF PRUSSIA OPENING THE NORTH GERMAN PARLIAMENT IN 1867.

The vitality of Austria is the puzzle of the philosophic historian. Made up of a seemingly unnatural conglomeration of peoples differing in race and language, in manners and institutions, one would suppose that the fabric of the empire would fall at the first shock from within or without. But she came out of the seemingly disastrous war stronger than before, and without even a loss of prestige; for it was no military disgrace that she could not upon Italian soil cope with the united force of France and Italy. The loss of Lombardy was a real gain. Relieved from the necessity of keeping down a discontented people, she was able to bend her whole energy to strengthen her position in the German Federation.

Bismarck, in the meanwhile, after a brief embassy to France, had been recalled, and in September, 1862, was made by William, now king, Prime Minister of Prussia, with the special direction of foreign affairs. This to an onlooker was a hazardous step, for as a pronounced absolutist, Bismarck was thoroughly unpopular; in the Diet, the House of Deputies was dead against him, and he was forced to withdraw his first budget to prevent it being rejected. He had by this time began to meditate upon a Germany from which Austria should be excluded, or at least have only the weight in the Diet which belonged to her in proportion to her German population, exclusive of her other nationalities, which would leave her far below Prussia. "I see," he has written, "in our position in the Diet a defect of Prussia which we shall have sooner or later to heal *ferro et igne*." In the meanwhile the one thing to be done was to strengthen the army; or, in his own phrase, to "put Prussia in the saddle," and await the course of events, ready for any emergency. When the army was made truly formidable, then he said, "Prussian self-respect would speak perhaps with a more conclusive tone than the Diet. I should only then care to see the word 'German' instead of 'Prussian' inscribed on our standard, when we should have become more intimately and effectually bound up with our German fellow-countrymen than we have hitherto been." He never really recognized the German portion of the Austrians as truly German. As early as 1859 he had come to believe that, "were the Federation abolished this very day, without substituting anything for it, this negative acquisition would soon form better and more natural relations between Prussia and her German neighbors than have hitherto existed."



PRINCE BISMARCK, IN A COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE, AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

It would be vain to attempt to unravel the tangled skein of intrigue which was carried on during the first three years of Bismarck's premiership. At first he endeavored, ostensibly at least, to come

Digitized by Google

to a solid accord with Austria; failing in this, he entered into accord with Russia, between whom and Austria there were growing discontents, and who were quite willing at least to stand neutral, and to see that the other great powers should do so, in case, as seemed probable, Prussia and Austria came to blows. Meantime Prussia and Italy had entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, against Austria should either be assailed by her.

The impending war was postponed for a brief space, and then most unexpectedly hurried on by the "Schleswig-Holstein affair"—an affair which, even at this time, seems inexplicable, but which all men agree to have been a most unwarrantable scheme, in which Austria and Prussia undertook to despoil a weak neighbor, each hoping that, in the end, she would be able to secure all the advantage for herself. The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein were an integral part of the kingdom of Denmark, but their dukes were princes in the German Federation, and represented in the Federal Diet, which brought their territories, in a manner, into the Federation. The direct line of succession in both duchies seemed to be on the point of failure, and the King of Denmark undertook to settle it in a way prejudicial to the possible claims of other German princes, who appealed to the Diet for redress. The Diet directed Austria and Prussia to drive out the Danes. They made a gallant but unavailing resistance, and the King of Denmark was forced to yield the duchies to the Federation; whereupon Austria was directed to take temporary possession of Holstein, and Prussia of Schleswig. The duchies were contiguous to Prussia, who wanted possession of both. Austria wished Holstein made a separate State. Prussia objected, and drove the Austrian forces out of Holstein. Austria appealed to the Diet, which ordered the Federal force, with the exception of the Prussian contingent, to the field. Prussia demanded that the order should be rescinded, which was refused. She then averred that she had been attacked by Austria and the other States, who had virtually declared war against her, and called upon Italy to fulfill her treaty obligations by declaring war against Austria. This was done, and the war was opened in Germany and Italy.

In Italy the Austrians were successful; in Germany everything went against them from the first. Here the campaign, which lasted only seven weeks, was brought to a close by the decisive battle of Sadowa, fought July 3, 1866. On each side nearly 200,000 men were engaged; the Austrians were utterly routed, losing 40,000 in killed and wounded, and 20,000 prisoners, while the entire Prussian loss was hardly 10,000. The result was mainly owing to the greater rapidity of fire and the superior range of needle-gun with which the Prussian infantry had been quietly armed. The military supremacy of Prussia was clearly established. The Emperor of Austria abandoned the contest in Italy, formally made over Venetia, his only remaining possession on the peninsula, to the French Emperor, who transferred it to the King of Italy.

Prussia took relentless advantage of her success. Saxony, Hanover, and Hesse-Cassel had formally sided with Austria, and the Prussians took possession of their territories. The King of Saxony was allowed to retain his crown upon hard conditions. The blind King of Hanover was coolly set aside, and his kingdom annexed to Prussia. Hesse-Cassel shared the same fate. The German Federation was declared to be dissolved, and a new union, from which Austria was excluded, was formed, comprising all the German States north of the River Main, and styled the North German Confederation. This embraced a population of about 29,200,000. Prussia, with her new acquisition, had 23,600,000; Saxony, 2,300,000; twenty smaller States, 3,300,000. The North German Confederation was, in effect, Prussia under another name. The King of Prussia had supreme command of the army, the sole authority to represent the Confederation with foreign powers, to declare war and make peace, and to appoint a Chancellor who should preside in the Federal Council. Bismarck was made Chancellor.

The States south of the Main—Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse-Darmstadt, with a total population of 8,500,000, were left at liberty to form a South German Confederation. Bavaria, whose population exceeds all the others, was disposed to enter into a close alliance with Prussia, with a view of soon joining the North German Confederation; Baden also favored this; Würtemberg wished, for the present, to stand aloof, and await the course of events.

Bismarck had now, in effect, reached the goal at which he had so long been aiming. There was a practical union of all Germany under the Prussian Crown, and of this Germany he was the virtual ruler, for William adopted all his views. He set himself vigorously at work to consolidate the new power, and, above all, to bring the army to the highest state of efficiency, and in this he was singularly fortunate in having the aid of Moltke and Von Roon, probably the greatest military organizers the world has ever known. It was at this time that Carlyle wrote the words which are cited at the beginning of this study.

The period from 1866 to 1870 was, in the main, fortunate for the designs of Prussia. Russia was altogether favorable. Austria, cut off from Germany, was too much engrossed in consolidating her shattered empire to give ground for apprehension. Great Britain desired to keep aloof from complications on the Continent. But France began to look with jealousy upon the sudden aggrandizement of her nearest neighbor. For almost a score of years it had seemed that Napoleon III. was the arbiter of Europe. His councils had seemed as though one had inquired at the oracles of God. It was now clear enough that he was no longer the man he had been. His throne rested upon the breath of the populace, and murmurings had begun to be heard against him. But, in the outset at least, a war is sure to be popular with the French, if it promises to add glory to France. Next to a war which should avenge upon Great Britain the disgrace of Waterloo, the most glorious for France would be one which should repeat over Prussia the triumph of Jena. Urged by all malign counsels, Napoleon made ostentatious preparations for war. Prussia more quietly, but far more vigorously, made counter preparations.

There seems to be little reason to doubt that Napoleon was bent upon war early in 1870; yet on the last day of June there was nothing which betokened an immediate outbreak, for it seemed unlikely that anybody out of Spain would care who should wear the Spanish Crown. On the 30th of June, M. Emile Ollivier, the French Prime Minister, officially declared in the Legislative Body that the peace of Europe was never more secure, for no one of the great powers—France least of all—had serious grounds of complaint against any other.

Just four days later, the Spanish Provisional Government proposed to the Cortes that the crown should be offered to Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, an obscure member of the royal family of Prussia. The French Government formally declared that the candidacy of a Prussian prince, agreed upon without consulting France, would be a blow at French honor and influence; and M. Benedetti, the French ambassador at Berlin, was instructed to demand that the King of Prussia should forbid Prince Leopold from accepting the proffered crown. The king refused, upon the ground that he had no right to give such an order to a prince who was of age; but at the same time, July 19th, the Prussian Government put forth an official declaration that it had no part in the selection of the prince. The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs had just before assured the French Government that the choice had been made without consult-

Digitized by Google

ation with any foreign power whatsoever. Leopold also declined to be a candidate, and the difficulty seemed to be effectually put to rest. But, to the surprise of all men, the French Government was not satisfied, and insisted that the King of Prussia should, in an autograph letter to the Emperor of France, pledge himself that no prince of the house of Hohenzollern should ever in the future become a candidate for the Crown of Spain. Bismarck refused even to lay the demand before his sovereign. On the 13th Benedetti met the king in a public walk at the watering-place of Ems, and impudently reiterated the demand. William turned on his heel, and would not even give an answer; but in a few minutes sent word by a simple adjutant that he would receive no communication on the subject. On the next day the Prussian ambassador was formally withdrawn from Paris, and the French ambassador from Berlin.

On the 19th war was formally declared by France, for which three reasons were assigned: The insult offered by Bismarck to the French ambassador, and its subsequent sanction by the king; the refusal of the king to compel Prince Leopold to withdraw his name as a candidate for the Spanish Crown; and that the king still left the prince at liberty to accept the crown if formally offered to him.

Never was a great war undertaken upon such slight pretexts, and never in such hot haste. It was just nine days from the time when the grievance was first announced, to that when war was made inevitable, and only five days more until it was formally declared.

That 13th of July did for Bismarck the work of years. All the German peoples crystallized at once into a united Germany. On the 16th the Federal Council of the North German Confederation votes that the "arrogance of France" must be checked, and that the whole army should be mobilized. By special treaty, the forces of the South German States were to join those of the Northern Confederation in case war should be made upon it. Contrary to French expectation, Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden were prompt to fulfill the treaty. Before a week had passed all Germany, from the Alps to the Baltic, from the Niemen to the Rhine, was aflame.

France was equally eager for the fray; or if any one had scruples he prudently kept them to himself. In the Legislative Body, the Duke de Grammont declared, amid universal applause, that the honor and dignity of France had been wantonly assailed, and that there was just cause for war. Emile Ollivier, in the name of the Government, demanded that the Garde Mobile should be armed, and an extraordinary credit of 500,000,000 francs should be granted for the army, and 16,000,000 for the navy. Hardly a vote was given against this demand. The Senate went in a body to St. Cloud to thank the emperor for his promptitude in vindicating the honor of France.

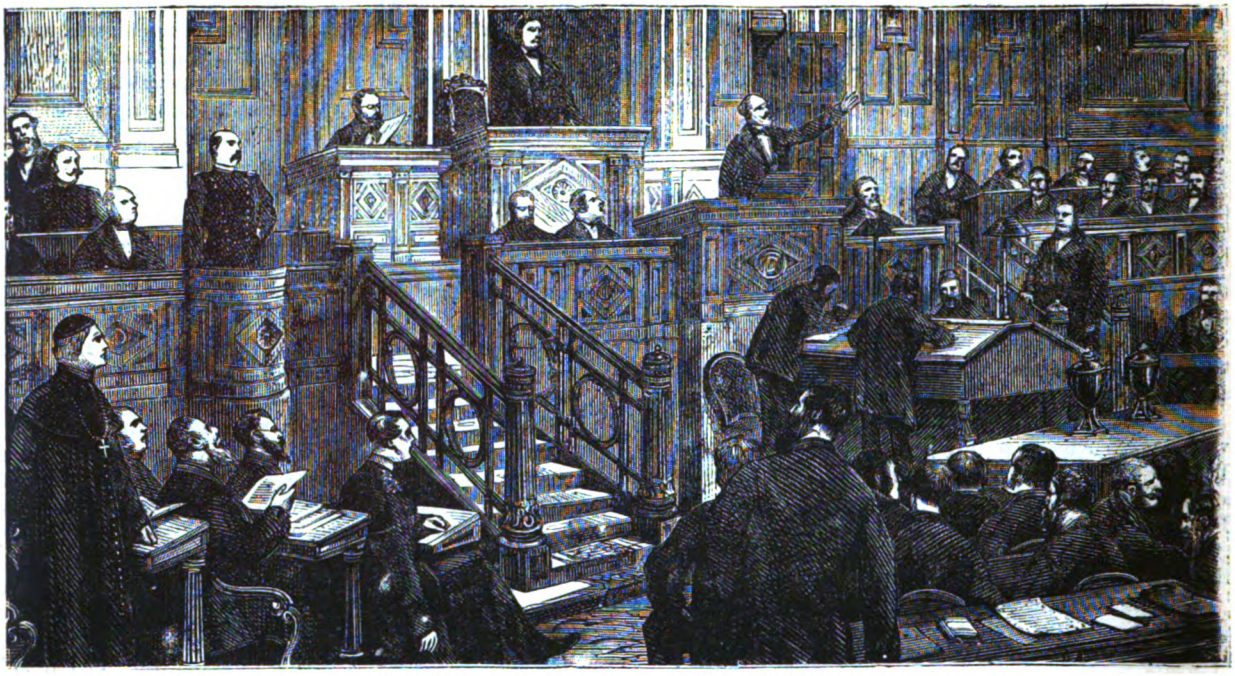
The British ambassador at Berlin proposed that England should mediate between the powers. Bismarck declined the proposal, unless France should first declare her desire for such mediation. Three days after the declaration of war, the Pope, "as the vicer on earth of God and of peace," offered his mediation. To the Protestant king he wrote: "My mediation is that of a sovereign whose small dominion excites no jealousy, and who inspires confidence by the moral and religious influence he personifies. May God lend his ear to my wishes." William responded courteously, but firmly, and in his letter we see the hand of Bismarck. Neither he nor his people, he said, had devised or provoked war. They had taken up the sword to defend the honor and the independence of their country, and were ready to lay it down the moment that end was attained. "If," he concludes, "your Holiness could offer me from him who has so unexpectedly declared war assurances of sincerely pacific dispositions, and guarantees against a similar attempt upon the peace and tranquility of Europe, it will certainly not be I who will refuse to receive them from your venerable hands, united as I am with you in bonds of Christian charity and sincere friendship." But no such assurances came from the Emperor of the French, who entered blindly upon that path which in sixty days was to lead him to Sédan. Every European power made haste to proclaim its neutrality. Both belligerents assured the neighboring States of Holland, Belgium and Switzerland that their neutrality should not be infringed. So all Europe stood by to witness the great duel.

Years afterward Bismarck declared publicly that the war was really brought about by the Pope, "a true member of the Church militant, who had thought fit to renew the ancient struggle between the Papacy and the temporal power, and more especially with the German Empire. He could prove, he said, that the war was the combined work of Rome and France; that Napoleon was dragged into it against his will by the Jesuitical influences rampant at his Court; and "that up to the very eleventh hour he was determined to maintain peace, but was finally overpowered by persons representing Rome." For our part, we do not give credit to this assertion. We do not find the slightest evidence for the charge; and everything is against it. We believe that the war was in every sense Napoleon's war.

The French Emperor had committed the fatal double error of over-estimating his own strength and under-estimating that of the enemy. He looked for one or two great battles, as many decisive victories, and then merely a military promenade. "We know the way to Berlin," he said to his soldiers. "It runs past Jena." At the beginning of the year the French army, on a peace footing, numbered on paper about 400,000 men, which would be doubled when placed on a war footing. When war was declared there were only 400,000 fit for arms, with a reserve of perhaps 100,000, and 150,000 in garrisons, in all 650,000 for every duty. Of these, not more than 310,000 were disposable for an immediate campaign on the Rhine. The actual armies of invasion scarcely reached 270,000. Germany had ready for the field fully 450,000, besides a first reserve of 190,000, which could be speedily mobilized, and a second reserve of 225,000; in all 875,000, behind which was still the *Landwehr*, or home militia, which in case of need could do garrison duty. Within a few weeks after hostilities began there were not less than 600,000 German troops on the soil of France. Besides the great numerical preponderence, the German troops were better equipped, better provisioned, better organized, and, as the event proved, far better commanded, than the French.

We can barely glance at some of the salient features of the war. The first blow, and the only one struck upon German soil, was given by the French. A strong column crossed the Moselle, August 2d, and drove back the little garrison of Saarbruck. The Germans almost simultaneously crossed into Alsace-Lorraine. On the 5th the French advance guard was attacked at Weissenburg and driven back to Wörth, where, on the 6th, was fought the first great battle of the campaign. The French under Bazaine were defeated, almost routed, and driven back toward Metz, where Napoleon had his headquarters. Hot fighting took place on the 14th and succeeding days, culminating in the 16th in the great battle of Gravelotte, where the French, outnumbered and outgeneraled, but not outfought, were defeated and forced to take refuge in the impregnable fortress of Metz, where half of the great army of invasion was shut up, watched by a competent force, while the bulk of the German armies was set free to operate against MacMahon, who had formed an intrenched camp near Chalons, ninety miles to the east. The camp was broken up on the 23d, and for a time it was uncertain whether MacMahon was retreating

Digitized by Google



THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN THE IMPERIAL REICHSTADT.

upon Paris, or was manœuvring for the relief of Bazaine at Metz. The former seemed probable, and Moltke, who from his quiet room directed every movement, sent a large part of the German force by forced marches to intercept the supposed retreat. It soon appeared that MacMahon was moving northward toward Sédan, with the evident purpose of turning sharply to the southwest, uniting with Bazaine under the walls of Metz, and crushing the besieging army by force of numbers. The German march toward Paris was countermanded, and directed upon Sédan, where the opposing forces came face to face, August 31st. Both sovereigns were with their armies. A battle was fought the next day. The French, vastly outnumbered, were defeated and driven into the town, which was incapable of standing siege for a day.

Napoleon, who had been in the thickest of the fight, sent a flag of truce with a letter to William. It read: "My Brother—Since it has not been vouchsafed to me to meet death in the midst of my troops, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty." William replied: "My Brother—I accept your sword, and ask you to appoint some one with whom negotiations concerning the capitulation of your army may be conducted." He appointed Bismarck and Moltke as his commissioners, with orders to insist upon an unconditional surrender of the French army, the officers only to be released upon their written pledge not to take up arms during the war, or to act in any way against the interests of the Germans. MacMahon had been wounded, and the command had devolved upon Wimpfen, who acted as his own commissioner, and swore that sooner than accept these terms he would blow up the fortress and himself. He was told that if the capitulation was not signed by nine o'clock the next morning the bombardment would begin.

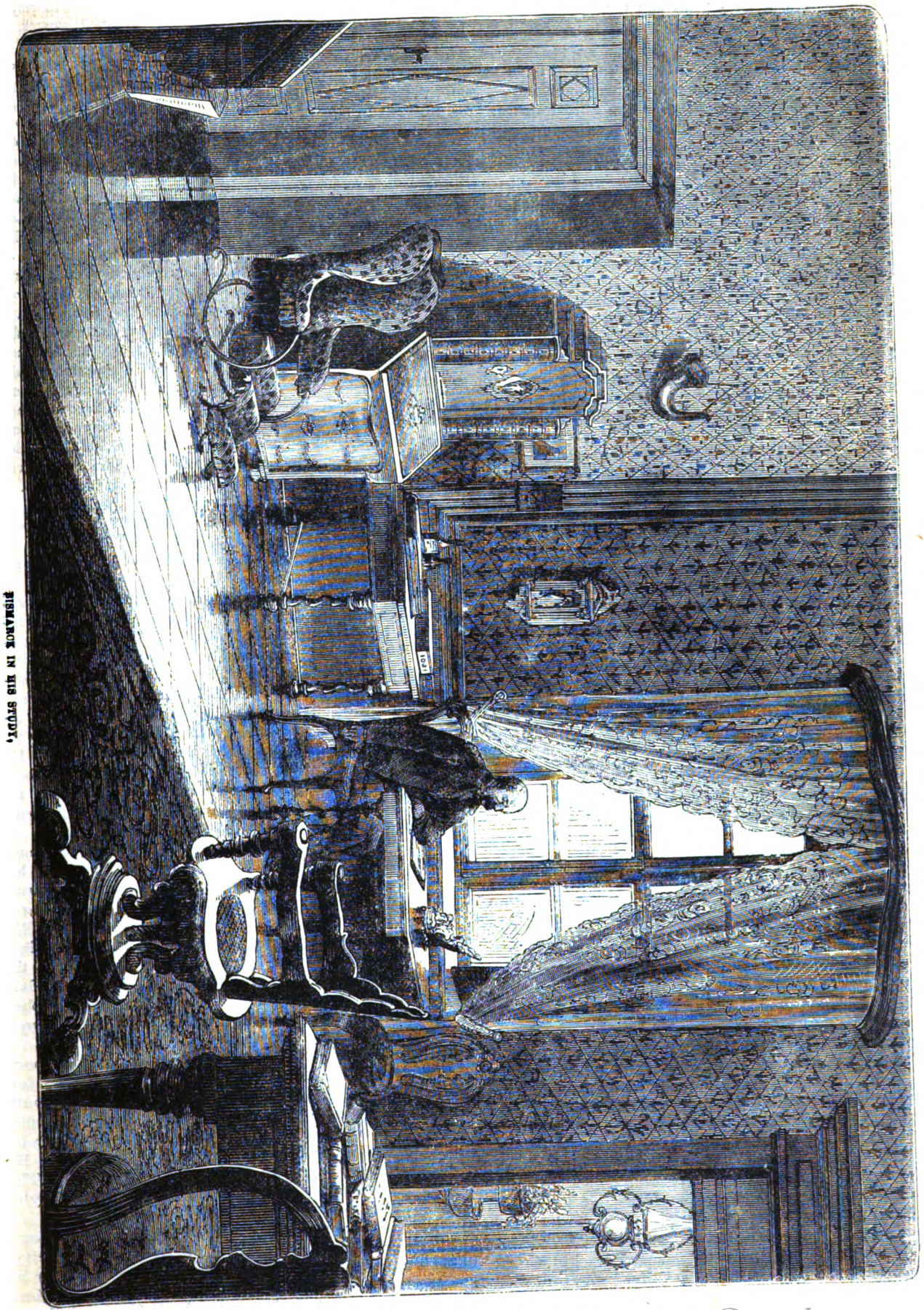
Napoleon fancied that he might gain better terms by a personal interview with William, and rode out to seek him. He was met by Bismarck and Moltke, who told him that there could be no interview with the king until after the capitulation had been signed. Bismarck would not speak as to the capitulation; that, he said, belonged to Moltke; but he was ready to confer with the emperor upon the terms of a peace. Napoleon would not treat of this; the empress, he said, had been appointed regent, and peace could be made only by the regency. No mitigation of the terms could be gained. The capitulation was signed. By it 83,000 men laid down their arms; 50,000 had been previously captured. In killed, wounded, and prisoners, the French had in a few days lost 175,000 men, besides 400 cannon, 70 mitrailleuses, and an immense quantity of munitions of war. The prisoners were sent to the interior of Germany. The castle of Wilhelmshöhe was assigned as the residence of Napoleon, where he remained until March, when he was set at liberty, and allowed to go to England, whither the empress and their son had preceded him.



COUNT VON ARNIM, THE OPPONENT OF BISMARCK.

During the succeeding phases of the war the iron hand of Bismarck appeared. France had provoked the war, and must pay the penalty. Jules Favre, who had come to be the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, vainly urged that the empire, and not the French nation, was responsible; that the republic desired peace; and modestly suggested that the Germans should abandon the siege of Paris, and go quietly home; adding that in no case would a foot of French soil or one stone of a French fortress be given up. Bismarck replied that the French people had made themselves participants in the aggressive war upon Germany; the legislative body had clamored for it, and not an influential organ of public opinion had declared against it. And now "Germany must provide against any future attack from France." She

Digitized by Google



BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY.

Digitized by Google

must secure her southeastern frontier by advancing her boundaries, and by seizing and holding the threatening chain of fortresses. If it was a dishonor to France to give up a part of her territories, this was an ignominy which France had never scrupled to inflict upon other nations when the chances of war put it in her power, and an ignominy to which she had repeatedly submitted when the fortunes of war had gone against her. How much should finally be given up was a matter for negotiation; but in any case Paris must be formally surrendered. Gambetta whimpered that Germany wished to reduce France to the rank of a second-rate power; but that sooner than surrender, Paris would bury herself under her own ruins. Bismarck was unmoved by such rodomontade. A deputation from Paris offered a contribution of 200,000,000 francs by way of ransom. Bismarck replied, sneeringly: "Paris is quite too great a personage to be treated in such a shabby manner. Let us do her the honor to make it a thousand millions." His demands rose as the resistance was prolonged, and finally the cession of Alsace-Lorraine was enforced, with a war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 of francs—a thousand millions down, and the remainder, with interest, within three years; the German troops to be gradually withdrawn as the payments were made, the last body not to leave until the last franc had been paid up; and at the very outset a portion of the army should enter Paris in triumph. France, indeed, by an effort which has excited the wonder of the world, shortened her period of humiliation—perhaps one may say wholly effaced it. The fourth milliard of the indemnity was counted down in May, 1873, instead of in March, 1874, when it was due; in consideration of this and of the promises to pay the last milliard at the end of the year, Bismarck consented that the German army of occupation should in July evacuate all France with the exception of the single fortress of Verdun.

The triumph over France—far more the hereditary enemy of Germany than of England—had completed the work begun by the exclusion of Austria. It only remained that there should be, formally as well as actually, a united German nation; and it seemed fitting that this consummation should take place upon French soil. All the States of Germany, North and South, united in urging the King of Prussia to take upon himself the title and dignity of Emperor of Germany. This was done at the Palace of Versailles, in January, 1871. Bismarck, who had in 1865 been made a count, was raised to the dignity of prince, and made Chancellor of the Empire, retaining the premiership until 1873, when he resigned on account of the overwork which it involved. But still retaining the Chancellorship, and more than any other man ruling the empire.

No easy task has he found it to steer the ship of state in what would at first sight appear to be calm waters. Most difficult of all is it to deal with the ecclesiastical claims of the Catholic Church. To Americans it seems as if there should be no conflict between Church and State. Not so in Germany, where the two come into collision at a thousand points, and upon matters in respect to which neither can yield to the other except under actual compulsion. In the view of the State, the Church, whether Catholic or Protestant, must be in all respects subject to the civil power. The Catholic holds that the Church has certain prerogatives and functions with which the State has nothing to do, and for the exercise of which the State has no authority to call the Church in question. Thus the Bishop of Ermeland recently excommunicated two learned doctors who publicly questioned the binding authority of the Vatican decrees. He was told that no religious denomination had a right to cut off from its communion any of its members without leave of the State. The bishop urged that as excommunication involved no civil rights, the exercise of this authority was not under State control. The Government thereupon deprived him of his salary. In the view of Bismarck, the Catholic Church is even now endeavoring to make itself an *imperium in imperio* in Protestant Germany, where she numbers three-tenths of the population. The following is the clearest statement which we find of his position, as viewed by himself: "I acknowledge it to be my duty to respect the dogmas of the Catholic Church as such, and I have never interfered with anybody for believing them. But if the infallibility dogma is so interpreted as to lead to the establishment of an ecclesiastical *imperium in imperio*, I am naturally driven to assert the supremacy of the State. We Protestants are under the conviction that the Kingdom of Prussia ought not to be ruled by the Pope, and we demand that you, the Ultramontane section of the Roman Catholic Church, respect our convictions, as we respect yours. Unfortunately, however, you are accustomed to complain of oppression whenever you are not permitted to lord it over others." As we look upon it, the Catholics have good reason to complain of some acts of oppression, notable among which is the suppression and expulsion of the Jesuits and other kindred religious orders who had become obnoxious to the Government. In July, 1874, a decree was issued by the king, and countersigned by Bismarck as Chancellor, by which all existing establishments of those orders were suppressed, the setting-up of new ones forbidden, and all Jesuits banished from the empire within a period not to exceed six months. This order applied to Catholic Bavaria as well as Protestant Prussia, and the King of Bavaria was unable to retain a member of his own household who belonged to the Order of the Jesuits.

Bismarck has certainly made himself greatly obnoxious to the Catholics, and has thereby exposed himself to the fate which befell Henry IV. of France, and William of Orange. On July 14th, 1874, a young fanatic named Kullman fired several pistol-shots at him in the most public street, aiming directly at the head, for he had been told that Bismarck always wore a shirt of mail under his garments. He did not deny that he meant to kill his victim, but justified it on the ground of Bismarck's hostility to the Church of Rome. His counsel contended that his naturally weak intellect had been overset by Ultramontane teachings, so that he was not morally responsible for his acts. He was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

Bismarck, though not sixty-one years of age, is really much older than his years—older, in fact, than William. He has long been subject to frequent and severe attacks of acute diseases. His public career must, in any case, be drawing to a close. The end only crowns the work. The work of Bismarck has certainly been a great one; but whether the German Empire, of which he, and not the Emperor, is the creator, will have a long continuance, no wise man will dare prophesy. To-day it looks firm enough, but not firmer than did the monarchy of Louis Philippe a month before its overthrow, or the French Empire two months before it fell.

The absolutism of Bismarck has certainly yielded much to the liberalism which has gained ground under the shadow of the empire, and he himself seems yet firm in the confidence of his sovereign and the great majority of the people. A few months ago a resolution of the Diet was looked upon by him as involving a declaration of want of confidence. He presented his resignation of the office of Chancellor. The king refused to accept it, and the Diet, by a majority of almost three to one, passed a special vote of confidence.

Bismarck owes little of his influence to eloquence, and little which he has said or written will go down to posterity. He is not a ready or fluent speaker, though as a debater he seizes the salient points in question, and can, upon occasion, give hard hits. As a diplomatist he is keen, and by no means over-scrupulous. He is master of the art of conceal-

Digitized by Google



PRUSSIA AND THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE, SHOWING THE STATES ANNEXED TO PRUSSIA BY THE STATESMANSHIP OF BISMARCK.

ing his meaning, or rather of pretending to a meaning when he has none. If necessary, he certainly will not shrink from a falsehood, or will tell a truth which he does not want believed, in a manner to make every one suspect it to be a falsehood. He has never shown himself vindictive, and would much rather gain his ends by righteous than by unrighteous means. But however much he may change his means, he never loses sight of his end; and it may safely be said that his ends have always been good ones.

As a private man, his character is unquestioned. He is a good husband, a good father, a good citizen. From the great French indemnity he might have appropriated to himself just as much as he wanted. He only gained an estate moderate for his rank, and very moderate for his great and unquestioned services.

We have called him the most notable statesman of our day—it is far too early to pronounce him the greatest, or even a very great one. When to this we add that, measured by the common standard of men who have borne a leading part in troublous times, he deserves, upon the whole, a favorable judgment, which we think he will receive from after ages, we have said all that a survey of his whole career w: rants us in saying.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

THE gypsies are not generally favorites in this country or Northern Europe. Their shiftless, thriftless life falls under the stern ban of our civilization; and this strange race, who came no man knoweth whence, the homeless million, a nation without a city, king, or country, are looked upon as outlaws and vagrants. Stern laws have driven them away from England; and in this country, that great vortex where men of all races, climes, and ideas are absorbed to give in the next generation a new type, they seem to lose their individuality, and the bands scatter, break up, and melt away.

But while the northern calculating mind so strenuously opposes the vagrant life of the gypsy, Spain seems to have allured them by its climate, tolerated them by its customs, and retains them. Their untidiness and dishonesty, their apathy and licentiousness seem less than where the ban is upon them. They become elevated to a certain extent, and under the genial sun and inspiring surroundings become more picturesque and attractive than elsewhere.

Borrow, who made so attractive a work of his "Gypsies in Spain," would have simply filled us with disgust had he begun by the gypsies in England.

The young gypsy girls, especially in Spain, have a grace and beauty which in their dances gives them a peculiar charm; but age soon tells upon them, and nothing can be more hideous than the aged crone of the gypsy camp.

The contrast between the exquisitely molded form and limb of the girl and the gauntiness of age is strikingly shown in Doré's sketch of the gypsy girl's toilet. Murillo made Spanish rags poetic, and indeed the poverty of Southern Europe, gypsy or Christian, is free from the coarseness



THE TOILET OF A SPANISH GYPSY.—BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.—SEE PAGE 395.

Digitized by Google

and vulgarity which is peculiar to the lower classes of Anglo-Saxondom. There is poetry about a Spanish bandit with which no genius can invest an English cracksman or a New York rough.



PIGTAILS.—"WE KEPT STRAIGHT ON, FLOUNDERING THROUGH AS BEST WE COULD. OUR PURSUERS, ON THE CONTRARY, DIVIDED THEIR PARTY."

PIGTAILS.

"Look out, P——!" Such was the warning I received from Barney Prevost just as I was about to let fly both barrels of my fowling-piece into a flock of wild ducks, which were unsuspiciously disporting themselves on the rushy waters of the Shan-Ting-Kiang, a small tributary of the Tien-Tsin River.

The trouble I had taken to gain an advantageous position for my intended shot passes belief; and I could scarcely resist the temptation to disregard Barney's admonition, the more especially as the ducks took advantage of it at once, and rose with a tremendous clatter; but attendant circumstances were ticklish, so I did refrain from drawing trigger, and looked for explanation in the direction of my comrade.

It was in the year 1858. The Anglo-French expedition to which I was attached had occupied Tien-Tsin (pronounced Tin-sin) as a preparatory measure to an advance on Pekin, if the diplomatic mission, then in active operation at the latter place, failed to obtain demanded concessions from the Celestial Government without recourse to *horrentia martis arma*.

The ways of diplomacy are proverbially "ways that are dark," and in this instance its tricks were decidedly vain; in addition, the negotiations were so tiresomely protracted, that a flotilla of gunboats was sent up from the fleet, off the Taku forts, with tents, and the troops went into quarters. An intrenched camp was formed, and time began to hang heavily on our hands.

At first plenty of amusement was found in the shooting and fishing the neighborhood afforded; but some serious affrays between sporting parties and bands of Braves—as those bands of natives are designated who unite the callings of guerrillas in war-time and marauders in all times—not always resulting satisfactorily to the sportsmen, led to the fulmination from headquarters of an order confining men and officers within the lines.

Had the adjutant-general spent all his leisure in penning orders, it is questionable whether he would have succeeded in inducing the ardent spirits in camp to submit to the monotonous inactivity prescribed.

If his orders said stay, the kwirr-kwirr of the red-legged partridges in the dewy evenings and the quack-quack of innumerable wild ducks by night, said come; and we went, stealing out of camp before light, dodging or cajoling outlying pickets, practicing ruses astute, and sometimes, I fear, a little unwarrantable.

The story about to be related proves that Nemesis condescends to take cognizance of peccadilloes sometimes.

When I turned my head, what I distinguished was Lieutenant Bernard Prevost, of my company, practicing quadrupedal movements.

Upon hands and knees he was progressing as rapidly as possible through the two-feet growth of rank sedges, where past experience had taught me the existence of a sufficient depth of inches of water to render such a mode of locomotion inconsistent with dry knees and wristbands.

I was likewise ambushed in the long blades of flowering rush and iris with which the river banks were fringed, but I had chosen a dry spot.

The ducks were by this time at a safe distance, so it was no use taking them into consideration.

Rising cautiously to my feet, I peered round in search of the cause that had motived Barney's warning to me and his own eccentric proceeding.

I was enlightened with disagreeable fullness by observing a large Chinese boat, full of infamously ill-looking Tartars, pulling directly toward where I stood.

The gestures they indulged in disclosed that I was observed then, if they had ignored my presence previously, which is doubtful; so, without more ado, I ducked my head and made



PIGTAILS.—"THE BRIDLE WAS HANDY. I GRASPED IT, AND HELPED THE CELESTIAL TO TH: TERRESTRIAL BY TIPPING HIM OUT OF THE SADDLE."

Digitized by Google

tracks after my comrade. At least four miles of trying ground stretched between us and camp, thus every yard's start was of moment to us; but the soil was so treacherous and sticky, and the rushes impeded us so much, that, before we had widened our distance by a hundred yards, the glances we threw behind showed us our pursuers—for such they speedily displayed themselves to be—crowding out of the boat.

A Chinaman believes in Confucius, Buddha, and Laotze; as outer barbarians, we censured that belief. He likewise believes steadfastly in wooden-soled shoes, than which anything more inconvenient for running in cannot be imagined; and this last canon of his belief we did *not*, under the circumstances, quarrel with.

"Bad luck to every mother's son of them!" said Barney, who was Irish to the gristle of his ears; "it's a murdering pity Dacres and Prescott are not here with half a dozen of our fellows! Isn't it a bagful of pigtails we'd take home with us?"

"We will talk about that when we get to camp, Barney," said I, jumping right into the middle of a quagmire in my effort to avoid a wet-looking spot.

"Bedad, if that is a short-cut you are taking to it, I'll go the longest way round."

Pop, pop, pop!—the gingals of our enemies began to make unpleasant music in the rear, and the rush of the iron balls they were loaded with, as they shred the rushes, made words to it. So long as they aimed at us we were tolerably safe; a Chinaman always hits by accident.

Before we could reach good running ground we had to gain the higher land, which formed the true bank of the river during the Winter floods, when the channel is considerably widened. To win it, it was necessary to cross several brooks or springs drained from the more elevated surface.

We kept straight on, floundering through as best we could.

Our pursuers, on the contrary, divided their party, one set going east, the other west, by a detour that enabled them to sweep round each extremity of the marshy flat we were crossing.

The knowledge we had gained of the country by our frequent excursions taught us that they must purchase dry feet at the cost of giving us a start which, barring accident, would insure our safety; and something of bravado was engendered in us by this conviction.

"Here we are, by jabers!" said Barney, as we reached the commencement of solid ground. Who "jabers" may be, I do not know; Barney invoked him on every occasion. "And it's myself will light a cigar before I take another step. A traneen for those beggars, anyway, P——. You don't happen to have the least bit of a ball-cartridge about you, now, do you?"

"No, Barney, my boy; but I have a drop of brandy in this, and we will divide that between us."

I handed him my pocket-flask, and drained what he left in it, after which we clambered up the ascent, and—found ourselves confronted by just half a dozen mounted "braves," perched on their ill-conditioned ponies like monkeys, bristling with all the warlike pharaphernalia of celestial warriors.

Barney uttered a curse in pure Celtic, and in a tone of voice from which every trace of bravado was eliminated.

He was an uncommonly handsome, tall young fellow, brave as his race is, and with a very slippery hold of his temper.

"You think you've got us for sure, don't you, you cheating, sneaking spalpeens!"

He swung his gun round, and cocked both barrels, while he scanned the horsemen with a look of set savagery peculiar to him when his blood was up.

I knew that in a crisis such as that, the first minute would decide everything; we must give, not accept, the initiative.

"Shoulder to shoulder, Barney," I said, feeling as if the words required more breath than usual in their manufacture. "Shoulder to shoulder, and dash at them. Do not fire if they let us pass; and, anyway, reserve one barrel for emergencies, if you can."

The Chinamen had not permitted our brief consultation to take place without demonstration on their part.

Beating their swords against the small round shield each wore on his left arm, they had commenced advancing on our position in a convex line, when, with all the impetus of a down-hill charge, we rushed for an opening between the second and third horsemen to the left of the line.

"Ah yah! Ah yah! Tzu pee wan!"

Not understanding Chinese, I cannot give the equivalent of what I have written phonetically.

That was what it appears to me a slantindicular-eyed specimen of ugliness (the terms are Barney's) shouted, as he rode at me with uplifted sword.

I spoiled his frontispiece for the book of ugliness by changing its appearance with the contents of my left barrel.

He obligingly dropped his sword, and I picked it up, thinking it might prove useful.

Before I had recovered the perpendicular, another Chinaman rode his pony over me, and a whole firmament of stars suddenly twinkled in my eyes.

Bang, bang!

No Chinese firearm ever emitted two such clear, clean rings as that, and, struggling up to my knees, I beheld my late assailant—*late* in the strictest sense—with pendent arms on either side of his pony's neck, rubbing his pug nose industriously in the animal's mane.

The bridle was temptingly handy. I grasped it, and helped the Celestial to the terrestrial by tipping him out of the saddle.

Half a dozen paces off was Barney Prevost, tooth and nail with an assailant whose twenty-inch-long mustachios dangled diabolically.

The Irishman had clubbed his unloaded gun, and was so cleverly dodging his antagonist's sword-cuts, that I believe he would ultimately have got the best of it had I not, thinking one good turn deserved another, cut into the game by riddling the former with a charge of No. 3 shot.

"Catch the pony, Barney, as you love your life!" I shouted. But the vicious little beast had a Chinese nature, and shuffled off after the other three "braves," who concluded to avoid close quarters, and, with cowardly prudence, unslung their matchlocks from their shoulders.

One hasty glance, to assure ourselves that the more numerous dismounted foes had not yet gained our side of the incline; one minute spared to insert fresh charges in the empty guns, and then away in the race for life.

Wisely or otherwise, I relinquished my captured pony.

The mulish creature appeared too astonished at the predicament of his former owner, at whose carcass it kept sniffing, to remember that nature had endowed it with four legs for the purpose of carrying out of disagreeable predicaments those who had only two.

"Keep yourself in, man! Keep yourself in!" ejaculated my comrade, taking a backward look. "It is a bad jockey that makes hard riding at the beginning of a race."

I felt I should have no wind to waste in words, so kept on at a somewhat easier pace.

Barney appeared to be blest with the bags of Æolus.

"Those beggars are coming after us now, but there are only three of them to crumple up. I wonder where the infantry is, bad scran to the whole bad breed!"

On, and still on, we raced over a level plain of deserted gardens, where rotting pumpkins, watermelons, cabbages,

Digitized by Google

and onions denoted at once Johnny Chinaman's industry and proclivity for the flesh-pots.

It was all deserted now; but the flowing water rills trickling in all directions, while they attested native intelligence, drew from each of our distressed respiratory organisms hearty maledictions.

The labor of leaping them added immeasurably to the exertions we were undergoing.

We had left the scene of our encounter upward of half a mile behind, when I noticed the conical straw hats of the dismounted Celestials rising over the crest of the mound-like bank that had hitherto masked them.

With what yearning gaze I looked at the ugly little tile-covered pagoda, fully two miles off, which, once gained, would afford a full view of the camp.

"I must pull up, Barney!" I gasped. "I am pumped out!"

My companion turned his head, and looked first to the rear, then to the right.

"Is it pumped out you are already?" asked he, reproachfully. "We'll jog along easy, then, but keep going. Those mounted blackguards mean heading us off. These drains bother them as much as they do us."

One glance told me he was right. The three horsemen were galloping as hard as the ponies could go along the slope of the river's bank, where their progress was unimpeded, and the footmen were straggling in a line nearly parallel with ours, but which inclined diagonally more and more to that we were proceeding in.

"Come, P——, blow up the organ again, and try another blast," said Barney, entreatingly.

I threw away shot-pouch and powder-flask to lighten myself, and once more took to running.

A wild chorus of yells greeted us from our dismounted enemies as soon as they observed this, and high over head the "whish" of their bullets.

Short as had been my rest, I had to some extent caught breath, and the effort to inspire was less painful.

I saw clearly that our safety depended upon our obtaining such a start upon the boat-party as would enable us to frustrate their manœuvre for an attack by the three mounted men, while the others were in supporting distance.

Moderate as was the pace we kept up, it was amply fast enough to sensibly widen the distance between us and the band on foot.

This fact became clear to the *cavalry*, and wheeling their ponies, they appeared determined to oppose our advance.

"Have you a puff left in you, P—— ?" asked Barney.

"Two or three, my boy, yet."

"Well, see, then; if we can only 'pot' these three fellows, the rest is easy. Those other spalpeens will never catch us if we get up on the bank, where there are no ditches. Tear an' ages! what's that?"

My companion stopped short, and stooped down.

"May I never breathe if those haythens haven't 'pricked' me with their bows and arrows!"

Sure enough, an arrow was sticking in his leg, just below the bend of the knee.

"Does it hurt much, Barney?" I asked, beginning to feel desperate.

"It won't come out—curse it!"

With a savage snap, he broke the arrow, leaving the head where it had lodged.

When he moved, I saw at once his running was ended; the first drain brought him to a standstill.

"If I could get the cursed thing out!" said he, passionately, "I'd go on for a fortnight; but I can't bend my knee. Ay, here you come now, you murdering, skulking thieves! but if I can't bend my knee, you'll find I can crook my finger, some of you."

A wholesome dread of "barbarian" powder, however, kept the three cavaliers out of range; satisfied, seemingly, with our inactivity, they sat beating their shields and flourishing their swords.

Once more poor Prevost tried to advance, but the effort wrung more curses from him, and he sat down sullenly.

"I am done for, P——; it is folly in you to let them have us *both*. Quick, man, off with you; do not wait, I tell you!"

"Hold your tongue, Barney; we have one chance. Let us try to unseat that mounted fellow nearest to us. If we can get his pony, you shall ride it. Take my arm, and try to hobble."

He obeyed my suggestion, and tried to proceed with my assistance; but we had "reckoned without our host."

Engrossed in watching the enemy's "cavalry," the movements of the other branch of the force had not been sufficiently taken into account.

The sudden appearance of a dozen "braves" on the summit of the acclivity to our right, and at a hundred paces' distance, was a development of tactical skill we had not looked for.

"Just try and get this infernal thing out of my flesh, P——," said Barney Prevost, as steadily as though he were alluding to a thorn in his finger, and were speaking in a garden of roses. "I feel like fight; I do not know how *you* feel."

The pain I must have given that Irishman has frequently occurred to me; but I actually drew the arrow-head from his leg, although the barb having penetrated his thick leather gaiter, I was obliged to leave it in that.

Bending his wounded knee once, as if to see how far he could trust to it, my comrade discharged a "whoop" from his lungs that would have proclaimed his nationality anywhere.

"Now, P——, a run for life!" said he, bounding four feet, at least, in advance of me, and then as suddenly stopping short.

Neither of us spoke; delightful astonishment precluded speech.

In scattered disarray our pursuers were flying. The three cavalry, ignoring pumpkins and drains, were crossing country as only a Chinese pony performs that feat—by a series of cat-like jumps when puss is nervous about wetting her feet.

The dismounted force, on the contrary, went lumbering along like so many vivified willow-pattern-plate men, not heeding us, but pressing pell-mell in retreat along the way they had come. Half a minute made all clear.

Agile as squirrels, came from the other side of the mound a score or more of red-trowsered, gray-coated individuals, whose dress, so it appeared to me, harmonized picturesquely with the landscape.

I respected our allies before; my respect deepened materially from that day.

"Ah, ah! so it was you gentleman they were after. I am charmed to have disappointed them. Well, and your ducks? You have some ducks, eh?"

It was the officer in charge of the marching detachment who thus addressed us.

"No, sir, no ducks," replied Barney; "but I have *this*, if you will favor me by accepting it as a souvenir of your deliverance of two poor devils who were very nearly past praying for."

My comrade handed the Frenchman a long pig-tail, cut from the head of a Chinaman, whose need of one in this planet had ceased, thanks to a minie-rifle ball through the occiput.

Our gallant ally turned it over with a melancholy smile.

"No ducks! Ah, that is always my luck! As for the

Digitized by Google

pigtail, I will keep it, and value it for your sakes, messieurs." Shrugging his shoulders, he murmured: "*Tout de même, ça ne se mange pas*"—(All the same, one cannot eat it).

A London philosopher, going his first rounds in Paris, writes: Queer things I have seen in Paris, but a queerer sight than that which I witnessed on the Rue de la Paix it has rarely, if ever, been my lot to behold. In taking my morning walk, I met a large white poodle, shaved and clipped lion fashion (that is, I suppose, a Parisian idea of a lion), who wore a round, black velvet cap, coquettishly placed on one side of his curly head. In his mouth he carried a basket, to the handle of which a small écru silk parasol had been adroitly attached in such a manner that in carrying the basket the dog held the parasol over his head, and so shaded himself from the rays of the sun. It is impossible to describe my astonishment; I won't try.



THE READER.—FROM A PAINTING BY TOULMOUCHE.

Digitized by Google



THE RAVEN'S VOICE.—"IT WAS AN INSTANT OF TERROR, BUT I NEITHER SCREAMED NOR MOVED."

THE RAVEN'S VOICE.

I WAS a very bold and fearless child, and my brothers and sisters often dared me to go into lonely places in the dark, or do perilous feats of various kinds, which challenges I never refused. Often they set out to play tricks on me, but it usually happened that they fell into their own traps, while I performed my part in safety.

Very possibly the consciousness that they were about to dupe me gave me more courage than I would otherwise have had, for any unusual noise or appearance would be attributed to one or another coming to frighten me.

But, night or day, I used to go straight up to and touch whatever seemed fearful, and finding the object of doubt resolved itself into very simple elements, I acquired an ease which stood me in stead in times of real danger.

We lived in a large old house built of English oak, and bearing its nearly two centuries very lightly. It opened to the South, and the two large parlors looked to the East and West.

The dining-hall and spacious kitchen formed the square of the house, while at the West and back was another large room, sometimes called the great porch, and at the East and back was the dairy and another porch.

There were three stairways leading to the upper rooms, and a garret, whose ample space was broken only by the great chimney in the centre.

We had a gay and lively house, and were used to a great deal of company and visitors, for my parents were greatly given to the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality.

The humblest wayfarer coming in at the porch was entertained kindly and bade God-speed, as well as the guest whose elegant carriage and span drove round to the front door on the Southern side.

I am not going now to tell you of my handsome "gentle" parents, or my brothers and sisters—only about myself.

There were a great many of us when we were all at home, especially in the Winter holidays, but at times we were nearly all away.

Boarding-schools, academies, traveling—all claimed us at various times. Yet it was rare indeed that one was ever at home alone.

It so happened, however, and to me.

It was a Summer day, and warm, bright, and beautiful. The morning promised a lovely day. Just after our early breakfast, a merry party came riding down the lane, in carriages and on horseback, and calling joyously for my father and mother to accompany them on a pleasure trip. They were accustomed to this mode of impromptu festivity, and gayly answered that they would soon be ready.

It was only the day before that my father had returned from the Australian gold fields, and had brought with him a bag of gold. I knew he had this, for I had seen him the night before counting some out of it, and putting it into another bag, and I badly wanted to ask him to give me one of the pretty coins, but was too well taught to interrupt or tease him.

Thomas brought the chaise to the door. Father's favorite black horse, whose coat looked like lustrous velvet, and who stepped so proudly, was pawing the ground impatiently as he appeared. He handed in my beautiful mother, and I stood looking on with childish pleasure at her beauty and rich dress that so became her. My father suddenly turned to me and said, taking his key to his iron-bound box:

"Run, Ann, and get me the little bag you saw me put away last night."

I was proud to be so trusted; but when I quickly returned with it, he was already in the chaise, and part way to the gate. He looked out and said:

"No matter, now, Ann; you may put it back again, for we are going another road, and I will pay Harris to-morrow. Take care of the key, my dear, and good-bye."

"Good-by, and a good time to you," I laughingly replied, and ran back to put the treasure in safety.

I hastened indoors again to see them wind down the private way that led through our extensive grounds, and half

Digitized by Google

wished I were old enough to go with them. Hearing a slight noise, I turned and saw a stranger, a figure not unusual, a man with a bundle hung on a stick.

He was leaning on the stone wall, and apparently looking after the carriages. He came forward in a moment, and asked if he might sit down and rest, and if I would kindly give him a drink of beer. Beer was free as water with us.

Of course I said yes, and with light steps soon had him a substantial lunch of bread, cheese, and beer, which he came into the kitchen to eat. Betsey and Hannah were busy, hurrying to finish their work, for they were going out to tea and to spend the evening. They talked gayly about their visit, paying little attention to the stroller, who was quietly eating. He had laid his straw hat on the floor, and I saw that his head was bald on the top, and the thinnish hair brushed up from behind over it.

He had prominent ears, low forehead, and large mouth with a retreating chin, where grew a stubbly beard, of grizzly black, like his hair. I did not know why I observed all this, or his eyes, small and hid under grayish brows, that seemed to glance furtively about him when no one appeared to be looking.

His voice was harsh and croaking, and had startled me when he first addressed me.

We were used to strollers of all kinds, as I have said. Perhaps I was mentally contrasting his repulsiveness with my father's noble and dignified features.

He seemed to me very ugly. I was glad when he had finished his meal, and risen to go.

He asked permission to light his pipe, which was readily granted. He went out directly, passing accidentally through the dining-room and out of the great hall, where he lingered for a moment or two.

He had thanked me civilly enough for his breakfast, but the girls laughed and nodded as he went out, and said they should think I had picked up a raven.

All that long, bright day I was busy and happy in the flower garden, or sewing, or reading; and when the girls left, looking very cheerful at their half holiday, I wished them a merry time, and told them not to hasten home, for Thomas should come for them.

I expected my father and mother soon after eight o'clock, and I told Thomas that he might go about that time, as they would soon be home, and it looked a little like rain.

Heavy clouds were gathering in the West, and the thunder rumbled sullenly.

He took the covered wagon and old gray, and, before he stepped in, said, respectfully:

"Miss Ann, I think you had better fasten the doors, as you may be all alone for a short time if I go so soon. Would not you rather that I should wait till your father comes!"

"Oh, no, Thomas; I don't mind being alone in the least, and you ought to go, lest it should rain hard, for it is more than two miles to ride, and they may not wish to leave in a minute. I expect father and mother every moment. Don't wait."

So Thomas left, and the wagon rattled merrily up the lane.

I bolted the doors because he had told me to, for otherwise I should not have thought of it.

It grew dark rapidly, and the thunder began to peal heavily, while the wind rose, and the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent.

I went into the east parlor, and looked out to the south, but the sudden lighting up of the sky and the following darkness did not interest me long. I could not see out very well, either, as the honeysuckles covered the windows.

The large mirror reflected me as I turned away to cross the room, and I stopped a moment with a natural vanity, for I was young and fair enough to look upon.

I let all my hair fall loose, and wound it in long, shining, brown curls over my fingers. It certainly did look handsome, for it was very thick, and fell below my waist, and curled almost of itself as it fell.

There came a great flash of light, and I saw distinctly reflected in the glass a face looking in the window. It was an instant of terror, but I neither screamed nor moved.

The face could not see my face, and I kept my body still, and rolled the long, shining rings off my cold, white fingers. It was an ugly face, and I recognized it. I had seen it that morning, and I knew what lay before me. I prayed inwardly a brief prayer for help.

Turning from the glass, I went steadily toward a table that stood near that window, and on which I had left my candle. I moved steadily as usual, and took up the water-pitcher and looked in it, then took my candle and went toward the kitchen.

The lightning kept flashing, but the face did not come again. I dropped my candle on the kitchen hearth and put my foot on the wick. I set down the pitcher on the dresser, and with soft, light footfall hastened through the west room up the front stairs, into my father's chamber, and softly closed and bolted the door at the head of the stairs. I unlocked his box, took out both the bags of gold, relocked it, and made my way into the great chamber.

I heard voices; I heard the doors tried below. I knew it was not my father. I dared not tremble nor grow faint. I went through that room and two others to the garret stairs. I hardly breathed. I heard a window pushed up; more than one person came in at it. I felt about me in the dark. There was a sliding panel in the inside of the stairway. I pushed it and it rolled back. I entered into a long closet under the stairs, and slid the panel carefully into its place. I felt cautiously to see if all was safe. I pulled my dress close about me lest it might be caught, and the door not closed tight. Then I waited. I heard steps coming up the stairs. I heard a search through all the rooms below. My heart beat till I thought that each bound must be audible. heard voices—one voice, the Raven's. I knew that harsh croak. It told me nothing. The face had revealed all to me. The man had seen the bag of gold as he leaned over the wall in the morning, unnoticed by the gay group. It was all plain to me. He had gathered from the girl's talk that I might be alone. He had returned and watched. He had brought accomplices.

Very soon the steps and voices came my way. I could distinguish the words that were spoken.

"Drat her! she must have seen you."

"No matter; we'll split the box open with this ax."

I knew the ax was in the little porch. Thomas had set it in when he had done chopping the brush, as it looked like rain.

I heard the steps and voices move away, a dull, crashing sound, and then stifled, angry tones. I knew they had opened the box, and found nothing but the papers. I knew they would now search for me.

I heard them as they looked into every room and closet, and came up the stairs separate. They all met at the foot of the garret stairs. A thick board was between us. I thanked God that the panel was close shut. I knew it, for no ray of light came through.

"She must be up here," said the Raven, "and we'll soon have her."

"I'll warrant she is here, and I'll wring her neck if she makes a noise about it."

But the thorough search was ended, and the voices grew very angry and full of frightful oaths and threatenings.

They sat down on the garret stairs to hold a parley. A spider ran across my face. A spider puts me in mortal fear. It was with a great effort that I kept from screaming.

Digitized by Google

"Come," croaked the Raven, "let us go and get the silver; that will be something—that will be something."

"Curse the silver. It's the gold I've come for, and I'll burn the house if I don't find the girl! So let her look out!"

A cold perspiration came on my forehead. Would they perform their threat?

"Good! Then the rats will squeak, 'Down drop the money-bags,' and we'll choke the girl to make her dumb."

"Hold your noise. The old man will be coming home. We'll be caught here. Be quick."

"Who cares for him! He's only one. A bludgeon will give him a handy little headache as he comes in."

"And his wife?"

They spoke low, hideous words that made my flesh creep. I almost was ready to call aloud, to open the panel, to give them the gold, and bid them go.

They got up, and the steps and voices went down. It was horrible there in the dark. I was stifling.

I moved the panel slightly. No light entered. I slid it softly back. My resolution was taken.

I would get out of the house, run down the road, and meet my father. I would save him.

I left the gold in the closet, shutting it in close. I stole down two steps into the chamber below. I knew there was a window open there. I crept across the room, listening keenly.

I lifted myself cautiously on the window-ledge, and caught a branch of the cherry-tree which grew close to the house.

Swinging myself lightly out, I hastily descended the trunk of the tree, and found myself on the ground safe.

No. The lightning flash betrayed me. The Raven's voice shrieked, hoarsely, "There she goes! Catch her! Quick! This way!"

Out at the front door came the pursuers, hardly ten steps from me.

I dashed toward the thick shrubbery to put them off the track.

Fortunately I knew the way, every step of it. They were guided solely by the sound and flashing light.

"Shoot her by the next flash!" cried one.

My flying feet struck loose boards.

I was passing directly over an old, unused well, very deep, and it gave back a hollow, resonant sound.

Almost the next moment I heard a crash, the report of a pistol, a heavy fall, oaths and a deep groan.

Shuddering, I sped on through the garden, up toward the cider-press, over the stone wall, down the hollow, up the hill-side, over the fields.

No steps followed; no voices shouted after me. I ran down to the second bars, and let them down.

It began to rain a few great drops, then fast, then it poured. I was wet to the skin.

I ran on, for I heard advancing wheels coming rapidly. I stood in the road and cried "Father! father!"

The chaise stopped. Another chaise behind stopped also.

It was our next neighbor's, who lived a quarter of a mile further on.

"Ann, my child. Good heavens! What is the matter? What has happened?"

I told the whole in a few words, amid eager exclamations of joy at my safety, of surprise, even of anger because Thomas had left me alone.

"Don't blame him, father; I insisted on his going."

A hurried consultation took place.

My father was very brave. Our neighbor was very timid. He proposed going on to his house and returning with weapons.

In the meantime I had got into the chaise and crouched down at my mother's feet, who was half crying, and wholly thankful to feel me there.

We rode on, and came to our gate under the willows. There were lights in the house, but all seemed still. Nothing moved. My father put the reins in my mother's hands, and opened the other gate that led up the lane.

"Will you go home with Nathan?" said he.

"And leave you here? No."

"Take your wife home, Nathan, if you will, and come back."

"We will stay by you."

"Let us reconnoitre, then, a little."

They got out, leaving us sitting still. The rain fell less heavily. They got something that would do for weapons from the tool-house. They went all round the house—all was quiet. They went in.

We sat still, speaking few words, my hand clasped in my mother's.

"Thomas is coming!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "I hear the wheels."

We called to him as he came to the gate, for he could not see us.

He drove through, and called out:

"What is the matter?"

We told him sufficient, and he left Betsey and Hannah, and went in at once, with only the heavy whip.

We did not sit long. Nathan came out directly.

"What have you found? Who is there?"

"Nothing. Nobody."

"Are they all gone?"

"Yes, with some of the silver, and a few things. We don't know what yet."

The horses were put under the shed, and we all went in.

My father said, calmly:

"We will take a lantern, Thomas, and look round out of doors a little."

I knew they would go to the old well. I stood and looked out of the window, and saw the gleam of the lantern as it moved.

In a very few minutes they came back.

"One of them is dead," said my father, "and the other lies at the bottom of the well, and groans. The third has escaped."

They laid boards across some barrels in the shed, and brought up the dead man and laid him on them. His comrade, who fell in the well, had shot him in the head as he plunged through the boards. His ugly face was still uglier.

It was the Raven.

That night my father's prayers were very solemn, and his embrace was close as he gave me my good-night kiss.

The robber in the well was bruised, but not seriously hurt. The law took him to punishment.

The third escaped to America, and afterward reformed.

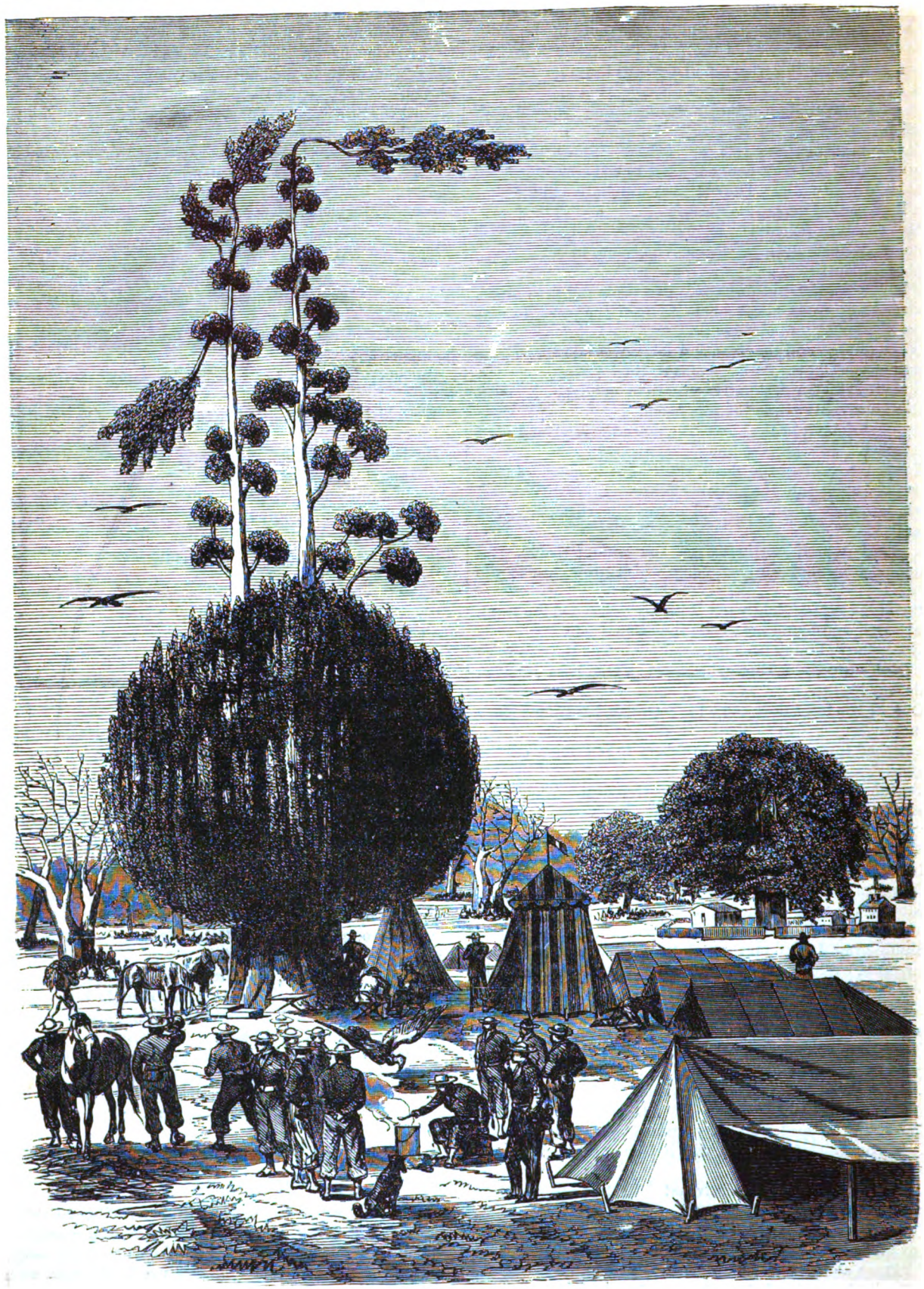
I was never left at home again alone.

A BOUL OR CHEESE TREE, NEAR THE FRENCH POST OF THIES, IN SENEGAL.

THE tree shown in our illustration is a curious combination. From the stout trunk below rises a mass of verdure almost in shape like a pineapple cheese, whence, probably, its French name; but from this rise two bare stalks, with irregular lateral branches ending in tufts of leaves. It is a very useful tree, as it is an evergreen, and the young shoots and leaves form excellent and appetising food for camels, and the height of the bare stalks is probably due to the daily clipping below by the camel-drivers.

The specimen shown in our illustration is nearly two

Digitized by Google



A BOUL OR CHEESE TREE, NEAR THE FRENCH POST OF THIES, IN SENEGAL.—SEE PAGE 403.

hundred feet high. It stands near a little French post established to keep in order the Diobass, a tribe of the Sérères negroes, who are the Apaches of Senegal, untamable, unreformable robbers and murderers, inhabiting a mountain district which gives them every advantage for ambuscading caravans or small parties. A tree of the same species overshadows the buildings of the fort, an outpost of civilization in that part of Africa.

A RUSSIAN COOK OF THE OLD FAITH.

One day, while we were in Russia, my wife said to me, "'Tell me, my dear, what 'starrie verra' means?"

"Starrie, old, verra, faith—old faith. Why do you ask?"

"Because a woman has come for the cook's place, and she says she is a starrie verra, who will not steal. Shall I take her?"

"Certainly, by all means; an honest cook is a gold mine."

The woman came. She was of a staid, stern, even gloomy expression, about thirty-five years old, was clean, and had a cowl on her head which hid every hair. All the time that she remained with us I had no evidence that she was not entirely bald. From this maid's armpits to her heels were two straight lines, so that her waist was quite as mysterious as her hair. Except for the gloomy expression on her face, her features were good, and her eye, or I was much mistaken, showed a kind heart, spite of her grimness. She never smiled, jested, or even laughed; but we soon found that she was valuable.



A RUSSIAN COOK OF THE OLD FAITH.—"MUGS, JUGS, CANS, BROWN POTS, PLATES AND DISHES OF VARIOUS DIMENSIONS, SHE SMASHED INTO ATOMS, SAYING, 'UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!'"

Her work was always done to the minute, and done well. We became rather attached to Anastasia; and while keeping her grim gravity unrelaxed, she evidently softened to the younger members of the family. They, again, took amazingly to the stern old lass. Give me a child for finding out character covered up, whether in smiles or gloom. The children find it out; ay, and they bring it out.

A terrific breaking of pots in the kitchen had taken place five minutes after Anastasia's first installation. Mugs, jugs, cans, brown pots, plates and dishes of various dimensions, she smashed into atoms at once, saying, "Unclean! unclean!" As this was a very likely fact, and the things were of little value, she was rather encouraged than otherwise in this new work of reformation. "A new broom sweeps clean," seemed true enough of her. Every article in the kitchen—iron, wood, and earthenware—had been horribly defiled, was *poogunie* (unclean), was smashed and thrown out. She asked nobody's leave, nor did she stand on the manner of doing it, but did it. A new outfit was obtained from the *econem*, and as her religion suffered her to eat with none of us, a complete set of dishes was got for her own individual use. No one durst lay a finger upon these on any pretense whatever. If touched, they were smashed the next moment. Nor would she for the world touch food out of any dish or vessel which had been used by another. If a dog got into the kitchen and put his nose (as dogs generally do) into a half dozen pots and dishes, whether these were her own particular vessels or not, they were smashed.

The following conversation ensued one evening upon hearing one of these dreadful smashing bouts in the kitchen:

"What noise is that, my dear?"

"Oh, it is Anastasia breaking a few dishes. Never mind her."

"Never mind her! I wonder you allow that old fanatic to go on so; she will ruin us in pots alone. And," assuming a fierce look, "I shall go and turn her out this moment."

"No, you won't. Listen! This woman is a jewel. She breaks a few dishes, it is true, but her religion seems to demand it. I suppose it also tells her to be honest, for she is so. You told me not to examine her trunk, but for all that I have done so many a time. She always leaves the key in it. It contained nothing but an old Bible, in the old church characters, which I could not read, and a few clothes. Not a vestige of my property could I ever find. That is not all. The other servants either don't or cannot steal by a hundredth part as much as formerly. Her breakage does not amount to a tithe of the old robberies. Now, say, shall she be turned out?"

"Certainly, I prefer the smasher to the thief."

"Now come to the kitchen; I hear she has gone out. I wish to show you something."

We went to the kitchen and there my wife pointed out to me that all the utensils in which any food was left or kept had a cross made of chips laid across the top. Bread was in course of making, and the sponge was set. On the top of the dough a cross was also drawn with a blunt edge.

"Now," said madame, "all this is to keep the witches out of the food. Yesterday she told me that during the previous night the cat had been very uneasy, and had gone about mewing for a long time. She got out of bed and drew the edge of a knife three times round the cat's head, after which it was quiet and went to sleep directly. She had cut the

Digitized by Google

throats of the witches which were tormenting the cat, and had fastened themselves round her head." When we got back to my own room, my wife continued: "That is not all; she is absolutely a darling of a griffin. She has so established your character for sanctity that in fact you are now supposed to be a priest in your own country, and she defends the interests and character of the family on all occasions. She does all my marketing now with the peasants, and that alone halves my expenses."

"But, my dear, how can she possibly have represented me as a priest, the last thing I wish to be thought?"

"Well, I was coming to that. Put up that book and listen patiently. I got it all from the countess to-day when I was there; and when I explained some things that puzzled her, she laughed immoderately. You know what kind of a character we all got because we did not go to church, nor have images to adore, nor cross ourselves. We were thought dogs, and worshiped no God at all; and you confirmed this impression by saying that you worshiped like the Athenians, to whom Paul preached an unknown God. I dare say our lives would not have been safe; but Anastasia has put it all right. I sent her among the peasants to buy provisions. They told her that we were dogs, and it was a shame for her, a *starrie verra*, to live with such dreadful people. 'Ah!' said she, 'you are a parcel of fools; you don't know them as I do. My master is a great priest in his own country. Don't I see him twice every week performing the services with robes, and dresses, and grand curtains, in the large room? Don't I see him reading and praying out of five large books full of saints and pictures every day? Don't they all sing and chant every evening before going to bed? Did ever any of you see them dance like you fools? Don't I break as many unclean pots as I like, and madame is never angry, but says, "That's right, Anastasia; keep them clean."' This counter-blast has been going on for some time, and now the countess says we are looked upon with different feelings; in fact, our cook has established you in the veneration and good opinion of the people. Besides, you know, just dealings with them may have had some effect also."

"But what does it mean? How do I perform the services twice a week?"

"Have you not, like a captain at the North Pole, been setting the children to perform 'King Alfred,' and recite pieces and sing? Have I not got dresses made for them? Have you not painted a scene—oh, how dreadfully bad!—and is not this our amusement every Tuesday and Friday?"

"And the five great books of saints from which I read and pray; can they be the four volumes of the *Illustrated London News?*"

"Yes; and the large Illustrated Family Bible. She has seen the pictures, and how carefully we handle them, not to spoil the great binding. So, what with acting, reciting, singing, reading, and family prayers, it is all settled in Anastasia's mind that you are a great good man; but particularly the book of pictures has fixed this conclusion in her mind.

A great sacrifice had yet to be made to the *starrie verra*. Cooking-pots might be made of the coarsest earthenware, or porcelain, it mattered not; if they were defiled, either they they must go or the cook would go; that was the fixed alternative.

We had given a party. Saunderson was there, Defour was there, Pins was there, the count and many others were there. Each gentleman had brought his favorite four-footed companion and protector. Some had two. These dogs were, during supper, lying about the room. In common hospitality, it was but right I should feed my friends' dogs, and I proposed to give them a great feast of broken victuals before they were taken from the room. No sooner said than done; plates, dishes, tureens—of the choicest Wedgwood, brought from England, and always kept with the utmost care—were filled with what dogs like, and put before our expectant neighbors.

It was delightful to see how the strong fellows wagged their tails and lapped their jaws, and crunched the bones, and relished the dainty feast; but in the midst of all, to our great grief, the *starrie verra* opened the door and looked in for some orders. She saw the defilement; her face assumed a more grim look than I had ever seen on it. In a moment I felt that my wife's pet crockery was tried and condemned past all reprieve. Dogs had defiled it.

Madame looked at me with a what-shall-I-do expression; and I replied with another look of take-it-easy-and-let-it-go. It was a sore struggle, but prudence triumphed over crockery. The servant was invaluable. It was not she but the crockery that might be replaced. But oh! is there a lady in America who does not sympathize with my poor wife as, immediately after the removal of the cloth, she heard the smash of her Wedgwood going on in the kitchen? She sat still, and winced hard, and pressed her lips together at each smash. Meanwhile, however, I had told her grief to our guests, and each crash was provoking laughter, in which she at length, catching the infection, joined long and heartily. The *starrie verra* remained with us until we left that part of the country. Then her grim countenance relaxed, and she cried bitterly at parting. She was the only honest servant we ever had in Russia.

HANG UP HIS HARP; HE'LL WAKE NO MORE.

His young bride stood beside his bed,
Her weeping watch to keep.
Hush, hush! He stirred not—was he dead?
Or did he only sleep?

His brow was calm; no change was there,
No sigh had filled his breath;
Oh! did he wear that smile so fair
In slumber, or in death?

"Reach down his harp!" she wildly cried:
"And if one spark remain,
Let him but hear 'Loch Erroch's Side,'
He'll kindle at the strain.

"That tune e'er held his soul in thrall—
It never breathed in vain:
He'll waken as its echoes fall,
Or never wake again."

The strings were swept; 'twas sad to hear,
Sweet music floating there;
For every note called forth a tear
Of anguish and despair.

"See, see!" she cried, "the tune is o'er—
No opening eye, no breath!
Hang up his harp. He'll wake no more,
He sleeps the sleep of death!"

ON THE BLACKWATER.

Two or three years ago, in the beginning of August, I was delightfully surprised, one fine morning, at receiving the following epistle:

"Mr. Wildfowler: Sir, the mullit is on, i have cot a good aul on em. please cum; sir, lots ov burds in the mashes. i am at Haybridge. Dick."

This was a letter from an athletic fellow, fisherman and wildfowl shooter, with whom I had, in the previous season, gone several trips, fishing and wildfowl shooting. He had served me well; had always showed me sport; had rescued

Digitized by Google

me from a muddy bath once or twice on the Blackwater; was a civil, honest man, passionately fond of his work, and perfectly mad for sport; so we two jogged along together comfortably, and we had always remained in pretty permanent communication.

That evening deposited me, safe and sound, with guns and lines and luggage, at the door of the Heybridge Inn. At the noise of the wheels, Dick, who was on the shore baling out his little boat, which he termed the dingey, called out a hearty greeting, and came up, ponderously crunching the pebbles under the thick heels of his mighty sea-boots.

I can never look at the worthy fellow's face without feeling happy and comfortable; for his presence alone brings back to my memory many dearly treasured incidents of sport, and the very air around him breathed of freedom and enjoyment.

"Now," said I to him, when our first warm greetings were over, "as we were bound to lay in a stock of provisions—for I mean to stop three days—I have brought a hamper full of good things from town."

Now, honest Dick, like most honest men, is rather fond of a good thing; and the way he smacked his lips when he shouldered the heavy hamper, made his friends and acquaintances laugh all round. Forthwith, two or three men took my gun-box, carpet-bag, etc., and we all went down to the shore. Dick took the sculls, gave us a preliminary shove, and we were off.

As soon as we were under weigh, I placed the gun-box on the seat by my side, unlocked it, took out my double gun, placed twenty rounds of ammunition in my pockets, and then I went forward, facing the bows, and looked out for birds, hundreds of which were evidently about, as we could hear them as plain as could be whistling on every side. Moreover, evening time is the best for that sort of sport, because the shore-birds turn out in strength, and thousands are to be seen then feeding on the flats. My first shot was a lovely miss, but with the second barrel I scored. Dick, who had stopped rowing when I had touched him (our usual signal), then gave two or three pulls towards the dead bird, and we picked it up. It was a redshank, in splendid condition, as well he might be, for the bird had, as yet, experienced anything but hard weather; and if plenty of food, a bright sun, and undisturbed feeding grounds cannot allow a bird to lay on fat, then all I can say is, nothing will. A little farther on, I saw a bunch of some twenty shanks and other shore-birds wheeling about over the water. I touched again my oarsman, who quietly kept the sculls ready for action, and meanwhile turned his head to have a look, too. Just as I was covering the leader, and was going to fire, "Look out, sir!" called out Dick; and casting up a glance skywards, I immediately beheld a mallard, going at the rate of sixty odd miles an hour, just crossing our stern. I fire; miss; fire again, and stop my bird by a green cartridge.

"That is better than shooting a redshank or two," quoth Dick, when he picked it up, and, smoothing its feathers, finally placed the bird astern under the seat. "I just caught a glimpse of him as he was passing over us," he went on. "Lucky you could turn in time. And now, sir, here is the sloop. We will go aboard, put your things there, have something to eat; then we will go for another row, or a sail, just as you prefer."

So saying, we bumped against the port side of the stout little craft that was to take us to our fishing ground. Dick's younger brother, John, turned up to lend us a hand; and in due course I found myself below, seated before a regal "spread," the service being well attended to by the two men, who are rare good hands at cooking fish and birds, and at pulling corks out of bottles. It was about eight o'clock when we reappeared on deck, and the tide was coming up fast then. There was no fishing possible, at least with the nets, as it would be dark soon. We could certainly have indulged in a little hand-line fishing, had we been so inclined, but we were not; and as the birds began their evening flights, we concluded that it was time to start, if ever we meant to. Re-entering the dingey, each man took an oar, and we started for a large creek on our starboard side. The sun was going down, and its rays were very dazzling when we faced the west on entering the creek, nevertheless I contrived to make a nice mixed "bag," a portion of which our junior undertook to pluck on our return, for our supper.

When we came back to the sloop, we set sail for the place where the men intended to put down their nets in the morning, and fortunately no other fishermen had turned up to try the spot. This made the two brothers as pleased as Punch; and we all turned in, at half-past eleven P. M., the men forward, and I alone in the cabin. The night was quiet and mild until two or three o'clock in the morning, when a rattling breeze began to blow; but by daylight the wind went down again, and when we turned up on deck at six, the day promised to be as lovely as could be wished. We were all very busy. I was getting my shooting paraphernalia in order, ready for work; Dick was overlooking the stop-nets which were going to be used; and his brother, forward, was deep in the mysteries of his cooking. We had fish, flesh, and fowl for breakfast; and a more merry set than the three of us when we left the sloop and rowed away in the dingey, could hardly have been matched anywhere, let alone on the Blackwater itself. The skiff contained the nets, ready folded for dropping; and I watched my companions with lively interest when they prepared to drop them. Mullet, it must be borne in mind, are a queer set of fish, which occasionally will take bait, but as a very general rule, decline so to do, notwithstanding the many varieties of bait with which the "hookers" may try to tempt them. This being so, the nets are resorted to; with what success the sequel will show.

We got to the mouth of a creek, where my companions declared that the mullet always congregated; and we remained waiting by the shore where the first end of the net had been fixed until the tide was almost high. When the flats were all covered with the brine, then it was time to set the nets. Dick took up his position on the starboard; I went forward, to be out of the way of the men; John took up the sculls, and he rowed us right across the mouth of the creek; whilst his brother, during the transit, dropped and arranged the nets. This done, we had only to wait for low tide; but there being, a quarter of a mile lower down, another likely creek, we went to the sloop to get the second net, and rowed with it to the second creek, where it was expeditiously and cleverly laid. At one o'clock we went aboard for luncheon, and at two we went to see what catches the nets might have made. The ebb tide had still two hours to run, but already the water was very low; and unmistakably we had fish, the water inside the net being in a perpetual turmoil from their efforts to escape.

"Them fish," said Dick, "is the rummest to deal with we ever comes across. They be like sheep, they be, them fish. If one of 'em finds out the way over the net and shows it to t'others, they all follows suit and bolts over; and *there!* sir, there be one going now!"

Rowing desperately towards the net our presence near it kept the mid-channel fish steady, but on both port and starboard sides a few kept on leaping, and one, to whose identity I could almost swear, jumped at least twenty times out of water, but fortunately missed the net. He was an enormous fellow, and very graceful withal, reminding me very forcibly of those elegant pictures in old angling books wherein the fishes hanging from the lines of the anglers are always depicted with their bodies in a semicircle. Altogether the sight of the "catch" was a very attractive one,

Digitized by Google

particularly so to the men, who were simply delighted, for mullet are nice fish, and a good catch of them is not by any means to be despised from a pecuniary point of view.

When the tide was low, my men proceeded to load their fish; but as I got terribly splashed about, I voted to be landed, and, gun in hand, went for a stroll after watching the fishermen a few minutes. The flat I then was on was moderately safe, but I did not like venturing too far; and, thinking I might do something in a minor creek close by, I went there and bagged two birds with a rattling right and left. Then, to my great surprise, I saw a large mullet jumping out of a large pool of water in the channel of the little creek, now almost dry and bare. I went down with some difficulty, the mud being very slimy and slippery, and secured the fish and my birds, with which I retraced my footsteps. The net was then picked up, and the men had about three scores of mullet in the boat. Returning to the sloop, we tumbled the lot, net and all, into the cockpit, there to be looked after at leisure on our return, and then we proceeded to draw the second net. Owing to the distance, the men had to make all speed, as otherwise the next tide would have bothered their operations. Indeed, as Dick expressed himself, "they had drawed it rather fine," for ere the fish were all in the flood began. Fortunately, the work was nearly done; and everything was satisfactorily taken up without any unlucky *contretemps* happening to mar the success of the undertaking. The catch there was about a score and a half.



"HANG UP HIS HARP! HE'LL WAKE NO MORE."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 406.

We then returned on board, and at once set sail to Heybridge, where the men took the fish ashore in baskets and boxes; and the said hampers and boxes were forthwith dispatched to Maldon Railway Station, *en route* for Baltimore. The next day we went again for another drop-netting operation; but we had poor sport. The third day, however, being somewhat rough, drove the shoals well up the estuary, and the result was a gratifying haul at low tide. Thus I spent three pleasurable days on the Blackwater. In the intervals of netting the mullet, I busied myself at crab and lobster fishing; or I went ashore shooting. What with sailing and rowing about, an occasional shot with the net, and an occasional raid upon the wildfowl, I have rarely spent three more entertaining days anywhere; and when I left Heybridge, and Dick, with the concluding grip of his large, horny, honest hand, asked me his usual question, "Enjoyed yourself, sir?" it was with heartfelt gratitude that I replied, "Never better anywhere, Dick, thanks to yourself and your brother." And thus we parted, mutually pleased with each other; and thus ended my August trip on the Blackwater.

CANADIAN TRAVELERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

During the Winters in Canada, much of the travel is on the snow, by means of a peculiar affair placed on the foot to prevent a person from sinking. These are called in French *raquettes;* in English, snow-shoes. They get their French name from their resemblance to a kind of bat used in the game of ball called "racket" in English also. It consists of a long hoop of tough wood, with a network of sinews across it, leaving a small open space in the centre where the toe of the moccasin is tied on, the heel being left loose. The snow-shoes cannot be used with the ordinary boot. In this way the Canadians travel and hunt in Winter; and during the border wars between our colonies and Canada, in the old time, French soldiers came down from the St. Lawrence, through snow and ice, to the Mohawk — an army in snow-shoes.

In these journeys the great danger is what the French call a *poudrerie* — when the fine snow begins to whirl round and round. The traveler soon loses his direction, and can see naught to help him find it. As his strength fails, and the mind has less power over the body, the man will not use his left side so vigorously, and he will go around in circles, narrowing in till he sinks down and perishes.

At one time a clergyman—one of the early Jesuit missionaries—started to visit a fort on the Sorel, and enable the garrison to celebrate the Christmas holidays with due solemnity. He set out with a few companions on snow-shoes. They were overtaken by a storm, and he pushed on ahead to get relief for the rest. They reached the fort first, and, as the tracks showed, Father de la Noue went several times around it, and at last sank down and froze to death.



TRAVELERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

Digitized by Google

ALGIERS AND ALGERIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.



T a time within the memory of many now living, the Algerine was regarded as the embodiment of cruelty. To denounce a man as "an Algerine pirate," was to accuse him of a long list of wicked deeds of whose commission he was easily capable. The Algerines came honestly enough by their bad name, if we may designate piracy, slavery, murder, and kindred performances as honest conduct. Piracy was a regular business among them, and enterprising men of all classes engaged in it. The Dey, or prince, had his private fleet, which was managed on a purely commercial basis, and every official who could raise the necessary funds for an outfit, had one or more ships in the business. Private citizens went into the enterprise of sending out corsairs to bring home the crews and cargoes of captured ships, just as the merchants of New York send vessels to China to bring home loads of tea and rice which can be sold at a profit.

When prizes were scarce on the sea, the pirate fleets would select some prosperous town on the coast of Spain, France, or Italy, for capture and plunder. The fleet would time its movements so as to fall upon the doomed place in the night and take it by surprise. Several hundreds of the inhabitants would be forced on board the ships, the houses and stores would be plundered, and in the morning the fleet would sail away with its booty. The men, women, and children would be sold into slavery, and the goods would find a market in the bazaars of Algiers. Sometimes the merchandise would be sold to traders from the countries whence it was stolen, and in course of time it might find its way back to the houses or stores whence it was taken. There are many romantic stories in connection with these sea-coast raids, and from them I select the following:

The town of Rapallo, on the coast of Ligeeria, was selected for plunder by the Dey Hassan (son of Kheir-ed-din), in the year 1549. On the 6th of July of that year, most of the inhabitants had retired to rest, and the lights were extinguished in nearly all the houses save in one close by the sea, where a festivity was in progress. A young couple had been married that day, and the bride's family had invited a large party to a supper and dance. About midnight, when the rejoicing was at its height, the music suddenly ceased, and the dancing-hall was invaded by a band of armed men in Algerine dress. A fight followed and speedily resulted in victory for the pirates. The bridegroom was left severely wounded and senseless, while the bride and all the other maidens, and the young men not killed or wounded, were hurried on board the ships. At the same time the other principal houses of the town were surrounded by other bands of freebooters, and the rest of the night was devoted to plunder. In the morning the fleet departed, carrying away five hundred of the inhabitants, nearly all of them young people of both sexes. A few of the wealthy citizens were taken, in the expectation of ransom, and the fleet made the best of its way to Algiers. All the younger people, including the beautiful bride, were sold into slavery. She was bought by an old Turk, who afterward married her.

The bridegroom recovered from his wound, and determined to find his wife. He sailed for Algiers, where he intended to pass himself as a convert to the Moslem faith, in order to prosecute the search for his bride. But he was captured on landing and sold into slavery, and for several years could obtain no information concerning the missing lady. One day a fellow-prisoner told him the whole story of her sale and marriage, and added that the Turk who had bought and married her was dead, and had left a son. Soon after hearing this the bridegroom was ransomed by his family, and then he sought the lady, with whom he returned to Italy.

Whether he lived happily with her or otherwise we are not informed, nor do we know if it were necessary for him to marry her a second time, in consequence of the irregularity which followed the wedding on the day she was made a prisoner.

The strangest thing about this piracy, which the Algerines conducted as a regular and honorable business, was its recognition, for more than three centuries, by the Governments of Europe. England, France, Spain, Italy, and other countries paid tribute to Algiers at various times to exempt their ships from capture, and occasionally ransomed such of their captive subjects as were unable, by themselves or their families, to buy their liberty. It is no wonder that the Algerines regarded Europe with contempt, and looked upon it as a legitimate object of plunder. Of course, the reader will understand that the United States never did anything of the kind. Not so fast, please, for the United States did, in the latter part of the last century, send presents to the Dey of Algiers to induce him to let our commerce alone. We were blackmailed by him just as other nations had been; we paid to him, personally, in 1795, $200,000, $100,000 to the treasury of the beylik or province, $200,000 for the ransom of slaves, and agreed to pay an annual tribute of $24,000! In addition to this we sent him a ship and a supply of ammunition of war; the Dey generally obtained his material for making war in the shape of presents from the nations against whom he expected to use it. In this respect he was not unlike the Indians of the Far West, who obtain from the Government agencies the rifles and ammunition with which to kill our soldiers. History often repeats itself.

Whenever the Dey wanted more money he repudiated his treaty with the country which he judged most likely to stand the repudiation, and demanded more. Every few years England was compelled to make a new treaty and pay an increased tribute, and the same was the case with other nations. The wonder was that they did not unite to wipe Algiers out of existence; but they were too jealous to combine even in a cause so necessary to the general good of humanity. The Dey naturally concluded that we would do like the rest, and so he demanded an increase of our subsidy. We declined to pay it, and he declared war; we sent a fleet there which soon made peace through the mediation of its guns and its commander, Admiral Decatur. England, about this time, found itself in the position of the man who was being kicked by a mule and found it monotonous after the fiftieth kick. She sent a fleet under Lord Exmouth; it co-operated with a Dutch fleet, and in a day's bombardment laid the forts and part of the town in ruins, and induced the Dey to partake of that article of pastry which bears the name of humble pie. The next morning the Dey complied with Lord Exmouth's demands, which were:

1. The abolition of Christian slavery forever.

2. The liberation and delivery of all slaves in the dominion of the Dey.

3. The repayment of all money received by him for the redemption of slaves during that year (1816).

Thus was Christian slavery ended in Algeria. Over 3,000 slaves were liberated, including subjects of nearly all the European governments. Though fifty years have passed since that event, it is not difficult to find individuals among the Algerines of to-day who hope and believe that the right of capturing ships and enslaving their crews will yet be restored to them. They are unable to see anything wrong in the business, and say that Algiers has never been so pros-

Digitized by Google

perous as in the days of piracy. And some of them give pretty sharp answers when remonstrated with on the subject, and advance theories not always easy to meet. "I presume," said an old Algerine one day, "that the Moslem's brain is duller than the Christian's, for I cannot see the difference between what my forefathers did in Europe and the Christian nations did in Africa at that time. They separated families and carried men and women to America to sell them into slavery, and some of the Christians are doing so now."

In 1830 the French sent an expedition which captured Algiers, after a brief campaign in which two severe battles were fought. The Dey surrendered on the sole condition that his person and property should be respected, and he was immediately sent out of the country. The French went to Algeria to stay there, and they were fortunate enough to find sufficient money in the treasury of the fortress to pay all the expenses of the conquest and have something over. The money was in a vast heap, where it had been thrown like potatoes in a bin; gold and silver coins of all nations were mingled indiscriminately, and the work of separation and counting was no small affair. The variety of coins typified the piratical operations of the Algerines, and showed that they made no discriminations. Fifty millions of francs ($10,000,000) actually reached the French treasury. How much adhered to the fingers of those who handled the money we are not informed. Evidently the Dey had found piracy profitable, and it is not surprising that he was reluctant to abandon it.

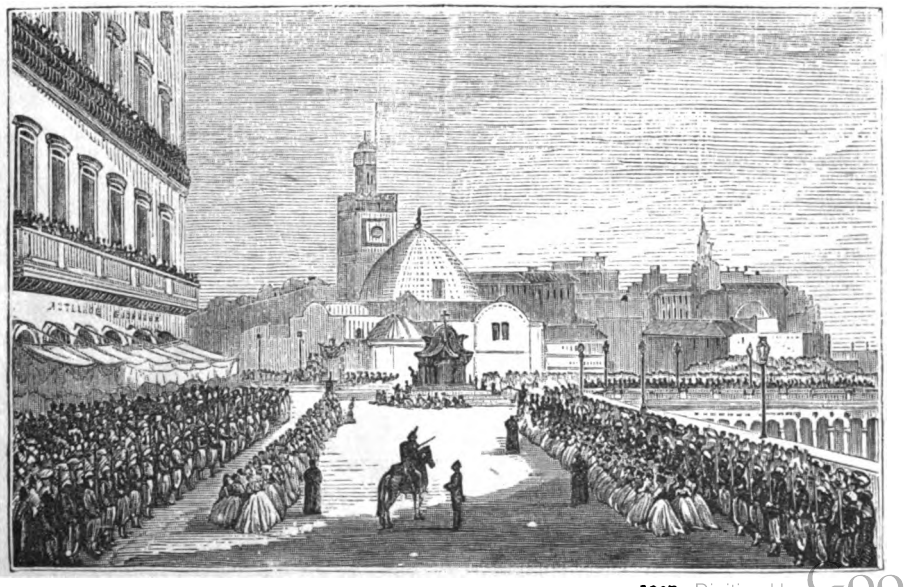
The conquest of Algeria was by no means ended with the capture of Algiers and the surrender of the Dey. The war was carried on in different parts of the country for many years, and even now scarcely a twelvemonth passes without an insurrection somewhere. The famous chief, Abd-el-Kader, fought the French in the most energetic manner until 1847, when he was captured and banished. He was required to take an oath on the Koran, never to make war against the French or endeavor to return to Algeria, and he has faithfully kept his promise. He went first to Egypt and afterwards to Damascus, where he has long resided. I saw him there in 1873; though now old and gray he walks erectly and with all the dignity of an Oriental prince. His eye is bright and clear, and in his whole appearance and bearing he is every inch a king. He wears the Algerine dress, and never appears without a burnous of snowy whiteness with its hood encircling his head. He visited Paris in 1867, and was the recipient of many attentions from the Emperor. His hostility to the French ceased long ago, and he now wears the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which he received from the hands of Napoleon III.

France has expended a vast amount of money in the development of Algeria. She has built carriage roads and railways; created harbors; established colonies; bored artesian wells; created markets for the products of the country; founded schools, churches, and hospitals; and has done, in short, all that she could to make Algeria prosperous. The enterprise is just beginning to pay expenses, and the expectations are that a few years more will show a revenue from the investment. Many of the Arabs are pleased at the change, but there are many others who look on sullenly and have no taste for the improvements that have been made. "We are worse off now than before the French came here," said an old Arab to me one day when I had drawn him into conversation. "A chicken costs three or four times as much as it did, and it is the same with vegetables and nearly everything else we wish to eat. We were satisfied with our old roads for camels and horses, and do not care for the French roads and railways. The steamships that run along the coast are a great deal faster than our *kebeks*, but we never want to hurry, and our boats will carry us as rapidly as we wish." And I suppose he might have added a remark about the advantages of Christian slavery, and sighed for the good old times when he could buy an Englishman or a Frenchman to keep his house in order and perform any task he might set before him. He saw nothing to praise in the new state of affairs, and much to regret in what was gone.

The city of Algiers occupies a very striking position. It is in a deep bay, surrounded by a crescent of hills covered from base to summit with verdure of a peculiarly dark-green color. The city is on the slope of one of these hills, and as you approach it from the sea, it presents the appearance of a triangular patch of white set against a background of luxuriant green. At first it is a white spot, which gradually grows more and more distinct; then it becomes covered with irregular lines which finally resolve themselves into zigzag streets and lanes and house-roofs, crowned by the *kasbah*, or fortress, which was the last stronghold of the Dey.

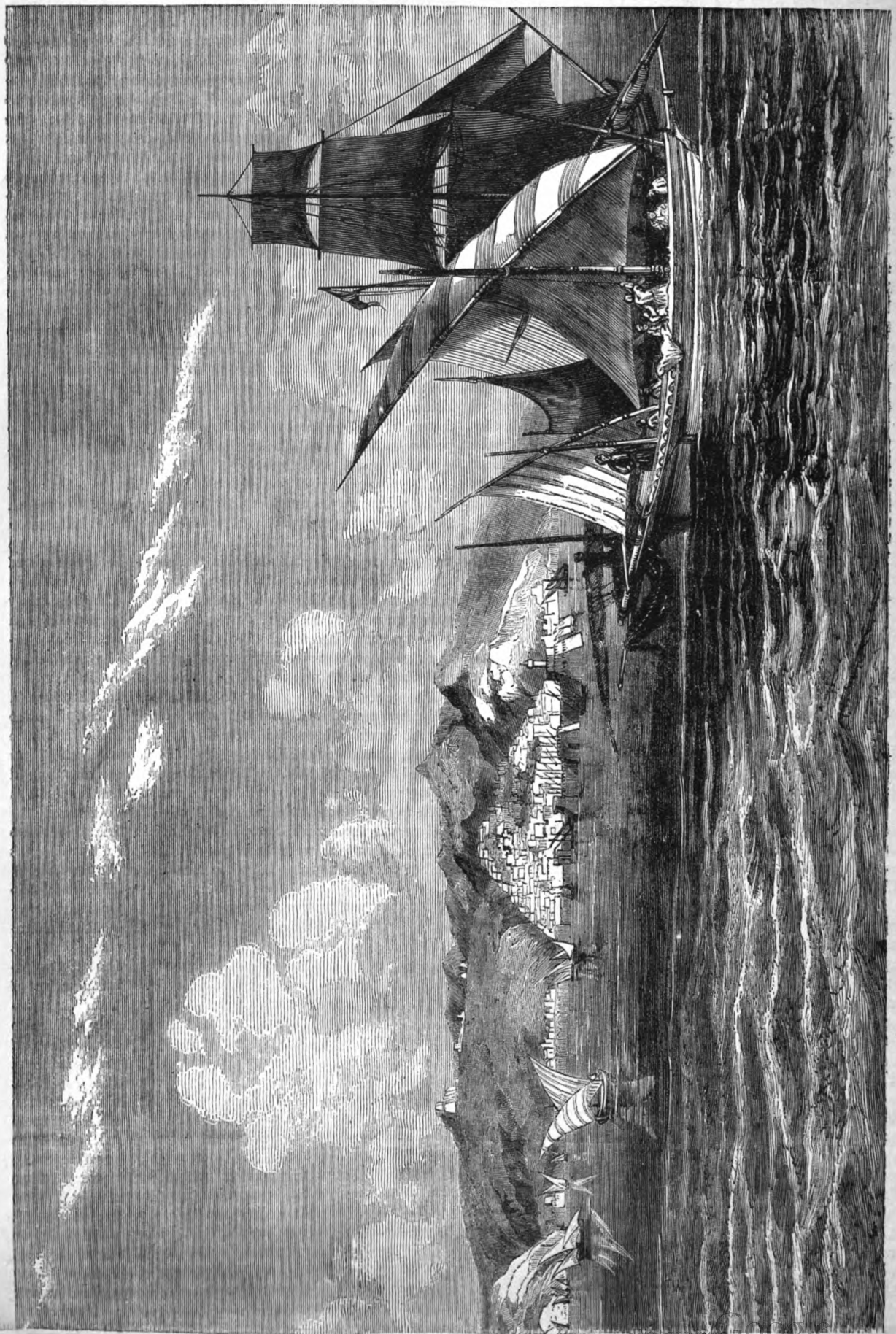
Above, and to the left of the city, is Fort l'Empereur, which was considered by the Algerines impregnable. But the French cannon breached its walls, its garrison fled to the kasbah, and then the Dey knew that the day was lost. Near us, and to the right, is the lighthouse, which marks the old harbor where the corsairs used to lie, and whence they sallied forth to prey upon the commerce of the Mediterranean.

Gone are the corsairs now, but we have in their place boats of the old pattern, with their pointed sails holding a great deal of wind and giving high speed to the craft they propel. Many of the sails are covered with fantastic stripes that add to the strangeness of their appearance. For the information of yachtsmen I will say that the Algerine sail is powerful; but it has great capsizing powers, cannot sail well into the wind, and is difficult to manage when tacking. For general uses it is far behind the ordinary



ARRIVAL OF A NEW ARCHBISHOP AT ALGIERS IN 1867.

Digitized by Google



VIEW OF ALGIERS.

Digitized by Google

sloop or "cat" rig, and other similar sailing vessels of New York and its vicinity.

We pass inside the low mole erected by the French, and come to anchor a hundred yards or more from the dock. Passengers must land in small boats, and so we pass down the gangway to where the boatmen are gesticulating wildly and shouting in a lingual hash composed of French, Italian, English, Arabic, Spanish, and Maltese—the first-named language predominating. There is a tariff fixed by law, but the boatmen try to evade it, and lead you into absurd bargains, as they do all through the Levant, and as those model gentlemen, the hackmen, sometimes do in New York. The boatmen are from different parts of Algeria and also from Malta, and sometimes these last are in the majority. Maltese boatmen are enterprising, and go long distances from home to find employment. You encounter them in nearly all the ports of the Mediterranean, on the Levant, from Marseilles to Constantinople, and from Algiers to Alexandria. They are a tough, hardy race, full of bravery and rascality in about equal proportions. The rascality is quite likely to be their leading characteristic, and they are generally ready for robbery when a shilling can be made by it. As for the small sin of lying, they can give an American political editor fifty points in the game and then beat him.

We pass the Custom-house with little difficulty, and then proceed up a stairway which leads to the Boulevard de la Republique, and thence to the Place du Gouvernment. This is a large square, paved with asphalt, and having on three sides modern buildings of French construction, while the fourth is occupied by a mosque and the rampart of the embankment looking toward the sea.



MOORISH WOMAN OF ALGIERS.

This mosque has a curious history. It is said that an Italian prisoner was offered his liberty by the Dey, on condition that he would superintend the erection of a mosque which should surpass in beauty all others in Algiers. He undertook the task, and was progressing finely when somebody happened to discover that the edifice was in the form of a cross. He told the Dey, and that worthy said nothing until the work was completed and the Italian asked for his liberty.

"You shall have it," said the Dey; "but before you go my officers have a word to say to you." They took the architect outside and beheaded him, and then the Dey said he might go home as soon as he liked; but I believe he didn't care to go.

Like other Moslems, the Algerian Arabs claim to say their prayers four times a day. The observance is reasonably exact in the rural districts, but in the cities the faithful are not over strait-laced. Frequently there will not be a dozen worshipers at prayer-time in either of the great mosques, and in the smaller ones none at all. At the stated hours the muezzin mounts to the minaret and summons the devout to assemble for divine worship. In the early morn, when the noise of commerce is hushed and the air is still, his voice can be heard for quite a distance, and its clear notes fall pleasantly on the ear. But in the busy hours of the day the hum of business drowns the call to devotion, and the muezzin is the only terrestrial listener to the summons which he utters with devout solemnity.

Just beyond the mosque is the place where the cadi, or Arab judge, holds court. The entire proceedings are in Arabic, and the decisions are in accordance with Arab law and tradition. Civil cases between Arabs are tried before the cadi, and so are quarrels and other small matters of a criminal nature where all the parties concerned are Arabs. But in higher matters the French authorities have complete jurisdiction, and dispense justice after the laws and manner of France. While I was in Algiers several arrests were made of a band of robbers, and quite a nest of them were broken up. The prisoners were French, Italians, and Arabs; all were tried in the French Court of Assize, and sentenced accordingly. The revolution of 1871 was followed by many trials and investigations, all of them held by French officials. All the accused in this instance were Arabs, and in many instances the witnesses were of the same nationality. Interpreters are always present to translate testimony or anything else, and their work is by no means light. These interpreters are nearly always Frenchmen, who are placed in the Arab schools when very young, and are required to attain absolute fluency in the language before they can graduate. I have met many of these officials who could speak French and Arabic with equal readiness and precision.

In the Place du Gouvernment a band plays twice a week in Winter, and military reviews are frequently held there. In the good old times for which the Algerians mourn, the Christian slave-market was held here, and many a captive has been sold and led away to labor unremittingly until death or ransom came to his relief. How different the scene of to-day, when the only merchants to be found here are those who deal in peanuts, matches, or sweetmeats, or the daily papers of the colonial capital. Vastly different was the reception of Christians in the days that are gone compared to that of the new archbishop a few years ago,

Digitized by Google

when French soldiers formed on both sides of the square, and the nuns and clergy, in robes of white, knelt at the approach of him who was to be their spiritual head. What a change from the old to the new!

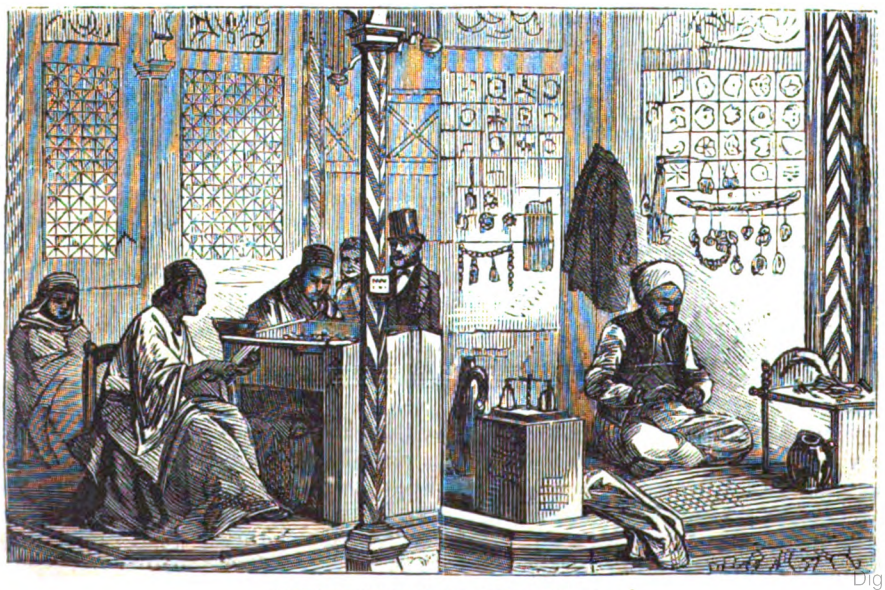
Algiers is a city of contrasts. The lower part of it is almost entirely French; take away the mosque I have described, and the Arabs wandering about the streets, and you might readily believe yourself in Lyons or Marseilles. French signs hang over the doors and windows of the shops, and in these shops the visitor is waited upon by Frenchmen and women, who sell goods of European manufacture. The cafés are exact copies of those in French cities of the second or third class, and the frequenters are all from the other side of the Mediterranean. French tailors and bootmakers, milliners and barbers, booksellers and jewelers, abound everywhere, and you can be fed and clothed, bathed and *coiffé*d, exactly as at Amiens or Rouen. But leave the Place du Gouvernment, cross the Rue Bab-Azoun, ascend a narrow street of steps, and in five minutes you have undergone a change into something rich and strange. You are in the Moorish quarter, and have left the French city behind you.



A CADI TESTIFYING BEFORE THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES AFTER THE REVOLT IN 1871.

We are among narrow lanes and little pathways, where you must hug the wall to allow another pedestrian to pass you. Here and there are vaulted arches that almost hide the way already darkened by the high walls that rise on either hand. Up, up, up we go, many of the streets being little else than stone stairways, rendered slippery by constant use for many long years. Grated windows frown down upon us, and now and then a low, narrow door presents itself and seems to tell us to move on. We are uncertain where to go, and so we follow a street at hazard. It winds and twists and winds again, but constantly ascends, and by-and-by it suddenly comes to an end, and we find ourselves in a *cul-de-sac* where a Moorish family is taking its breakfast out of doors. As we retrace our steps we think of the road somewhere in a Western State which began magnificently, and was bordered with a row of shade trees on either side. But it diminished as it proceeded, and finally it ended in a squirrel track and ran up a tree.

Here and there along the street we find shops where the tradespeople of Algiers ply their avocations. There are bootmakers and tailors, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, grocers, fruit-sellers, flower-dealers, and so on through a hundred different branches of business, some familiar to us and others scarcely known in America. The cork-tree is one of the products of Algiers, and the collection and exportation of its bark employs a great many men. One of the occupations of Algiers is the preparation of corks, and we may see the cork-cutters at work in their shops. With a sharp knife the workman whittles the article into shape with surprising rapidity, and with an exactness that compares favorably with the machines which Western civilization has invented and perfected for the same purpose. Near him may be seen a jeweler squatted on his carpet and engaged in the fabrication of ornaments which delight the eyes of the inhabitants of the harems, and not unfrequently those to whom the harem is unknown. We pass in front of cafés, where the patrons squat upon the ground, or on low divans, while sipping their coffee and smoking their pipes. The loud talking and the gesticulations heard and seen in a French café are unknown here. If the Moors talk at all they speak in low tones, but more frequently they are as silent and solemn as statues in an Egyptian temple. Sometimes they indulge in games to while away the time; one of their favorite amusements is chess, and they frequently spend hours over a single game, studying each move with the utmost care. Some of the Moorish chess-players have attained a skill of no mean order, and have competed successfully against French and English players who stand



ALGERINE CORK-CUTTER AND JEWELER.

Digitized by Google



ALGERIAN TYPES.

Digitized by Google

high at home. The Moors play some games of cards, but not many. Draw poker and seven-up are not known among them.

The great charm of Algiers is the sudden transition which one may make from the Occident to the Orient. You have here Paris and Damascus side by side; a minute almost will suffice to carry you from one to the other. You need no enchanted carpet like that we read of in the "Arabian Nights"; you need not even the steamboat or the railway, since a dozen steps will accomplish the journey. The two civilizations have been dwelling side by side for forty years, and yet they show no more readiness to mix than oil and water. True, the French learn Arabic and the Arabs learn French, but the races do not intermarry nor form business partnerships. With the exception that the names of the streets are painted in French you see nothing in the Moorish quarter to remind you that you are on French soil. And a few minutes' walk down the hill will bring you to where you must look very sharply about you to know that you are not in a city of old France and on the banks of the Seine or the Rhone.

The inner life of the Arab or Moorish population is carefully concealed from strangers. Admission to private houses is next to impossible except upon semi-public occasions, such as weddings, circumcisions, funerals, and the like. Wedding processions may be seen in the streets at times, and the dragoman of the hotel where you stop can arrange to take a party of half a dozen gentlemen to witness a circumcision on payment of a small backsheesh. A Moorish wedding consists of many elaborate ceremonies on the part of both bride and bridegroom. The former goes to the bath accompanied by her feminine friends, while the bridegroom goes to the mosque to say his prayers. There is a day of festivity at the house of the bride, and at the same time the future husband gives a party to his masculine friends. The most imposing part of the ceremony open to the public is the procession to escort the bride to the house, which is to be her home. Preceded by musicians, and wrapped in costly robes, she is accompanied by her family and friends amid the glare of torches and the songs of women hired for the occasion. There is little or no sentiment in an Arab marriage. The Arab seeks a wife in order that she may lighten his labors, if he is a poor man, and to solace his lonely hours, if he is a rich one. When he has gathered a sufficient amount of money to buy a wife he inquires in the neighborhood for a girl whom he can marry. When he hears of one, he seeks her father and negotiates for the girl very much as he might buy a horse. The father praises the girl and the youth deprecates her, and a great deal of talk must be indulged in before the bargain can be concluded. Finally they come to terms, assisted by the bridegroom's parents, if he has any, and the day is set for the wedding. Generally it happens that the bridegroom sees his wife's face for the first time when she is brought to his house and the marriage ceremonies are over. Very often he is disappointed, and the honeymoon becomes greatly diluted with vinegar and kindred liquids. Divorce is very easy under the Arab law, a man having little else to do than to pronounce the words "I divorce you," in presence of witnesses, and to pay her a sum of money sufficient for her support for three months, when she may marry again. In Algiers there is hardly an Arab who has not been divorced at least once, and many have undergone the operation half a dozen times. Some of the best families insist that their daughters shall be married after the French form as well as the Arab one, and when this is done and the marriage is registered at the Mairié the husband cannot put away his wife for a mere caprice, but is ever after under the control of the French courts.



SHOPPING IN ALGIERS.

The top of the Arab house in Algiers is almost invariably flat. Here the women sometimes lounge in the afternoon, when the sun is near setting, or pass the hours of evening during the warm days of Summer. In the times when piracy prospered, the merchants used to get on their house-tops and watch for the return of their corsair ships and the prizes they had taken. When a vessel appeared in the offing all eyes were strained to make her out, and the enterprising owners were in a state of great excitement until the character and ownership of the craft was ascertained.

Under the Turkish Government the women alone had the right to go upon the house-tops in the afternoon, and they used to climb over the parapets to make visits to each other. No Christian male, with the exception of the consuls, was allowed to go upon his own roof between sunrise and sunset, and it was not judicious for a consul to do so very often. The houses rise in irregular terraces, one above the other, so that from a roof in the upper part of the city, one could get a view of all below him. The bay of Algiers presents a fine appearance when thus looked upon, and especially so when the wind has been blowing heavily from the north or east. The surf beats violently against the sea-wall of the harbor, and is often thrown to a great height, while the waves break in a long swell on the beach at the western side of the bay.

One of the sights open to a stranger is the performance of a religious sect known as the *Aissaoui*, somewhat analogous to the dervishes of Cairo and Constantinople. I had an opportunity of witnessing it a few days after my arrival, and went, in company with a guide, to the house where the ceremony was held. We climbed the streets of stairs until nearly out of breath, and then passed under an archway and through a narrow door with a winding hall about three feet wide. The hall led into a courtyard about twelve feet by twenty, paved with tiles, and surrounded on all sides by a colonnade four or five feet wide. We were seated on benches under this colonnade, while the centre of the court was reserved for the performers. The pillars supporting the roof of the arcade were about ten feet high, and crowned with Moorish arches; the roof formed the floor of the second story, where there was a similar colonnade, and sometimes in these houses there is a third story, but such is not generally the case. The rooms leading from the arcade on the lower floor are used as kitchens, store-rooms, baths, and general work-rooms, while the private apartments of the family are on the upper story. On the upper floor the pillars of the arches are supported by a light wooden balustrade, where one can lean over and look below; but there are no balustrades on the lower floor.

An English consular chaplain who was stationed at Algiers in the early part of the last century, illustrates many passages of Scripture by means of the Moorish house. He says that the "middle of the house," where Christ was accustomed to instruct his disciples, according to Luke v. 19, was

Digitized by Google



A MOORISH WEDDING PROCESSION IN ALGIERS.

Digitized by Google



ARAB DANCERS.

doubtless the court-yard I have described. Ropes are arranged so that a curtain may be drawn over this space when the rain is falling, or when the heat becomes severe during Summer, and this, he thinks, is what the Psalmist refers to when he speaks of "spreading out the heavens like a carpet." Many other passages are illustrated in the same way, and there is little doubt that the Arab or Moorish house of the present day is exactly like those in Bible lands at the beginning of the Christian era.

We had some tedious waiting before the performance began, and when it was under way we found it was more tedious than the waiting had been. Over and over, and over again, the musicians—of whom there were half a dozen—chanted a single line, and accompanied it



NEGRO MUSICIANS AT ALGIERS.

with tambourines For the first few minutes it was well enough, this low, monotonous chant, but it soon became more monotonous than a steady diet of stewed clams or baked beans to a man in good health. Five, ten, twenty minutes it went on, and then for five, ten, twenty, and thirty minutes more. Imagine a party singing "Polly Johnson went a-fishing," and continuing that single line, without variation of word or note, for an hour. Being dragged to pieces by wild horses, or broken on a wheel, would be the height of pleasure in comparison to it. There was a fire in a large chafing-dish near the place of the musicians, and every few minutes one of them would warm his tambourine over the coals, holding it there so long that I thought the instrument would be burned up. One

Digitized by Google

performer was out of tambourine, but he had instead a large earthen jar, with a dried sheepskin over its mouth. He managed to torture this very effectually, and got some good music out of it—at least I suppose he thought it was good, as he appeared contented, and nobody interfered to stop him.

One of the devotees was a dark-brown Moor, with deep-sunk eyes, and a shock of hair that would have made an excellent mop; these fellows do not shave their heads like the regular Moslems, but let their hair grow long. Suddenly he gave a howl like a single stave from the matin song of a mule, and rose to his feet. Instantly three or four others gathered about him to strip him of his turban and the rest of his outer garments and throw a burnous like a nightshirt over him. All the time he howled and threw his hands back and forth, and when the disrobing and rerobing were completed he danced around the chafing-dish and in front of a box on which several candles were burning. The whisking of his burnous frequently extinguished the lights, and a tall, solemn Arab behind the box immediately relighted them. The music was quickened, more voices joined in the continuous chorus; another devotee went through the same performance as he of the sunken eyes, and in a little while three of them were up and at work.

Now came the performance of miracles. The three, whom I will call Rag, Tag, and Bag, made motions for something to eat during the pianissimo passages of their howling. Rag was accommodated with some pieces of glass and small pebbles, which were thrown into a tambourine and passed around so that everybody could feel and see them before they were served up. Rag was as impatient for his vitreous and lithic supper as a dog is for a bone, and while the tambourine was circulating he kept his eyes fixed upon it. When the instrument was turned over to him he seized the tempting morsels and thrust them into his mouth with great rapidity, smacking his lips and rubbing his stomach with apparent delight. A few nails were then given him by way of dessert, and these were devoured with the same avidity as he had shown with his *pièces de resistance*.



ARAB FIRE-EATERS.

While Rag was thus securing himself against immediate starvation, one of the attendants brought a red-hot poker to Mr. Tag. That gentleman seized it first by the cold and then by the hot end, over which he passed his hand several times, and then intimated that it was not warm enough. It was removed, and soon returned, and this time it evidently suited the performer's taste. He licked it with delight, passing his tongue over it repeatedly, and occasionally touching it to his lips. Then he flourished it in the air, sometimes uncomfortably near the musicians' heads, and all the time kept hopping about in what his friends probably called a dance. Then he was supplied with a sword, which he tried to swallow, but the thing curved too much, and he

gave it up as a failure. Next he tried to impale himself by resting the hilt of the sword on the ground and leaning the weight of his body upon the point, which rested against his abdomen. Unfortunately he did not succeed in this laudable effort, and then the sword was held up edgewise for him to lie upon. He balanced the middle of his body upon the edge of the sword; somebody jumped on his back to add to the weight, but again the effort was a failure. Tag next tried to bore his cheek with the point of the sword, then to gouge out his eyes, and do other outlandish things.

Bag next came to the front with some gastronomic feats. He was fed with two or three live scorpions, which he chewed and swallowed as though they were staple articles at his boarding-house, and he also made a small lunch off the leaves of the prickly pear. When these last articles were brought forward he was joined by Rag and Tag, and the three had a comfortable feast. Bag tied himself into a knot and danced around the fire as his friends had done, and he also devoured several coals out of the chafing-dish. I thought I had my money's worth before the performance ended, and so I went home. One of my friends who remained, told me that they were treated to some knife-swallowing, and also to the skill with which Mr. Rag could stand barefoot on the edge of a naked sword, without injury either to his feet or the weapon. I am glad the sword was not hurt.

The performance of these fellows is nothing, I believe, but jugglery, and there are about as many miracles in it as in an ordinary "Punch and Judy" show. Everything that I saw could be accounted for quite as readily as can the performances of any prestidigiateur who tells you beforehand that what he does is a succession of tricks and nothing more. And if I required anything to convince me of the jugglery the following would be sufficient:

While I was in Algiers, a gentleman of my acquaintance arrived there on a Monday with three or four friends, and was obliged to leave on the following Wednesday. As the regular performance of these fellows is on Friday, he could not see it; he tried to arrange a special show, and I brought him into communication with the dragoman of the hotel. The latter found the sheik of the sect and brought him to us, and it seemed that the only time to suit both parties was Wednesday morning. The sheik named over what they would do, but omitted the hot-iron trick. I called attention to this omission, and the sheik explained through the dragoman that the hot-iron miracle did not work in the day, but all the others did. If we would come in the evening it



ARAB RELIGIOUS MENDICANTS, WITH TAME LION, VISITING THE CITIES.

Digitized by Google

would be given, but they could not give it in the forenoon.

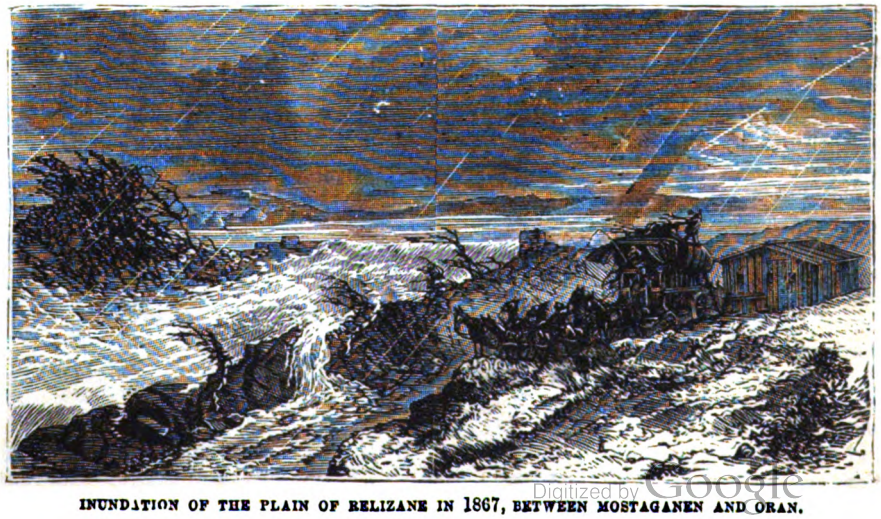
In the streets of Algiers one may see musicians who play upon drums and upon a species of castanets; they generally wear dark-colored haiks or cloaks over their dirty white burnouses, and thrust their feet into heavy shoes of the Arab pattern. Sometimes they are in pairs, and sometimes in groups, containing from three to a dozen persons; the larger groups are composed of both musicians and dancers, the latter being anywhere from ten to thirty years old. The music is furnished by drums beaten in the same monotonous manner as at the performance of the dervishes; the dancers throw themselves into a variety of postures, and flourish castanets somewhat resembling dumb-bells, as they consist of oval knobs connected by a stick eight or ten inches long. The rattling of these castanets is in time with the drum-beating, and makes the affair somewhat livelier than it would be with drums alone. The Arab drummers used only a single stick, which is considerably curved, and held in the right hand, while the left is occupied in keeping the drum in place. On a pleasant afternoon in Winter, these performances are sure of a crowd, in which several nationalities generally appear. One may see there French officers of the various branches of the service, soldiers and civilians who speak only the language of France, English, Americans, Germans, and others who have gone to Algiers for a restoration of health; and occasionally women of Algeria with their faces vailed and their forms enveloped in long white cloaks. The scene is a strange one in many respects. In the suburbs one may sometimes see a dance, which is a trial of strength not unlike wrestling. Two men dance about each other, throwing their feet in the air, and the effort of each is to overturn the other by means of a well-directed kick from the sole of the foot planted between his antagonist's shoulders. The men were stripped to the waist, and danced in a ring formed by the crowd standing or sitting in a circle. A referee



PEOPLE TRYING TO FRIGHTEN OFF LOCUSTS BY NOISE.

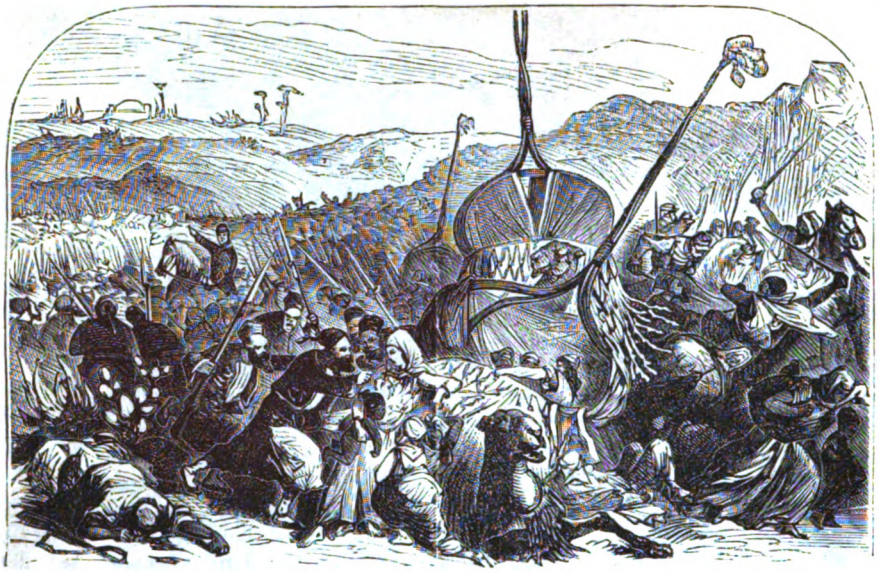


FIRE IN AN ALGERIAN FOREST.



INUNDATION OF THE PLAIN OF RELIZANE IN 1867, BETWEEN MOSTAGANEN AND ORAN.

Digitized by Google



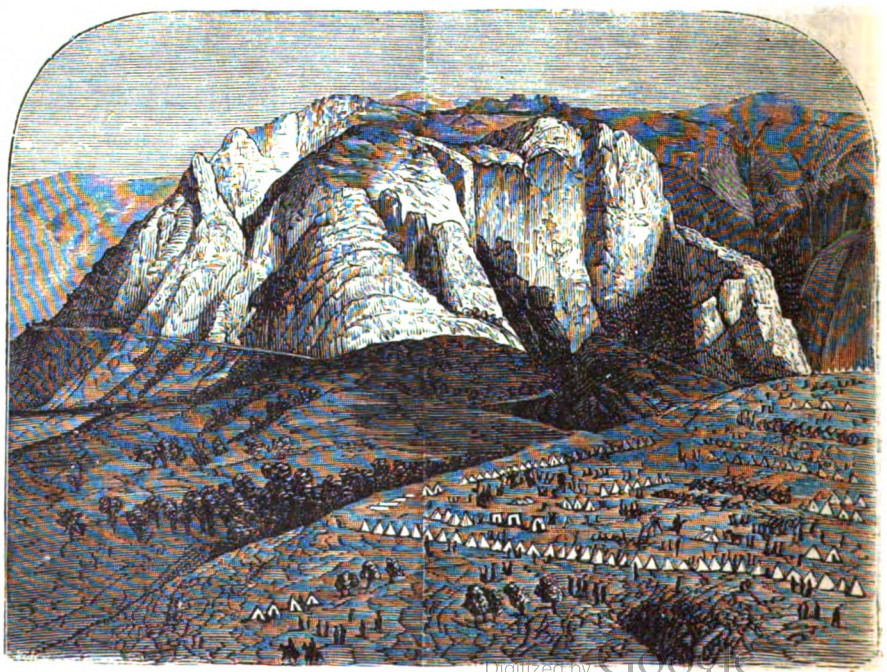
REBELS DEFEATED BY THE FRENCH, AND SURPRISE OF THE HAREM OF THE MARABOUT SI KADDOUR BEN HAMZA, IN 1872.

stands by to call the men to "time," and to see that there is no foul play.

Beggars are not numerous in Algiers, as the French law forbids mendicancy in the province, and nearly every city has its local laws against it. Some of the Arab tribes are very severe in its prohibition, and in some of the districts that are only nominally under French sway, the regulations are more severe than in Algiers itself. Among these tribes the poor can demand support from their relatives, and if they have none they must be cared for by their tribes or clans, and a special tax is collected for that purpose. The law against mendicancy is evaded just as it is in Paris by the exhibition of animals or other curiosities, or by the sale of small articles. Occasionally one may see in the streets of Algiers a party of Arab mendicants from the country south of the Atlas mountains, accompanied by a tame lion. They stand solemn and silent, while the beast crouches or walks before them and attracts the attention of the passers-by. Occasionally a few coins are tossed among them, and as their wants are few they manage to make a comfortable living. Bootblacks, and peddlers of matches abound, and the former are quite as persistent in their search for employment as their kindred in other cities. They are particularly numerous in the neighborhood of the hotels, and the stranger who comes out for a promenade is sure to be assailed by a dozen of them. They have a small stock of English and French phrases which they are sure to use on every opportunity.

The stranger who visits Algiers in the season of the races should not neglect to visit them. They are held on a plain to the east of the city, and near the Botanical Gardens, which are among the attractions of the city. A motley crowd of several nationalities is sure to be assembled. You can find there French officers, soldiers, and civilians; English and American visitors, with possibly Germans, Italians, and Spaniards; Maltese and other waifs and strays from various parts of the Mediterranean; Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, and natives from all parts of the province and the adjacent territory, with a few nondescripts whom it is more difficult to place. The contests are exciting, as the horses are invariably of excellent quality, and either wholly or in part of the race for which Arab land is famous. The French have given great attention to the breeding of horses, and since their occupation of Algeria they have made great progress in the business. It has been found that the best animals for the race track are produced by crossing the Arab with English stock; but for endurance in the military or ordinary service, especially on long marches through the desert, the original and pure Arab is the best.

Since the French occupation the Government has held out many inducements to colonists in the shape of land grants, free transportation, and exemption from taxes for periods of from three to five years. Since the Franco-German war of 1870–1 there has been a considerable emigration to Algeria from Alsace and Lorraine, and settlements of these people may now be found in many parts of the country. They are thrifty, industrious, and energetic, and their efforts have been generally successful where the conditions of the soil were favorable. The great want of Algeria is water, and many parts of the country which might be very fertile are quite unproductive on account of their aridity. The channels of many rivers are dry for the greater part of the year, while at others they are roaring torrents which sometimes spread over the plains and cause great damage. In 1868 there was a series of great storms in the province of Oran, which covered the plain of Relizane, devastating farms



GENERAL L'ALLEMANT'S TROOPS ENCAMPED AT TIZI BOIRON IN 1871.

Digitized by Google

and carrying away many houses that were built on the low ground near the water-courses. The usual route of diligence between Oran and Mostaganen was obstructed for days, and the damages were not repaired until several weeks later. In the same year there was a famine in another part of Algeria nearer to the capital. Many persons died of hunger, and the French Government spent large sums of money in endeavoring to relieve their suffering. Supplies of food were sent to the destitute Arab tribes and distributed under the supervision of their chiefs, and many children whose parents had died in the famine were brought to Algiers, where they were adopted by the archbishop, and placed in the hospitals which the Government had established for their support and education.



FRENCH TROOPS IN A RAIN STORM.

The locust is a great destroyer of herbage in Algeria, and frequently devastates immense areas of country. These insects sometimes come in clouds that darken the sky, and after they have rested a few hours upon a field which was before luxuriant, not a blade of grass or any other green thing can be seen. The natives attempt to frighten them away by noise, and by invoking the aid of their saints. The whole population turns out with everything that can make a noise, and while the visitation lasts the din is absolutely deafening. Whether the locusts are in any way controlled by the tumult is a question not yet satisfactorily determined. Sometimes in the seasons of drought, particularly in Kabylia, the fields and forests are accidentally set on fire, and large areas are burned over. Occasionally the flames are borne by the winds in the direction of the villages, and the houses and barns of the inhabitants are speedily consumed. Very little is saved on such occasions beyond the live stock, which can be driven away, as the wind blows like a hurricane, and the dry roofs allow the flames to spread with great rapidity.

Hardly a year passes without an insurrection in some part of Algeria of sufficient magnitude to require the presence of troops. In the encounters with the rebels there is frequently some severe fighting, and the latter may occasionally win short successes. But the final triumph is sure to be for the French, who are steadily establishing a reputation for invincibility. They are obliged to undergo many hardships in the shape of rain-storms and sand-storms; long marches through arid wastes or among rugged mountains, deprived often of food and water for periods much longer than is agreeable to the human stomach; exposed to burning heats by day and piercing cold at night, and in other ways compelled to endure severe exposures and privations. The school is an excellent one for both officers and soldiers, and it is conceded everywhere in France that the Algerian contingent is the hardiest and most enduring portion of the army.

The French officers in Algeria understand the policy of making a victory as complete as possible, and when they strike a blow it is generally a heavy one. For example, during the operations of 1872 for closing up the insurrection, the troops on one occasion defeated one of the chiefs so effectually that his entire harem fell into French hands, together with the whole of his camp equipage and personal property. After the close of the insurrection, all the chiefs who had instigated the affair were executed, and many of the subordinates were punished in various ways. The whole country was occupied or marched over, and the Arabs were made to feel the weight of the French power. General L'Allemant, with a strong corps, took possession of the mountainous regions of Kabylia, and in a very short time subdued the insurrection, and sent most of the leaders to Algiers for trial. The tribes were compelled to pay heavy fines, and replace the property which had been destroyed in the French settlements, and all who had taken part in any attacks or massacres were punished



FRENCH EMIGRANTS FROM ALSACE ARRIVING IN ALGIERS.

Digitized by Google



DANTON IN THE TRIBUNE.

with severity. Some of the tribes made very prompt submission, and where their chiefs had taken part in the insurrection, new ones, appointed by the French, were chosen.

Elections in Kabylia are held in the open air, and generally around a large tree. The electors sit in a circle in solemn conclave, and after long debates, in which each man rises to express his opinions, the votes are taken by means of tellers, who pass around the circle, having previously sworn on the Koran not to report falsely.

South of the lines of the territorial government the French authority extends, in a nominal way, far into the desert. Military posts have been established at Boghari, Lagouat, and Biskra, in the desert, and a garrison is constantly maintained at each of these points. Beyond these stations the tribes are governed by their own sheiks, who have sworn fidelity to the French. They pay a small annual tribute to the Colonial Government, and in return they are guaranteed against attacks from other tribes, and have certain privileges of commerce. Their country is not occupied except in case of threatened or actual outbreaks, but it is occasionally found desirable to send exploring expeditions among the oases. One of the most noted of these was that of General Lam-

Digitized by Google

merz, which pushed southward in the Winter of 1871–2 as far as Ghardaia, the capital of the M'Gab country, and an important station on the road to Timbuctoo and the Soudan. It is a city of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and has an extensive commerce, as the caravans from Central Africa make their halting places here, and exchange their goods for those of European manufacture. The commercial spirit is steadily gaining ground among the people of this region, and the French authorities are careful to encourage it. French colonization has already done much for the enlightenment of Africa, and will doubtless do more as the years roll on.

ROBESPIERRE:

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM

By Henry Barton Baker.

Robespierre! Who, unless he be a Red Republican, can pronounce that name without a shudder? Amidst all, even of the foremost, of the human wolves of the Revolution—amidst all that band of assassins who wrecked its glory in a sea of blood—that name stands forth like the moon among the stars. Lives there a man who has not heard of him? To thousands the names of Hébert, Barrère, St. Just, Couthon, Camille Desmoulins—even of Danton and Marat—are scarcely known. To such the Reign of Terror had but one king, one creator—Robespierre. Truly an awful fame—an immortality of *murder!*

François Maximilian Joseph Isidore de Robespierre (this destroyer of aristocrats was entitled to the aristocratic *de* before his name) was born at Arras in the year 1758. He is supposed to have descended from an Irish family who settled in France in the sixteenth century, and it has been suggested that the original name of the first settler was Robert Spiers, which by French pronunciation would soon become "Robespierre." His mother died when he was very young, and a little time afterwards his father, who was an advocate, found it convenient to quit his home somewhat abruptly, leaving behind certain creditors whom in the hurry of departure he had forgotten to settle with. The remainder of his life was spent abroad. At ten years of age Maximilian had lost both his parents and was left with a brother and two sisters—the eldest, and virtually the head, of the family.

It would be infinitely interesting to trace the gradual growth of the mind of this strange being from boyhood to mature manhood; but not even in the loving memoir written by his sister do we find much material for such a study. Here is the only anecdote of his childhood's days that she has given us. He kept a number of pigeons of which he was very fond and very careful; his little sisters were continually importuning him to give them one, but fearful lest it should be neglected, or not treated with tenderness, he always refused. One day, however, the petitioners prevailed, and were made happy by the possession of one of the coveted birds. At first it was tended with the utmost care; but after a time its master's fears were verified; one stormy night it was left out in the rain and cold, and the next morning was found dead in the yard. Maximilian was inconsolable at this loss and could not be pacified for several days.



A NOYADE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Digitized by Google

Such an anecdote would seem to be descriptive of an unusually tender-hearted child.

He received the rudiments of his education at the College of Arras, where he was noted for his laborious industry and his submissiveness to the masters, one of whom nicknamed him the "the Roman" — a very suggestive *sobriquet*. He won great scholastic honors and the favor of the bishop, through whose influence he obtained a burse in the College of Louis le Grand. And to Paris he went in the year 1770. Two of his fellow-students were Camille Desmoulins and Danton. What a strange coincidence, the meeting of that triumvirate! As the gay *noblesse* of Paris rolled by the quiet precincts of the college in their luxurious carriages, did no boding shadow ever darken their mirth? Could those perfumed wits, those syrens so lovely, so *débonnaire*, have been vouchsafed but one glance into the futurity of twenty years—have seen the streets of Paris streaming with their blood—their bodiless heads stuck upon pikes, to be gibed at by the mob that was *then* but the dust beneath their feet—could they have seen those three boys developed into the audacious Camille, the terrible Danton, the bilious Robespierre of 1791! What then! Had an angel from heaven unveiled such a vision to their eyes they would have laughed it to scorn. So the Great feasted and revelled in their *salons*. "As to-day, so will be to-morrow. The earth is ours, and the fulness thereof, and those who are not of us live but to minister to us." So spoke the hearts of the short-sighted fools. The writing was upon the wall, but they could not see it—no, not till the gleaming weapons and the bony fingers of the *sans culotte* pointed to the words of doom, and the warning and the destruction came locked in each other's arms!

Robespierre had little in common with his wild fellow-scholars; he mingled in no orgies, plunged into no dissipation; his drink was water, his food the plainest; his life most regular; and his bilious temperament inclined him to melancholy. His days and nights were spent among the literature of Greece and Rome—not with Homer, Horace, and Virgil, but with Livy, Seneca, and Plutarch. It was in the old Spartan stories of superhuman virtue that he chiefly delighted. That utter contempt for human sufferings and human life, when opposed to the abstract idea of virtue and patriotism; that fierce clinging to republican institutions which characterized the Greeks and the elder Romans—these stories charmed and fascinated him; upon these he modeled his mind. But that mind possessed none of the grandeur, the daring courage, the sublime self-sacrifice of those mighty men of old; it was mean, cowardly, and despicably egotistical; it could only assimilate their cruelty, it could not digest their nobleness—it was too weak.

Great as was the influence produced upon his character by these studies, it was surpassed by that of the writings of Rousseau, of which he was a devout student, and with every doctrine, theory, and hallucination of which his mind became saturated.

He completed his studies in jurisprudence at the *École de Droit;* after which he returned to Arras. There seems to have been few indications at this time of the future silent saturnine being into which he developed some years afterward; on the contrary, his temperament, although always thoughtful, appears to have been lively and agreeable; at least such is the impression produced by the reading of one or two letters written in his youth. In one he gives a humorous description of a journey into the country, a dissertation upon tarts, of which he was passionately fond, and to the inventor of which he breaks out into a mock heroic invocation in verse.

Imagine Robespierre writing anything humorous! His sister describes him as being "sociable, naturally gay, knowing how to jest and laugh even to tears." Picture "the sea-green Incorruptible" doubled up in a fit of laughter, with tears running down his cheeks! "When, however, cards were played," she tells us, "or the conversation was very frivolous, he would retire into a corner of the room and sit silent and thoughtful."

Maximilian cultivated poetry; some of his verses are still extant; he belonged to a certain poetical club at Arras called the *Société des Rosatis*, the members of which amused themselves by writing bad verses and crowning each other with roses to celebrate their badness. He was also in love, but the lady proved faithless and married another. He greatly distinguished himself as an advocate, and his old friend, the bishop, procured him an appointment in the criminal court. But so opposed was he to capital punishment that not long afterward, being compelled, in virtue of his office, to condemn a criminal to death, he was so painfully affected that, rather than again undergo the same infliction, he chose to resign the appointment. Does not this read like the wildest fable? It could not be hypocrisy, for what could he gain by it?—only the displeasure of his patron. Yet such inconsistencies, although not so striking, are common to all human minds.

Having made himself famous among the townspeople of Arras by a denunciation of *lettres de cachet*, and by a political pamphlet upon the *Tiers-État*, he was chosen their member for the States-General. And these few facts contain the pith of all that is known of the first thirty and odd years of the life of Maximilian Robespierre.

Out of the cloudless sky the sun pours down its floods of golden light, glitters upon the helmets and arms of the troops, glistens upon the gorgeous dresses of the court, gives a radiance to beauty, a brilliancy to the meanest objects. The hot air is filled with the strains of martial music, with the clangor of the joyous bells, with the acclamations of excited thousands. And all to welcome the States-General as they march on their way to the Church of St. Louis to ask a blessing upon their deliberations. There is one man in that crowd who is to achieve a more terrible fame, a mightier power, than any it looks down upon that day—a man destined to sign the death-warrants of hundreds—ay, thousands of hearts that beat blithely and proudly on that July morning. And yet, while necks are stretched and eager eyes wander to catch a glimpse of men whose names are now half forgotten, no one deigns a glance at him—for Paris has never heard his name. That man is Maximilian Robespierre.

A small, mean-looking creature, weak limbs, always palpitating with a nervous shiver, and a timid, irresolute gait. His dress is faultlessly neat and precise. Head powdered, not a single hair awry. Bright blue coat buttoned tightly at the hips, but open at the chest to display the spotless waistcoat; yellow breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles. This costume is never varied, except that the shoes are sometimes exchanged for topboots. The face is sharp and peaky; the forehead projects over the temples, and is compressed at each side like that of a wild beast; eyes blue, deeply sunken, with heavy lids, and a latent, savage sparkle; nose small, straight, expanded at the nostrils; mouth large; lips thin and pallid, and compressed at the corners; chin small and pointed; complexion yellow, livid, cadaverous. Habitual expression grave, with a half sweet, half sinister smile. Every muscle of the face working with a ceaseless twitch. Over the whole an expression of concentrated purpose. When he speaks his gestures are awkward, his fingers work nervously; his voice is shrill and discordant; when agitated by rage or exultation, it sounds like the scream of a hyena.

So obscure was he when he first came to Paris, that in the earlier reports of the proceedings of the States-General his name is sometimes spelt Robert Pierre, and never correctly.

Digitized by Google

Yet he did not hide his light under a bushel; in spite of the contempt and laughter with which his speeches were received in the Assembly, he never lost an opportunity of speaking and thrusting himself forward. But Mirabeau's marvelous insight marked him. "That man will go far," he said; "he believes every word he utters."

Robespierre courted the notice and aspired even to the friendship of the great leader; he followed him about the street until he was nicknamed Mirabeau's ape; finding that his advances were met only by contempt, his adulation turned to hatred, and thereafter he never uttered his name save in terms of the most intense malignancy. After his death he demanded that his bust should be removed from the Jacobins.

"I had twice occasion to converse with Robespierre," says Dumont. "He had a sinister expression of countenance, never looked you in the face, and had a constant and painful winking of the eyes. Having once asked him for some information relative to Geneva, I urged him to speak upon the subject in the Assembly; but he told me that he was a prey to the most childish timidity, that he never approached the tribune without trembling, and that when he began to speak his faculties were entirely absorbed by fear."

When, after the destruction of the Bastille, Lally Tollendal made his speech against the revolt, and proposed that unlimited confidence should be placed in the king, Robespierre arose with flashing eyes and features convulsed with passion.

"What, then, has occurred," he cried, shrilly, "to authorise M. Lally Tollendal to sound the tocsin? He speaks of a right; that right, gentlemen, is liberty, Do not deceive yourselves, the combat is not yet finished. To-morrow, perhaps, will renew the dangerous project of the court, and who shall repel them if we begin by declaring rebels all those who arm themselves for our safety?"

These words were received with loud applause. They turned the current which was flowing back toward loyalty, and Robespierre had made his first impression in the Assembly.

Yet it still half despised the cadaverous Insignificance, and still frequently endeavored, although not effectually to put down his wearisome orations by murmurs and sarcasms. But in the meantime the Insignificance was laying the foundations of a power far greater than the approval of the deputies could bestow. From its first institution, he had been a member of the Jacobin Club, and had taken a prominent part in its debates. There, also, men had at first turned an indifferent ear to his orations, while eagerly expectant of the fiery eloquence of Mirabeau, or the fierce utterances of Danton. But there was a wondrous earnestness and power of conviction in those glistening eyes, those quivering nostrils, those clutching fingers, and in that shrill, screeching voice, that slowly but surely won their way into men's minds; so that as early as the Spring of 1790 he was elected president. The one great object, however, at which he aimed was the favor of the mob; every act, every thought, every speech, was directed to this point, and he was rewarded for his labors by being gradually recognized as the chief champion of the *sans culottes*. It being moved that martial law should be proclaimed against the incendiaries who were burning châteaux throughout the country, he violently opposed the motion. "Ought we to dishonor patriotism by calling it the spirit of sedition and turbulence?" he exclaimed. "Ought we to honor slavery by calling it love of honor and peace?"

As yet the word Republic had not been breathed, or, *apparently*, the thing even thought of, except by the Girondists. In the journal of the Jacobin Club a formal protest concluded with these words: "A great empire adopting republican institutions must become the prey of an usurper." Underneath was the name of Maximilian Robespierre. This man never abandoned an opinion which he had once deliberately adopted. After his death, in one of his papers written during the Reign of Terror, occurred this sentence: "*There must be but one will: that will must be republican or royalist.*"

Even as late as 1791 we find him hotly maintaining his old war against capital punishment. On a motion for its abolition, he exclaimed:

"I am about to pray the legislators, who should be the interpretors of those eternal laws which the Deity has implanted in the human heart, to efface from the code of the French those laws of blood which command judicial murders, and which our feelings and the new Constitution alike repel. I will prove that the punishment of death is essentially unjust; secondly, that it has no tendency to repress crime; and thirdly, that it multiplies offences much more than it diminishes them. In the eyes of justice and mercy these death-scenes, which are got up with so much solemnity are nothing less than base assassinations, solemn crimes, committed, not by individuals, but by nations, and of which every individual must bear the responsibility. When a legislator can strike criminals in so many ways, merciful yet terrible, bloodless yet effacacious, why should he ever recur to the hazard of public executions? The legislator who prefers death to milder chastisements within his power, outrages every feeling and brutalises the minds of the people. Listen to the voice of reason. It tells us that human judgments are never enough certain for society to condemn a man to death, those who condemn him being men, and subject to error. To take away from man the possibility of expiating his misdeeds by repentance, or by acts of virtue, is, in my eyes, the most horrible refinement of cruelty."

Even when advocating the king's execution, he said, "For myself, I abhor the penalty of death. . . . but a dethroned king in the heart of a republic not yet cemented . . . neither prison nor exile can give him a harmless existence. It is with regret I pronounce the fatal truth, *Louis must perish because our country must live.* . . . I vote for death."

When the Assembly was about to adopt Target's proposition that the government should be declared monarchical, he moved, instead, that every one should be permitted to freely discuss the nature of the government which should be given to France. When the hereditary succession to the crown was voted, he moved that all ancient formulas should be replaced by these words: "I Louis, by the grace of God and the will of the nation, King of the French, to all citizens of the French Empire. People, this is the law your representatives have made, and to which I affix my seal." But the motion was unanimously rejected.

When the king sent his answer to the Declaration of Rights, he objected to it as not being sufficiently explicit. "Is it," he said, "for the executive power to criticise the constitutional, from which it emanates? It is the right of no power on earth to raise itself above the nation and censure its wishes. . . . *You can only avoid obstacles by crushing them.*" Verily his opinions were advancing. The last words contain the first menace that had yet been uttered.

In the discussion upon whether the right of declaring war should rest with the sovereign or be transferred to the Assembly, he spoke of the king, not as the representative, but as the deputy, the delegate of the nation.

There was not a revolutionary measure brought forward which did not find in him an ardent supporter; so that with speeches upholding insurrection, speeches upon the rights of man, in favor of ecclesiastical appointments being made by the people, and of the marriage of the clergy; speeches against the veto and against capital punishment, he advanced apace in popularity, and in 1791 was appointed Public Accuser in the new Court of Judicature.

Digitized by Google

With the king's acceptance of the "Constitution" the labors of the Assembly came to an end. A biennial parliament, formed of 745 members, was to take its place. Robespierre proposed that no member of the Constituent Assembly should be eligible for re-election. The motion was carried, and increased his popularity enormously; the journals eulogized him in strains of the most fulsome flattery, giving him the title of "The Incorruptible."

Upon the day that the Assembly was dissolved an immense crowd gathered without the hall, and when Robespierre and Pétion came forth they were greeted with the most vociferous acclamations; crowns of oak leaves were placed upon their heads, and they were borne to a carriage, in which they were drawn through the streets by some enthusiastic *sansculottes*, amidst cries of "Behold the true friends of the people and the defenders of their rights!"

What a marvelous change in two short years! Where is the deputy bold enough to sneer at the cracked voice and long-winded orations now? Afar off he beheld himself elevated above the heads of applauding millions, a halo of light surrounding his form, while a deafening chorus of tongues from ocean to ocean hailed him the Virtuous, the Immaculate, the Incorruptible Philanthropist, the Universal Liberator of the human race!

He returned at once to Arras, where his arrival was celebrated by great rejoicings and a general illumination, every window being compelled to exhibit candles upon pain of demolition. At the end of seven weeks, having sold his small patrimony, he, accompanied by his brother and one sister, went back to Paris, to resume his duties as Public Accuser. His reception at the Jacobins was tremendous. Upon his entrance Collot d'Herbois, who was presiding, rose from his chair, saying, "I demand that the member justly styled 'The Incorruptible' shall now preside," and forthwith vacated his seat amidst thunders of applause.

Robespierre was now the divinity of that terrible Society which rose with him, fell with him, and is indissolubly connected with his name. At first he had been overshadowed by the splendid Mirabeau, by the colossal Danton, the Aristophanic Camille; but Mirabeau was no more, and Danton and Camille, and many other men of eloquence, had passed over to the Cordeliers; so that by constantly speaking upon every subject discussed, and by always taking the *popular* side, Maximilian had gradually wriggled himself into a foremost position, and ultimately became the worshiped oracle of the club.

Let us glance at his domestic life. He is very poor—so poor that when the Assembly decrees that all its members shall go into mourning for the death of Franklin he has not wherewithal to purchase a black coat, and so is obliged to borrow one of a man much taller than himself, the tails of which almost drag the ground as he walks. He takes no amusement, frequents no society; he lives in a meanly furnished garret in the Rue St. Honoré. A volume of Rousseau is usually lying open upon the table. One glance at the room reveals the leading feature of its occupant's character. On the walls, on the table, on the shelves, in every nook, are portraits and busts of himself. Whichever way he turns, *Ego, Ego, Ego* is before him. They are so many little crucifixes at which he worships. His habits are austerely simple and frugal; even in the days of his greatest power his mode of life will undergo no change; he well merits the title of "The Incorruptible."

In the same house lives the family of Duplay. He is engaged to the eldest daughter Eléonore, and she adores him. But, then, was not the filthy Marat adored by a beautiful woman who gave up husband and home for him? They, Maximilian and Eléonore, are to be married when the troubles are over; that time will never come; but to her dying day he will be her noble hero. Her youngest sister, who lived into the middle of the present century, *although he destroyed her own husband a few months after their marriage, never ceased to speak of him as the purest, most virtuous, and the greatest of men!* Among his letters were found epistles from a lady of birth and fortune couched in almost idolatrous terms, and offering half her wealth to forward his principles. He is said, also, to have been much loved by his male friends, and to have been considered in society a pleasant and amiable man.

When not at the Jacobins, he passes the evenings reading some tragedy of Racine to the Duplays. Sundays and holidays are spent in delightful trips into the country, where he wanders through the woods and meadows, talking poetry or philosophy to Eléonore, who leans upon his arm a rapt and devout listener. What a picture of calm simplicity! Can this Robespierre and the bloody Dictator of the Commune be one and the same man? Strange, incredible as it seems, it is even so.

After the flight to Varennes he openly declared republican opinions. He was one of the chief organizers of the petition of the Champ de Mars drawn up to force the king's abdication; he was one of the leaders of the mob on the fatal day appointed for its signature; but when the troops appeared he displayed the most abject cowardice, took to flight and hid himself where, not even his best friends could discover. But, the storm past, he was again in the tribune of the Jacobins denouncing royalty and aristocracy more passionately than ever.

He held aloof from the movement of the 10th of August, and from the September massacres. On the night of the second, he passed the hours, until daybreak, pacing up and down his chamber, listening fearfully to the terrible summons that rang forth from the belfries, and to the confused din of the slaughter that filled the air. (St. Just and Danton slept tranquilly.) He feared that the Revolution was going too fast; such bold expedients struck fear to his craven heart, although he always eagerly profited by their results.

Upon the dispersal of the Legislative Assembly he was elected one of the members of the Convention. Already the once despised and derided Deputy of Arras is suspected of aspiring to be Dictator of the Republic. He has sounded Barbaroux upon the subject; he has been accused by the Girondists of such an ambition; and Louvet, the only really brave man of the party, now openly denounces him from the tribune. He makes no immediate reply; he never does, for there is no soul in the creature, and therefore no spontaneity of utterance; he is a mere reasoning machine, and Reason is not a ready speaker; so he requests a week to prepare his defence; it is granted; and at the end of that time he reads a long, written oration, reiterating the services he has done the State, interspersed with eulogies upon his own incorruptibility, which is received with tumultuous applause by the Jacobins. The Girondists, ever timid and irresolute, afford no support to his accuser, and Robespierre is triumphantly acquitted. But from that hour he vows their destruction, and seizes every possible opportunity of denouncing them. One such occurred after the assassination of Marat. "The best way to avenge Marat," he says, "is to prosecute his enemies with relentless vigor. The vengeance which is satisfied with funeral honors is soon passed, and loses itself in useless pomp; renounce then these useless discussions, and avenge him in a manner alone worthy of his name." The would-have-been abolisher of capital punishment, upon every trial, whether the culprit be king, queen, aristocrat, or Girondist, votes death. Nearer and nearer of realization comes the dream of Dictatorship; royalty is swept away; there are still many obstacles, but they also may be swept away.

Danton brings into being the Committee of Public Safety,

Digitized by Google

and almost immediately retires. Robespierre is now one of the nine Inquisitors, and, with his creatures, St. Just, Couthon, Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère, rules the Committee; the Committee rules the Convention, subjugates it so that it dares not murmur at its decrees. But he still fears to take that step from which there would be no retreating, which must be either success or death. No, Danton must go; Hébert must go; France must be purged of aristocrats and *suspects;* the guillotine must do much work yet before he can *with safety* crawl to *that.* Like Marat and Danton, and probably most of the extreme party, he conscientiously believed an absolute unit, whether called king, dictator, or other name, indispensable to France; but each thought in his heart that he should be the man.

the present, hurrying him on with the fury of a demoniac. Sweep away king, sweep away queen, nobles, every enemy, every rival of Maximilian Robespierre!

But this gigantic programme grew in his mind only by degrees. His *coward* nature would have shrunk appalled, even on the very eve of its realization, at the vision of the Reign of Terror. With the shortsightedness of all great criminals, he thought he could stay his hand at any moment. The king removed, the nobles swept away, and the bloody work was done. How small a sacrifice for so great an end! But it was the old fable of the Hydra, in this case multiplied a hundredfold; for every head cut off, two sprang up in its place, which doubled and quadrupled, until he was heard to cry in his solitude, "Nothing but blood—how much more—



THE PROCESSION OF THE GODDESS OF REASON.

Now supreme greatness was within his grasp; he might become the founder of the republic of his dreams, establish the idolized principles of Rousseau, be the creator of a new order of things, the great philanthropist of all ages. He had of late been brought into contact with every phase of greatness—greatness of soul, of intellect, and of station; conscious inferiority humiliated him, and in such a mind envy grows in proportion with humiliation.

Although still a believer in the *principle* of the abolition of capital punishment, that principle became dwarfed into insignificance beside the mightier one that now burned within his mind, filling him with fanaticism, blinding him to

when will it end?" But it was not the cry of humanity, but of impatience for *the end;* of humanity he possessed no particle; human suffering touched him not at all, to that he was wholly insensible. *Amidst all the frightful butchery he lived through, he never once raised his voice to save a human life.*"

With the establishment of the Committee of Public Safety and of *la loi de suspect* began the Reign of Terror. But even yet heads do not fall fast enough. The Tribunal is hampered by forms, its powers are too limited, it cannot reach many conspirators and aristocrats who are plotting against the republic; it must be unshackled and pursue its work

with more vigorous energy. Thus argues Robespierre as he moves that twelve judges and fifty jurors shall be selected from the staunchest Jacobins; that whatever the tribunal may consider dangerous shall be considered a capital crime; that if the judges think fit, they may convict any person, without examining a single witness; and that the only punishment which the court can inflict shall be death.

Such propositions take away the breath of the Convention; murmurs arise; the members demand consideration, and adjournment for six weeks. Barrère springs into the tribune. "It is impossible," he cries, "that there can be any difference of opinion among us as to a law like this, a law in all respects so favorable to patriots, a law which ensures speedy punishment to all conspirators. If there be an adjournment, I insist that it shall not exceed three days." The Convention is awed into silence and assent. But from that hour hatred and fear fill every bosom against Robespierre and his janissaries, and every man in self-defence begins to revolve the means of destroying a tyranny more despotic than was that of the worst of the Cæsars.

"By the aid of my machine I will make your head spring off in the twinkling of an eye and you will suffer nothing," said Dr. Guillotine, when recommending his machine to the notice of the Convention. Its powers were destined to be tried to the utmost, and were at length found wanting—it would not work fast enough. Six thousand men and twelve hundred artillery sworn to execute the laws of the Committee of Public Safety—that was La Terreur. Seven thousand two hundred anthropophagi scattered over France. In Nantes, Carrier; in Brest, André; in Bourdeaux, Tallien; at Arras, Lebon; the six Dictators of Paris masters of all. The janissaries exceed even their employers in barbarities. At Nantes they guillotine little children and pregnant women, guillotine until the executioner sinks down exhausted, declaring that "human muscles can do no more." Upon which they draw up the prisoners in lines and despatch them with grape-shot. Lyons has rebelled against the republic; therefore Lyons shall be razed to the ground and the plow shall pass over its site. Couthon is carried about in a litter with a hammer in his hand, and each house he strikes is doomed to demolition. But what is this to the human demolition that goes on? Two hundred men are placed upon a raft on the Rhône, and shot so that their bodies may fall into the river and save the trouble of burial; this is continued until the waters throw back the corpses on the shore again. After which the victims are marshalled upon the edge of a long, narrow dyke, into which they fall as they are shot, and the earth is heaped upon them, dead and alive. Toulon has rebelled, has been conquered, and thousands of masons are despatched to level that also with the ground. At another place prisoners are crammed into the holds of barges, which are drawn into the middle of the river and then scuttled. But these traitors are not worthy the sacrifice of a boat; tie their hands, throw them over the sides. It is so done; and men, women, and children are hurled into the river and fired upon as they struggle in the stream. At some places they flay the corpses, and a tannery is established at Meuden for human skins, which are used for breeches and other purposes, while a large traffic is carried on in the hair of the female victims.

Listen to this description of Riouffe, who passed through all the horrors—save the final one—which he describes. He tells us how the myrmidons, not satisfied with the death-warrants issued by their masters, "frequently fabricated some, in a fit of gayety, while drinking with the turnkeys. Wives have heard their warrants dictated in the midst of laughter; '*Let us join her with her husband,*' would they cry, with a drunken roar; and the victim was sure to suffer. The *ci-devant* Duchess of Biron, among others, ascended the scaffold under a death-warrant which had been intended for her steward. The furious rage of these monsters was seconded from without. Never had a body of cannibals more zealous or more numerous providers. New victims were incessantly arriving. It seemed as if their blind fury was particularly directed against the weakest and most amiable. The loveliest, the youngest, and the most interesting females were dragged in crowds to this receptacle of misery, whence they were led by dozens, to inundate the scaffold. They were dragged from prison to prison, their hands loaded with irons. Some had collars round their necks. Some fainted on their entrance, and were carried in the arms of the turnkeys, who laughed at their terrors; others wept, and some were in a state of stupefaction, which deprived them of the use of their senses. Within the last month, particularly, the work of destruction went on with dreadful activity. The bolts were at work both night and day. Sixty persons arriving in the evening on their way to the scaffold, and were replaced on the following day by a hundred others, who met with the same fate. . . . They began by heaping fifteen persons together in the fatal cart. They soon put thirty, and at length went as far as eighty-four; and the day that the death of Robespierre rescued the human race from their fury, they had everything prepared for sending a hundred and fifty persons together to the place of execution. An immense aqueduct had already been dug in the Place St. Antoine, for the purpose of carrying away the blood, and—I tremble as I mention the dreadful fact—the blood of the unfortunate victims was spilled each day in buckets, and four men were occupied, at the moment of execution, in emptying them into this aqueduct. . . . It was about three o'clock in the afternoon that these long processions of victims generally came down from the examination hall, and crossed, with slow steps, through the long vaults, in the midst of the prisoners, who ranged themselves in a line to see them pass. I have seen forty-five magistrates of the Parliament of Paris, and thirty-three of the Parliament of Toulouse, walking forth to death with the same air with which they formerly followed in the public processions. I have seen thirty farmers-general pass by with a firm and calm step; and five-and-twenty of the first manufacturers of Sedan, who, while marching to the scaffold, lamented over the thousands of laborers whom they were going to leave without food. I have seen Beyseer, the terror of the rebels of La Vendée, and the numerous generals whom victory had just crowned with laurels—yes, I have absolutely seen these men led forth to the scaffold, like droves of cattle to the slaughterhouse. Not a single complaint issued from their mouths; they advanced in silence, and seemed to avoid looking up to heaven, lest their countenances should express too much indignation."

To be the most distant relative of anyone who has been connected with the aristocrats, or even of a person who has been guillotined, not to express unbounded satisfaction at the executions, to utter one word of pity, nay, to cast one pitying look upon the condemned, is to render yourself *suspect*, is sufficient to procure your arrest and condemnation. The *suspects* are no longer confined to aristocrats, or even *bourgeoisie;* the humblest artizan or needlewoman is as liable to arrest as a prince or duchess. *La Terreur* descends even upon the mob, whose authority it has been created to uphold. Blood is everywhere; the pavements are dyed with it, and red footprints are stamped upon the thresholds of homes; assassins fill their pockets sportfully with human ears, adorn their hats with dead fingers; the bonnet rouge, sabots, and dress of the *sans-culotte* is the only costume permitted. And yet, with all this, famine is as rife as ever, and the old monotonous cry of "Bread, bread" never ceases. From morn to night the air reverberates with the roll of the tumbrils, with the agonized cries of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, husbands, children, as they behold

Digitized by Google

their loved ones borne to death. From morn to night around the guillotine are heard the sharp chop of the knife, the dull thud of tumbling heads as they fall into the yawning baskets, a horrible splash and drip, the wild hoarse voices of furies and assassins howling the Marseillaise or *Ça Ira*, and the beat of their sabots upon the stones, as they whirl in the frantic dance of the *Carmagnole*. And yet, in the midst of horrors, death sitting upon every hearth, no man's life worth an hour's purchase, Paris amuses itself at twenty-three theatres, where patriotic plays are represented by patriotic actors, and sixty dancing saloons, where citoyens and citoyennes gyrate, and laugh, and revel, as though there were no *mère Guillotine* to threaten her embraces.

All that has been must cease to be; the old chronology, the names of the days, weeks, months, years are changed. To talk of Sunday, of January, of 1793, would be to expose yourself to certain death. Churches are robbed, vestments and Bibles burned, and the Christian religion forbidden to be practised on pain of death. Vice is worshiped under the name of Reason.

On the 9th of November, 1793, is celebrated the Feast of Reason. All Paris is astir to inaugurate the new religion. A procession moves to the sounds of bands of music and patriotic hymns towards the Convention. Chaumette enters the Hall first, leading by the hand a beautiful and notorious courtezan; a group of prostitutes gather about her as attendant divinities, and seat themselves upon the benches of the deputies. When all is ready for the ceremony, Chaumette removes the blue veil in which her form is enveloped, and displays the nude beauty of "the goddess" to the gaze of the multitude. "Mortals," he says, "recognize no other divinity than Reason, of which I present to you the loveliest and purest image!" Then he bows his head in sign of adoration, and the President of the Convention and the multitude follow his example. After which the procession is reformed, and the lady borne in a litter, amidst shouts and strains of music, to Notre Dame, where she is seated upon the high altar, and a hymn to Liberty, composed by Chénier, sung in her honor. After which there is great feasting and rejoicing; the body of the church of St. Eustache being laid out with food and drink of all kinds. After the feast follow wild dances by half-naked figures, and such revelry as might have graced the mysteries of Isis.

A few even of the most fanatical Jacobins, Robespierre among the number, were disgusted with this hideous absurdity; and on the 8th of June in the following year, the Hébertists being swept away, Robespierre caused the Convention to *decree* the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul! After which it decreed that a fête should be held in honor of the *Être Supreme* on the 8th of June, or on the 20th Prairial as they styled it in their new jargon.

Paris, always ready for a fête, crowds to the new raree show as eagerly as it did to the last. Behind the Tuileries has been erected an immense amphitheatre, with a tribune in the centre for Robespierre, in front of whom is ranged a group of huge figures representing Atheism, Selfishness, Annihilation, and Vice. The deputies, all dressed in blue coats with red facings, seat themselves upon the steps of the circus. Then arises a hymn, also composed by Chénier, which is chanted by thousands of voices, young girls scatter flowers in the air, young men draw their swords and gasconade enthusiastically, old men rapturously bless their children. Then Robespierre descends from the tribune, and applying a torch to the figures, which are composed of combustible materials, sets fire to them amid shouts of applause; and, as they burn up, by a pantomimic trick, a statue of Wisdom rises in their place. After which, the members of the Convention following him *at some distance*, as though to prepare men's minds for the coming *Unit*, he, attended by symbolical groups and young girls clothed in white, and linked together by parti-colored ribbons, takes his way to the Champ de Mars, where there is more mummery, and then the *Fête de l'Être Supreme* comes to an end. It would be diffiult to decide which was the most absurd and profane of the two exhibitions.

The enemies of religion and Robespierre—what a strange combination, and yet a real one!—who desired to throw ridicule and suspicion upon this gallimaufry, soon found the means in the shape of a crazy old woman named Catherine Théot, a sort of French Johanna Southcote, who called herself the mother of God, and who fancied that she was gifted with the power of prophecy. She gave forth that Robespierre was the chosen of God, the Regenerator of the earth and of religion—a new Saviour. "It is all a plot," cried the enemies; "he would fain be a god as well as a dictator."

Paris pondered over these words.

This was the beginning of the end. "Thou borest me with thy *Être Supreme*," muttered Collot d'Herbois. Others growled, "Now we have destroyed our tyrants, this man would set a god over us."

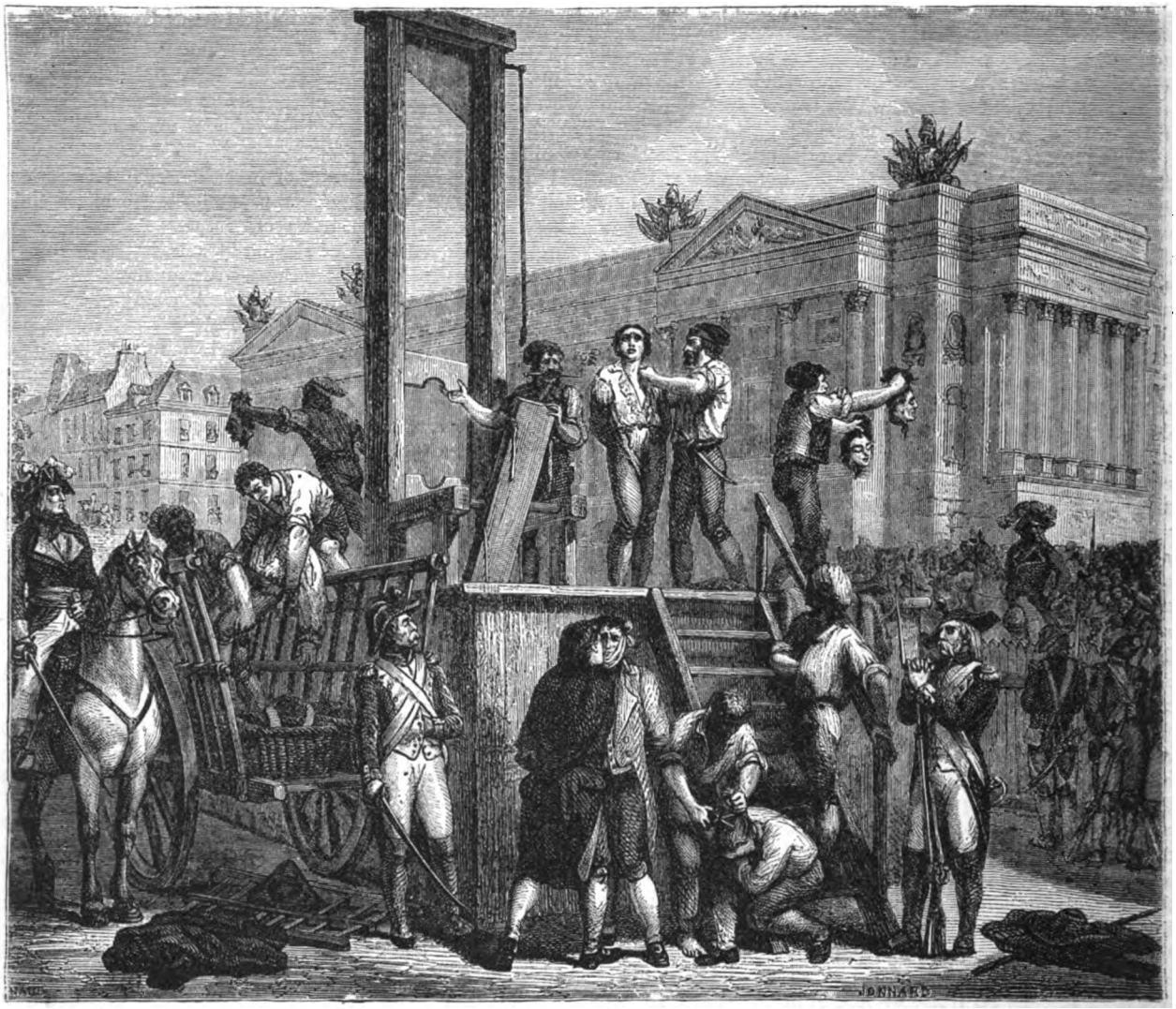
Paris begins to be aweary of executions, and to discover that although it lives under a republic, its rulers are infinitely worse despots than its old masters. Having been taught the sacred right of slaying tyrants, it begins to ask itself why it should not slay these. A man named Lamiral snaps a pistol at Collot d'Herbois. A young girl named Cécile Rénault presents herself at Robespierre's house, desires to see him, and, being importunate, is seized upon. In a basket she has left at a shop near at hand are found some garments and two knives. This is all; but upon this evidence she is cast into prison and guillotined, together with every person who can claim kinship with her, however distant; her brothers, who are upon the frontiers and have bled for their country, are brought to Paris loaded with chains; sixty persons whom she has never seen, many of whom have been in confinement for six months, accompany her to the scaffold, clothed in red shirts, as accomplices. The house, nay, the entire street in which she lived, is directed to be razed to the ground.

Faster and faster goes the guillotine; there are now eight thousand prisoners in the jails of Paris. This is the period of the "*batches*." Daily the enemies of *La Terreur* grow more numerous; daily does Robespierre receive annonymous letters threatening his life. St. Just openly urges him to declare himself dictator, but the gloomy looks of the Convention scare him.

Fear stimulates him to further acts of despotism; to more proscriptions, more bloodshed. His own colleagues, all except St. Just, Couthon, and Lebas, grow suspicious of him, fearful for their own heads. The gloom grows deeper and deeper; no man, not even though he be of the Convention, or even of the Omnipotent Committee, knows but that his own name may be already upon the list of *suspects*. The gloom, the sombre air of suspicion, the threats of assassination, and his own torturing irresolution, affect the arch miscreant with bodeful apprehensions. His house is guarded by Jacobins, he never stirs abroad unaccompanied by armed men, he absents himself from the Convention, from the Committee; he leaves the death-warrants to be signed by his myrmidons, who, ever zealous for the honor, exceed even his numbers; he receives no one except his janissaries; writes no more, but reads much; he avoids meeting the Duplays, especially Eléonore; he takes long excursions into the country, wandering entire days among the woods of Meuden and St. Cloud. He usually carries a book with him, Rouseau, Bernardin St. Pierre, or some sentimental religious poet, such as Gesner or Young! With death and horror around him, with but two fixed ideas in his soul—the Dictatorship—the Guillotine—this man can wander

among the calm peacefulness of nature and read religious poetry.

One day Carnot accidentally finds a paper in Robespierre's handwriting, upon which is inscribed a list of forty names for proscription: his own among them. Tallien's Theresa has been arrested, but contrives to get letters conveyed to her lover, urging him to strike against the tyrant who, otherwise, will one day strike him down. These two events form a nucleus round which gathers a conspiracy. Wild reports are whispered abroad that the Catacombs are being dug out for a wholesale slaughter; that the whole of the Convention is to be butchered while sitting. Midnight meetings are held, plots discussed with 'bated breath how silence, until one rises and moves that it be printed and sent to all the departments; that is the signal for opposition and confusion, which ends in the speech being ordered not to be printed. Robespierre understands his peril, and goes that night among his Jacobin wolves, for of late he has forsaken even them; but he is still their adored divinity, they swear to protect him—to die with him! "I will drink the hemlock with thee!" cries the brutal David. Fierce plans are discussed. The Convention shall be attacked by an armed force, the deputies taken prisoners, and he shall be proclaimed dictator. But even then his coward heart fails him; at the last moment he refuses to head the movement—he has not even the courage of a wolf brought to bay. His



EXECUTION OF ROBESPIERRE AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

to rid themselves of this ghastly fear. But who is there bold enough to denounce the Man of Terror? All shrank from that, for should they fail——. There is one man among them who is swayed by two passions—fear and love, while the others only fear—he is the man who shall do it.

On the 26th of July, 1794, Robespierre suddenly reappears in the Convention—from which he has absented himself some time—to deliver himself of his solitary meditations among the woods of St. Cloud and Meudon, of his musings upon religious poetry. And what has he gathered from these musings and meditations? That too much mercy has been shown to the enemies of the republic; that the guillotine must work faster. The deputies receive his speech in dead friends grow impatient, but they resolve to carry out the insurrection.

The next morning he presents himself in the Hall; but, ere he can open his lips, Billaud swoops down upon him like a tiger, and, in a fiery speech, reveals the Jacobin conspiracy. Fierce and indignant murmurs break from every mouth, swelling each moment, until they rise into a roar of "Down with the Tyrant!" Up springs Tallien, crying in a voice of thunder, "I was present at the Jacobins; I heard the plot for the formation of the army of this second Cromwell, and I armed myself with this dagger, to pierce his heart if you have not the courage to order his arrest!" And he makes a movement as though he would stab the culprit, who shrinks

Digitized by Google

and cowers before the glittering steel. Other speakers take up the strain of denunciation, and louder and fiercer rise the cries of "Down with the Tyrant!"

With livid face, and features distorted by rage and terror, with hyena-like screams for a hearing, he rushes from place to place—to the benches of the Gironde. "That was Vergniaud's seat," cries a voice. He recoils, shuddering. He springs upon the benches of the Mountain; "The shades of Danton and Camille repel you!" shout a score of voices. He rushes to the President, shrieking, "President of assassins, will you hear me?" Fists are shaken in his face; he supplicates, grovels, yells with the agony of fear, rushes from one to the other. He is driven back with curses and deafening howls. His voice cracks and fails him. "*The blood of Danton chokes you!*" cries a chorus of voices. His arrest is decreed amidst shouts of "*Vive la Republique!*"

In the meantime the Jacobins are up and doing. As the gensdarmes bring forth their prisoner he is torn from them, *against his will*, and carried off to the Hôtel de Ville. Fear has paralysed him. He will not present himself to the people; he will not proclaim himself dictator; he will not sign a paper calling on the people to revolt; he will not even countenance revolt; he is in a coma of terror.



THE PIRATE OF THE SARANAC.—"A BROAD LIGHT BLAZED FORTH, KINDLING THE BLACK SCENE INTO WEIRD, WILD LIFE, WHILE A VOICE RANG OUT, 'SURRENDER, ALL OF YOU!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

At the news of the rescue the troops of the Commune muster quickly. Drunken Henriot, at the head of his soldiers, dashes through the streets of Paris calling the people to arms; but they are weary of the worship of their bloody Moloch, and his own men turn their cannon against the Hôtel de Ville, throw down their arms, and disperse.

Within a dimly-lit apartment of the Hôtel de Ville, sit Robespierre and his brother, St. Just, Couthon, Lebas, Coffinhal, and others—the wolves are caged at last. The death-knell of *La Terreur* is ringing. St. Just and Lebas look bold and defiant; Couthon, with his angel face and silvery voice and withered limbs, anxious, but resigned; the sickly rays of the candle fell full upon the hideously cadaverous features of Robespierre. He has a loaded pistol and poison before him; but this worshiper of Roman virtues cannot imitate the old heathen heroism, and die with his fortunes. With shaking limbs and twitching face he listens to the murmurs, the momentarily increasing stir, the surge and howl of the multitude without. The sharp report of a pistol rings through the room—Lebas has shot himself through the heart, and falls dead. Henriot rushes in to cry that all is lost; Coffinhal, with an epithet of disgust, hurls him out of the window into the court below, where he lies a lifeless mass. The soldiers are battering at the door; it gives way with a crash, and in they rush. A shot is fired, and Robespierre's head falls upon the table; he is not killed, but his jaw is broken. All the conspirators are captured and dragged away amid tumultuous exultation.

The cold, ghostly light of the dawn is just breaking as the senseless, bloody form of the Incorruptible is borne out into the streets upon a litter. It is carried to the Tuileries and laid upon a table, while the Convention in the next room decides his fate. As the day advances, crowds flock to the Tuileries and fill the chamber wherein lies the once terrible King of *La Terreur*—terrible no longer, but an abject, revolting-looking object. He lies upon his side. From the broken jaw, which he has tried to bandage, the dark blood oozes out, and creeps over the livid face. His hands still convulsively grasp a pistol—his glassy eyes speak, but his lips are silent. And the foul mob—to gain whose favor and applause he has shed torrents of blood—does it commiserate him, weep over him, attempt to soothe his anguish? It spat upon him, mocked his groans, and pricked him with knives; there was not a hand that would raise the cup of water which stood beside him to his burning, cracking lips!

A form of trial is gone through, and then all are tied down in a cart and jolted off to *la mère guillotine*. Paris is frantic with joy. Before the cart dance the women, shouting and singing with demoniac glee. As it passes through the streets the friends and relations of his dead victims troop out to meet it with yells of frantic joy, to curse its ghastly burden, body and soul, and to pray God to cast him into hellfire. As he mounts the scaffold the executioner tears off the bandage from his face; the shattered jaw falls, and there leaps from his throat an unearthly yell, as though the fiends had already their claws upon his soul. He looks down, shuddering, upon the sea of heads; it waves and surges, as though it would sweep away the scaffold, and up from its cruel depths rises a howl of execration. Ferocious joy is upon every face; every mouth gapes for his blood. No look of pity; all merciless—*as himself*. He has sown the dragon's teeth, and behold

Digitized by Google

the harvest! The knife falls, and the head of Maximilian Robespierre rolls into the basket. Then such a shout of jubilee rends the air as though all the fiends of the bottomless pit had received tidings of salvation; a shout that echoes and re-echoes from the universal throat of France, aye, of the world, for the reign of terror has passed away.

That man is the creature of circumstances, that his character, his outward and inward life are determined by *events*, has never been more fully illustrated—proved—than in the case of Maximilian Robespierre. To him the world contained but two things worthy of consideration, *Maximilian Robespierre* and Maximilian Robespierre's *idea*—these were the embodiments of *perfection*, a divinity and a divine attribute to which it was lawful to offer up whole hecatombs of men. Above Maximilian Robespierre there was nothing; his *Être Supreme* was simply a colleague, for was it not *he* who re-established *Être Supreme* worship, was it not *he* who set fire to atheism and all the vices?

He was not a hypocrite. When he advocated the abolition of capital punishment he was thoroughly sincere; perhaps, incredible as it may sound, he was *theoretically* opposed to it unto the end. Human life was sacred in his eyes until it stood in the path of the *idea*—should be sacred to all other things, but when weighed against *this* it was insignificant.

One of the most singular facts connected with this great criminal's life, and to which reference has already been made, was the sentiment of admiration, of esteem, even of love, with which he appears to have inspired those with whom he associated. Again, his ideas were so elevated, his honesty so incorruptible, his life so pure, that those who came in contact with him only in his private life could not realize the atrocities of his public career, to which cause must be added the glamor of his sublimated republicanism, which vailed the eyes of his admirers from the sight of his atrocities.

Had he been gifted with the audacity of Danton, he would have easily seized upon the dictatorship. Had he possessed personal courage and a more expansive political career, he might have become a wise, though still despotic, ruler; but lacking these qualities, he was only a human scourge, the most wholesale murderer, the most atrocious fanatic, the most revolting, cowardly, contemptible criminal of ancient or modern history.

THE PIRATE OF THE LOWER SARANAC.

By Alfred E. Street.

"It's the strangest thing I know of!" said Bat Beltny, an old guide, one evening, to a group in the bar-room of a little log-tavern, at the outlet of the Lower Saranac Lake, "the way things have been going on for a month past. They say as soon as a boat comes to the point opposite here, a long, ugly rifle is shot out, and a voice calls out to 'Land and deliver, or you are a dead man!'"

"And they say there's no end to the rifles, and pelts, and venison, and trout, and whisky even, he's taken from the hunters and trappers," said Will Lasher, a boatman.

"Well," said Jem Konkus, the keeper of the tavern, "I think it's the strangest piece of business I ever heard of. I'm determined soon to leave the place. I don't like the neighborhood."

"Who has any experience in this matter?" said Joe Elting, a river-diver.

"I have!" said young Clapboard, a half-Indian guide.

"Well, tell us about it, Jack," said Bat.

"Well, you see, men, I had just been down to Big Tupper's, 'twas about a week ago, and had got an all-fired lot of venison and fur—and first-rate too—mink and sable and one or two beaver-pelts, with the inside skins as white as snow almost. I had trapped on the stream to the left of Bog River Falls, Bat, going up; it heads close to Mount Morris, and enters into Eagle-beak Bay in old Tupper. Well, as I was saying, I was rowing along, and had got abreast of the point of the outlet here, when I heard a terrible big voice call out, 'Come to, and land here, or I'll blow your brains out!' and looking up, what should I see but a great long rifle, with its muzzle grinning right into my eyes.

"Well, I really didn't know what do. My rifle was in my boat, but I felt certain if I made a motion toward it I was a dead man. So I did what I think all of you would have done. I came down, or rather I came out; and as I did so, a tall, strong man, with a black beard covering nearly all his face, went to the boat, took my rifle and my load of fur, and then, with his rifle again pointed to my head, told me to clear out in quick time. You may be sure I did clear, about as quick as my oars could carry me. It's queer who he is, anyhow."

"I do think it very queer, don't you, Rob?" said the landlord to his assistant, who had a little while before entered from the stable.

"Well, I do!" responded Bob. "It only shows what one rifle will do, even against hunters and trappers, that ain't supposed to fear anything."

"One rifle can keep a dozen men afraid," returned the landlord; "neither one knows which one might be hit."

"That's true," said Clapboard; "and so the pirate has it all his own way."

"The strangest thing is, that he seems to know all about us," said Bat. "He always picks out the best hunters and trappers. And not only that; he seems to know when they're expected to come along from the waters they go for their game. Now, it's happened to me, two or three times lately, that I've never let out to any one where I was going, nor when I was coming back, except maybe I might have mentioned it here; for liquor, you know, kinder warms up a man, and makes him tell things he wouldn't if he was fairly himself. But that's of no consequence, anyway. We're all friends here, and if I should tell, where's the harm? But it turns out so, every time."

"Well," said Clapboard, "I hope the pirate won't hear of the trapping-time we're to have at Big Tupper's this week," swallowing a glass of whisky handed him by Bob. "Me and Bat here, and Joe Larkins, and Will Sweet, and Jack Crummels."

"How's that?" asked the landlord, placing the stump of a candle in a lantern. "Here, Bob, you and I must go pretty soon and see the colt. He's a little restive to-night, and requires looking after. How is it again, Clapboard, about the Tupper's Lake matter?"

"I hardly dare tell. I'm afraid the pirate will hear me," returned Clapboard, laughing.

"Nonsense, Clap!" said the landlord. "There's no pirate here, you know. So let's hear about it all. Maybe I'd like to go along."

"Well, you see, we five mean to start to-morrow for a fortnight or three weeks' bout. It's November now, and the fur's prime, the inside white as the sand of the big spring, near Jenkins's, in old Tupper. Now, you mustn't tell, boys, one and all, for that durned pirate seems to have eyes and ears all about. We mean to come through the Lower Lake at night, for we expect to have lots of fun. We're going to new places round Dead Creek and Horseshoe Pond, and I shouldn't be surprised if we got beaver, and considerable many pelts, too."

"Will you come through the outlet?" said the landlord, carelessly; "come, take another drink at my expense," handing Clapboard a glass of pure spirits.

Digitized by Google

"Well, no, I kinder think not," said Clapboard, drinking the spirits; "this durned pirate hunts this place like a mink round a frog-pond. I rather think we'll push right along between the islands to the foot of the lake, and make the carry to Harrietstown."

"Will you be all together?" said the landlord, dusting his bottles; "we'll be choked up with dust soon, I do believe."

"I don't know about that," answered Clapboard. "As it'll be night, it won't matter much. The pirate won't, I suppose, be looking out all night, as we'll come through about midnight. And 'twill be dark, too; no moon three weeks from now, and the stars won't make it light enough to do a great deal of harm. Besides, we'll paddle through, and make no more noise than if floating for deer. So the durned pirate'll get cheated this time, or my name ain't Clapboard."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed old Bat. "Won't the durned pirate be cheated; and sich a load of fur! Why, we expect to make our fortunes most. I shouldn't be surprised if we got nigh about two thousand dollars worth."

"More!" said Clapboard; "more. Fur at the settlements now is scarce and high. A good beaver-skin, let alone a sable or black fox, is worth money now, I tell ye; and I know a place where I wouldn't ask any man to guarantee me three or more black foxes, or if not, a dozen."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the landlord. "Won't the pirate get cheated this time!"

"Yes, yes! he, he, he!" chuckled Bob, and the whole bar-room burst into a roar of merriment at the thought.

Weeks passed. Every day or two a hunter or trapper would relate at Harrietstown, or even as far as the villages of Upper and Lower Jay, how they had been stopped and robbed of their venison and pelts by the Pirate of the Lower Saranac.

At length came the night which ended the three weeks of the Tupper's Lake expedition. It was black with clouds, but breathless, and the five boats, clustered together, skimmed with noiseless paddle down the sable lake. The islands—black mounds—lay still, as if their quiet had never been broken; the shores, vast, frowning barriers, held a silence so profound as to be oppressive. It was midnight when the boats arrived at the cluster of islands which lie around the outlet of the lake.

"The plaguey pirate'll be cheated this time," whispered old Bat to Clapboard, his next neighbor.

As he said this, a broad light suddenly blazed forth, kindling the black scene into weird, wild life. The confused island along which they were gliding, leaped out, rocks, bushes, hemlock-plumes, spruce-steeples, all sharply drawn in the red background, while a voice of hoarse thunder rang on the night air:

"Surrender, all of you, or we'll blow you to the devil!"

Simultaneously two double-barreled rifles were thrust through the foliage, while in a crimsoned nook showed the dark muzzle of a swivel.

"Confound it!" said Clapboard, and "The deuce take him!" said Bat, while all rested on their oars.

At once Clapboard and Bat leaned toward their rifles; but the click of gunlocks from the bushes warned all resistance as hopeless.

"Come, hurry up with your fur and your venison, if you know what's good for yourselves!" said the disguised voice again. "Just lower that muzzle a little more. You can rake 'em all at the first fire."

"Oh, the blood-thirsty rascal!" groaned Bat. "But we've got to come to it, and we might as well do it now. So here goes with my pelts, and fine red, fat saddles!" tossing out his load.

"And here goes mine, curse him!" said Clapboard.

"No swearing in this place! We don't allow no such doings," said another disguised voice.

"Um!" said Clapboard. "Come, boys, empty your fur and your venison."

"And be quick about it!" added the first feigned voice. "We can't stay here all night for nobody, and we won't. Here, lower the swivel!"

All the trappers, sorely against their will, began to unload, and shortly the island-bank was heaped with the spoils of their three weeks' work.

They were then allowed to depart, two scornful laughs ringing after them as they went.

The next day the trappers of the region round met at the bar-room of the log tavern.

"We'll stand it no longer!" said Clapboard.

"That we won't!" said Bat.

"Let Joe Elting be robbed by the pirate to-night, and then we'll break cover and capture the durned vagabond!"

"But the rifles!" said the landlord.

"And the swivel!" added Rob.

"Dang the rifles and the swivel. We've got rifles, too, and we'll capture the place so soon there won't be time to fire the swivel," said Clapboard. "At all events, we ain't afraid of their rifles or swivel. A man can't die but once, and we're determined to clear the rascals out, if half of us die for it!"

That night the landlord and Rob were missing, and nothing was heard, after their disappearance, of the Pirate of the Lower Saranac.

MRS. MYRTON'S MURDERER.

MRS. ALICE MYRTON was one of the prettiest women in the town of Sing Sing, was a wealthy widow, about twenty-two years old. She was a small, slightly formed blonde, with dark blue eyes that lit up with a roguish smile on the slightest provocation, a delicately outlined face framing a smiling mouth and aquiline nose, and a profusion of shining hair, which she wore circled around her head in such a manner as to reveal what is amongst the distinguishing beauties of her sex—the sloping curve at the nape of the neck.

At the time of my story, she had commenced to weary of her state of single-blessedness, and had come to the conclusion that, if it be not good for man to live alone, it is worse for a woman, besides being often inconvenient.

Of course, there was no lack of aspirants for her hand; but, having sagely determined that she needed the protection and experience of one much older than herself, a certain Mr. Huggins was the gratified recipient of the greater part of such favors as she chose to bestow upon embodied masculinity.

This gentleman was the local magistrate, commonly called "Square," and being of the ponderous build and order of intellect, passed as a wise man, for pretty much the same reason that a big book is supposed to be very learned.

Naturally, he was, after his custom, placidly pleased at the marked preference shown him by Mrs. Myrton, and on one balmy Summer day mustered up sufficient palpitating courage to formally declare himself her lover, begging permission to encircle her forefinger with the usual diamond-ring.

This permission was neither given nor withheld, the pretty widow saying that she was opposed to all rings, but adding, with a bewitching smile, that "he might hope."

Digitized by Google

Matters were in this condition, when one morning, in the soft, delicious weather of October, Mr. Eben Huggins received a faintly perfumed note, inviting him to lunch on the morrow with "yours, very sincerely, Alice Myrton."

For one moment he so far forgot his dignity as to chuckle volubly, and then dispatched an instant eager acceptance, determined that, come what might, the momentous morning should so change his present position as to either raise him to the heights of unutterable bliss, or hurl him downward to the realms of bottomless despair.

The luncheon was to take place in a small two-story building some short distance from the house, which had formerly been used as a gardener's residence, but had recently been transformed into a pleasant little summer-house, with the advantage of doors and windows.

About twelve o'clock in the day a prolonged, deep-drawn, steady yawn resounded through the upper story of the edifice, popularly supposed to be deserted.

Spirits, however, had nothing to do with the yawn, for it emanated from the lungs of a young man lying stretched at full length upon a lounge. He was fairly good-looking, with keen black eyes, and dark hair cut short, rather well-dressed, though with that indefinable air about him which proclaims as plainly as spoken words, "hard up."

Scarcely awake, he sprang to his feet, aroused by a knock at the door, and a voice saying:

"It's me—Mary."

He immediately unlocked it, and admitted her.

"I hope you slept well, Mr. Phillips?"

"Yes," he replied, carelessly, "about as well as usual. It's three weeks now since I have slept in a bed."

"You can sleep in one to-night, for I am obliged to turn you out of this."

"Turn me out? Why?"

"Because Mrs. Myrton is going to have luncheon here to-day, and there would be a fine time for me if she knew that I had been letting you stay here. There is a very good hotel in the village."

"Do you suppose that I would go to a hotel, where everybody can see me?"

"Why not?"

"Oh—well—ah—no particular reason. But then I should not see her any more?'

"Who?"

"Mrs. Myrton, of course," said Mr. Phillips, impatiently. "Only last night I watched her for more than an hour, while she was walking in the garden, going from flower to flower, pensively inhaling their fragrance, she herself sweeter than the rarest. Is she not lovely?"

"They all say so," answered Mary, with a side glance toward a mirror.

"I had almost," continued Mr. Phillips, pursuing his own thoughts, "forgotten civility, prudence even, and should have fallen at her feet——"

"Through the window?"

"Pshaw! Give me the newspaper. Hullo! here it is!" and he read aloud from the previous evening's *Post:*

"'Nothing has yet been discovered which would lead to a clearing-up of the mystery surrounding the atrocious murder that a short time ago so agitated the public. Mr. Julian Henry, the finest figure-painter in the city, has been missing for over three weeks, and the most energetic searching has hitherto failed to discover his body—(Glad of it!) He had just completed one of the best pictures which even his fertile genius had ever undertaken, and left the studio building at precisely half-past twelve on Thursday, the 4th instant. Since then no trace of him has been found, except a bit of linen stained with blood—(Vermilion). By a fatal coincidence, one of our most desperate criminals, known as Double-brain Johnny, had the day before escaped from Sing Sing As Mr. Henry was going in that direction, for the purpose of sketching, it is, unfortunately, only too probable that the ruffian has added a new offense to his long list of crimes. The detectives are working up the case—(Of course!) Meanwhile the friends of the talented young artist have collected all the paintings left in his studio, even to the slightest sketch, and have put them up at auction. This interesting collection will be sold to-night, and all desirous of securing real works of art will not fail to attend. We understand that the owners of our most prominent private galleries have signified their intention of being present in order to secure, if possible, a relic of the lamented artist so unfortunately cut off in the prime of his genius."

"Three cheers for Double-brain Johnny!" concluded Mr. Phillips.

During the reading, Mary had been setting the table. As he finished, she stopped short, horrified.

"What, sir! do you know him?"

"Not a bit; but the victim was one of my best friends;" and he began to sing "Champagne Charlie."

"You are a bad man, to be glad because your friend is dead."

"A great artist never dies, Mary. Now that he has been murdered, people will rush to buy his pictures at big prices, and will recognize the talent for which they would never give him credit before."

"Mrs. Myrton did I know, for I saw her crying over this paper. She is very fond of pictures; the house is full of them."

"Is that so?" he exclaimed, eagerly; and, tearing a leaf from a memorandum-book, he wrote rapidly:

"MADAME: Since I have caused you grief, I feel sorry for what I have done. I killed Julian Henry, but can bring him to life again if you really wish it. I love you. Give me five minutes, and if I should read hope in your eyes——"

He waited a moment for further inspiration, when the luncheon-table caught his sight.

"Two plates!" he exclaimed. "I am not to lunch with her?"

"No," said Mary; "you are not, but Mr. Huggins is."

"Who's Mr. Huggins?"

"Only the man she's engaged to marry."

"The deuce she is! Huggins—beastly name! No woman of true taste would think of such a man! Good-by!"

Tearing the note in two, he threw a portion of it upon the floor, and rushed indignantly from the room.

The discriminating reader has doubtless perceived that this young gentleman was very impetuous.

It was time that he went, for, in a short while after his departure, Mr. Huggins entered the summer-house, followed by the village constable.

"Tell Mrs. Myrton, Mary, that business detains me here for a few moments," said Mr. Huggins; resuming, when he and his companion were alone: "Now, Jenkins, this is a fine opportunity for you to distinguish yourself. Are you sure that you have seen Double-brain Johnny in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, your honor," replied Mr. Jenkins—a short, corpulent man, swollen with the dignity of his office.

"You have his description?"

"Two of them, your honor."

"How, two?"

"Yes, sir. Here they are. No. 1—height five feet eleven inches and a half; age, forty-nine; light hair, low forehead, large mouth, turn-up nose, and projecting chin. No. 2—average height, dark hair, ordinary forehead, ordinary mouth, ordinary nose, ordinary chin, and with no particular marks."

"You ought to find him without trouble. Are the men placed throughout the grounds as I directed?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Tell them to stop every man they see, and if he disobeys to fire at him."

Digitized by Google



"Yes, your honor."

Further talk between the justice and the constable was cut short by the appearance of Mrs. Myrton, and Mr. Jenkins betook himself to search for the escaped criminal.

After the usual preliminary conversation, the widow and her guest sat down to lunch, though Mr. Huggins was so occupied with his hope of catching the celebrated Double-brain Johnny, that he was but a dull companion.

Quite positive of making the capture, he had already determined what he should state to the shoal of "interviewers" he expected to call upon him the next day. Suddenly, much to Mrs. Myrton's surprise, he leaped up from the table, upsetting his chair in so doing, and pounced upon a piece of paper.

"I have it! I have it!" he cried, exultingly.

"You have what?" exclaimed Mrs. Myrton, seriously alarmed for his sanity.

"The confession of the murderer!" And he read aloud: "'I feel sorry for what I have done, but . . love you——' Ah! there never yet was a crime committed without a



MRS. MYRTON'S MURDERER.—"ALL AT ONCE SHE WAS AROUSED BY THE REPORT OF A PISTOL OUTSIDE, AND THE ABRUPT ENTRANCE INTO THE ROOM OF A MAN THROUGH THE WINDOW."—SEE PAGE 435.

Digitized by Google

woman's being at the bottom of it. If I could only find the other part of this letter!"

With that, he hurried downstairs, to give fresh advice to his subordinates.

"He is crazy!" said Mrs. Myrton.

"More jealous than crazy," corrected Mary, with the privileged freedom of a trusted servant.

"Absurd; he has not feeling enough, and, besides, of whom could he be jealous?"

"Of that young gentleman who always looks at you so when he passes you on the road—Mr. Phillips is his name, I believe."

"Ridiculous."

"At all events, I thought he would kill himself when I told him that you are to marry Mr. Huggins."

"Poor fellow!"

"Well, he wrote that letter which Mr. Huggins was reading."

"Did he dare to write to me?"

"But since he did not send it, what harm is done?"

"True."

"A little more and he would have thrown himself in the river."

"Poor fellow!" she repeated, musingly. "You may leave now, Mary; I wish to be alone."

Her head rested on her hand as she sat quite still, thinking of this young fellow. She had seen him but a few times, and yet had become strangely interested in his manner and appearance. Then her thoughts returned to Huggins, and she resolved that he should change his name, if she had anything to say about it.

All at once she was aroused by the report of a pistol outside, and the abrupt entrance into the room of a man through the window, who fell at her feet, and in whom she recognized the romantic stranger.

"What folly!" she exclaimed, starting up. "Are you wounded?"

"No; I had to come in that way because it's the only one not watched; there are men all around the house."

"Were you not afraid?"

"No; quite the contrary. Yesterday, when I was here alone, admiring you; when you, also alone, were walking in the garden, when there was no one near to prevent me from saying, 'I love you!' then a foolish timidity kept me silent. But now that all endeavor to separate us, their efforts only serve to inspire me with courage. Let them come now, though; let the whole world be witness of our love!"

"Really, sir," said Mrs. Myrton, sarcastically, "I admire your assurance. You are not even acquainted with me. I do not know your name; yet you fall at my feet like a rocket-stick, and talk of mutual love as if we had sworn fidelity to each other from childhood."

"You say that I do not know you—I do. You are a wonderful combination of all nature's perfections, dignity joined to grace, and glorified by beauty. You are——"

"Enough," she interrupted, with some of the dignity of which he had spoken so glibly. "Were I to say that I disliked you, I should hardly be speaking the truth; but if you imagine that your private theatricals—excellently acted, I admit—can turn my head, I should be the first to laugh at your folly—even were I free."

"You are not married!"

"No, but engaged to be. Hark! Some one is coming."

Mr. Phillips ran to the window to escape as he had entered, but Mrs. Myrton held him back, and motioned to the door which led into a small ante-room.

She had but just closed the door behind him, and withdrawn the key, when Mr. Huggins came up the stairs, hot, excited, and out of breath. He had been unsuccessfully chasing the escaped murderer.

"I am convinced," he said, without other preface, "that Double-brain Johnny is hidden in this building."

"Here?" asked Mrs. Myrton, astonished.

"Yes;" and he tried the door she had the moment before locked. "Give me the key!"

"You forget, Mr. Huggins, that you are not yet my husband."

"This has nothing to do with marriage. As a justice, I ask you for the key."

"All the more reason why I should refuse it. I might submit to jealousy in a lover, no matter how absurd the cause, but will never bow to other dictation."

"Be careful, Mrs. Myrton," said Huggins, becoming irritated, "that you do not offend the law."

"And do you be careful," she retorted, "that you do not offend me."

"There is a man concealed in that room."

"Well!" she said, coolly, as if that were the most natural thing possible.

"If you are so led away by compassion as to harbor a criminal, I shall be obliged to break open the door."

"A criminal?"

"Yes, one of the worst sort."

"You mean one of the worst sort for you. What do you want of him?"

"I want to have him hanged."

"Nothing more than that! But, seriously," she continued, "you should be calmer. Remember your position."

"That's just what you are trying to make me forget!" cried Huggins, provoked at what he considered her malicious "chaffing."

"Besides," she resumed, "the poor fellow is not so guilty as you think."

"Poor fellow—bah!" he snorted, angrily.

"I should say that his error——"

"His crime!" ejaculated the justice.

"His crime, then—is one that anybody might commit!"

"I'll commit him," growled Huggins, perpetrating his first and only joke.

"You yourself are not without faults."

"By Jove, this is too much," and springing to the bell, he rang a tintinnabulating peal.

Mary arrived, running at the top of her speed.

"Tell the constable to come here with two men," said Huggins.

"I forbid you to stir, Mary."

"I order you in the name of the law."

"I'll dismiss you if you obey him."

"I'll put you in prison if you don't," shouted the justice.

Mary waited for no more contradictory commands; but, clapping her hands over her ears, fled rapidly.

"That is sufficient," said Mrs. Myrton. "Here is the key; but if you open that door, all is over between us."

"When you know better who this man is, you will thank me for having saved you."

Saying this, he melodramatically unlocked and flung open the door, half expecting that the ruffian would at once attack him; but, greatly to his surprise, the room was empty. He turned around, crestfallen.

Mrs. Myrton divined that her eccentric admirer had again risked life and limb by escaping through the window rather than subject her to any annoyance on his account, and commenced to think that such an unreasoning devotion was, perhaps, better than the chuckle-headed jealousy of a Huggins; for she had no other idea of what he meant by his talk about some mysterious criminal.

She had ample time in which to pursue this train of thought, for Huggins immediately hurried off, and did not reappear for fully twenty minutes. At their expiration he came in, followed by the constable, and an assistant—all

Digitized by Google

having in their hands revolvers which, were subsequently discovered to be unloaded—dragging between them the gentleman called Mr. Phillips.

"Here he is!" cried Huggins, in exultation, as Mrs. Myrton started up from her seat.

"What is the meaning of this!" exclaimed Phillips, indignantly, shaking himself free, while the two guards took their places near the door.

"*I* will ask all needful questions," said Mr. Huggins, assuming his sternest aspect of judicial gravity. "What is your name?"

"Never mind."

"Where do you live?"

"Where I please."

"Where were you on the 4th of this month?"

"Absurd," said Mrs. Myrton. "Can't you see that he has some particular reason for not answering you? I am no judge, but still I am certain that he is innocent of whatever he is charged with."

"I thank you for your confidence," said Phillips, bowing, "and can assure you that it is not misplaced."

"Then, I will tell you who you are," said Huggins, severely. "You are John Sart, *alias* the Crib Cracker, but more commonly known as the Double-brain Johnny. One year ago you were sent to Sing Sing——"

"My dear sir," said Phillips, "I must beg you to be somewhat clearer. You seem to think that I have been guilty of doing something wrong."

"You have."

"I should very much like to know what I have done."

"On the 4th of October, 1871, you murdered the celebrated painter, Julian Henry."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from Mr. Phillips, in a roar of laughter. "Oh, this is rich! This is capital! And you are a justice of the peace! Ha, ha, ha!"

"This shameless effrontery only aggravates your crime. Here is part of a letter—did you write it?"

"Yes," said Phillips, carelessly glancing at the paper held toward him.

"And in this letter," pursued Huggins, "you say, 'I killed Julian Henry.' You shall be committed for trial without delay. Notice, Mrs. Myrton, how villainy always overreaches itself. This ruffian murdered a poor artist for the sake of a few paltry dollars, while, had he waited until after the auction of his victim's pictures, which netted over seventeen thousand dollars——"

"Seventeen thousand dollars!" cried Phillips. "Is it a fact?"

"Yes."

"Hurrah, then! 'Off, ye lendings.' I live again—I am Julian Henry. Yes, the celebrated painter himself."

Huggins was staggered at this unexpected revelation, and, of course, demanded proof. This was soon furnished by the other half of the compromising letter, which the artist had fortunately stuffed in his pocket.

Not many sentences were needed to inform Mrs. Myrton that the murder was a little dodge to enable the painter to realize a good round sum by taking advantage of a factitious public excitement. She readily forgave what small amount of deception had been practiced upon her.

"However," said the artist to me, when finishing the story, "it was a murder, after all; for, before Christmas, Mrs Myrton no longer lived, though somebody very much like her survives in the person of Mrs. Henry."

I never heard whether the real Double-brain Jonnny were really captured.

THOSE who are surly and imperious to their inferiors are generally humble, flattering and cringing to their superiors.

THE THEINKIRCHE AT PRAGUE.

THE people of Prague are proud of this church as containing, in their eyes, a treasure far beyond gold or gems; it is the tomb of the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe, bearing the simple inscription, "*Esse potius quam videri*"—"To be rather than to seem."

It is, however, in itself a most interesting pile, founded in 880. It is the parish church of the rich Altstadt, with its gloomy streets and forty thousand people. The Virgin Chapel is adorned with modern statues of St. Cyril and St. Methodius, the apostles of Bohemia; the altar-piece is by Skreta, and there is a fine canopy over the tomb of Bishop Lucian. The three naves are separated by high Gothic pillars. In this church George Podrebrad was crowned in 1458, and it was he who erected the two spires, which rise gracefully from square towers.

Such is this almost milennial church. Prague is divided by the Moldan, which is here spanned by the massive Charles bridge, dating back to the fourteenth century, and notable for the statue of St. John Nepomucan, the martyr of the Confessional, who was drowned at this place.

THE STOLEN DEEDS.



IT was in Autumn, in cold, gloomy weather, that I was shut up in a dingy city house, nursing old Mr. Tredgold, the lawyer. He had been stricken down with a fit, which left him so weak and ill that there was little, if any, chance of his recovery.

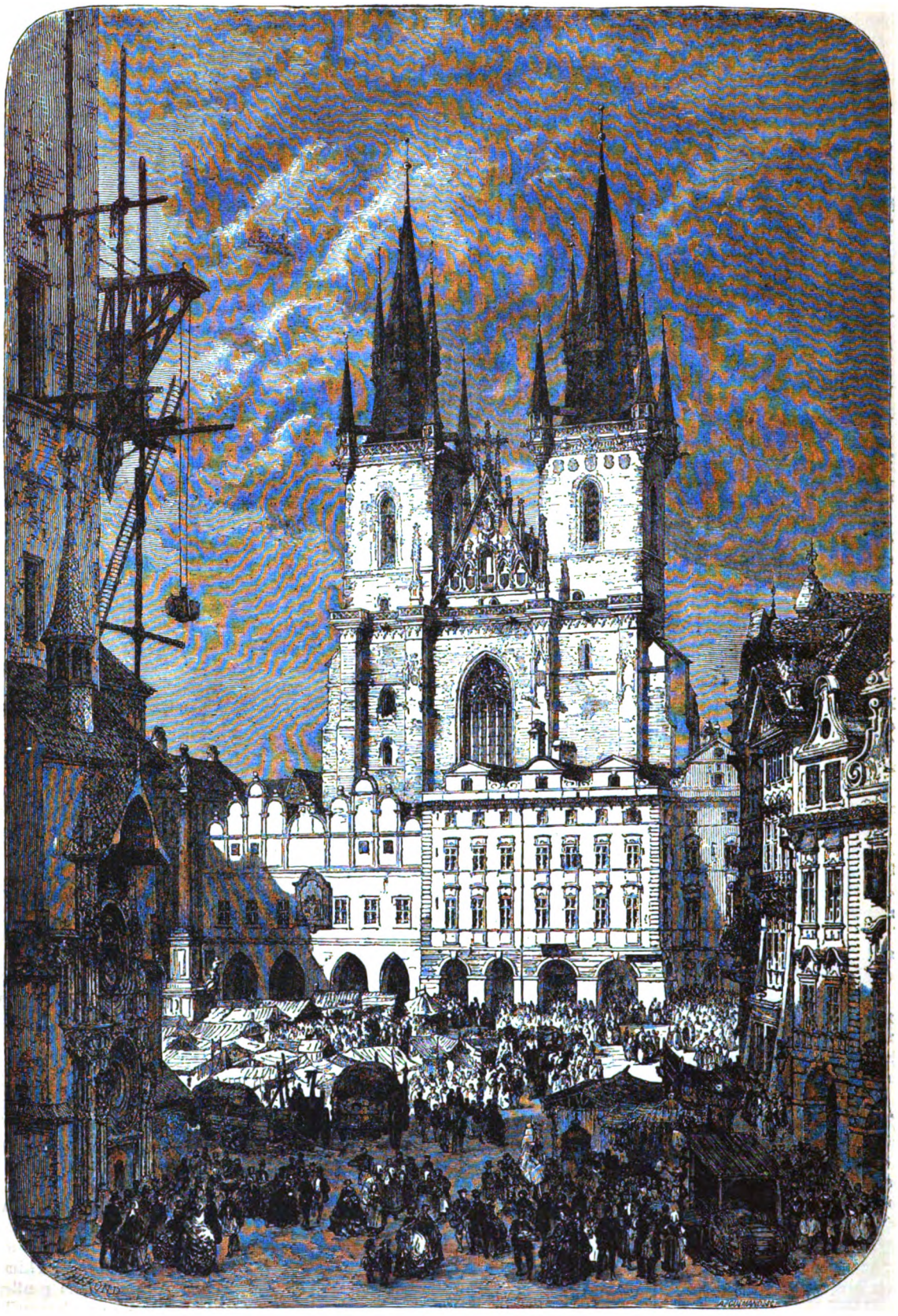
I disliked my task in one respect, and one only, for I was well paid and well fed; and if he was terribly fretful and impatient, why, I was too much used to people's ways in illness to be much troubled at that; but whether I'm a sick nurse or a monthly nurse, I do like to see the fear of God before His creatures' eyes, and to be able to sit down sometimes with my Bible. But it seemed out of character in Lawyer Tredgold's room, and his oaths and blasphemies often made me wish myself away.

The old woman, who was the only servant he kept, was dirty, careless, and so addicted to drinking, that things were seldom done decently, unless I did them myself; and, among other annoyances, the door-bell used frequently to remain unanswered until I could attend to it; and a sore heart it often gave me to see the anxious faces that waited patiently there while I took notes and messages to the lawyer, never returning with what I considered a satisfactory reply. It was always that the cause was going on very well, or they must call next week, or they should hear from him soon; and, as his senses grew clearer, he would sometimes have his clients to his bedside and tell them this himself, while I stood by, wondering as much at their weak readiness to believe him, as at his craft and heartlessness, and often wishing for courage to ask him if he guessed how fast the end of his life was approaching, and what good deeds his soul could cling to in that awful hour.

One day—I well remember it—toward the close of the afternoon, a gentleman, young and handsome, but with the troubled look that every one wore who came there, urgently begged admittance, and my master ordered me to show him up, although I objected, for his clerk had been with him and he was almost exhausted. On the arm of the gentleman leant a young creature, deeply vailed, who sank wearily on a chair, but kept her hand fast in her husband's.

They were in deep mourning, and I learned from the first few words that passed that they wore it for the father of the gentleman.

Digitized by Google



THE THEINKIRCHE, AT PRAGUE.—SEE PAGE 439.

Digitized by Google



THE STOLEN DEEDS.—THE LAWYER'S DEATHBED.—SEE PAGE 439.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you at a time when business must be fatiguing," said the stranger; "but the affair is of too much importance to me and mine to admit of delay.

Mr. Tredgold's reply was snappishly spoken.

"I can't understand why you come to me at all," said he. "I am your brother's solicitor, Mr. John, not yours."

"Not mine!" repeated the young man. "You speak as if I contemplated a suit for the restoration of my rights; but you are mistaken. It is not a litigious spirit that actuates me, but the necessity of providing for those dependent upon me."

"Ah, I dare say," said the lawyer, indifferently; "if I may presume so far, I should advise you to see your brother, and try to make terms with him."

The gentleman bit his lip.

"You bandy me from pillar to post!" he exclaimed. "I have been to my brother, and received his assurance that he has nothing to do with it—that his affairs are entirely in your hands. Now I hasten to you, and am mocked with a similar tale. And yet—what do I ask?"

"A tolerable slice of your brother's property, is it not?" sneered the lawyer.

The lady pressed the hand she held, with an entreating whisper, and her husband paused a moment ere he replied.

"No, Mr. Tredgold," said he, "I do not demand any part of Richard's rightful inheritance; he is my elder, and I grudge him nothing the law of primogeniture bestows; but he is well aware—and I believe you are also cognizant of it—that the little fortune of my mother was invested for my benefit, and I demand the writings concerning that investment."

"Your proofs, sir, your proofs," said Mr. Tredgold, shrugging his shoulders.

"What proofs can my brother require of me?" demanded the young man. "Had he not long known our father's intentions?"

"Pshaw!" said the lawyer, rudely; "this goes for nothing. The late Mr. Norris left no will, and who can prove that he contemplated such a division of his property?"

"Is my word as a gentleman——" commenced the young man, but the raised hand of the invalid checked him.

"My good sir," said he, "the law will not recognize your unsupported assertions."

"But I saw those papers," was the vehement reply—"saw them in his possession a few days previous to his decease."

"Well, and if so, where are they?" asked the lawyer. "Can you affirm that they are in existence? Is it not probable that your father, of sound mind and body up to a few hours before his unexpected demise, destroyed them himself?"

Mr. John Norris shook his head incredulously, and stood deep in thought, while my master turned uneasily on his pillow, and the lady's deep sigh evinced her strong though silent interest.

"It is impossible!" cried the young man. "My poor father knew so well how little kindness we should receive from Richard that he would not leave us penniless. I say 'we,' Mr. Tredgold, for my young sisters have no other home than mine, and if Richard persists in withholding my father's gift, we are penniless."

His voice trembled with emotion, and his wife pressed closer to his side.

"This is nothing to me," murmured Mr. Tredgold; "it does not concern me to know this."

"It concerns you so far as this," was the prompt reply; "I have with much difficulty extorted from my brother an avowal that he has intrusted to you all my father's papers, and that it is from you I must seek those I claim."

He waited breathlessly for an answer, whilst Mr. Tredgold changed his position deliberately.

"I can look them over if you wish it," said he. "I have no objection to going over them again; but as told you before, unless you can bring proofs that such writings are in



Digitized by Google

THE STOLEN DEEDS.—"IS IT A GHOST?"

existence, your case, Mr. John, is really not worth carrying on."

"But may I depend upon your forwarding them immediately?" inquired Mr. John, eagerly; "you will not leave me in suspense a moment, will you?"

"They are not found yet," said the lawyer, with a smile so crafty that it drew a passionate exclamation from the wronged man, who, now galled beyond endurance, scrupled not to call Mr. Tredgold and his brother a pair of designing villains.

The excitement of this scene was too much for Mr. Tredgold, who, calling for wine, querulously requested his visitors to depart.

"I am not your legal adviser," he said, with a feeble effort to raise himself, and shaking his shriveled hand at them; "you know you never liked—you never tolerated me. It was through your influence with your father that he refused me his countenance when it would have been valuable. Take your scruples and your honesty elsewhere; you are nothing to me. Nurse! nurse, I say, come here, you hag! will you let me lie here and die?"

While I was busy about the fainting man, the disappointed couple turned to depart, and I heard the husband say:

"You must acknowledge now that I was right, dear Jane; I will, however, make one more effort to arouse Richard's better spirit, although, I fear—— Ah, love, if it were not for you and the orphan girls who lean upon us——"

The voice died away as they left the chamber, and I grieved at my master's requiring all my care, for I longed to follow them, and to whisper a comforting word to the poor young lady, who, it was evident to my experience, would so soon be a mother, that she was wholly unfit for the agitation of such an interview.

After some time, Mr. Tredgold becoming calmer, I proceeded downstairs for something or other, I forget what, but on reaching the hall I found the servant parleying with another gentleman, who, from his likeness to our preceding visitor, I should have guessed to be Mr. Richard Norris, if the woman had not accosted him by that name.

Disregarding my assurances that my master was too ill to see him—that he must call on to-morrow, and so on, he rudely pushed me aside, and ascended the stairs. When I followed him into Mr. Tredgold's chamber, he was arousing the drowsy man with angry exclamations.

"You have deceived me—sold me, Tredgold! I know that my brother has been here—closeted with you for an hour. You are cruelly deceiving me!"

"Bah!" said my master, peevishly; "are you always watching and suspecting? Suppose he has been here, what then?"

"You were not compelled to admit him," retorted the other. "Who knows what admissions he has drawn from you?"

"Am I a fool?" demanded Mr. Tredgold. "Would it be to my best interest to further your brother's views?"

Mr. Norris gazed at him searchingly, but he met the scrutiny without flinching. He made an attempt at apologising, which was heard in silence, and I hoped that the unwelcome guest would now take his departure; but, drawing a chair close to the bed, he desired me to withdraw.

"No, no," exclaimed Mr. Tredgold, "I cannot do without her! I am not fit to be left without her assistance! Besides, she is deaf."

He had imbibed this belief from the silence with which I passed over the oaths and bitter speeches I hated to hear, and had no other way of repressing.

"Not fit to be left!" repeated Mr. Norris, with sudden interest. "You do seem rather queer."

"Worse than you think for, worse than you think for," cried my master, piteously. "I am ill—very ill. If you had seen my sufferings an hour ago—they were dreadful, dreadful!"

The visitor swayed backward and forward in his chair, and asked, carelessly:

"Do you think you shall get over it, eh?"

"Yes—no," was the hesitating answer. "How can I tell? Do I look very bad?"

Mr. Norris nodded, and the sufferer writhed and moaned at this confirmation of his worst fears.

"So very ill as you really are, Tredgold," said Mr. Norris, drawing closer to the bed, "wouldn't it be wise to hand those writings over to me? If anything happens to you, we don't know whose busy fingers may be at work; there is no harm in making sure."

"No harm at all," replied my master, quietly.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Norris, with a satisfied air; "and they would be as safe with me——"

"Perhaps safer," interposed the lawyer; "they might now meet the doom from which I rescued them before; once on the fire—eh, Norris? Look you," suddenly changing his jeering tone to one of passionate contempt, "while I live you shall never have them! I know you too well to trust you. Frown and stamp as you will, I have your secret, and intend to hold it."

"I thought you knew me better," said Mr. Norris, controlling his anger with an effort. "I am quite satisfied for them to remain in your care; but if anything should occur——"

"For old acquaintance sake they shall be restored to you, Norris," said Mr. Tredgold; "nay, to ease your mind still more, as soon as you hear the welcome news you can fetch them. They lie in the drawer of a bureau in the adjoining closet."

His voice was now so faint with exhaustion that Mr. Norris had to stoop forward to catch his words.

"But the key, the key!" said he. "Rouse up, friend; you have not told me where to find the key."

With an effort Mr. Tredgold drew a bunch of keys from beneath his pillow, and held up one of peculiar make, immediately restoring them to their hiding-place, with a distrustful look at his visitor, who rose, in compliance with my broad hint that I only waited his going to administer my patient's nightly composing draught.

"Well then, I'll be off," said Mr. Norris. "Good-by, old fellow!—you'll be all right again in a few days."

Mr. Norris extended his hand, but my master did not appear to perceive it, as he significantly asked, "Are you satisfied with me?"

There was a pause—a hesitating "Yes."

"And with yourself?" was the next query.

"Why do you ask?" exclaimed Mr. Norris; "I do not comprehend you. No one knows better than yourself how completely this course has been forced upon me. With my affairs so fearfully involved, what could I do?" he asked, now fairly working himself into another angry fit. "Why do you turn round on me in this manner? Have you not been my adviser? It was a most unjust thing for my father to contemplate. Am I not his heir? What on earth should make you espouse John's cause, unless——"

He looked suspiciously at my master, who, in a sudden burst of passion, called him "a fool! a weak, credulous fool!" and bade him go, lest he should be tempted into the course he was suspected of pursuing; but Mr. Norris still lingered, bent on justifying himself to his companion in wickedness.

"John is younger than I am," he continued; "better able to earn his living; and with his education is sure to do well. And as for the girls, I fully intended, as I told you before, to act handsomely by them; but they have taunted me with John's excellencies and John's wrongs, till a saint must have quarreled with them."

Digitized by Google

"I wish you would leave me," moaned Mr. Tredgold. "You have worn me out; I feel so much worse."

"I can't go," Mr. Norris replied, moodily; "but I should like to have your word that you will not part with those papers to any one but myself."

"I promise," was the almost inaudible reply.

With this assurance he departed, flinging me a shilling as he went, and as the door closed my master beckoned me to him.

"Nurse," he said, "don't let that man—don't let either of them—come here again; or if they force their way in, don't leave me alone with them. They hate me, and might rob and murder me. Do you hear what I say?"

It was long ere my promises calmed him; and I bitterly reproached myself for permitting these scenes, as I heard the half delirious mutterings of the sick man, who long wrestled with the stupifying effect of the opiate, so strongly was his mind impressed with the strange fears he had conjured up.

I am not more superstitious than most women of my age and station, but uneasy sensations crept over me as I sat with my fingers in the grasp of my charge, on whose pinched and ghastly features an awful change was gradually stealing. A thought of summoning the servant once crossed me, but I knew she had been drinking freely, and would be peevish and troublesome, so I kept my place by the bed, listening to the noise of the rats, which made a home behind the wainscot, and the hollow sighing of the wind in the wide chimney, till my limbs were cramped, and I could have fancied a faint breathing mingled with my own, and that low sighs burst from other lips than the livid ones I was moistening. At last Mr. Tredgold seemed to doze; and gladly changing my position, I drew a chair to the fire, where I sat warming my chilled feet and musing on the events of the day, until fatigue overpowered me and I fell asleep.

The room was in darkness when some slight noise aroused me, and, shivering and yawning, I endeavored to renew the fire, and remembered where I had left burning the lamp we ordinarily used.

It was on a small table near the foot of the bed, and wondering at myself for leaving it in so unusual a place, and murmuring half aloud my surprise that it had gone out although so carefully filled, I was proceeding to relight it, when Mr. Tredgold called me—so strangely, so sharply, that, hastily putting it down, I ran to know what ailed him.

The bright flame of the wood I had heaped in the grate enabled me to discern that he was trembling violently, and that his face was distorted with terror. He childishly clung to me, entreating that "I would send it away. For God's sake to send it away!"

"Nonsense!" I answered, lightly; "you have been dreaming, sir; there is nothing to send away."

"Nothing!" he repeated, pointing to the opposite side of his couch. "Do you call that nothing? Speak to it, woman, I dare not!"

Following the direction of his glaring eyes, I saw with unspeakable alarm that a dark figure really stood there, half hidden by the folds of the dingy curtains. It neither moved nor spoke; and I had not courage to approach or accost it, for all the presence of mind I generally boasted had forsaken me; but Mr. Tredgold broke the terrible silence.

"A light, nurse—a light!" he cried. "It is getting dark, darker; must I die with this dreadful presence about me, unseen?—make haste, make haste!"

I strove to obey, and, without turning my back, was slowly retreating toward the place where I had left the lamp, when the object of our terror suddenly sprang toward me, and catching a momentary glimpse of a white face with glistening eyes and arms extended as if to seize me, I fled from the chamber, loudly crying for help as I went.

Hurriedly groping my way down the broad staircase, I reached the hall, stumbling at every step, and defeating my endeavors to get out of the house by the frantic manner in which I shook the complicated fastenings of the heavy door. When I was almost in despair, the chain fell, and I was in the act of stepping across the threshold, when a hand upon my shoulder, a breath upon my cheek, deprived me of the little sense remaining, and I fell insensible on the floor.

The night wind blew freshly in my face, and a wondering policeman leant over me when I recovered. To his question, I could only give confused answers, and beg him to accompany me to my master's room, for I dared not return alone.

We found Mr. Tredgold unhurt, but so near death that, after making, with the policeman's assistance, that careful search of the premises I considered to be prudent, I awakened the grumbling servant, and made her remain with me until my charge passed away. It happened soon after dawn, but so silently, that it was not possible to ascertain the exact moment life fled.

As soon as Mr. Tredgold's death was known, Mr. Norris came, and slipping a sovereign into my hand, reminded me of the deceased's promise respecting some papers in the third drawer of a desk in the adjoining closet. He was prepared to increase the bribe if he found me as unscrupulous as himself; and I certainly hesitated, though not from the motives he suspected.

Knowing what I did, I felt unwilling to give up the papers. But how refuse? I was an ignorant woman, with no one to counsel me, for the lawyer had died without a will, and no relations appeared to claim his property, or follow him to his grave.

While I stood, endeavoring to put my objections into shape, Mr. Norris thrust another gold coin upon me, and seizing the keys I had unwillingly produced, led the way to the inner chamber or closet, and opened the old-fashioned bureau, its sole piece of furniture.

The third drawer proved to be empty. Then, after a long search through dusty, worm-eaten documents, ending in disappointment, he turned furiously upon me, and denounced me as a thief. This, of course, I indignantly denied, but it was not until he had plied me with bribes, threats, and entreaties, that, becoming convinced of my innocence, he cursed the memory of the dead, expressing his conviction that Mr. Tredgold had actually sold the missing papers to his brother John in the very hour he had vowed to hold them safely as long as he lived.

This I could have contradicted, but was too well pleased at his loss. I often wondered if my ghostly visitor was connected with it, but as I was discharged directly after the funeral, and the house shut up, I heard no further tidings of the lawyer's clients.

About two years after this occurrence, a medical gentleman, who knew me well, recommended me to fill the place of one of our sisterhood, who had been compelled to leave it suddenly by illness. I learned that my patient was a young lady, rejoicing in the birth of a healthy daughter, and progressing so favorably that my services were scarcely necessary; but her family were more than commonly anxious about her, from the fact that her first infant had been born prematurely, and her life endangered for some weeks.

It was evening when I reached their pretty villa at Dulwich, and the lady, fatigued with the effort of leaving her room for the first time, was already in bed and asleep. But her husband's pretty young sisters graciously received me, and I had been introduced to the most charming babe in the world, and installed in the lady's chamber for some time, when she awoke and drowsily asked for some tea.

Filling up a cup from the teapot before the fire, I stepped

Digitized by Google

quietly toward the bed; but, ere I reached it, the invalid started up with a cry of surprise and alarm, while I, equally startled, dropped the cup, and stood speechlessly staring at her, for there I beheld the white face and glittering eyes of the apparition at Mr. Tredgold's.

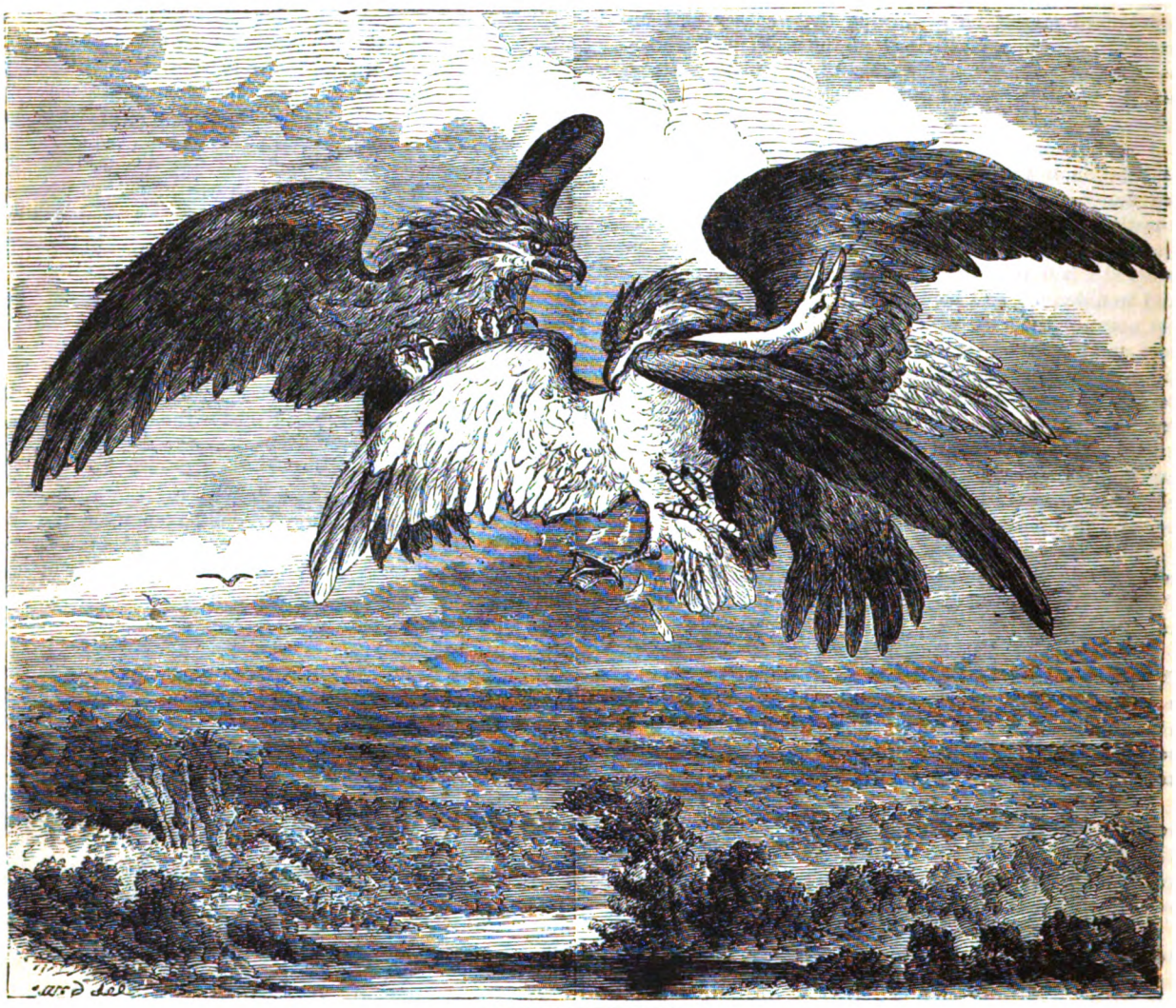
"I know you," she gasped; "you are the nurse. Oh, don't betray me! don't tell any one! It has never been known—never suspected; you will not tell, good nurse, kind nurse, will you?"

"If you don't lie down and be calm," I replied, "you will compel me to call for assistance. I have no wish to repeat anything you want to conceal; besides, I know nothing, or at least——"

"As we descended the stairs together, I begged him to let me go back and try a woman's pleadings with the cruel lawyer; I knew that an old grudge steeled his heart against John; but to me he could have no personal antipathy.

"It was a faint hope, nurse—a very faint one; but I prevailed upon him to depart without me, promising not to attempt the journey home alone, but to pass the night at the house of a friend in an adjoining street.

"With an inward prayer I returned to Mr. Tredgold's chamber, but he was too ill and you too busy to notice my entrance. I quietly stepped round to the other side of the bed, and seated myself in a low chair at the head, where the heavy curtains concealed me from a casual observer.



THE WASHINGTON EAGLE.

"You know enough to make you wonder at me," she said, hurriedly. "Let me tell you all about it."

"When you are stronger," I said, soothingly. "If I do feel a little curious, I can wait till then."

"No, no!" she cried; "I must tell you now. It will not harm me half as much as to lie here and watch you as you move about, and fancy you are thinking worse of me than I deserve. Fasten the door and sit close to me, nurse, so that I can whisper to you.

"You remember my coming to Mr. Tredgold's that day, don't you, and how my poor husband begged for his own? I saw your pitying looks when we left the room, and have often thought of you since; but then I was troubled for my poor John—deeply troubled; for anxiety was preying upon him, and I feared he would be goaded into madness.

"Here I sat endeavoring to compose myself, and to frame such appealing words as should invoke his sympathy; and as soon as your retreating footsteps gave me the desired opportunity I arose, but the invalid was sinking into a slumber, from which pity for his sufferings made me hesitate to arouse him.

"While I lingered, my husband's bad, heartless brother burst noisily into the room, and shrinking back to my hiding-place, I listened with sinking spirits, and with Mr. Tredgold's final promise to Richard, lost all hope of returning home the delighted possessor of those papers.

"For some time after his departure I sat half stupified. It seemed vain to struggle against such wickedness; and I began to think that there was nothing to be done, but let the stream carry us where it would. But oh, nurse, I did so

Digitized by Google

dread going home:—to see the dear faces there eagerly seeking consolation from mine, and to know that there was not the faintest chance of recovering our rights. Again and again I debated the possibility of making use of what I had overheard, but, alas! how vague it was!

"Then, as the night deepened, and the difficulty of departing, unquestioned, pressed on me, came the temptation to remain till nurse and patient slept, and possess myself of the documents. At first the deed seemed too desperate; but the remembrance of my husband's inevitable ruin nerved me to look upon it as feasible. After all, it was but taking what they were not justified in withholding; and the danger of detection—what was that compared with the anguish of witnessing John's dreadful struggle with the poverty already creeping upon us!

"Perhaps, nurse, my brain was somewhat excited just then; indeed, it must have been, for I often wonder now that I summoned up a false courage, and keeping the thought of home steadily before me, waited till the moment arrived for the attempt.

"I tremble and pant now as I recall the brushing of your garments against me as you arranged the sick man's pillows, the long watch by his side; and when, at last, both slept, the uneasy movement of the dying, as, breathlessly, I slipped my hand beneath his pillow, and possessed myself of the keys!

"Again I feel the guilty awe with which I kept my face toward you as I seized the lamp and stole to the closet where I knew the papers lay. But with them in my bosom, thief as I felt myself to be, the worst was over, and lightly and quickly I returned to Mr. Tredgold's side to replace the keys where I found them.

"Too hastily closing the door, my lamp was extinguished. This was a real trouble, involving, as it did, my departure in darkness; but I succeeded in groping my way back to Mr. Tredgold's pillow, although in the agitation of the moment I must have replaced the keys more carelessly than I supposed, for he awoke, perceived the dim outline of my shrinking figure as the firelight played across it, and I stood paralysed with fear.

"Nurse, you know the rest. Seized with a frantic dread that you would recognize and denounce me; perhaps call in others, and imprison me as a guilty creature, I sprang forward to implore your pity and confess the motives and extent of my sin. But you remember how wildly you fled, and I vainly sought to form my parched lips into sounds that should check your hasty footsteps, until, the door being reached, and my hand laid on your shoulder entreatingly, you sank (poor nurse!) insensible at my feet.

"Afraid to delay, I hurried into the street, and seeking the nearest cab-stand, was soon in the arms of my husband, and comparatively safe. In the joy of receiving the papers, and the alarm evoked by finding me ill, he asked but few questions, and to this day believes that my importunities won them from Mr. Tredgold.

"I have never revealed the truth to any one. I cannot; and until we were so strangely brought together this evening, good nurse, I hoped it would remain undiscovered. But you'll never tell, will you? If you knew how often and how fearfully the memory of that night comes back, and how I lay wrestling with the nervous fever that followed the loss of my baby! But you will keep the secret as long as I live, nurse, won't you?"

I gave the required promise, and kept the secret for several years; but death has since dissolved the promise.

PRUDENCE is a necessary ingredient in all the virtues, without which they degenerate into folly and excess.

THE WASHINGTON EAGLE; Or, ÆRIAL GARROTERS.

THIS noble bird is the especial property of J. J. Audubon, by right of discovery. He says: "The name I have chosen for this new species of eagle, 'The Bird of Washington,' may by some be considered as preposterous and unfit, but as it is indisputably the noblest kind of its genus that has yet been discovered in the United States, I trust I shall be allowed to honor it with the name of one yet nobler, who was the savior of his country, and whose name will ever be dear to it. To those who may be curious to know my reasons, I can only say, that as the New World gave me birth and liberty, the great man who insured its independence is next my heart. He had a nobility of mind and a generosity of soul such as are seldom possessed. He was brave, so is the eagle; like it, too, he was the terror of his foes, and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has cause to be proud of her Washington, so has she cause to be proud of her great eagle."

It is to be regretted that this bird, rather than the bald-headed eagle, was not chosen as the emblem of our country. It is not found elsewhere than in the United States, and is a rare kind everywhere. Its habits are very much like those of the bald eagle, for the young of which it is often mistaken. Like that bird, it is rather slow of wing. It is a popular mistake to suppose that those birds which have the longest wings are the swiftest of flight. The great buzzard, for example, with a spread of wings that measures six feet four inches, is the slowest flyer among American birds, and the golden eagle, though he sustains himself long upon the wing, has a tardy, clumsy motion, that alone would never enable him to overtake his prey. The tactics of these birds are somewhat different from those of the hawks, which chase or run down their prey, as grayhounds do. Rather, like the panther, they lurk about in concealed places, and at the approach of their prey, soar to an immense height, from which they *swoop* down, shutting their wings against their body, and literally falling upon their victim. It is supposed that the rustling noise made by the wind passing through the long terminal feathers of their wings and tail in their descent terrifies their prey and renders it unable to exert itself to escape.

They have other means also of obtaining game; they rob the fish-hawk of his hard-earned fare, and sometimes deign to go mousing with the owl.

The Washington eagle has a scheme for entrapping his prey, which I do not know is shared by any other of his genus. For this he needs the assistance of his mate.

From their aeries in the rocks their preternaturally keen sense of vision discerns, far, far away in the distance, a dark spot rising against the sky in the extreme horizon. It is a mere mote, a speck in the illimitable atmosphere, but well they know its meaning and character, well they know the rapid sustained flight of the smaller of our two American species of wild swans, the Trumpeter. With a harsh cry, the male spreads his ample wings, and, with measured and laborious flight, seeks the upper air, where he is lost to sight.

Soon, however, the distant shape painted upon the horizon's verge mounts upward, and grows more distinct, and becomes a line with a black point at its extremity representing the head and neck of the bird, with a heavy body and triangular wings that seem appendages to the prolonged point in front.

It will not take long for the swan to pass, for the *cygnus buccinator* is so swift of wing that it is reckoned by the best authorities that it flies at the rate of one hundred miles or more an hour.

Rapidly approaching as it is, however, the Washington

Digitized by Google

eagle awaits until it is nearly up to the rock wherein she sits before making her attack. At the right moment, with a succession of screams harsher than those of the male, she rises in the air and confronts her victim. The affrighted swan wavers in its flight, and, confounded by so terrible and sudden an apparition, endeavors to escape by doubling and circling, trusting to its strong and swift wings to baffle its enemy. And this it would probably be able to do, but that the other eagle, from the unseen heights to which it had attained, with its longer range of vision, takes note of all that is transpiring, and, falling like a thunderbolt, darts upon its prey, and soon ends its struggles for liberty or life.

It is said these eagles only mate once in their lifetime, and, like the bald eagle, are ever faithful to the memory of their dead nest-mates.

It has been held by some pseudo, closet naturalists, that the Washington eagle is a myth of Mr. J. J. Audubon's invention, but any one who has had the good fortune to see the living, or the dead bird either, would need no further confutation of the conceited statement that our distinguished American ornithologist had mistaken the young of the bald eagle for a new species. Let those who have a greater practical knowledge of the subject presume to criticise the acumen or motives of Mr. Audubon.

SILK IN THE UNITED STATES.

More than one-half of the silk products consumed in this country during the year that has just closed were of native manufacture. The fact is probably a surprise to most people, and may well draw attention to a branch of industry which, within a decade and a half, has made astonishing progress.

Repeated attempts to found silk factories in the United States had been prosecuted with skill and capital, but these, for the most part, proved unremunerative up to the outbreak of the civil war and the high tariff regime which followed. The necessity of importing the raw material was a disadvantage, but the relative high price of labor seemed to present a more insuperable obstacle to the success of the undertaking, A larger proportion of handiwork was, and still is, indispensable in twisting and weaving silk than in other textile industries. Much of this, undoubtedly, may be done by women, but they could rarely be hired for less than $1 a day, or ten times the sum paid to silk throwers in China, and from three to five times the stipend of female operatives in Italy and Southern France.

American ingenuity, however, had contrived to measurably neutralize these drawbacks by improved mechanical appliances. Before 1840 Nathan Rixford patented a silk reel of his own invention, which was a material advance on the Piedmont instrument. A number of these reels were soon afterward sent to China, and although their introduction was attended with some difficulty, the desired change was at length effected, and Shanghai and Canton silk, rereeled by Rixford's process, is now regularly consigned to manufacturers in the United States. A more decisive improvement on European apparatus is presented by the so-called throwing machines built at Paterson, New Jersey, it being, of course, understood that the technical word comprehends the various processes of winding, cleansing, doubling, twisting, rewinding and reeling the raw silk. The adoption of this and other ingenious inventions has enabled American manufacturers, under the tariff of 1865, to offset the excessive cost of labor, and compete successfully with foreign fabrics. Thus, their demand for raw silk twenty years ago fell short of $1,000,000, whereas this country at that date paid more than $30,000,000 for the products of Chinese and European looms. By 1875, however, their consumption of the crude material had nearly quintupled, while the importation of manufactured silks had shrunk to less than $24,000,000. The aggregate value of the silk fabrics produced in the United States during the last year is computed at $27,000,000, of which a fraction was actually exported. We may add that, although our manufacturers are working under a tariff of sixty per cent. ad valorem, yet, owing to the strong competition at home, the price of certain goods, for example, dress silks, ribbons, and sewing silks, was never so low as now.

The market for the last-named product is mainly controlled by domestic manufactures. Our sewing silks and machine twists are considered in some respects superior to the foreign article, and we may mention that the substitution of spools for skeins was started in this country. It may be, however, that the remarkable evenness and freedom from kinks secured by stretching machines—an American invention—are offset by a certain loss of strength and elasticity. The Italian staple rarely needs artificial correction of this sort, but its high cost substantially prohibits its employment in our twist factories. The relative excellence of American twists and sewing silks seems to be generally acknowledged, since, during the last four years, they have been exported in increasing quantities. Ribbons and millinery silks likewise constitute important features of this industry, their combined annual valuation exceeding $7,000,000. What is more noteworthy, because an exceptional amount of handwork is required in the production, the demand for braid and fringes is largely supplied by native fabrics. Even gros grains have lately been made with profit, but it must be said in general that for broad goods and the heavy grades of dress silks the outlook of American manufactures is not favorable.

When we consider its beginnings and impediments, the present state of our silk industry may well appear remarkable. It gives employment to 18,000 operatives, two-thirds of whom are women. It represents an invested capital of $18,000,000, of which a fifth is credited to New York, somewhat more to Connecticut, and a third to the City of Paterson, N. J., which, in a modest way, might be called the Lyons of America. The town was recommended by its water facilities, and, being already the seat of factories, could offer in the wives and children of its operatives the precise quality of labor requisite in silk works at a minimum rate of wages. Among other manufacturing centres may be named South Manchester and Mansfield, in Connecticut, the latter place being intimately associated with the history of American silk culture.

Silk culture, indeed, should not be wholly overlooked, although in the Atlantic States it has ceased to engage much attention. Yet it long held a much larger place in the hopes of English settlers than the cotton crop, and James I. studiously endeavored to supplant tobacco by the mulberry-tree. The growth of the white mulberry and the breeding of silkworms in Virginia were encouraged by large premiums; and about the middle of the seventeenth century a member of the House of Burgesses said he had 70,000 mulberry-trees on his estate. The cocoons, however, proved so much less profitable than tobacco, that their production rapidly declined, although it was no infrequent occurrence down to the time of the Revolution, for a delegate to the Colonial Assembly, or a great lady appearing at a Colonial Governor's reception, to wear garments woven of native silk.

During the eighteenth century, Georgia and South Carolina made conspicuous progress in silk culture, the export of the raw material to England in 1759 having exceeded 10,000 pounds from the former colony alone. In quality the staple seems to have been equal or superior to the Italian, and it is recorded that Mrs. Pinckney, a lady of Charleston, took with her to London some admirable silk which she had grown and raised on her estate, and presented dresses woven

of it to the dowager Princess of Wales and to Lord Chesterfield.

With the development of cotton planting which followed the Revolutionary war, silk culture disappeared in the Southern States, but it was subsequently revived in Connecticut, and carried on with considerable spirit during a part of the present century. In the town of Mansfield, for instance, between the years 1820 and 1830, the silk growers are said to have received, mainly in barter, about $50,000 per annum.

The production of cocoons in the United States culminated with the *Morus multicaulis* mania, having attained the astonishing valuation of $1,400,000, or almost one-third of the sum invested in material by our factories the past year. Those figures will be appreciated when we remember that our total crop of raw silk in 1875 was not worth $100,000. Yet the climate of certain States, and especially of California, is admirably adapted to the white mulberry tree and to the finer species of silkworms; and nothing hinders our production of a staple far stronger and whiter than the Chinese but the want of cheap labor. In China or Japan a good reeler will run off from the cocoon a pound and a half or two pounds of silk in a week, and be satisfied with 8 or 10 cents a day. In California the same workman would demand $1. Whether it is possible to contrive a machine which can be intrusted with the manipulation of so frail a thing as a silk cocoon is one of the most important problems propounded to American invention.

THE WEALTH OF BRAZIL.

All intelligent travelers who have visited Brazil speak in the most glowing terms of the country, Professor Agassiz regarded it as the most productive and interesting country on the globe.

Some who have sailed up the Amazon declare that a vessel can be loaded with Brazil nuts at an expense of only a few cents per bushel. These constitute a valuable article of commerce, while the oil extracted from them is very desirable. All the tropical fruits are produced in Brazil almost without cultivation. The soil in many parts of the country will produce twenty successive crops of cotton, tobacco, or sugar cane, without the application of manure.

No country in the world approaches the land of Dom Pedro in the variety of its forest productions. Professor Agassiz states that he saw 117 different kinds of valuable woods that were cut from a piece of land not half a mile square. They represented almost every variety of color, and many of them were capable of receiving a high polish. One tree furnishes wax that is used for candles; another a pith that is used for food; and still another yields a juice which is used in the place of intoxicating liquor. There is a single variety of palm from which the natives obtain food, drink, clothing, bedding, cordage, fishing-tackle, medicine, and the material they manufacture into dwellings, weapons, harpoons and musical instruments.

Doubtless the day is not distant when the valuable woods of Brazil will be used for various useful and ornamental purposes. Brazil is not only "a wooden country," but a country that produces the most beautiful woods in the world.

THE AGE OF A PYRAMID.

Modern scholarship seems destined to win its most signal triumphs through the application of a careful scientific method to its researches into the past history of our race. It multiplies its aids, extends the range of its evidences, and, by looking far beyond the field of the old chroniclers, is at last able to correct their discrepancies. Where the records of earth are at variance, it consults the unerring stars, and fixes the chronology of events more wisely than the historian who wrote only a few generations after their occurrence. The German astronomer, Hansen, was one of the first to determine the day and hour of an ancient battle by calculating the eclipse of the sun which occurred at the same time; and now the French Egyptologists, profiting by the remarkable astronomical knowledge of the old Egyptians, are applying the same methods of verification, with wonderful success, to the hierogylphic records.

At the meeting of the French Academy of Inscriptions, on the 7th of April, M. de Sauley read a paper in regard to a discovery by the scholar Chabas, which for the first time introduces a positive date into the oldest Egyptian history. Hitherto the distinguished Egyptologist, M. de Rougé, has only succeeded in establishing three dates with absolute certainty—the years 1300, 1240, and 962 B. C., the last of these being that of the taking of Jerusalem by Sheshonk I., the Shishak of the Bible. But two or three months ago M. Chabas was fortunate enough to succeed in reading a doubtful *cartouche* (royal name enclosed in an oval figure) in the famous Ebers papyrus, a fac-simile of which was published last year. It proved to be the name of the Pharaoh, Menkeres, the Mycernius of the Greek historians, and the builder of the third or smallest pyramid at Gizeh. Attached to the *cartouche* was an astronomical note, stating that the heliacal rising of the star Sothis occurred in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres.

The ancient Egyptians had the habit of signalizing important political events by some contemporaneous astronomical phenomenon. Many of the latter could scarcely be identified or determined now; but, since we know that their Sothis is our star Sirius, we are easily able to fix the rare periods of the heliacal rising. This is the astronomical term used when a star, after being in conjunction with the sun and invisible, emerges from the light sufficiently to be seen just before sunrise. M. Chabas immediately took his discovery to the astronomer Biot, who made the necessary calculations, whence it appears that the heliacal rising of Sothis, in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres, must have taken place between the years 3007 and 3010 B. C. M. de Sauley stated that he had made the calculation independently, and with precisely the same result; he was entirely convinced of the correctness of the date. As the first assured step toward establishing, if only in its general outlines, the chronology of the ancient Egyptian empire, this discovery is of incalculable importance. It fixes the age of the third pyramid of Gizeh at about 4880 years, and antedates by fully 1770 years the earliest accurately ascertained point in ancient chronology.

These detached epochs are like so many solid piers in the flood of Time, and, though still too far apart to be bridged, they furnish secure resting-places for the historian. It is not too much to expect, that when the aid of astronomy is called to the investigation of the Assyrian as well as the Egyptian records, we may restore the chronological charts of both empires from the silent testimony of the heavens.

Grape-Seed Oil.—Grape-seed oil is said to be used for burning in Italy; it is extracted principally in Modena. In the Levant and parts of Germany the pips or seeds have long been utilized for this purpose. From 30 pounds of seed 3 quarts of oil may be obtained, or about 18 per cent. The seeds of white grapes are less rich in oil than those of black grapes, and those from old vines yield less oil than the seeds from young vines. Those from Roussillon, Aude, and Herault vines give 2 per cent. more oil than those from Bordeaux. The oil is of a golden yellow, and loses about one-fourth in purifying.

Digitized by Google



DAY AND NIGHT.

By Amanda T. Jones.

One eve my Margery and I
Sat watching—blissfully alone—
The splendor creeping down the sky,
The darkness climbing to its throne.

The sun was somewhere in the West:
We knew it by the jets of light
That leaped against the evening's breast:
But he was sunken out of sight.

And as we marked the gleams that gave
To twilight transient hues of dawn,
The Night, that painter pale and grave,
Brushed out the lines that Day had drawn.

On lake and landscape, cloud and sky,
With violet shades blurred all the parts:
Until we felt—my love and I—
An evening in our very hearts.

And so I said—her hand in mine.
Her head against my shoulder laid—
"Wise nature oft inscribes some sign,
Which, to interpret, makes afraid.

"While sunlight, Margery, always fair,
Is symbol, sweet, of what thou art,
This hour, that darkens all the air,
Portrays my own sad counterpart.

"Day dies with the approach of night;
Thus do I read the fateful sign—
Thy life, with its transcendant light,
Will perish, if 'tis linked with mine."

Straightway she answered, while a glance
Of radiant meaning lit her eye,
"The shades of life its lights enhance,
And I, for love of thee, would die.

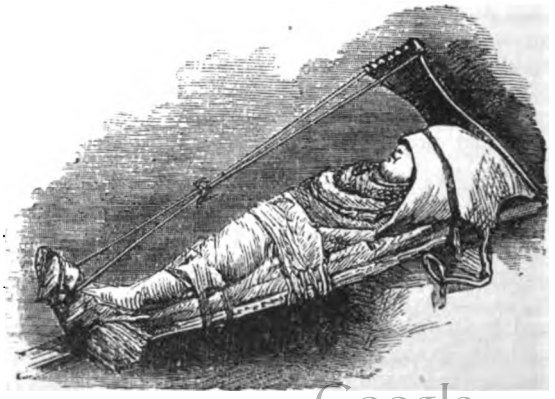
"Yet Day dies not; but being drawn
Beyond itself (so love is given),
Makes for the night a silver dawn,
And gains a twilight glimpse of Heaven!"

SAMOAN AND CHINOOK HEAD-FLATTENING.

The Samoan mother lies on her couch of mats, with her head supported by a piece of bamboo about three inches in diameter, and standing on four short legs, and nurse is there engaged in the strange occupation of chewing cocoa-nut, and afterward straining it through a shred of rag. But where is baby? Guided by its mother's eyes, you discover, lying by the wall, three smooth, flat stones, arranged something like the brick-bat trap contrived by European juveniles for the snaring of birds, and beyond this your astonished eyes are greeted by the sight of a naked little black body and a pair of chubby legs, quite hearty and promising, and much more lively than one might expect of legs belonging to a head hidden under a heap of stones.

It is, however, not a case of infanticide; the stones form but the customary cap worn for a season by the Samoan baby, and to the end that its head may be of a 'good shape.' It may suit some folks very well to be content with just whatever shaped cranium nature may please to assign them, but the Samoan is not so easily pleased; his notion of a perfect head is one that is flat from the forehead to the crown. As soon as the child is born, it is at once laid on its back, and the top and sides of its head are walled in with stones, heavy enough to impede the development of the skull. This necessitates some other than the natural mode of feeding, and so we come at the mystery of the nurse and the cocoa-nut chewing. For the first three days the infant was fed with the juice of the chewed kernel of the cocoa-nut, expressed through a piece of native cloth, and dropped into the mouth. On the third day a woman of the sacred craft was sent for to examine the mother's milk. A little was put into a cup with water and two heated stones, and then examined. If it had the slightest curdled appearance, she pronounced it bitter and poisonous. This process she repeated two or three times a day for several days, until it was drawn off free from coagulation, and then she pronounced it sweet and wholesome, and the child was forthwith permitted to partake of its proper nourishment.

The Samoans are not the only savage nation that seek to improve the shape of their heads by purely artificial means. The Chinooks of our northwest coast also flatten their children's heads. The child is placed on a board, to which it is lashed with strong thongs. The back of the head is supported by a pillow of moss or rabbit-skins, and an inclined piece of wood is so placed over the forehead that, being fastened with cords and tightly pressed down, it gradually flattens the head to the required shape. This bandage is so fastened that it is attended with very little torture to the unconscious infant—the pressure being very slight at first, but it is gradually increased. The length of time required to complete the flattening operation is from five to eight months. During this time the infant is never taken out; the bandages are repeatedly removed for the purpose of cleansing, but the head and the shoulders are carefully kept in one position. When the infant requires the breast, the outer end of the lever that comes over the nose is loosened, and the cradle, occupant and all, is lifted up and turned aside, so that the infant may come to the breast without disengaging itself, or disturbing the arrangement.



SAMOAN AND CHINOOK HEAD-FLATTENING.

Digitized by Google



THE PUZZLED VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWENDOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

(Continued.)

MARGARITA took out the great rolls of paper, then the numerous jewel-cases, laying them carefully on the floor, then the rolls of bank-notes and bags of gold. She placed them all on the floor. Her trembling hands held the will at last, and another great gasping sigh came from her lips.

"The Last Will and Testament of Bernard, Baron of Rylestone."

She took it out of the safe, and crouched down on the floor that she might read it by the taper's dim light.

She read on, and presently the dawn of a great horror came into her eyes, her face growing livid in its anguish. She knew the secret of the will at last. She read that the vast fortune—the fortune which would have enabled Allan to live at Walton Court, and to have held his own with the magnates of the land—would have been his if he had married Adelaide Cameron. She was so stunned, so dazed, so bewildered, that at first she did not, she could not, think. She could only read and re-read those fatal words; and then, with a sudden impulse of passionate despair, she flung the will into the depths of the iron safe, and crouched with her face in her hands on the floor.

How long she lay there she did not know; life, hope, love, were all over for her; the bitterness of death was on her. She knew the secret at last, and it burnt her heart, it distressed her soul, it gave her tortures of which as yet she had never even dreamed.

She knew now what Allan's love for her had cost him. She understood all the mystery—why he so seldom spoke to her of Miss Cameron, and what they meant by speaking as they had of the will. She saw that she had come between him and his fortune—that through his love for her he was in poverty and exile. In her anguish and despair she took a morbid view of everything. She forgot how dearly he loved her, and that his love made his life bright and happy. She only remembered that if he had never seen her he would never have lost his fortune.

She had always dreaded standing in his light, and now she found out that she had done so. She remembered how Adelaide loved him, and she believed that she had been like a curse to him, that she had dragged him down from the height on which he should stand.

She was jealous, despairing, half mad; she forgot that he prayed for her love as he would never pray for anything else; she only remembered his sorrow on the day that he came to tell her his story. She fancied she could see it all now. He had asked her to be his wife, and because he was a man of honor he would not go back from his word; but she did not doubt now that, if he could have freed himself from his promise, he would have done so, and would have married Lord Rylestone's heiress.

As she lay there, bewildered, half mad with the smart of her pain, the only wish that came to her was for death.

"If I might but die!" she moaned.

It was a hard trial for a sensitive woman to bear. She

Digitized by Google

had meant her love to crown him—to make his whole life bright. She had given him her proud young beauty, her fair womanhood, her passionate love; and these gifts, which she had intended to crown him, had simply plunged him into the depths.

"He must hate me," she said to herself; "although he is too noble and generous to show it, he must hate me, for I have clouded his life with poverty, I have stood between him and fortune. The best thing for me would be to die and set him free. If I were dead, he could marry her, and then the evil would be undone. Oh, my love, I have ruined you! I have ruined you," she repeated, and then words seemed to fail her—the over-wrought brain grew confused, the over-strained nerves relaxed.

She was unconscious for some minutes, and then a strange light flashed over her and she heard strange sounds. She raised her head, and saw Mr. Beale and Mrs. Grame standing looking at her.

"You crafty thief!" cried the housekeeper. "So, this is what you wanted my lady's keys for! I mistrusted you from the first."

Mr. Beale took Margarita by the arm, but he started back when she raised her face to his; it was the face of a woman dazed by some terrible grief—not that of a thief caught in the very act of plunder. If she had had the copy of the will in her hands—if it had been anywhere near—perhaps he might have had some faint glimmer of the truth; but she had flung it back, and there was nothing near her but jewel-cases and money.

"What can have possessed you to do this," cried Mr. Beale, "you most unhappy woman."

Bewildered and dazed as she was, she saw it all. They thought that she was stealing—that she was there for the purpose of taking the miserable money!

Should she clear herself? Should she tell them not to dare to touch her, for she whom they believed to be a thief was Lord Rylestone's wife? Should she tell them that she was there for no other purpose than to read the will? Should she tell them to fetch Miss Cameron, and then, when the girl who preferred honor even to love stood before her, should she tell who she was, what she had done, and why she had done it?

She shrank back with a shuddering cry; she could not look into Miss Cameron's fair, pure face and tell her sorrow. No; she had injured Allan enough—she had done him harm enough—she had deprived him of a noble fortune and a high-born, lovely wife. She would not disgrace him. They might suspect her of theft if they would; they might accuse her, and do as they would with her; but she would never clear herself by using his name. Perhaps she might be thrown into prison and there die. Let it be so; death—her death—would clear a way for him to fortune.

"Let me reap as I have sown—let me suffer for my sins," she said, and, still crouching before those witnesses, she vowed to herself that she would not clear herself by so much as one word. It was the very insanity of despair—the very madness of self-abnegation.

"Thank Heaven she is found out!" said Mrs. Grame. "This woman came here in disguise months ago—came to peer about the place and lay her plans. Ask her if she can deny that she came here under the false pretense of wishing to see the place."

"Do you deny this?" asked Mr. Beale.

He never forgot the awful pallor of that face raised to his.

"I do not deny it," she replied.

"Because she cannot," said Mrs. Grame. "I tell you, sir, she came here for a bad purpose; she knows it—she does not offer to deny it. The night before last she tried to get my lady's keys, but I baffled her—last night for a time she baffled me. I am quite sure that she came here to steal my lady's jewels—see, she has them!"

Margarita raised her head with a sudden passion that almost startled them.

"I did not come here to steal," she said, slowly. "I do not deny that I came into the house for a purpose of my own. It was not to steal. I am not a thief."

"If you had no wish to steal," asked Mr. Beale, "why have you obtained possession of Miss Cameron's keys—why have you opened the safe? What are you doing here at this hour of the night with these bank-notes and all this gold about you?"

"I never intended to take them," she said, wearily.

"That is a lame story. Where a person is caught in the very act of crime such a defence is useless. If you did not intend to take them, why did you open the safe?

He saw the indignant flush die from her face, and the startled horror return.

"Answer me," he said. "If you did not want the jewels, why have you come down like a thief in the night to the safe?"

"I have nothing to say," she moaned—"I have no answer to give."

"Look at her," cried Mrs. Grame—"see how she is dressed, so that no one should see or hear her. I watched her. When she crept down here, I crept after her; when she thought she had locked the library-door, I looked in and saw her at the safe. While she emptied it I fetched you, sir. Mercy or pity in her case would be out of place."

"Have I ever done you any harm?" asked Margarita, raising her despairing face.

"Yes, you have," was the reply; "you duped me—you made me the victim of your fraud."

"You are pitiless," said Margarita.

"Yes, to such as you—you, who have stolen into the house, and, have deceived my mistress—you, who have won her confidence only to injure her—you, who would steal her money and her jewels if you could. I am pitiless to such as you, who plan and manœuvre and deceive."

"Let me see Miss Cameron," said Margarita.

"No," refused Mr. Beale, "you shall not see her. You have deceived her quite enough—you shall not impose on her again. I take it upon myself to refuse you all access to Miss Cameron. I shall give you in charge for attempting a robbery. Mrs. Grame, we will not have these things touched; we will have a detective here the first thing in the morning, and he shall see for himself."

She made no effort to stop them. She asked for no pity, no compassion, no mercy. She fell with her face on the ground, and lay there motionless and still.

"Has she fainted?" asked Mr. Beale.

"Not wishing to be too hard upon her, I should say, sir, it does not matter whether she has or not, after using my mistress so."

"But we must have common humanity," observed Mr. Beale; and he went back to Margarita. "I—I hope you are not ill?" he said.

She did not raise her face.

"I wish I were dead," she replied—"I wish I were dead!"

"Come away, sir," requested Mrs. Grame; "this woman can act any part; and they went, leaving her to her despair.

Through the remaining hours of the night she lay crouching there, fighting over and over again the battle in her own mind. Should she own who she was? Should she tell all to Miss Cameron, or should she let them punish her as they would?

"They would not believe me," she said to herself. "Let the worst come, I will not hold up my finger to save myself."

Digitized by Google

All the jealousy, the bitterness, that had lain dormant in her heart rose into active life now; and with it there came sullen defiance—angry gloom.

"They may say what they will—do what they will—but I will utter no word."

Meanwhile Mr. Beale and Mrs. Grame discussed what, under all the circumstances, it was best to do.

"Don't you go near my lady, sir," said the housekeeper; "she is young, and easily imposed upon. She would be for letting this woman go free. It would not be just. She would let her go, and say nothing. She must be punished. Take my advice, sir—lock the door, and send Gregson off early in the morning, and give her in charge."

The housekeeper's advice was taken; the library-door was locked, and early in the cold bleak dawn of the September morning Mr. Beale sent to Lutdale for a detective.

Chapter XLIII.

IT was not quite light when Mr. Beale opened the library-door and showed the detective into the room. He was a hard-faced man, who had grown callous and indifferent because for long years he had seen only the worst side of life; but even he, accustomed as he was to sin and misery of all kind, looked with something like compassion on the prostrate figure of the beautiful woman.

"It is all play-acting," said Mrs. Grame; "do not let yourself be imposed upon, Mr. Beale."

But John Boyns did not think it was "play-acting"; he had seen a great deal, but he had never witnessed anything like the despair in the drooping face before him. Margarita never looked at him; she did not even appear to listen when her accuser told her story of how she had been caught there, how she had introduced herself into the house under false pretences, how she had stealthily taken possession of Miss Cameron's keys, and how she had been discovered at the safe with the jewels and money all round her.

"I am afraid it looks like a plant," said Mr. Boyns, regretfully. "Was anything found in her possession?"

"Not perhaps positively in her possession; she had them all here on the floor."

"That is a point in her favor," observed the man.

Mr. Beale stepped forward.

"I give this woman in charge," he said, "for obtaining illegal possession of Miss Cameron's keys, and for attempting to steal. I will go with you to Mr. Layston's," he continued. "I will order a closed carriage; there is no need for making more parade than we are obliged."

And then he turned to the despairing woman.

"Miss Avenel," he said, "I am very sorry this has happened. I hope it will prove a lesson to you. You must pause in your career. I am grieved to think that you have chosen a bad instead of a good one. You must go before a magistrate and answer for what you have done."

"That is not the face of a thief," remarked the detective, involuntarily, as the white, despairing, death-like features met his gaze. He was accustomed to such scenes, but his practised eyes detected no trace of guilt in Margarita's face.

"That remains to be seen," said Mr. Beale; and then, turning to the housekeeper, he added, "Mrs. Grame, you are an important witness. You must go with us."

For the first time, the white lips moved.

"Will you let me see Miss Cameron?" she asked, in a faint low voice. Then, looking up at the detective, she asked, "What will they do to me?" Will they send me out of the country?"

"No—the case is not so bad as that," he replied, wondering at the half-admission of her guilt.

"I wish they would," she murmured; and in her heart she thought the next best thing to death would be exile for her.

"We had better be going," said John Boyns; and again she turned to Mr. Beale, her dark eyes so full of persuasion and piteous pleading that he looked hastily away.

"Will you let me see Miss Cameron?" she again asked.

"No," he replied, "I will not. It would only pain her, and could do no possible good."

And then Mrs. Grame came back to say that the carriage was at the door.

"You will have the good sense to go quietly with us, Miss Avenel, I am sure," said Mr. Beale.

She looked up at him with dim, dazed eyes, as if she did not perfectly understand, and the detective made a step towards her. He put out his hand, as though he would touch her arm; and the glance she gave him made him quickly withdraw it again.

"Do not touch me!" she cried.

"All right!" he said. "I have no such thought if you will come quietly. Is the lady to go as she is?" he added, turning to Mr. Beale. And then for a few moments they stopped and looked at her.

The long black dress that she had chosen for its safety fell in graceful folds around her, her face was marble white, her dark hair, all unfastened, fell like a vail around her, her dark eyes were full of untold sorrow and untold fear. They never forgot her as she stood before them then.

"Will it make any difference," she asked, in a low voice, "if I swear that I had no thought—Heaven pardon those who have misjudged me!—of stealing?"

"It will make no difference," replied Mr. Beale; "appearances are against you."

Something of half-scornful defiance flashed in the dark beauty of Lady Rylestone's face.

"I might clear myself," she said. "A few words would shame you out of your false and wicked judgment. Those words I will not speak. You have found me here, and have chosen to believe that I must be here for the sake of stealing. The time will come when you will know no greater shame than this—that you have misjudged me."

Mr. Beale could not tell how it was, but the calm, strange words made him uncomfortable.

"If you can clear yourself by a few words," he said, "speak them—let me hear them."

"I will not," she returned, "because you have called me thief."

"All play-acting," said Mrs. Grame. "It will not impose upon a magistrate; it does not impose upon me."

John Boyns turned an impatient face to her; he was inclined to believe the beautiful woman who seemed to him more desperate than wicked.

"The lady cannot go in that fashion," he said. "Get her a bonnet and a shawl. Yours are womanly hands, fit to touch her; fasten up that long hair of hers—she looks as though she were dazed with grief, or bewildered in some strange way."

She stood mute and passive while the housekeeper did as she was told—fastened up the long hair, and put on her bonnet and cloak. She shrank a little when the unkindly hands touched her, and then she said to herself, "What does it matter? If I could only die, so that I might no longer stand in my husband's light!"

The terrible secret she knew at last. It had closed round her heart like a burning fire; it had destroyed the sweet life with all its hopes, love, and fair promise; it had hardened her into stone. No matter what happened now, nothing could restore her happiness to her. There was a kind of

Digitized by Google

half-savage satisfaction in suffering and humiliation — a something that seemed to appease her.

She uttered no word when Mr. Beale said something about the carriage waiting; but with her beautiful white face she looked more like an accusing spirit than did those who had undertaken to punish her.

Chapter XLIV.



HENRY LAYSTON, Esq., was an intelligent county magistrate. He never sent a child to prison for gathering a flower, but, if a man ill-treated his unfortunate wife, Mr. Layston knew how to punish him for it. The county papers had nothing but praise for him—they called him a wise and upright magistrate. It was to Layston Park that Mr. Beale, with the detective, his prisoner, and the witness, drove in the cold, clear September morning, which had dawned with a gray mist.

He had chosen a closed carriage, that Miss Avenel might be spared the shame of exposure as much as possible. It was all lost trouble. To outward appearance she was dead to all care for her character and fair name. The minutes and hours as they passed only plunged her into deeper grief; the longer she dwelt upon that terrible secret the more awful it became—the more she believed herself to have been the bane of her husband's life.

If she could only slip quietly out of the world! "I will not take my own life," she said to herself; "it would be base and cowardly—it would be wicked. I will not die a coward; but if I could slip quietly out of the world—if I could go somewhere where no one would know me, see me, or notice me!"

In her strained, morbid train of thought Lady Rylestone began to imagine that her husband would be relieved if he were never to see or hear of her again.

Through the gray September mist she and her companions drove in silence.

When Mr. Layston looked at her, he started back in amazement at the cold, dark loveliness of the once brilliant face—it was more like a mask than a face.

"They shall not see my heart bleed," she said to herself, "these, my foes, who have hunted me down."

She was taken to the magistrate's room, in Mr. Layston's own house.

"Of what is this lady accused?" asked that gentleman; and the answer startled him as her cold, impassive beauty had done.

"It is not the face of a thief," he thought to himself. "Whoever says so judges wrongfully. The woman is half mad with some great sorrow."

Opposite the table where she stood was a tall window of stained glass. The sun shone through it now, and made the white hands crimson. He saw her rub them as though they were stained with blood—rub them with a frightened expression—and again he said to himself:

"She is mad with some great sorrow."

And then he took his seat, and the official investigation began. He listened to the charge—listened to the witnesses—and saw how entirely indifferent she appeared.

"She does not feel it," he thought; "neither the shame nor the sorrow that follows the detection of crime."

Mrs. Grame told her story—and a telling one it was against the prisoner—how she had come first in disguise under the pretence of seeing the Court — how she had returned again as Miss Cameron's companion—how she had manœuvred to get the keys, and how, suspecting and mistrusting her, she had watched her, and caught her in the act of plundering.

The magistrate's voice was full of pity as he asked the prisoner had she anything to say. The dark dazed eyes were raised slowly to his face, and she answered, "No."

Then Mr. Beale told his story, and it was against her. Again the kindly pitying voice asked her had she nothing to say—no explanation to give—and the answer again was "No."

John Boyns revealed her half-admission of her own guilt, but the magistrate was shrewder than any of the three arrayed against her.

"It is sorrow, not crime," he said to himself. "I know not what led her to the safe, but I am quite sure she did not wish to steal from it, although she was found with the jewels and money on the floor. If she goes to prison, there will be no justice in the land," he thought.

"Was anything found in her possession?" he inquired.

"No."

"Was anything missing from the safe?"

"No."

And then the magistrate conversed for some little time with Mr. Beale. He told the lawyer his opinion that there was some mystery about the case, and that Miss Avenel had some other design in doing what she had done. He looked up suddenly.

"What is kept there," he asked, "besides jewels and money?"

"Documents of all kinds—private papers belonging to the Rylestone family."

"Then you may rely upon it," said the magistrate, "that it was something of that kind she wanted to see. If she had only cared to steal jewels or money, she has had many opportunities."

"But who is she?" cried Mr. Beale, startled by this new view of the case. "What can she want to see the Rylestone papers for?"

"That I cannot explain. Every family has its own secrets. I can form no idea of what she wanted to see; but I will stake my professional judgment and reputation that I am right—it was papers and not jewels that brought her to the Court."

Mr. Beale looked anxious. Still, think, ponder as he would, no idea of the real truth, or even of anything approaching to it, ever dawned across him.

Mr. Layston was shrewd enough to see something else. Miss Avenel apparently did not care what happened to her—she would not mind however severe the sentence might be that he passed upon her—she would not care if he acquitted her. He spoke in an undertone to Mr. Beale.

"I think we must take everything into consideration," he said. "She has stolen nothing—nothing has been found upon her—nothing has been missed. As a matter of course, after losing her situation and her character, the ruin of her worldly prospects must follow; and that, I think, will be punishment sufficient. Whatever wrong may have been contemplated, none was actually done; but the social ruin that will follow is certain. I think the justice of the case will be met if the prisoner be discharged."

Chapter XLV.

Miss Avenel was discharged. The charge of theft was withdrawn. The magistrate, looking into the white drawn face, spoke a few words of kindly caution to her; she did not hear or heed them. She was free to go where she would; the freedom was of no use to her. The cruel accusation that had darkened her life was withdrawn; the

Digitized by Google

withdrawal gave her no satisfaction. She was like a woman changed to stone.

Mr. Layston, if he had followed his own impulse, would have detained her in his house—would have soothed and calmed her, and have won from her the story of her grief; but propriety forbade all such kindness. He could only repeat, looking at the white face and wide-open frightened eyes:

"You are free to go wheresoever you will, Miss Avenel. You should thank Mr. Beale for his leniency. He would not press the charge."

He saw that it was quite useless speaking. She did not in the least comprehend. Mr. Beale went up to her. The dark eyes looked at him but did not see him.

"I am truly sorry, Miss Avenel," he said, "that you placed yourself, by your own folly, in this terrible position. I hope what has passed this morning will prove a lesson to you. You would like to return to Walton Court, and get everything belonging to you? You will not think of living there again?"

Return to where she had suffered? Go back to the place where the will lay with its secret—back to the home of the husband she had disgraced? No, never! She would die a hundred deaths first. She would go far away. She would go where never a familiar face was to be seen—into the world of strangers. She looked at the lawyer. Keen and shrewd as he was, he seemed to become insignificant as the beautiful face, with its calm expression of despair, was turned toward him.

"You have charged me with theft," she said. "I told you I was innocent. I swore to you that I was not guilty. You would not believe me. You have done that which will cloud my whole life and darken it. I will hold no communication with you, I will speak no further with you; but I pray Heaven to judge you as you have judged me."

Her voice was calm and passionless, but there was something in the tone which thrilled the very hearts of those present.

Mr. Beale held up his hand with a warning gesture.

"Hush!" he said. "These are terrible words. I have acted for the best—I have done what I thought right."

She did not repeat them. Mrs. Grame turned to her.

"I will attend to all your things," she said. "If you do not like to return to the Court, I will have them all prepared, and send them to you."

Margarita made no reply, but her dark eyes lingered for half a minute on the housekeeper's face, leaving in that estimable lady's mind a conviction that she was not considered of the least importance, and then Miss Cameron's companion turned away.

Mr. Layston spoke to her—she did not hear or heed. The door was opened, and she went slowly out. They watched her with an uncomfortable feeling.

"It is hard for her if we have been mistaken," said Mr. Beale.

"How could any one be mistaken who saw her at the safe?" asked Mrs. Grame, indignantly. "She is guilty enough, but she has more effrontery than most people."

In silence Margarita walked out of the house, and, as she passed over the threshold, she said to herself:

"This is my tomb. Here I have left my youth, my love, my hope, my fair name—here the best part of me has been killed."

She went on through the park without any definite idea as to where she was going. She was beginning to lose the power of connecting her thoughts. The one idea that haunted her was that after this disgrace Lord Rylestone could never own her as his wife.

"I have brought it all upon myself," she said; "but I was acting for him."

The sun was shining now in its full noontide splendor; great clusters of blackberries were on the hedges; the Autumn morning was fair and pleasant, but she walked through it without glancing around her. Once she did wonder whither she was going—whither her uncertain, trembling footsteps would lead her; she could not tell. Never would she return to Walton Court, where the beautiful heiress lived who had her husband's money, and who loved him—never would she return there again.

She would walk on, she said to herself, until, from sheer fatigue, she fell and could walk no further. So she proceeded along through the highroad and over the fields, past quiet little homesteads where the rooks were cawing in the trees, and the gleaners were busy in the cornfields; and as she walked, the burning pain that seemed to hold her head like an iron crown, grew worse. Presently a red mist came before her eyes; there was a murmur as of rushing waters in her ears; and then she turned aside from the highroad into a green lane that in Summer was filled with wild roses and woodbine. She never remembered very clearly what followed. The earth and sky seemed to meet. She caught at the trunk of a tree, and tried to steady herself, and then she gave a great frightened cry—the shadows of evening were falling, she was all alone, and death seemed so near—a cry that pierced the silence, and then she fell with her face hidden in a heap of fallen Autumn leaves.

* * * * * * *

When the lawyer and Mrs. Grame returned to the court, dire tribulation awaited them. Miss Cameron was standing up, very pale, proud, and stately. Mr. Beale told the young heiress what he had done, and she overwhelmed him with reproaches. It was in vain that he unlocked the library-door, and showed her the valuable contents of the safe on the ground—she would not hear one word against her companion. She broke out into a most generous defence of Margarita, and then added:

"I am sorry to speak harshly to you, Mr. Beale," she said; "but I consider you have taken an unwarrantable liberty. You have presumed upon what you believe to be my inexperience."

"But, my dear young lady," cried the lawyer, eagerly.

"Sir!" interrupted Miss Cameron.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Cameron. Pray listen to reason. That young woman was deceiving you."

"I do not believe it," said Adelaide.

"Her coming here was only a scheme—a plan to rob you."

"I do not believe it," repeated the heiress, scornfully. "I would rather trust to my womanly instinct than to all the lawyers and detectives in the world; and my instinct tells me that as regards Miss Avenel you have made some terrible mistake."

"What mistake could I make when I saw her myself on her knees here, the safe opened with the keys she had taken from you, and the jewel-cases, money, and other things spread round her? How could I be mistaken when I saw that?"

"I cannot tell how, but I know you are wrong. I love Miss Avenel. I cannot tell what she was doing at the safe—I do not understand why she went there; but I am quite certain it was with no thought of robbing me. You are a poor judge of character, Mr. Beale, if you think Miss Avenel would steal. Anything romantic would suit her highly-strung temperament; but, as to robbery, you might as well accuse a butterfly of drawing a plow."

"What else could I have done when I saw her at the safe?" he asked, humbly.

"You should have sent for me," said the young heiress, with a burst of pride. "I am mistress here. I have heard

Digitized by Google

all you have to say, and my answer is that I will stake my life that you are wrong, and Miss Avenel is innocent. Again—even if it were not so, even if she had robbed me of all I valued most, I would have spared her because I love her." And the generous heart beat with anger, the sweet voice thrilled with passion. "I love her," continued Miss Cameron. "What should you, who have spent your life amongst law-books, know of such women? They are beyond your comprehension—grand, passionate, noble women, who could not live in the narrow grooves you would assign them."

"My dear Miss Cameron, you are too severe. Answer me one question satisfactorily, and I will own that I am wrong. What was she doing at the safe?"

"I do not know—I do not really care. I only repeat and affirm that she was doing nothing wrong. And, Mr. Beale, I think you took a liberty in acting as you have done without asking my consent."

"I merely tried to save you from being imposed on," he returned. "If you are angry, I am sorry for it. I thought that I was doing my duty."

"I am sure, madame," interposed Mrs. Grame, "you were being robbed—imposed upon—and no one can say how it would have ended. I do not think your life would have been safe."

"That is enough, Mrs. Grame," said Adelaide, with a scornful laugh. "I shall not easily forgive you for what you have done. You also have taken a very great liberty."

"Very well, my lady, since it pleases you to say so, I submit humbly. I am sorry that you should be angry with me. I have served you faithfully and well. My only fault is that I could not stand by in silence to see you robbed."

The pain in the voice and in the quivering old face touched Adelaide. She could not be angry with her faithful old servant, whose only fault was that she had been over-zealous.

"I forgive you," she said; "but you must never repeat the offence."

"I hope never to have the chance," she replied, leaving Miss Cameron's presence with much show of dignity.

"You were both blind—worse than mad—to treat Miss Avenel in that fashion," resumed Miss Cameron, after the housekeeper's departure. "I must have all possible amends made to her."

But the opportunity for that never came. Day by day and night by night Miss Cameron waited for tidings of Miss Avenel; she made all inquiries, longing for her return; but to the house whence she had been driven as a criminal Margarita Rylestone returned no more.

Chapter XLVI.



THE exile was over, the two years had passed, and Lord Rylestone stood once more on English soil. How long that journey over the sea had seemed to him! There were whole days when he never left the deck of the ship, feeling inclined to count the minutes as they passed by, blessing each one because it brought him nearer to her whom his soul loved best.

He smiled to himself as he wondered how he had borne parting from her. It was over now, thank Heaven—there would be no more parting for them. From the beautiful dark-eyed wife, with her face of wondrous Southern loveliness, he should never absent himself again. He knew she was well and happy—her letter said so; but of late he had fancied there was something more sad than usual in them, a pathetic undercurrent he could not tell of what. It would be all over soon. His dark-eyed darling, who was so unwilling to part with him, who was so troubled at losing him, would be all his own soon. He remembered the flower-wreathed window and the darkly beautiful, tender face that smiled at him from it. There would be no flowers on his return; they would be dead, and the long bare stalks would be drooping. But the longed-for face would be there—the red lips with their radiant smile, the dark eyes with their passion of welcome.

How slowly the vessel seemed to make her way! If he could but fly to Margarita—if he could but cleave through the air and find himself by her side! He gave a great, longing sigh, and then controlled himself and thought of the window where Margarita's face, bright as a star, would be awaiting him.

He telegraphed to Marpeth as soon as he landed, "I am in London, and shall be with you in twelve hours."

He knew that was best; it would give her time to prepare for him—to get all ready; above all, she would remember his parting words, and she would be there by the window to greet him.

How did he control his impatience? The Earl of Barton laughed at him; the porters, servants, railway officials—every one with whom he came in contact—thought he was desperately hurried. His strong frame trembled, his hands burned, his whole soul seemed swept by a fiery tide of longing impatience. He tried to calm the fever of his longing, but he was so near home, how could he help it?

He was in the train at last, and the train had started for Marpeth. Steam was powerful and quick, but not so powerful as the passionate love of his passionate heart—not so quick as his fast-flying thoughts. The express seemed to him to crawl. His darling would be standing at the window waiting for him. He pictured the tender curves of the lovely lips, the fire in the dark eyes, the dusky coils of shining hair; he saw her grand in her perfect womanhood; and then he started to find himself weeping like a child, and thanking Heaven that he had been spared to see her again. He heard the porter crying "Marpeth!" and before the train had stopped he was out on the platform. No, she was not there. He had wondered if she would come, half hoping she would not, for he had fixed his whole heart on seeing her at the window.

The afternoon was drawing to a close; there was a soft, tremulous mist that grew colder as the night advanced. The air was bleak, the sky gray, save where in the dark blue a few stars were seen. Lord Rylestone walked home, leaving directions for his luggage to be sent after him—walked through the chilly, silvery mist, looking at the bare trees as he passed—walked with rapid steps, thinking only of his wife.

There was the well-known spire, there were the green lanes that he had seen a thousand times in his dreams, and there was the home where his darling was waiting for him. He stood for a few moments by the little gate, and the big brave man, who was beginning to make for himself a better name even than the one he had inherited, grew faint and sick with the intensity of his own joy. He raised his head reverently.

"I thank Heaven for its goodness!" he said; and then, opening the gate, he entered the grounds.

Margarita did not come hastening to meet him and to greet him, light and swift as a bird, because he had asked her to be at the window, and he knew she would be there.

"Patience!" he said to his beating heart. In one more minute he would see the window—see her. He knew the path; and then, as a pilgrim who had journeyed hundreds of weary miles, he raised his eyes to the window—those

Digitized by Google

loving, eager eyes that pierced the chill November mist, that would almost pierce the clouds if she were beyond them. A sharp cry of pain and fear came from his lips. She was not there!

The shock of the disappointment made him grow faint. He seemed to lose sight and hearing.

"My darling," he cried, stretching out his hands to the empty window—"where is she?"

A foreboding that had in it the bitterness of death came to him, and then he roused himself, and went forward quietly. He rapped loudly at the door, a warm sweet hope flushing his face and making his heart beat.

She would open it, beautiful dark-eyed Margarita! No—it was opened slowly by some woman who looked hesitatingly out into the night. Lord Rylestone recognised her as one of the servants who had been there when he left home, and at the same moment the girl recognised him.

"Mr. Estcourt!" she exclaimed. "I am very sorry, sir. I did not know you at first."

"But you expected me?" he interrogated.

"No, sir," she replied, holding the door open for him to pass, "I did not expect you; but I am glad you are come."

He was standing in the hall then, looking round with a blanched face and trembling lips. There was no Margarita—no wife. He spoke slowly.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked; and the girl raised a frightened face to his.

"Do you not know, sir?" she said. "My mistress is not here. She went away very soon after you left home, and she has never returned."

He did not cry out. A great dumb passionate sorrow seemed to have overtaken him. There was a chair near, and he sat down upon it, echoing the words slowly:

"She went away soon after I did, and she has never returned. How can that be? I have received letters from her from here—Marpeth. What do you mean?"

He spoke in a strange gasping fashion; he was bewildered. And then the girl told him all—how her mistress had found the place dull, and had gone with some friends to the seaside.

"What friends?" he asked, brusquely.

Ellen Smith did not know. She told him how all his letters had been forwarded to the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London; how Mrs. Estcourt every month had sent them money for all expenses; how she always spoke of returning early in November—and he listened like one in a dread.

"I was getting very anxious and unhappy," continued Ellen. "It is six weeks since my mistress wrote or sent anything. The other servant who was left with me would not stay any longer. She said she was quite sure that all was not right. I would not go."

He did not know what to say to her. He had not the faintest clue to account for Margarita's conduct. He was bewildered, and the girl looked at him with a pitying face.

"You expected to find my mistress at home, sir?" she said. "She may come to-morrow. She knows of course when you were to return?"

"Yes," he replied; "she knew the day and the hour." And then he asked about the telegram, and the girl brought it to him.

"I took it in, sir," she said, "but I did not open it."

He tore it into shreds, the telegram that he had hoped would fill Margarita's heart with joy—tore it, and trampled it under his feet—and then he sat still, as one stunned by some terrible blow. He did not know how long he had been there when Ellen returned and said to him:

"Will you come into the drawing-room, sir? I have lit the fire and the lamps."

He followed her into the pretty room, where he had spent such happy hours with Margarita. A low cry of intense pain came from his lips. As his eyes fell on the familiar objects he trembled like one seized with a deadly chill. Silently and thoughtfully the girl brought refreshments, and set them before him. He could not touch them. He poured out some brandy and drank it.

"Will you bring me all the letters that you have received since your mistress went away?" he asked.

In a few minutes the girl returned, bringing a small bundle of Margarita's letters in her hand. She laid them down by his side.

"I hope, sir," she said, wistfully, "that there is nothing the matter?"

Even in that hour of bewilderment and pain he was careful of her reputation.

"No," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "There must have been some mistake—and by reading these letters I may find it out."

Ellen went away, leaving him with the letters in his hands.

He read them carefully, but they did not contain the least clue to the mystery. The only source of comfort was, that in them he recognized a great love of home. The directions given to the servants were minute, and he noted that they often had reference to himself—everything that he prized must be attended to; and the letters of the latest dates all referred to her coming home, and to what was to be prepared. Evidently, in her mind, there was not the least intention of staying away. Nevertheless there was no mention of where she was staying or what she was doing. An intense love of home was revealed on every page, but the only allusion to herself was:

"Send any letters that may arrive, as usual, to the General Post-office, London, and be careful to post the enclosed."

Lord Rylestone sat puzzled, bewildered, almost inclined to think that he must be in some dreadful dream. He called Ellen in, and made her repeat every word that had been said over and over again.

He was as hopelessly in the dark as ever. Whither or why his wife had gone away was incomprehensible to him; he could not even ever so faintly account for it. He did not know what to do. He opened his pocket-book and took out the letters that she had written to him. Not one of them contained the name of a third person; they were filled with loving words to himself, and with earnest prayers for his return, but not one word hinted at her leaving home—yet few of them had been written at home.

She had deceived him! He could not deny that; he avowed it to himself with deepest pain. She had purposely and wilfully misled him; she had written those letters purporting to be sent from home, and she had not told him that she intended being absent.

What was he to think? Why had she gone? He thanked Heaven afterward that no doubt as to her fidelity had ever occurred to him. Her absence was a terrible mystery, but it would some time or other be solved. Perhaps she had not felt quite sure about the date of his return; it might be that she would be there on the morrow.

"Margarita," he said to himself, softly—he wanted to hear the sound of her name—"Margarita, where are you?"

The wind sighed and the bare branches rustled. There came no other answer. The chill of the November mist seemed to enter his soul. He sat all night in the drawing-room, saying to himself that she would come on the morrow—that she would surely come.

But that morrow, and many others, came and went without bringing any news of her—without bringing either word or letter. Nor, try as he would for information, could he

Digitized by Google

obtain more than this, that shortly after he left home his wife was absent two days. She then returned, it appeared, and made preparations for a longer absence, carefully concealing from every one whither she was going, and not even trusting her servants with her address. He could discover no more than that. He knew that she had no relatives, no friends, and he could not imagine where she was. She seemed to be well; her letters were firmly and plainly written. He waited day after day until he grew sick at heart; but no news came of her.

"I shall go mad," he thought, "if this lasts much longer." He had grown thin and pale, and had dark shadows round his eyes from long and weary watching.

He went to London, and he found, from inquiries that he made, that his last letter was lying unclaimed. He grew seriously alarmed; if Margarita were living and well, nothing would have prevented her from sending for that letter. A thrill of keenest anguish shot through his heart. What could have happened to her? It must be some serious accident or death.

People who met Lord Rylestone during those two days in London, hardly recognized him; the handsome face had changed as a blight changes a flower. He went twice to Mr. Beale's office, but that worthy lawyer was absent. He was at a loss what to do—what steps to take in order to learn something of his lost wife. He had sent advertisements to all the leading daily journals; they did not bring him a reply. While he was debating within himself what to do, a letter was forwarded to him from his club, and it proved to be from Miss Cameron. She asked him to go over to Walton, if only for a day, as there was something wrong about John Leech's lease.

That letter seemed to rouse him as from a dream. He had forgotten Walton Court, Adelaide, and all else in his absorbing distress about his wife. He decided to go; and he said to himself that, if he could find an opportunity, he would tell his story to Adelaide, and ask her advice.

He went. It was almost the last day of November when he reached the Court, whither he had hoped to take Margarita as his wife. Miss Cameron had not engaged another companion. Mr. Beale had spoken to her about it once, and her answer was that she should wait until Miss Avenel returned; after that Mr. Beale said no more.

It was now some weeks since Margarita had departed from Layston Park, and Miss Cameron had heard nothing of her. Her clothes had been packed and were ready, but no one either came or sent. Every hour of the day Adelaide thought of her, and hoped for some intelligence of her.

"She is angry and indignant, but, when her anger cools, and she remembers that I have had nothing to do with the matter, she will come back to me," said Miss Cameron.

Days and weeks went by, but they did not bring her or any news of her; and then, hearing that Lord Rylestone had returned, Adelaide thought less constantly of her. She could not think of much else—Lord Rylestone was back, and she should soon see him.

But he did not write. He gave no sign of any intention to visit Walton; and, if John Leech had not threatened a law-suit about his lease, the chances were that he would not have gone, and the mystery of his wife's absence would never have been solved. As it was, when he reached the Court, Adelaide, in the flush of her beauty and strength, looked at him half horrified.

This haggard, care-worn, thin, pale, despairing man—this could not be the Lord Rylestone from whom she parted on a sweet June night over two years back; those worn, hollow eyes were not surely the same eyes which looked so kindly on her then. There was pity, almost awe, in the glance she gave him. Her warm, soft fingers tightened round his cold, nerveless hand.

"Lord Rylestone," she asked, "are you ill, or have you worked yourself to death in Canada?"

He smiled as he answered her, and she turned away with a cry.

"That is the ghost of your old smile," she said. "What have you done with yourself?"

"I am very unhappy," he replied; "and I am in desperate trouble."

She looked at him. He did not see the soul of love shining in her eyes.

"You are unhappy?" she said, gently. "Tell me why, that I may help you."

"You can help me; but it is a long story, and I want to recover myself before I tell it to you. I want to forget and to remember—to grow strong. Pardon me, I am not quite myself, Adelaide."

He sank into the nearest chair and hid his face in his hands. She knelt down by his side, and tried to take one of his hands in her own. Sorrow had brought them nearer together than they had ever been before.

"I wish you would let me do something to help you," she said, in a low, gentle voice. "I would do anything—I would indeed—and I am quite sure that I could help you."

It was well for him that he did not see the intensity of expression, the tenderness, the devotion on the girl's face.

"I would do anything to help you," she continued, in her low, soft voice, tender as the cooing of a ring-dove; "do forgive me, but we have been friends now for a long time, so I may speak freely to you. Is your trouble money?"

He felt grateful to her for her kindness—it touched his heart—and he thought to himself that by-and-by he would tell her his story; but she could not relieve his deep, boundless sorrow. Do what she would, nothing could remove that.

"It is not money," he replied, slowly; "I do not think money will ever trouble me. I am unhappy, and I will tell you why—but not to-day; I feel now as though I could not speak of my sorrow. To-morrow I shall feel better, and then I will tell you."

"You will let me help you if I can?" she interrogated.

He assented, and told her he should be grateful for any help she could give. And then she rose from her knees in confused haste—some one was tapping at the door.

Chapter XLVII.



LORD RYLESTONE and Miss Cameron dined together alone, and after dinner the latter gave orders that the picture-gallery should be lighted, in order that Lord Rylestone might see the alteration she had made in the hanging of some pictures.

They walked to the gallery together. Outside lay the damp chill of the November night; the sky was dark and stormy, the wind wailing through the trees. Inside, the picture-gallery was one glow of warmth and beauty. The long gallery, with its carpet of deep crimson, white statues, rich tapestry, choice pictures, was brightly lighted; warmth and brightness seemed to pervade the whole place.

"I have placed the Murillo here," said Adelaide, standing by his side, "because I thought the glowing colors would contrast so well with the transparent tints of the Greuze."

"You did well," he allowed—but she saw that his thoughts were not with her, or the picture either.

Presently they sat down on one of the crimson velvet

Digitized by Google

seats, and he looked round with a dreary sigh. Just then his eyes fell upon an old Spanish painting, the picture of a dark-eyed woman dreaming over a crimson rose; and something in the artistic *pose* of the figure, in the statuesque beauty, in the exquisite coloring, reminded him of Margarita —Margarita as he had seen her so often bending over flowers.

"I do not think he would have consented," she said. "Mr. Beale and I are not good friends."

He looked up with a faint show of interest—just enough to give her confidence to continue.

"We are not upon speaking terms even. I do not think that I can ever forgive him for what he has done."

It mattered little what Miss Cameron was saying, Lord



THE LITTLE TRUANTS.

"Did you call to see Mr. Beale when you were in London?" asked Adelaide, suddenly.

"Yes, but I did not find him at home," replied Lord Rylestone. "I did not think of it, or I might have asked him to come down here to see me."

Adelaide smiled.

Rylestone's thoughts ran always in the same groove. Where was Margarita, and why had she left him? That thought was always paramount in his mind; even now, as he listened to Adelaide, it was there.

"What has Mr. Beale done to offend you?" he asked, gravely.

Digitized by Google

"He took a great liberty, Lord Rylestone, and I shall never like him again."

He did not feel sufficiently interested to ask her what it was, but Adelaide was determined to draw him away from his melancholy thoughts.

"You remember, perhaps, my telling you that Madame de Valmy had left me, and had gone to Paris? I had a companion after that, not finding it pleasant to live alone."

He made no comment, and Adelaide continued, growing warmly earnest:

"I do not wish you to think that I am exaggerating, Lord Rylestone, but my companion and friend was one of the most beautiful women I have ever beheld—something after the style of the Spanish picture there. Her name was Miss Avenel."

He was scarcely interested.

"I loved her very much," continued Adelaide. "She was one of those exceptional women whom the world does not always understand. She was not like any one else whom I have ever known. She was given to dreaming, and had the most poetical ideas. I always fancied that there was some pathetic story connected with her life; if so, she never told it to me."

Still he evinced no interest. His eyes were riveted on the Spanish picture. The light flashed in the rubies on the white neck, and the flush deepened on Miss Cameron's fair face. She would persevere, no matter how indifferent he seemed.

"Mrs. Grame, the housekeeper, said that this lady, who afterwards came to be my companion, came here to Walton Court once to see the place."

"There would be nothing strange in that," observed Lord Rylestone; "so many visitors used to come."

"No, there would be nothing unusual in it, but she never mentioned having been here—it seems strange that she should have kept it a secret."

His eyes had gone back to the Spanish picture, his thoughts to Margarita. Adelaide resolved to make him look at her and speak to her again.

"I cannot tell you," she continued, "how happy I was with her. She had such great artistic taste, and we were always busy over some scheme or other. As the weeks passed on I noticed a change in her. She grew sad and silent, like one who had some great trouble hidden from human eyes. That made me kinder to her—it made me love her more. Mr. Beale came down from London the second or third week in September, and he brought with him some papers belonging to you, some documents of mine, and a copy of the will."

Her voice faltered over the last few words, her face flushed, the light trembled in her jewels; but he might have been a statue for all the effect those words produced on him.

"It is really a strange story, Lord Rylestone," she said; "do listen."

He looked away from the Spanish picture that had Margarita's dark tender grace; his eyes wandered listlessly around, but they did not fix themselves on the golden-haired girl by his side.

"I am listening, Miss Cameron," he said, gently.

"One evening this lady, my companion, seemed to linger near me—it was the last evening of Mr. Beale's visit. We talked a great deal, and she went to my room with me. She said that she wanted to remain with me, and she talked about my hair—of the beauty of it;" and Adelaide smiled faintly.

He offered no comment.

"She did not stay with me," Miss Cameron went on: "and it appeared afterwards that all the nonsense she had talked was but a pretext for remaining with me, until she could find an opportunity of taking my keys. The morning after I did not go downstairs until late, and then it seemed to me that there was strange confusion in the house. The library was locked, and I was told that Mr. Beale had the key. I asked for him—he was gone out. I inquired for Mrs. Grame—she was out. And then I asked for my companion, and the servants looked strangely at each other. I insisted upon knowing what it all meant, and then they told me the strange story."

He showed more interest now, for he was looking at her.

"Mrs. Grame suspected that the unhappy young lady wanted my keys, and she mistrusted her. On that night she watched her. She saw the girl steal down from her own room in the silence of night—she watched her go to the library, procure a light, and with my own key, which she had taken from my room, open the safe."

"Then she was a thief," put in Lord Rylestone.

"I will never believe it. Listen, Lord Rylestone. Mrs. Grame watched her take jewel-cases and money out of the safe; and then she went quietly up to Mr. Beale's room, and brought him down. Mrs. Grame tells me that when she returned the jewels and the money were lying all round her, but that she herself was crouching with her face on the floor. Behavior like that seems to me more like the behavior of a woman who has received a mortal blow than of a thief. Of course Mr. Beale and Mrs. Grame accused her of stealing; she denied it—she offered to swear that she was innocent. They would not believe her; and Mr. Beale sent for a policeman and gave her in charge. He went himself to Mr. Layston's, but Mr. Layston discharged her; she left his house, and has never been seen since."

"But, my dear Miss Cameron," he said, "of course if she was caught with the safe open, with money and jewels around her, she must have intended theft, however unwilling we may be to think so."

"I do not believe it. You do not know her. If you had seen her face only once, you would know how impossible it was. Her face was noble and sweet and true. I am afraid you will think me romantic, Lord Rylestone, but I cannot help imagining it was rather the papers in the safe that she wanted to see than that she was there to steal."

"How could your papers interest a stranger?" he asked.

"That is the puzzle. But, if she had wished to rob me, she could have done it weeks before. 'I have a strong recollection,' Mrs. Grame said, 'that, when she came here first under the pretext of seeing the Court, she asked some strange questions about the late lord's will.'"

There was no need to request his attention now. His eyes were riveted upon her face; he hung breathlessly upon her words, and a curious whiteness came over his lips.

"The will!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; and I cannot divest myself of the idea that it was the will she wanted to see. I would stake my honor that she was no thief. They found neither jewels nor money in her possession. I feel sure the will was the object of her search."

She saw the handsome face grow suddenly flushed. He stood up, he looked round him eagerly; he drew his breath with a deep, gasping sigh, and then he caught her hand in his.

"I am losing my senses," he said. "Miss Cameron, I believe, before Heaven, the lady of whom you are speaking is my wife!"

Miss Cameron had risen when Lord Rylestone clasped her hand, and they stood for some minutes looking at each other in silence.

"Your what?" asked Adelaide, at last.

"My wife," he repeated; and she shrank back as though he had stabbed her to the heart.

She could not hide her secret then—she did not think of

Digitized by Google

hiding it; she forgot the need for concealment in the bitterness of her pain.

"Your wife!" she echoed—and the words fell from her lips like a knell. She retired farther and farther, the color died from her face, her lips grew lividly white, and sprang apart as though she were gasping for breath. It was impossible to hide her secret, and he read it now in the intensity of her sudden pain.

He was as generous as he was noble, and he knew how grieved she would be afterwards if she remembered that he came to her rescue.

"No wonder that I have frightened you," he said. "I am so thoughtless, so abrupt. Of course you do not know the story of my marriage. Do forgive me. I should have remembered that so sudden an announcement would startle you. Sit down, and let me tell you the history."

With gentle force he placed her on the chair, and stood by her side. He would not look at the white, anguish-stricken face; he knew that she would recover soon—and then—— But, quietly as he stood for the next few moments, he was stunned by the discovery that Adelaide Cameron loved him.

She recovered slowly, a faint color returned to her lips, the maidenly pride and purity of her character came to her aid.

"You did startle me," she said; "you frightened me—for a few minutes."

But the voice in which she spoke was not hers; it was too full of pain even to be human in its sound; it was like the wail of a lost hope.

"Now tell me."

"What was the lady's name who lived with you?"

"Margarita Avenel," she replied.

"And she was tall, with a figure something like that figure there, with a Southern face, all fire and passion and sweetness; she had eyes like heart's-ease shining through dew, and a mouth like a cloven rose?"

"You have described her," was the grave admission.

"She is my wife, my darling, idolized wife—my Margarita, whom I have loved and lost! Help me to find her, Miss Cameron, and I shall owe you more than my life."

"Your wife!" repeated the sad, sweet voice—"Margarita Avenel your wife? What, then, brought her here?"

In his eagerness to speak, to tell her all, he knelt at her feet; and the white face shone down upon him as he did so.

"Your wife," she repeated, softly—"Margarita Avenel Lord Rylestone's wife! Why, we spoke of you, we talked about you! She wrote to you—it was she who wrote that lost letter."

"If she wrote it, then she destroyed it. She must have regained possession of it—she would not send it to me."

Quick as thought the remembrance of the scene passed through Adelaide's mind; she remembered how the other letter was written, and that Margarita had hastened after the man to give it to him. She saw it all now, and wondered that she had not suspected it before.

"Tell me the story of your marriage," she said, quietly, "and then I can judge better."

She had quite recovered now—her face was still white, and her lips trembled, but she had regained her self-control.

Kneeling by her side, and looking up into her face as though life or death were to come from her lips, he told the story of his passionate love for the lovely young governess, and of her generous resistance.

"She would never have married me," he said, "but that I forced her to do so. She pleaded always that such a marriage would be greatly against my interests—that she was poor and unknown—poor, with the beauty and grace of a queen for her dower! I made her marry me, and for her sake I loved the fortune that was to be mine. It was because I loved her so dearly that I felt disappointed about the will—I could not lavish gems and jewels upon her. I went to her at once when I knew the truth, and told her. She was more unwilling than ever to marry me. She said I ought to study myself—I must not burden myself with a penniless wife. My generous darling! She argued against herself, but I prevailed. I could not bear the thought of seeing her seek another situation, and I persuaded her to marry me secretly, simply because I had not just then the means of placing my wife in the position that belonged to her. We were married, and we lived very happily for some time in a little villa at Marpeth. I dare not think of the time. Then an offer was made to me to go abroad. She was unwilling to agree to this at first, but afterward she said no wish of hers should stand between me and fortune. I went, and I corresponded with her constantly. She answered my letters, but no word was ever said of her leaving home. I returned expecting to find her. She was not there; and from the servant I received the intelligence that she had left home soon after I did, and had never come back."

Even if a shadow of doubt had remained on either mind, it would have been dispelled now. When Adelaide told how she had first seen Margarita at Lady Davenant's, he cried out:

"My darling, my darling, I have traced you at last!"

"But," said Adelaide, "I cannot understand why Lady Rylestone should do this—why she should steal disguised into the house where she ought to have been, and should have been if I had known, received and welcomed as mistress."

"The only solution of the mystery," returned Lord Rylestone, "that comes to me is this—I never told my wife the secret of the will, and she was always more or less curious about it. I dared not tell her, she was so morbidly frightened at the idea that my love for her had injured me—that she had stood between me and my fortune—that she was a drawback and a burden to me."

"Did she suspect the truth?" asked Adelaide.

"She must have done so. Whenever she asked me any questions about the matter, I evaded them. I never told her why the money was not left to me, although she asked me a hundred times. I never told her the secret condition of the will—I carefully and studiously kept all such knowledge from her. I felt sure that it would destroy all hope, all chance of happiness for her, if ever she knew it, even if it did not kill her."

"She must have suspected something," said Adelaide.

"I am afraid so; she must have resolved to find out for herself the secret that I had kept from her. It could not have been anything else. We spoke of you sometimes—not often—for she, my darling, loved me so well she was hardly just to you; she was not disposed to like you, but we talked of you sometimes, and I remember that I told her to read your letters."

"Did you? Then that explains the mystery, for in them I referred, I am sure, to the secret of the will."

He looked, as he felt, grieved at the oversight.

"I had forgotten that," he said, "when I gave them to her. They were filled with such interesting details about Walton that I thought they would please her, and that she would learn to love the place better and to know it well by reading them."

Adelaide Cameron gave no sign of the pain that his words caused her. She had hoped once that he liked those letters because she wrote them.

"It must have been so," he said. "She came, no doubt, across that expression in your letters—'the secret of the will'—and resolved to find out what it meant."

And then they looked at each other—the man to whom honor was the breath of life, and the girl who preferred it to life—and that glance was Margarita's condemnation.

Digitized by Google

"I am sorry," he murmured. "My poor darling! She must have been beside herself when she planned this."

"I am sorry, too," said the clear, low voice. "I am sorry that she acted so foolishly."

"It was not worthy of her," declared Lord Rylestone, "to plan and to scheme, to manœuvre, to plot, to deceive—it was unworthy of her, and unlike her. I can only imagine that her great love for me misled her and overcome all scruples."

And then Adelaide repeated to him the conversation that she and Margarita had held about the end justifying the means. He listened intently.

"Adelaide," he said, calling her for the first time by her Christian name, "will you try to love my wife?"

All the nobility and generosity of her nature came to the surface then. With a grave, tender smile, she raised her fair face to his.

"I will love her as though she were my own sister," she replied; and he clasped her hands in his own, as a seal upon the words.

Chapter XLVIII.



O half-measures contented Lord Rylestone. He sent a telegram at once, summoning Mr. Beale; and when that astonished gentleman arrived his lordship told him the truth.

"You cannot blame me," said the lawyer. "I acted in Miss Cameron's interests, and I acted, as I honestly believed, for the best."

"You have driven her to her death, I am afraid," declared Lord Rylestone; and then he sent for the housekeeper.

"The innocent lady you arrested—the innocent woman whom you hunted down and drove out into the world—was my wife," he said; "the mistress of this house and all it contains."

"Then, my lord," rejoined the dauntless old lady, "the blame is yours for not letting the world know that she was your wife." And Lord Rylestone was candid enough to own the truth of this.

Mr. Beale listened to all the explanations.

"It is a strange thing, Lord Rylestone," he said, "but Mr. Layston had some faint idea of this. I am very sorry; I will do what I can to atone. It was natural enough that your wife should wish to see the will; but it was unfortunate for her own peace of mind that she should discover anything about it."

Lord Rylestone insisted that the whole household should be informed of the truth.

"Not the faintest shadow shall rest upon her fair name," he said. "Let all the world know that she is my wife—that I kept from her a certain testamentary secret, and that she came here to find it out; let them know that it was to read a will that she opened the safe, but that she would not justify herself lest I should be blamed."

So complete justification of Margarita ensued, and, from being looked upon as a criminal, she became a heroine. They could remember her beauty then, and the grandeur of her graceful manner; they could say then that she was a lady—that they had always been sure of it. They could remember a thousand graceful, gracious qualities now that it was all too late.

Where was she? No one could answer.

From the moment she walked out of Mr. Layston's house, cold, impassive, a woman turned to stone, no one had seen Lady Rylestone, no one had heard of her. Miss Cameron had made inquiries—they had been useless; and the first thing now to be done was to find Lady Rylestone. It was more easy to say than to do, but her husband never rested.

As the days passed on he began to despair.

"I fear the worst," he said one day to Mr. Beale. "If she had been living and well, she would never have omitted to send to the Post-office for my last letter. My heart is sick with fear."

There were some grounds for it. More than six weeks had elapsed since the fatal morning when Lady Rylestone had passed out of their sight. Inquiries were made in every possible manner at the railway stations, the towns and villages near, but no information was gained. Lord Rylestone had offered large rewards for intelligence, but none came. He had not remained at Walton Court—he was staying with Mr. Beale at the "Rylestone Arms"; but, go where they would, stay where they would, no news came of his wife.

One cold, dull, bleak day the head waiter at the hotel asked to speak with Lord Rylestone. He came into the room where his lordship and Mr. Beale were seated.

"You are looking for a lady, my lord, who left Walton Court at the latter end of September?"

"Yes," replied Lord Rylestone, his face flushing hotly; "and I will make you a rich man if you can tell me anything about her."

"I have a sister, a widow, who lives at a little farm called Nettlebank, fifteen miles from here—it is a lonely farmhouse standing in Nettlebank Lane."

"Well," said Lord Rylestone, "speak quickly."

"The last week in September, my lord, my sister's two little children were out at play, and, running through Nettlebank Lane, they found a lady lying on the ground at the foot of a tree. She was lying with her face to the earth, and they thought at first that she was dead. They fetched my sister, and my sister, when she came, raised her from the ground and gave her water to drink. When she recovered, my sister, Mary Meadows, took her to her house. The lady, my lord, seemed very ill. She said to my sister:

"'I am in great trouble, and you will oblige me very much if you would let me stay here quietly for some few weeks.'

"My sister was quite willing. The lady took out her purse and paid handsomely; and then she asked my sister to give her a room where, night and day, she would be quite alone—where no one should see her or hear her, or be allowed to approach her.

"'I shall get better,' she said, 'if I am left quite alone.'

"My sister thought it very strange, but she acted as requested, and for three whole weeks, by night and by day, the lady sat alone; she never read, worked, or walked out, but she sat always by the same window looking out at the bare, leafless trees. One night, just as my sister was going to bed, the lady cried out loudly, and when they went into the room she stood in the middle of the floor, her face burning red, her eyes all aflame.

"'Quick, quick,' she cried; 'it is November now, the leaves have fallen from the trees! Quick! I must go, for it is November, and he is come!'

"And then, my lord, she fell with her poor face on the ground. They picked her up, and sent to Chelverton for a doctor; he said it was brain-fever, and—I am sorry, my lord, but they do say she is dying now."

"You shall have the reward!" cried Lord Rylestone, rising hastily. "Now see that I have a carriage and a pair of good horses. Mr. Beale, I am going to this Nettlebank Farm, and I must take Miss Cameron with me."

"Heaven grant that you may find your wife, and find her alive!" said the lawyer, rather ashamed of the moisture that dimmed his eyes; and shortly afterward, without further

Digitized by Google

word or comment, Lord Rylestone drove away, ordering the coachman to drive as he had never driven before, and reached Walton Court with the horses covered with foam.

"I have found her!" he said to Adelaide. "Do not wait for explanations; come with me."

Quietly and composedly she obeyed him, hardly waiting for a bonnet and shawl; and, as they drove rapidly along, he told her the head-waiter's story.

"It is just what I should have fancied," she said. "I can imagine that she walked on and on until she fell. Poor Margarita, it was a mercy that she fell there!"

They reached Nettlebank at last. It was a small house, and Mary Meadows herself answered the door.

Lord Rylestone lost his self-control.

"Is she living?" he cried. "For Heaven's sake, speak quickly!"

"Living, and that is all," was the brief reply; and then they entered the house.

The doctor had just gone, and he had given no hope. He said the patient might last two or three days, but no longer.

"You can go in, sir," said Mrs. Meadows; "she will not know you; she will never know any one in this world again."

He went in. There was no mistake; one look at the white, wan face on the pillow, and, with a cry that those who heard will never forget, he knelt down by the bedside.

It was a small room, neat and clean, with pretty curtains at the windows. The bed, with its white hangings, stood in a small recess; and there, like a lovely, broken lily, lay Lady Rylestone.

Adelaide went up to her, and, bending down, kissed the white, unconscious face. The dark eyelashes never stirred; the pale lips did not move.

"Margarita!" cried Adelaide. "Margarita!"

But no sound reached Lady Rylestone's ears.

"She must not die!" cried Lord Rylestone. "She cannot die! She is my own! Heaven would not surely take her from me! Margarita—my own!" He looked up at Adelaide. "She told me once that she loved me so dearly that she believed, if she lay buried, and I called her name above her grave, she should hear me."

Adelaide's thoughts flew back to the ballad of "Evelyn Hope."

"You will wake, and remember, and understand.

"She will not die, Adelaide. It seems to me that my great love must keep her alive."

He clasped his arms round her; he kissed the white eyelids, the white lips. He called her by every endearing name, by every loving word; he kissed her with passionate kisses, burning tears falling from his eyes. She must not leave him for his great love's sake—she must come back; and the white face never moved, never changed at the passionate cries.

"You are not in the unknown land yet, my darling," he said. "Come back to me, Margarita—come back, or take me with you!"

The dead calm was broken—the passionate cries pierced the dulled brain. There was a quiver of the white eyelids, a tremble of the pale lips.

"Margarita!" he cried again, hardly daring to believe his senses; and then the dark eyes opened slowly, and in them Lord Rylestone saw the dawn of recognition.

"She will live!" he said. "Adelaide, seek for help!"

In less than four hours Nettlebank farm was transformed. Servants, nurses, physicians, and everything that science could suggest or money could pay for were there. One of the first physicians in London had been sent for, and, after a long and careful watch by Lady Rylestone's side, he said that there was just the faintest shadow of hope—that it was just possible she might live. Her life hung upon a thread; extreme quiet, extreme care might save her.

He went away, and Adelaide came to the rescue. No hired hands should touch Lord Rylestone's darling—no mercenary care should be hers.

"I have promised to love her as though she were my own sister," she said, "and I will keep my word."

She sent away the useless crowd. She showed all that woman's noblest nature was capable of. She worked with courage, patience, and determination, doing her best to preserve the life he valued—to save Margarita for him.

"If I could change places with her, and die for her, so as to give her back to you, I would do it," she said one day to Lord Rylestone, and she was quite unconscious what deep love for himself those words betrayed.

Chapter XLIX.

The noonday sun was shining over Nice, the warm sweet air was laden with the breath of flowers, birds were singing melodiously in the trees, the lemon-trees and sweet syringas were in full bloom, there was a sound of music, sweet, sad, and soft.

A beautiful villa stands on the outskirts of Nice, and on the flower-wreathed balcony there was one of the prettiest and saddest groups that was ever seen. A pretty chair, made expressly for an invalid, was there, and on it sat, or half reclined, Lady Rylestone. It was not the shadow of the vine that gave the strange expression to her beautiful face—something darker was brooding over her, and by her side, watching each breath, listening to each word, sat Lord Rylestone. She was looking with pitiful, wistful eyes at him—he might think she was recovering, he might delude himself with hopes as fair as they were false, but she knew.

The story she had told him in the farmhouse was so pathetic, so sad—she longed to know the secret of the will, not for her own curiosity's sake, but from the fond false hope that she might be able to help him.

"I loved you so well, Allan," she said, when this sad confession was made; "and I thought that no one else in all the wide world could be so acute where your interests were concerned as myself. I quite believed, when I read Miss Cameron's letter, that I should find out something that had not been found by others—that I should see some way of restoring to you your lost fortune which had not occurred to them or to you. It was not vanity which made me think so, but love—love sees so far, and so plainly. My disappointment was almost greater than I could bear, Allan, when I read the will, and knew for certain what your love for me had cost you. I could not bear the weight of the burden. It was as nothing to me that they caught me, as they believed, stealing; it was as nothing that rude hands touched me, and angry voices cried out about my wickedness. I remembered only that I had ruined you. But for me you would have married Adelaide, you would have kept your fortune. I hated myself because I had won your love. I never cared to live one moment after I had read the will; it destroyed the life in me. I wished that I had been living in a land where suspicion of theft was punished with death. I would have died to free you from myself. Allan, I believe that I was mad; yet how could I forget your tenderness, your love? You had chosen me, and I should have been content. I longed to die, but I would not kill myself—I was not coward enough for that. I remember leaving Layston Park, and deciding that I would walk on until I dropped down—I was quite indifferent where or how—then I must die, and I should not have killed myself. I found myself here in this little farm, and I thought I would hide myself here until I died. You rescued me, Allan."

Digitized by Google

"Why, my darling," he exclaimed, "how could you think that money would outweigh my love for you?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, dreamily. "Allan, the will was my death-warrant; it was very cruel, dear."

"And very stupid," added Allan.

They had talked for some time after that, until at last Allan understood how it had all happened.

And then, when Lady Rylestone was able to be removed from the farm, she had been taken to Walton Court. She shuddered as she was carried past the library door, and turned to her husband.

"That is the room where the brightest and best part of me died," she whispered; and he, though he tried to cheer her, knew it was true.

After that, for long months, Lady Rylestone had lain between two worlds. Clever physicians came to her, and after long consultations it was decided that if she could be taken to Nice there was just a chance for her life. So, when the Spring came round, Lord Rylestone took Margarita to Nice. Previously to leaving England, he asked Adelaide to remain at Walton Court.

"Through all these scenes of trouble you have grown to be like a dear sister," he said, "and I want you just for a little longer to take care of my house." So Adelaide remained at Walton, and Lord Rylestone took Margarita to Nice.

For some short time there was a marked improvement in her health. The bloom returned to her face, the light came back to her dark eyes, the mouth grew once more like a rosebud, and Lord Rylestone was as happy as a child.

"You will live, Margarita," he said one day. "We shall be happier, darling, than if we had never suffered."

He never forgot the sad smile that came over her face.

"Whether I live or die," she said, "I do not care now. I have been happy. I have lived and loved, Allan; now let me die."

"You will be happy for many long years," he said; but she shook her head mournfully.

"I am always tired now," she replied, "and I have been so happy that I am willing to die."

If tenderest and most passionate love—if most untiring devotion—if most watchful care could have saved her, she would have lived; but she had told the truth when she said that she had had her death-blow.

Day by day the beautiful face grew more shadowy; day by day the health and strength seemed to fade from her. The graceful figure grew thin, the white hands whiter.

One morning, carried from her room to the balcony in those faithful, tender arms that never tired, while she lay watching the sun, the birds, and the flowers, she turned suddenly to her husband.

"Allan," she asked, "will you send for Adelaide? I should like to see her again before I go to the unknown land."

"I will send for her, darling," he replied. He knew no greater happiness than to gratify her every wish.

She lay silent for some minutes. Suddenly she stole one white arm round his neck, and drew his face down to hers.

"Allan," she said, quietly, "do you know that Adelaide loves you?"

His face flushed. He remembered the scene in the picture-gallery, and he was at a loss what to say.

"I found it out," continued Margarita, "quite by accident. She had told me that she loved a shadow, and that, for this love's sake, she was willing to give up the whole world. I found out that you were the shadow."

"I need hardly tell you, Margarita, that not one word of love has ever passed between Miss Cameron and myself."

"No, I am sure of it—she told me so; but none the less she loves you."

He knew then that she was so near death as to have lost all a woman's jealousy, and his heart sank within him.

"I have never given one thought to any woman but yourself," he said, "and you know it, Margarita."

"Yes, I know it, dear; you have been like Douglas, 'tender and true.' You will send for Adelaide? I love her very much—all the more, I think, that she loves you. The time is coming when I shall 'wake and remember and understand.' Those words haunt me, Allan—they are from a ballad that Adelaide loves. Ah, when I am dead, dear, shall you come and 'watch by my side for an hour'? Oh, Allan, love, I am living now, and your warm hands clasp me, your warm lips touch me! You will spare me a little thought, a little love when I am gone?"

For the first time since her terrible illness had begun, she burst into passionate tears—for the first time she realized that death meant leaving him.

"Allan," she cried, in her paroxysm of sorrow, "I shall be all alone, love—all alone! I am frightened at the shadow and the great deep calm."

He took her in his arms as he would have taken a child. He kissed the white eyelids and the quivering lips, he tried his best to soothe her; but she would not be comforted.

"I know I have to die," she said, mournfully; "that will, with its secret, was my death-warrant. Allan, in the years to come you will love some one else—it is the common order of things. When you have forgotten me just a little, and all the needs and wants of life are pressing on you, some one else will fill my vacant place. Ah, my darling, do not love her the best! Let me be buried near you, where sometimes, when the moon is shining and the dew lies on the grass, you can come to see my grave. 'Poor Margarita!' you must say, 'she loved me so well that her love killed her.' And when another fairer head lies on your breast as mine lies now, when fairer lips than mine, dear, caress and bless you, say, 'Margarita loved me just as well.' Oh, Allan, how hard it is to give you up!"

What could he say to her?"

"When you think of me, it must not be as of the unhappy woman who sinned for your sake—who sinned because she thought the sin would save you; it must not be as of the jealous dying woman whose feeble arms tightened their hold of you, but of the girl who used to steal out and meet you, dear, in the dewy mornings, the girl who loved you as no one else ever will or can."

From that hour she seemed to grow weaker, but there was always a smile on her face; and at length the day came when her last wish was gratified, and Adelaide Cameron stood once more by her side.

Chapter L., and Last.

Lady Rylestone died one bright, sunshiny morning, calmly and sweetly as a child falls to sleep. They had placed her, as she wished, on her favorite couch by the window; and for some time she lay watching the blue sky. Then she called Allan, and he listened to her. She did not seem to recognize him. He heard her repeat:

"Sweet is all the land about, and sweet the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to all that long to go."

"Margarita," he said, quietly, "you called me, love, and I am here."

She looked at him like one awakened from a deep sleep.

"I have heard the angels call, Allan. It is time for me to go."

He fancied that she was wandering, she looked on that fair morning so unlike death. She was thin, wan, and white, but her face was exquisite still.

"Take me in your arms, dear," she said, "and hold me fast."

Digitized by Google

He clasped his arms round her, and Adelaide, kneeling, said the prayers that Margarita had lisped at her mother's knee. Something of calmness came to her then; and, taking in her wasted hands the white hand of Adelaide Cameron and the strong, kindly hand of Lord Rylestone, she held them together.

"After I am gone," she said, gently, "Allan, you will not forget—I shall wait for you, love—I shall wait beyond the grave, dear. You will be mine, all mine, for you loved me first and best."

And then, holding both the hands she had clasped, she died as a child falls asleep, and when he knelt by her deathbed Allan Rylestone knew how he had loved her.

She retained her marvelous beauty even in death. As was the custom of the country, those who prepared her for her last long rest crowned her with flowers and placed flowers in her white cold hands.

They took her home to England and laid her to rest in the pretty churchyard of Lutdale, in a green grave on which the flowers blow, the rain falls, the sun shines, the dew lies like tears, and the leaves drop in Winter.

* * * * * * *

The funeral was over, and once more Lord Rylestone and Adelaide Cameron were alone together—no longer strangers, but dear friends. He knew her goodness now and appreciated it. She was standing alone by the great western window in the library when he entered the room; he went up to her at once.

"Adelaide," he said, abruptly, "I shall leave England tomorrow, never to return."

Her sweet face grew a shade paler.

"I am not surprised," she returned, gently, "not in the least."

"I knew you would not be; you are so kind, so good. I must go; my heart lies buried in Margarita's grave. I cannot stay here."

He spoke with a sorrowful, passionate bitterness that grieved her. She tried to comfort him; she laid one hand on his.

"It is only natural," she said, quietly. "Change of scene and travel will be best for you."

"I am ashamed of myself," he continued, "but I cannot help it, Adelaide; my love is stronger than I. I cannot forget her. I see the beautiful face, the dark eyes, the sweet lips; I hear the voice sweeter than earth's sweetest music. What shall I do? My sorrow never sleeps."

"Time will heal it," answered Adelaide; "nothing else can."

"Adelaide," said Lord Rylestone, "you have been like some dear sister to me. I shall never forget your goodness. Be kind to me still. I shall never return now to live at Walton. Will you remain here and take care of it for me?"

"I will," she replied—and the simple words meant more from her than strongest protestations.

"I am ashamed to ask you to take my place—to ask you to fulfil my duties; but I cannot remain, for my heart is in Margarita's grave."

"I will take your place," she said, gently; "but I have faith in you, Lord Rylestone. You will not let sorrow master you. You must suffer for a time, but you will rise again braver, nobler, better for the fight; and until that time comes I will take your place."

So they bade each other farewell, and soon afterwards he left England, and Adelaide lived on at Walton Court with the dream of her life unfulfilled.

Her name soon became famous. Nearly the whole of her large fortune was spent in works of charity. She built churches, alms-houses, and schools; she relieved the sick and the poor; she never turned from a prayer, she never refused assistance to the needy. For miles around her name was followed by blessings and tears and prayers.

Her sweet and noble womanhood seemed to have grown complete; as the years passed, the beautiful face grew more lovely; time added to its charm. There was perhaps a deeper sheen on the golden hair, a deeper light in the eyes, and a firmer expression round the lips; but Adelaide Cameron was nearly at the prime of her superb womanhood then.

She had had lovers in plenty. Some of the proudest in the land had laid title and fortune at her feet; she heeded them not.

"My shadow-love," she said to herself, with a mournful smile, "is dearer to me than any other can be, and I shall die as I have lived—true to it."

She heard at rare intervals from Lord Rylestone, but she had ceased to hope or to think that he would ever care for her; his heart lay in Margarita's grave. There was no more beautiful trait in her character than that evidenced by the great care she took of Margarita's grave. No one could see it without thinking that loving hands tended it. Rarest flowers bloomed there, and scarcely a week passed without her visiting it.

If she was kinder to one than another, it was to the woman whose charity had preserved Margarita from death—Mrs. Meadows. Lord Rylestone had settled a handsome annuity upon her. It had been one of his pleasures to find out all who had been kind to Margarita and reward them.

So time passed, and Adelaide smiled when her twenty-sixth birthday came.

"I wish my face would grow old," she said. "My heart, I think, has never been young."

* * * * * * *

Before six years had passed Lord Rylestone had made for himself a name and a fortune. As Adelaide had predicted, he lived down his sorrow, and he rose from it a nobler, better, braver man. He traveled for some little time, and then accepted another appointment in Canada.

He managed this so well, he behaved with such skill, such energy and resolution, that his conduct was universally approved; and then he was offered an appointment at home, and he returned to accept it.

He did not go to Walton Court at once, for he had imperative business in London. He had been there four months before he found time to return home.

He reached the Court one evening in May, when the air seemed full of the perfume of lilac and the song of nightingales; and, before he wended his steps thither, he paid a visit to Margarita's grave. What loving hands had tended it! Sweetest flowers bloomed there—love seemed to surround it. He was the better for that visit—it seemed to remove the weight of sorrow. After all she was at peace.

And then he went to the Court. He found Miss Cameron in the grounds, and a little child, one of her *protégées*, was with her.

Perhaps she was not much surprised to see him; he was so continually in her thoughts that it was only one of them realized. She dropped the white lilies that she had gathered, and advanced with outstretched hands to meet him.

"You are at home at last," she said, leaving her hands in his.

His heart seemed to go out to her—she had been so loving, so good, so true—she was so fair; and he knew that her youth, her love, had all been given to him.

"I want you to make it home for me, Adelaide," he said, gently. "I have something to say to you."

They walked down the broad path, she forgetting the little lame child, who looked after them with a sigh.

He did not plead to her as a heart-broken man, nor as one

Digitized by Google

whose heart lay buried and whose hope was dead, but like one who had suffered bravely, and had borne his pain.

"It is not my first love that I have to offer you, Adelaide," he said—"that, the impetuous, fervent boy's worship, was Margarita's—but I do offer you the whole true, deep, tender love of a man."

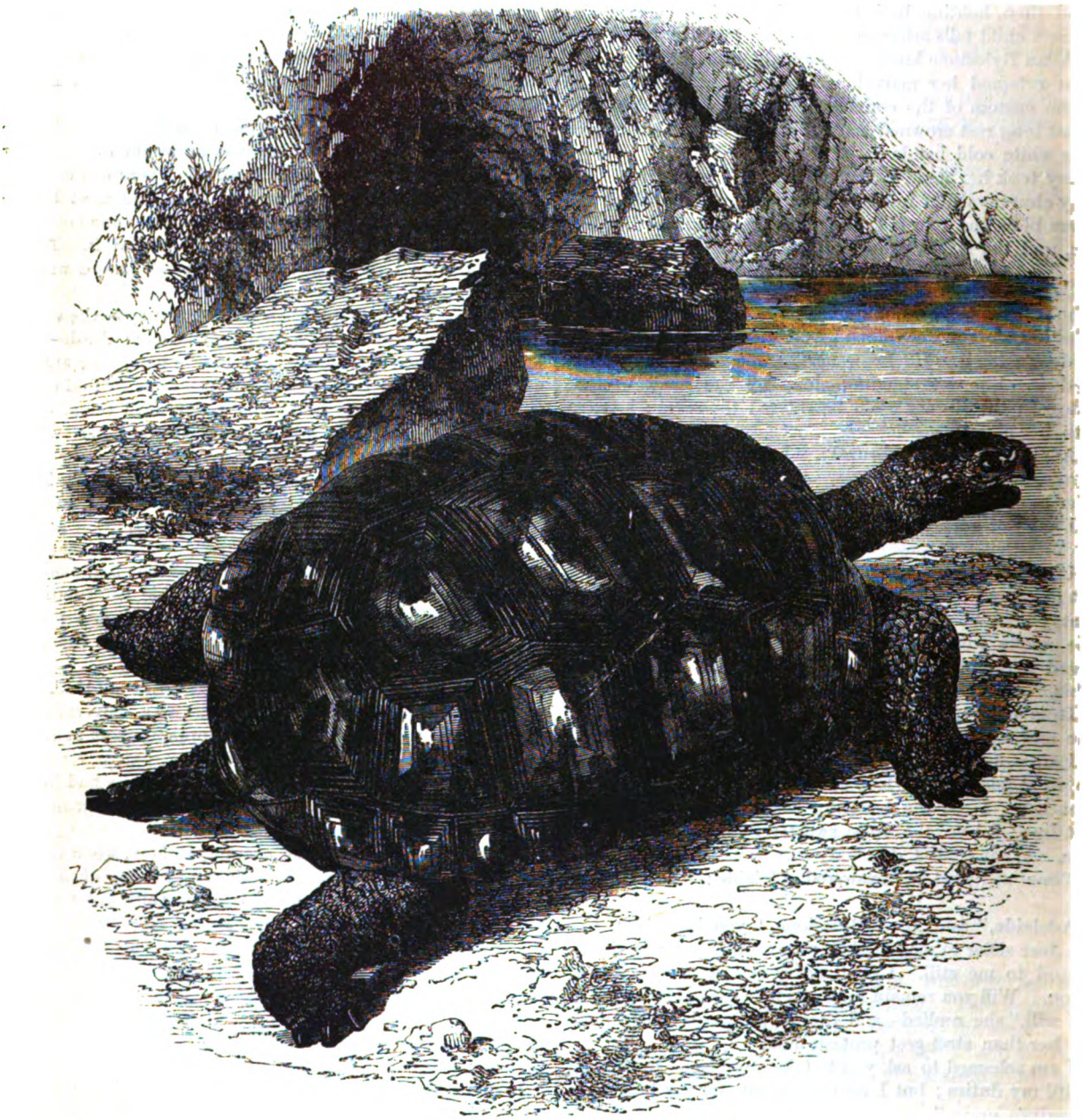
She did not accept it at once; she wanted him to be sure of himself; but at last, almost in despair, he pleaded to her with such passionate earnestness that she could not refuse.

They were married in the Summer-time, and no happier husband and wife live than Lord and Lady Rylestone. She is too noble and too liberal-minded to be jealous of the dead, but there are times when she steals nearer to him and clasps her white arms round his neck, remembering Margarita's last words.

The voice of children now make music in the Court. If Lord Rylestone has a favorite, it is his eldest daughter, a dark-eyed girl, whom he calls Margarita; and his voice takes another tone when he speaks to her, and his eyes have a softer light. A grave, half-sad smile comes to his wife's lips when he, weighing past and future, calls his child Margarita.

Adelaide finds him sometimes standing before the Spanish picture, looking at the richly-colored face and dark, tender eyes; and then she rises above the level of womanhood, and says sweet words to him of the buried love, and leads him gently away.

They are very happy. Fame and fortune smile upon them; the poor bless them; fair children bloom around them; Heaven lavishes richest gifts upon them. Earth has no more to give them.



THE GIANT TORTOISE.

THE GIANT TORTOISE.

MADAGASCAR furnishes the largest known varieties of the tortoise, one of which we illustrate. Two of these have recently reached England.

The male tortoise, which is much the larger of the two,

Digitized by Google

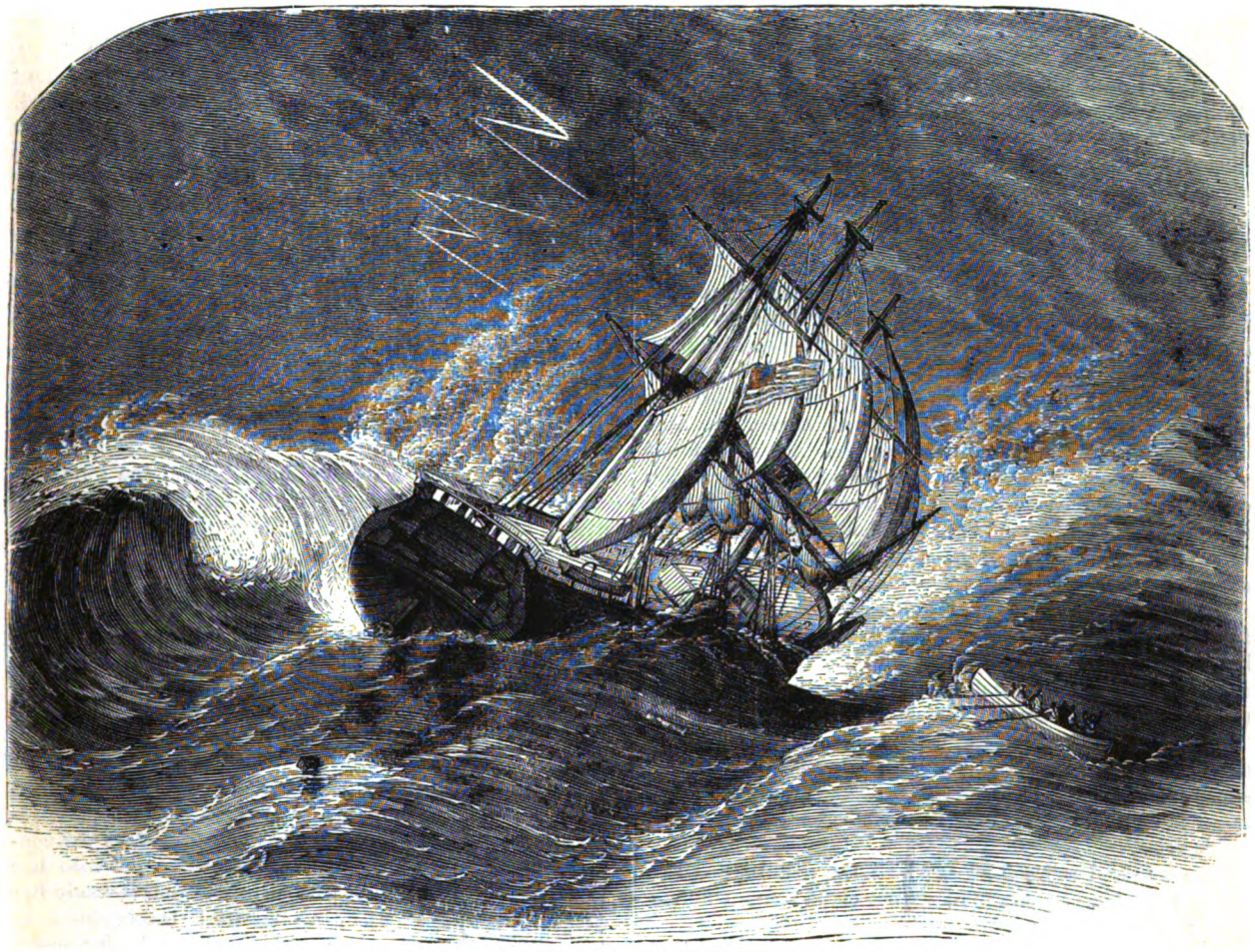
measures 5 ft. 5 in. length of the upper shell, and 5 ft. 9 in. width of that shell; the head and neck, when fully thrust out, are 1 ft. 9 in. long; the body is 8 ft. 1 in. circumference. The weight is about 800 lbs. The head, 6 in. broad and 7 in. long, somewhat resembles that of a boa constrictor. The feet are 6 in. or 7 in. diameter, with nails 2 in. or 3 in. long. This tortoise was brought to the Seychelles Archipelago about seventy years ago; being then small, he could be put into a coat pocket. He has been in the Calais family ever since, sometimes residing in the island of Silhouette, another time at Mahé, but latterly at Cerf Island, the property of Mr. Calais, Sr. This animal is capable of growing to twice his present size, being yet adolescent.

The Aldatra tortoises live to a vast age, and grow very slowly; but the breed is becoming rare, especially the large specimens. This is much the largest specimen of its kind now extant. In order to bend the head downward the animal has to incline to the right or left, but he cannot bend it much. He will eat any vegetable food, dried leaves, banana leaves, bread-fruit, and pumpkins. He chews and swallows by jerks, and drinks by sucking up a good deal of water through the nostrils. He sleeps always with the fore part of his upper shell jammed against something hard. He never moves in the night from the posture he takes up to repose in, but lies down two hours before sunset, and does not stir till an hour after sunrise. He objects to be in the direct rays of the sun for more than half an hour. No weight put on his back seems to affect his walk, which is slow and clumsy. It is believed he could carry a ton weight; but he is very fat, and gets blown after walking twenty or thirty yards, and stops and rests awhile.

The female tortoise is younger, but is already full grown, which is known by the shell. The male has much regard and affection for her, and is annoyed when she is disturbed and made to move on. She has been seen to carry him on her back. Her dimensions are as follows: Circumference at greatest girth, 5 ft. 4 in.; length of shell, 3 ft. 4 in.; breadth of shell, 3 ft. 10 in.; fore foot, 4¼ in. in diameter. It will be seen that her form is rounder than the male.

The Seychelles Islands, from which these specimens come, noted for their salubrity, their picturesqueness, the fine anchorage of the chief harbor, Port Victoria Mahé, and the good quality of the fresh water, are situated in the Indian Ocean, three or four degrees south of the Equator, and sixteen degrees east of the African continent. They are a favorite place for the men-of-war from the Zanzibar coast, as the crews here landing can have fresh provisions and a run on shore without risk of fever.

The islands are outside the circle of hurricanes; they are extremely fertile, and are now getting populated. More than 400 liberated Africans were landed at Mahé in 1874. The inhabitants number, altogether, about 14,000, a third of whom are white, the others African, or of mixed race. The language is a patois founded on French. The cocoa de mer grows on the island of Praslin.



A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE AT SEA.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE AT SEA.

The following incident—no romance, but a most thrilling reality—was related by the captain of a New England ship, not many years ago, to a passenger who made the passage

Digitized by Google

around Cape Horn with him, and not many miles from the point where the providential rescue had been accomplished. It illustrates (as shown in the illustration with which we accompany it) not only the terrible perils of sea and storm combined, but also the possibility of endurance beyond expectation when rescue has grown to be apparently a thing beyond hope.

A few years previously, when bound home from the Pacific, off Cape Horn, the captain's ship was caught in a violent gale, which lasted near a fortnight with uninterrupted violence. With ship dismasted, torn sails, and crew worn out by watching, the gale broke, but with a terrific sea running, and a dim, murky atmosphere, which circumscribed the vision. He was moodily pacing the deck, debating within himself whether or not the ship would not lie better on the other tack, when his attention was drawn to his carpenter (an old, gray-headed Scot), who, although it was his watch below, was standing looking intently at the horizon. Calling him to him and asking him what he saw, he replied that he had seen nothing, but that he had heard the sound of human voices. The captain (a humane man), fearing that, from want of rest, he had become temporarily deranged, argued with him as to the improbability of such being the case. If a vessel were at hand she could easily be seen, and no boat could possibly live in such a sea.

But again the man started, and shouted:

"Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?"

Confirmed in his opinion as regards the man's temporary insanity, he ordered him to call all hands and put the "ship about." Then the stern old Scotchman, falling on his knees, invoked him, by all that he held dear, to wait, and not put his ship about, for if he did he would leave behind him the poor souls who were crying to him for assistance. Startled by the man's earnestness, and having sea-room enough not to care very much whether or not the vessel changed her course immediately, he resolved to humor the old fellow, and promised that he would not go about until eight o'clock. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and the night fast closing in.

Coming on deck again at half-past seven, the captain found the night looking very wild, the wind with that peculiar wail which portends its increase, and the lightning flashing with lurid glare through the murky atmosphere, lighting up at intervals the impenetrable darkness.

As he hurriedly paced the deck, a low, dismal, weird-like shout came up from out of the gloom—a human cry, full of agony! All that he had ever heard of the supernatural was in an instant present to him, as his blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

Five hundred miles from any land, the gale roaring and the seas breaking around him, whence could come a human voice?

Yes, there it was again—more wild, more agonizing! A flash lit up the blackness of the night, and for an instant revealed a boat full of men, close alongside, and then—all was dark again; but faint voices were distinctly heard begging for a rope. In less time than it takes me to relate it, a rope was hove, the boat dropped astern, and with great difficulty and danger eight living beings (one of whom was a woman) were got on board and the boat cut adrift.

Every means were taken to restore the sufferers, who were in a state nearer dead than alive, three of whom, however, died shortly after they got on board. Their captain (as he proved to be) was the first who was able to give an account of himself.

His vessel had gone down fifteen days before, and he had barely time to launch his boat and get into her his wife and crew; a bag of bread was thrown in, which was all they had to eat, and the wife in her fright had caught up an umbrella and thrown it into the boat, which proved a great instrument of their salvation, for, not having any water, they must rely upon the rain which they caught in the inverted umbrella.

For fifteen long days and nights had they been tossing about in the stormy ocean, suffering torments indescribable, and on the tenth day the captain's wife gave birth to a child.

During the narrative she had been lying in a state of semi-sensibility, but no sooner did she hear the word "child," than she sprang up in frenzy, wanting to know what they had done with her baby? The father then, for the first time, realized that the babe had not been saved, and rushed out on deck, followed by his wife, to jump into the boat; but the boat had been cut adrift an hour before, and was now miles astern upon the dark and stormy ocean. A marvelous rescue had been accomplished, but not a rescue for *all!*

THE ARTILLERYMAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

THE remarkable intelligence of the domesticated elephant has been exemplified so frequently as to become proverbial. If he possessed the power of speech, he would be almost more than human; as it is, he often puts to shame the higher pretensions of his lordly masters.

Our illustration represents a corroborative fact. A battering train, going to the siege of a town in India, had to cross the sandy bed of a river, that resembled other rivers of the East, which have, during the Summer season, but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding in quicksands. An artilleryman who was seated on the tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell off in such a situation that in a minute or two the hind wheel must have gone over him.

The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the danger, instantly, without any warning from its keepers, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

AN ACTOR'S STORY

CHAPTER I.



LOTILDE was in her element that night, for it was a Spanish play, requiring force and fire in its delineation, and she threw herself into her part with an *abandon* that made her seem a beautiful embodiment of power and passion. As for me I could not play ill, for when with her my acting was not art but nature, and I *was* the lover that I seemed. Before she came I made a business, not a pleasure, of my profession, and was content to fill my place, with no higher ambition than to earn my salary with as little effort as possible, to resign myself to the distasteful labor to which my poverty condemned me. She changed all that; for she saw the talent I neglected, she understood the want of motive that made me indifferent, she pitied me for the reverse of fortune that placed me where I was; by her influence and example she roused a manlier spirit in me, kindled every spark of talent I possessed, and incited me to win a success I had not cared to labor for till then.

She was the rage that season, for she came unheralded and

Digitized by Google

almost unknown. Such was the power of beauty, genius, and character, that she made her way at once into public favor, and before the season was half over had become the reigning favorite. My position in the theatre threw us much together, and I had not played the lover to this beautiful woman many weeks before I found I was one in earnest. She soon knew it, and confessed that she returned my love; but when I spoke of marriage, she answered, with a look and tone that haunted me long afterward:

"Not yet, Paul; something that concerns me alone must be settled first. I cannot marry till I have received the answer for which I am waiting; have faith in me till then, and be patient for my sake."

I did have faith and patience; but while I waited I wondered much and studied her carefully Frank, generous, and deep-hearted, she won all who approached her; but I, being nearest and dearest, learned to know her best, and soon discovered that some past loss, some present anxiety or hidden care, oppressed and haunted her. A bitter spirit at times possessed her, followed by a heavy melancholy, or an almost fierce unrest, which nothing could dispel but some stormy drama, where she could vent her pent-up gloom or desperation in words and acts which seemed to have a double significance to her. I had vainly tried to find some cause or explanation of this one blemish in the nature which, to a lover's eyes, seemed almost perfect, but never had succeeded till the night of which I write.

The play was nearly over, the interest was at its height, and Clotilde's best scene was drawing to a close. She had just indignantly refused to betray a state secret which would endanger the life of her lover; and the *Duke* had just wrathfully vowed to denounce her to the Inquisition if she did not yield, when I, her lover, disguised as a monk, saw a strange and sudden change come over her. She should have trembled at a threat so full of terror, and have made one last appeal to the stern old man before she turned to defy and dare all things for her lover. But she seemed to have forgotten time, place, and character, for she stood gazing straight before her as if turned to stone. At first I thought it was some new presentiment of fear, for she seldom played a part twice alike, and left much to the inspiration of the moment. But an instant's scrutiny convinced me that this was not acting, for her face paled visibly, her eyes dilated as they looked beyond the *Duke*, her lips fell apart, and she looked like one suddenly confronted by a ghost. An inquiring glance from my companion showed me that he, too, was disturbed by her appearance, and fearing that she had overexerted herself, I struck into the dialogue as if she had made her appeal. The sound of my voice seemed to recall her; she passed her hand across her eyes, drew a long breath, and looked about her. I thought she had recovered herself and was about to resume her part, but, to my great surprise, she only clung to me, saying in a shrill whisper, so full of despair, it chilled my blood:

"The answer, Paul, the answer; it has come!"

The words were inaudible to all but myself; but the look, the gestures were eloquent with terror, grief, and love; and taking it for a fine piece of acting, the audience applauded loud and long. The accustomed sound roused Clotilde, and during that noisy moment a hurried dialogue passed between us.

"What is it? Are you ill?" I whispered.

"He is here, Paul, alive; I saw him. Heaven help us both!"

"Who is here?"

"Hush! not now; there is no time to tell you."

"You are right; compose yourself; you must speak in a moment."

"What do I say? Help me, Paul; I have forgotten everything but that man."

She looked as if bewildered; and I saw that some sudden shock had entirely unnerved her. But actors must have neither hearts nor nerves while on the stage. The applause was subsiding, and she must speak. Fortunately, I remembered enough of her part to prompt her as she struggled through the little that remained; for, seeing her condition, Denon and I cut the scene remorselessly, and brought it to a close as soon as possible.

The instant the curtain fell we were assailed with questions, but Clotilde answered none; and though hidden from her sight, still seemed to see the object that had wrought such an alarming change in her. I told them she was ill, took her to her dressing-room, and gave her into the hands of her maid, for I must appear again, and delay was impossible.

How I got through my part I cannot tell, for my thoughts were with Clotilde; but an actor learns to live a double life, so, while Paul Lamar suffered torments of anxiety, *Don Felix* fought a duel, killed his adversary, and was dragged to judgment. Involuntarily my eyes often wandered toward the spot where Clotilde's had seemed fixed. It was one of the stage-boxes, and at first I thought it empty, but presently I caught the glitter of a glass turned apparently on myself. As soon as possible I crossed the stage, and as I leaned haughtily upon my sword while the seconds adjusted the preliminaries, I searched the box with a keen glance. Nothing was visible, however, but a hand lying easily on the red cushion; a man's hand, white and shapely; on one finger shone a ring, evidently a woman's ornament, for it was a slender circlet of diamonds that flashed and scintillated with every gesture.

"Some fop, doubtless; a man like that could never daunt Clotilde," I thought. And eager to discover if there was not another occupant in the box, I took a step nearer, and stared boldly into the soft gloom that filled it. A low, derisive laugh came from behind the curtain as the hand gathered it back as if to permit me to satisfy myself. The act showed me that a single person occupied the box, but also effectually concealed that person from my sight; and as I was recalled to my duty by a warning whisper from one of my comrades, the hand appeared to wave me a mocking adieu.

Baffled and angry, I devoted myself to the affairs of *Don Felix*, wondering the while if Clotilde would be able to reappear; how she would bear herself; if that hidden man was the cause of her terror, and why? Even when immured in a dungeon, after my arrest, I beguiled the tedium of a long soliloquy with these questions, and executed a better stage-start than any I had ever practised, when at last she came to me, bringing liberty and love as my reward.

I had left her haggard, speechless, overwhelmed with some mysterious woe; she reappeared beautiful and brilliant, with a joy that seemed too lovely to be feigned. Never had she played so well; for some spirit, stronger than her own, seemed to possess and rule her royally.

If I had ever doubted her love for me, I should have been assured of it that night, for she breathed into the fond words of her part a tenderness and grace that filled my heart to overflowing, and inspired me to play the grateful lover to the life.

The last words came all too soon for me, and as she threw herself into my arms she turned her head as if to glance triumphantly at the defeated *Duke*, but I saw that she again looked beyond him, and with an indescribable expression of mingled pride, contempt, and defiance. A soft sound of applause from the mysterious occupant of that box answered the look, and the white hand sent a superb bouquet flying to her feet. I was about to lift and present it to her, but she checked me, and crushed it under foot with an air of the haughtiest disdain.

Digitized by Google

A laugh from behind the curtain greeted this demonstration, but it was scarcely observed by others; for that first bouquet seemed a signal for a rain of flowers, and these latter offerings she permitted me to gather up, receiving them with her most gracious smiles, her most graceful obeisances, as if to mark, for one observer at least, the difference of her regard for the givers.

As I laid the last floral tribute in her arms I took a parting glance at the box, hoping to catch a glimpse of the unknown face. The curtains were thrown back and the door stood open, admitting a strong light from the vestibule, but the box was empty.

Then the green curtain fell, and Clotilde whispered, as she glanced from her full hands to the rejected bouquet:

"Bring that to my room; I must have it."

I obeyed, eager to be enlightened; but when we were alone she flung down her fragrant burden, snatched the stranger's gift, tore it apart, drew out a slip of paper, read it, dropped it, and walked to and fro, wringing her hands, like one in a paroxysm of despair. I seized the note and looked at it, but found no key to her distress in the enigmatical words:

"I shall be there. Come, and bring your lover with you, else——"

There it abruptly ended; but the unfinished threat seemed the more menacing for its obscurity, and I indignantly demanded:

"Clotilde, who dares address you so? Where will this man be? You surely will not obey such a command? Tell me; I have a right to know."

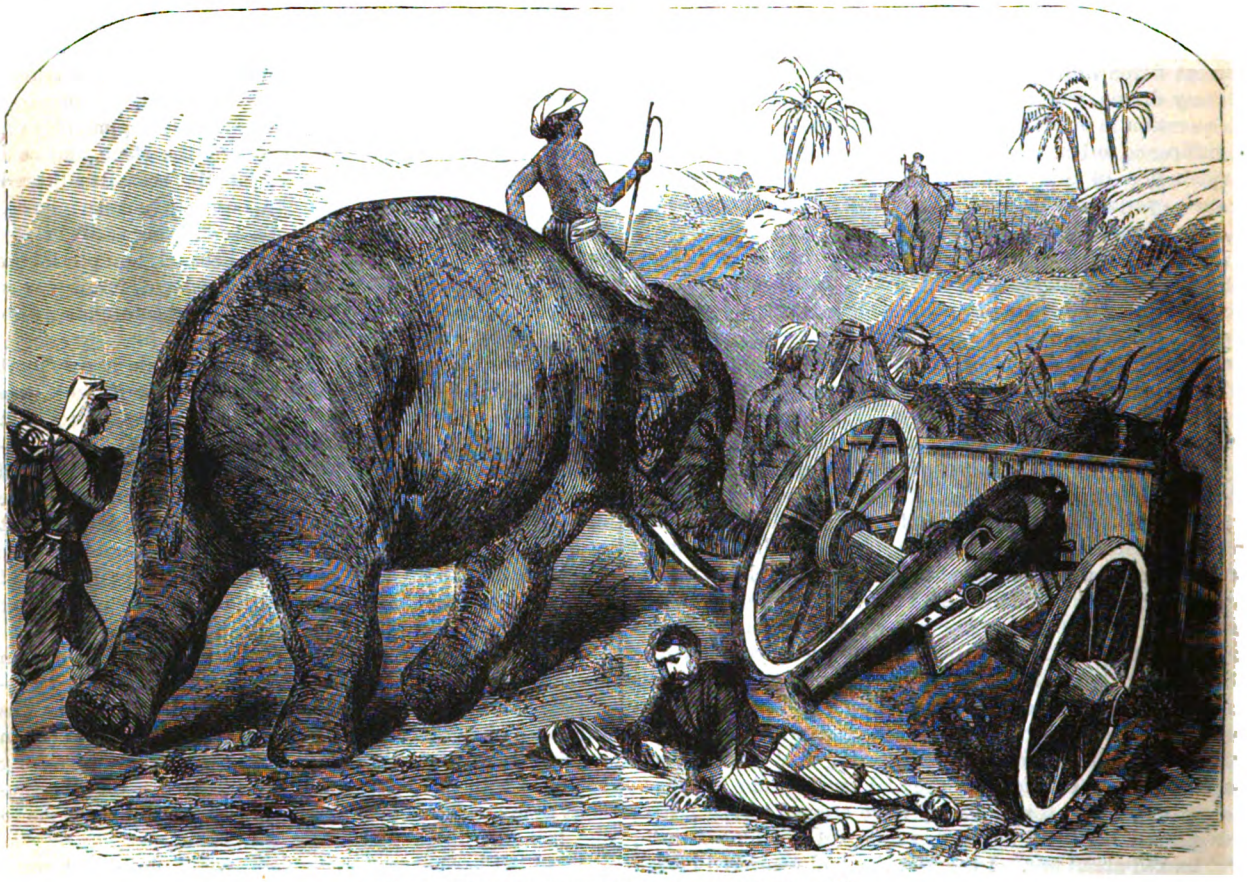
"I cannot tell you now; I dare not refuse him; he will be at Keen's; we *must* go. How will it end! How will it end!"

I remembered then that we were all to sup, *en costume*, with a brother actor, who did not play that night. I was about to speak yet more urgently, when the entrance of her maid checked me. Clotilde composed herself by a strong effort.

"Go and prepare," she whispered; "have faith in me a little longer, and soon you shall know all."

There was something almost solemn in her tone; her eyes met mine imploringly, and her lips trembled as if her heart were full. That assured me at once; and with a reassuring word I hurried away to give a few touches to my costume, which just then was fitter for a dungeon than a feast.

When I rejoined her there was no trace of past emotion; a soft color bloomed upon her cheek, her eyes were tearless and brilliant, her lips were dressed in smiles. Jewels shone on her white forehead, neck, and arms, flowers glowed in her bosom, and no charm that art or skill could lend to the rich dress or its lovely wearer had been forgotten.



THE ARTILLERYMAN AND THE ELEPHANT.—SEE PAGE 466.

"What an actress!" I involuntarily exclaimed, as she came to meet me, looking almost as beautiful and gay as ever.

"It is well that I am one, else I should yield to my hard fate without a struggle. Paul, hitherto I have played for money, now I play for love; help me by being a calm spectator to-night, and whatever happens, promise me that there shall be no violonce."

I promised, for I was wax in her hands; and, more bewildered than ever, followed to the carriage, where a companion was impatiently awaiting us.

Chapter II.

We were late; and on arriving found all the other guests assembled. Three strangers appeared; and my attention was instantly fixed upon them, for the mysterious he was to be there. All three seemed gay, gallant, handsome men; all

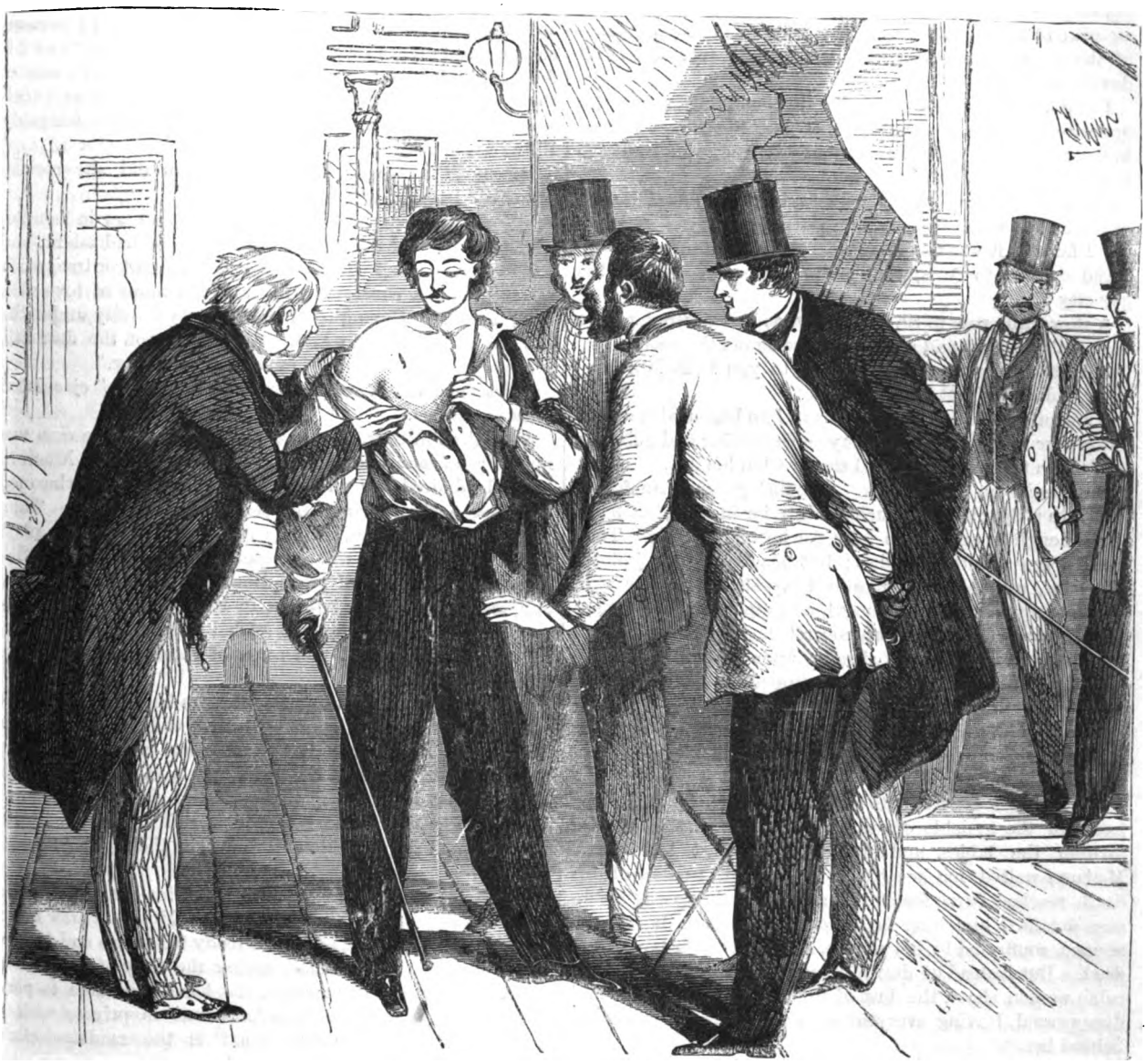
Digitized by Google

three turned admiring eyes upon Clotilde, all three were gloved. Therefore, as I had seen no face, my one clue, the ring, was lost. From Clotilde's face and manner I could learn nothing, for a smile seemed carved upon her lips, her drooping lashes half concealed her eyes, and her voice was too well trained to betray her by a traitorous tone. She received the greetings, compliments, and admiration of all alike, and I vainly looked and listened till supper was announced.

As I took my place beside her, I saw her shrink and shiver slightly, as if a chilly wind had blown over her, but before I could ask if she were cold, a bland voice said:

now all my interest and attention was centred in him. Keenly, but covertly, I examined him, and soon felt that in spite of that foppish ornament he *was* a man to daunt a woman like Clotilde. Pride and passion, courage and indomitable will, met and mingled in his face, though the obedient features wore whatever expression he imposed upon them.

He was the handsomest, most elegant, but least attractive of the three, yet it was hard to say why. The others gave themselves freely to the enjoyment of a scene which evidently possessed the charm of novelty to them; but St. John unconsciously wore the half sad, half weary look that



A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.—"MY COMRADES SURROUNDED ME WITH ANXIOUS INQUIRIES."—SEE PAGE 466.

"Will mademoiselle permit me to drink her health?"

It was one of the strangers. Mechanically I offered her glass; but the next instant my hold tightened till the slender stem snapped, and the rosy bowl fell broken to the table, for on the handsome hand extended to fill it shone the ring.

"A bad omen, Mr. Lamar. I hope my attempt will succeed better," said St. John, as he filled another glass and handed it to Clotilde, who merely lifted it to her lips, and turned to enter into an animated conversation with the gentleman who sat on the other side.

Some one addressed St. John, and I was glad of it; for

comes to those who have led lives of pleasure and found their emptiness. Although the wittiest, and most brilliant talker at the table, his gayety seemed fitful, his manner absent at times.

More than once I saw him knit his black brows as he met my eye, and more than once I caught a long look fixed on Clotilde—a look full of the lordly admiration and pride which a master bestows upon a handsome slave. It made my blood boil, but I controlled myself, and was apparently absorbed in Miss Damareau, my neighbor.

We seemed as gay and care-free a company as ever made

Digitized by Google

midnight merry; songs were sung, stories told, theatrical phrases added sparkle to the conversation, and the varied costumes gave an air of romance to the revel. The *Grand Inquisitor*, still in his ghostly garb, and the stern old *Duke*, were now the jolliest of the group; the *Page* flirted violently with the *Princess;* the rivals of the play were bosom friends again, and the fair *Donna Olivia* had apparently forgotten her knightly lover, to listen to a modern gentleman.

Clotilde sat leaning back in a deep chair, eating nothing, but using her fan with the indescribable grace of a Spanish woman. She was very lovely, for the dress became her, and the black lace mantilla, falling from her head to her shoulders, heightened her charms by half concealing them; and nothing could have been more genial and gracious than the air with which she listened and replied to the compliments of the youngest stranger, who sat beside her and was all devotion.

I forgot myself in observing her till something said by our opposite neighbor arrested both of us. Some one seemed to have been joking St. John about his ring, which was too brilliant an ornament to pass unobserved.

"Bad taste, I grant you," he said, laughing, "but it is a *gage d'amour*, and I wear it for a purpose."

"I fancied it was the last Paris fashion," returned Keen. "And apropos to Paris, what is the newest gossip from the gay city?"

A slow smile rose to St. John's lips as he answered, after a moment's thought and a quick glance across the room:

"A little romance; shall I tell it to you? It is a love-story, ladies, and not long."

A unanimous assent was given; and he began with a curious glitter in his eyes, a stealthy smile coming and going on his face as the words dropped slowly from his lips.

"It begins in the old way. A foolish young man fell in love with a Spanish girl much his inferior in rank, but beautiful enough to excuse his folly, for he married her. Then came a few months of bliss; but madame grew jealous. Monsieur, wearied of domestic tempests, and, after vain efforts to appease his fiery angel, he proposed a separation. Madame was obdurate, Monsieur rebelled; and in order to try the soothing effects of absence upon both, after settling her in a charming château, he slipped away, leaving no trace by which his route might be discovered."

"Well, how did the experiment succeed?" asked Keen. St. John shrugged his shoulders, emptied his glass, and answered, tranquilly:

"Like most experiments that have women for their subjects, for the amiable creatures always devise some way of turning the tables, and defeating the best laid plans. Madame waited for her truant spouse till rumors of his death reached Paris, for he had met with mishaps, and sickness detained him long in an obscure place, so the rumors seemed confirmed by his silence, and madame believed him dead. But instead of dutifully mourning him, this inexplicable woman shook the dust of the château off her feet and disappeared, leaving everything, even to her wedding-ring, behind her."

"Bless me, how odd! What became of her?" exclaimed Miss Damareau, forgetting the dignity of the *Princess* in the curiosity of the woman.

"The very question her repentant husband asked when, returning from his long holiday, he found her gone. He searched the continent for her, but in vain; and for two years she left him to suffer the torments of suspense."

"As he had left her to suffer them while he went pleasuring. It was a light punishment for his offence."

Clotilde spoke; and the sarcastic tone, for all its softness, made St. John wince, though no eye but mine observed the faint flush of shame or anger that passed across his face.

"Mademoiselle espouses the lady's cause, of course, and as a gallant man I should do likewise, but unfortunately my sympathies are strongly enlisted on the other side."

"Then, you know the parties?" I said, impulsively, for my inward excitement was increasing rapidly, and I began to feel rather than to see the end of this mystery.

"I have seen them, and cannot blame the man for claiming his beautiful wife, when he found her," he answered, briefly.

"Then he did find her at last? Pray tell us how and when," cried Miss Damareau.

"She betrayed herself. It seems that madame had returned to her old profession, and fallen in love with an actor; but being as virtuous as she was fair, she would not marry till she was assured beyond a doubt of her husband's death. Her engagement would not allow her to inquire in person, so she sent letters to various places asking for proofs of his demise; and as ill, or good fortune would have it, one of these letters fell into monsieur's hands, giving him an excellent clue to her whereabouts, which he followed indefatigably till he found her."

"Poor little woman, I pity her! How did she receive Monsieur De Trop?" asked Keen.

"You shall know in good time. He found her in London playing at one of the great theatres, for she had talent, and had become a star. He saw her act for a night or two, made secret inquiries concerning her, and fell more in love with her than ever. Having tried almost every novelty under the sun, he had a fancy to attempt something of the dramatic sort, so presented himself to madame at a party."

"Heavens, what a scene there must have been," ejaculated Miss Demareau.

"On the contrary, there was no scene at all; the man was not a Frenchman, and madame was a fine actress. Much as he had admired her on the stage, he was doubly charmed with her performance in private, for it was superb. They were among strangers, and she received him like one, playing her part with the utmost grace and self-control, for, with a woman's quickness of perception, she divined his purpose, and, knowing that her fate was in his hands, endeavored to propitiate him by complying with his caprice. Mademoiselle, allow me to send you some of these grapes, they are delicious."

As he leaned forward to present them he shot a glance at her that caused me to start up with a violence that nearly betrayed me. Fortunately the room was close, and saying something about the heat, I threw open a window, and let in a balmy gust of Spring air that refreshed us all.

"How did they settle it, by duels and despair, or by repentance and reconciliation all round, in the regular French fashion?"

"I regret that I'm unable to tell you, for I left before the affair was arranged. I only know that Monsieur was more captivated than before, and quite ready to forgive and forget, and I suspect that Madame, seeing the folly of resistance, will submit with a good grace, and leave the stage to play "The Honey Moon" for a second time in private with a husband who adores her. What is the mademoiselle's opinion?"

She had listened, without either question or comment, her fan at rest, her hands motionless, her eyes downcast; so still it seemed as if she had hushed the breath from her lips, so pale despite her rouge, that I wondered no one observed it, so intent and resolute that every feature seemed under control—every look and gesture guarded. When St. John addressed her, she looked up with a smile as bland as his own, but fixed her eyes on him with an expression of undismayed defiance and supreme contempt that caused him to bite his lips with ill-concealed annoyance.

"My opinion?" she said, in her clear, cold voice, "I think that Madame, being a woman of spirit, would *not* endeavor

Digitized by Google

to propitiate that man in any way except for her lover's sake, and having been once deserted would not subject herself to a second indignity of that sort while there was a law to protect her."

"Unfortunately there is no law for her, having once refused a separation. Even if there were, Monsieur is rich and powerful, she is poor and friendless; he loves her, and is a man who never permits himself to be thwarted by any obstacle; therefore, I am convinced it would be best for this adorable woman to submit without defiance or delay—and I do think she will," he added, significantly.

"They seem to forget the poor lover; what is to become of him?" asked Keen.

"*I* do not forget him;" and the hand that wore the ring closed with an ominous gesture, which I well understood. "Monsieur merely claims his own, and the other, being a man of sense and honor, will doubtless withdraw at once; and though 'desolated,' as the French say, will soon console himself with a new *inamorata*. If he is so unwise as to oppose Monsieur, who by the by is a dead shot, there is but one way in which both can receive satisfaction."

A significant emphasis on the last word pointed his meaning, and the smile that accompanied it almost goaded me to draw the sword I wore, and offer him that satisfaction on the spot. I felt the color rise to my forehead, and dared not look up, but leaning on the back of Clotilde's chair, I bent as if to speak to her.

"Bear it a little longer for my sake, Paul," she murmured, with a look of love and despair, that wrung my heart. Here some one spoke of a long rehearsal in the morning, and the lateness of the hour.

"A farewell toast before we part," said Keen. "Come, Lamar, give us a sentiment, after that whisper you ought to be inspired."

"I am. Let me give you—The love of liberty and the liberty of love."

"Good! That would suit the hero and heroine of St. John's story, for Monsieur wished much for his liberty, and, no doubt, Madame will for her love," said Denon, while the glasses were filled.

Then the toast was drank with much merriment and the party broke up. While detained by one of the strangers, I saw St. John approach Clotilde, who stood alone by the window, and speak rapidly for several minutes. She listened with half-averted head, answered briefly, and wrapping the mantilla closely about her, swept away from him with her haughtiest mien. He watched her for a moment, then followed, and before I could reach her, offered his arm to lead her to the carriage. She seemed about to refuse it, but something in the expression of his face restrained her; and accepting it, they went down together. The hall and anteroom were dimly lighted, but as I slowly followed, I saw her snatch her hand away, when she thought they were alone; saw him draw her to him with an embrace as fond as it was irresistible; and turning her indignant face to his, kiss it ardently, as he said in a tone, both tender and imperious:

"Good-night, my darling. I give you one more day, and then I claim you."

"Never!" she answered, almost fiercely, as he released her. And wishing me pleasant dreams, as he passed, went out into the night, gayly humming the burden of a song Clotilde had often sung to me.

The moment we were in the carriage all her self-control deserted her, and a tempest of despairing grief came over her. For a time, both words and caresses were unavailing, and I let her weep herself calm before I asked the hard question:

"Is all this true, Clotilde?"

"Yes, Paul, all true, except that he said nothing of the neglect, the cruelty, the insult I bore before he left me. I was so young, so lovely, I was glad to be loved and cared for, and I believed that he would never change. I cannot tell you all I suffered, but I rejoiced when I thought death had freed me; I would keep nothing that reminded me of the bitter past, and went away to begin again, as if it had never been."

"Why delay telling me this? Why let me learn it in such a strange and sudden way?"

"Ah, forgive me! I am so proud I could not bear to tell you that any man had wearied of me and deserted me. I meant to tell you before our marriage, but the fear that St. John was alive haunted me, and till it was set at rest I would not speak. To-night there was no time, and I was forced to leave all to chance. He found pleasure in tormenting me through you, but would not speak out, because he is as proud as I, and does not wish to hear our story bandied from tongue to tongue."

"What did he say to you, Clotilde?"

"He begged me to submit and return to him, in spite of all that has passed; he warned me that if we attempted to escape it would be at the peril of your life, for he would most assuredly follow and find us, to whatever corner of the earth we might fly; and he will, for he is as relentless as death."

"What did he mean by giving you one day more?" I asked, grinding my teeth with impatient rage as I listened.

"He gave me one day to recover from my surprise, to prepare for my departure with him, and to bid you farewell."

"And will you, Clotilde?"

"No!" she replied, clinching her hands with a gesture of dogged resolution, while her eyes glittered in the darkness. "I never will submit; there must be some way of escape; I shall find it, and if I do not—I can die."

"Not yet, dearest; we will appeal to the law first; I have a friend whom I will consult to-morrow, and he may help us."

"I have no faith in law," she said, despairingly, "money and influence so often outweigh justice and mercy. I have no witnesses, no friends, no wealth to help me; he has all, and we shall only be defeated. I must devise some surer way. Let me think a little; a woman's wit is quick when her heart prompts it."

I let the poor soul flatter herself with vague hopes; but I saw no help for us except in flight, and that she would not consent to, lest it should endanger me. More than once I said savagely within myself, "I will kill him," and then shuddered at the counsels of the devil, so suddenly roused in my own breast. As if she divined my thought by instinct, Clotilde broke the heavy silence that followed her last words, by clinging to me with the imploring cry:

"Oh, Paul, shun him, else your fiery spirit will destroy you. He promised me he would not harm you unless we drove him to it. Be careful, for my sake, and if any one must suffer let it be miserable me."

I soothed her as I best could, and when our long, sad drive ended, bade her rest while I worked, for she would need all her strength on the morrow. Then I left her to haunt the street all night long, guarding her door, and while I paced to and fro without, I watched her shadow come and go before the lighted window as she paced within, each racking our brains for some means of help till day broke.

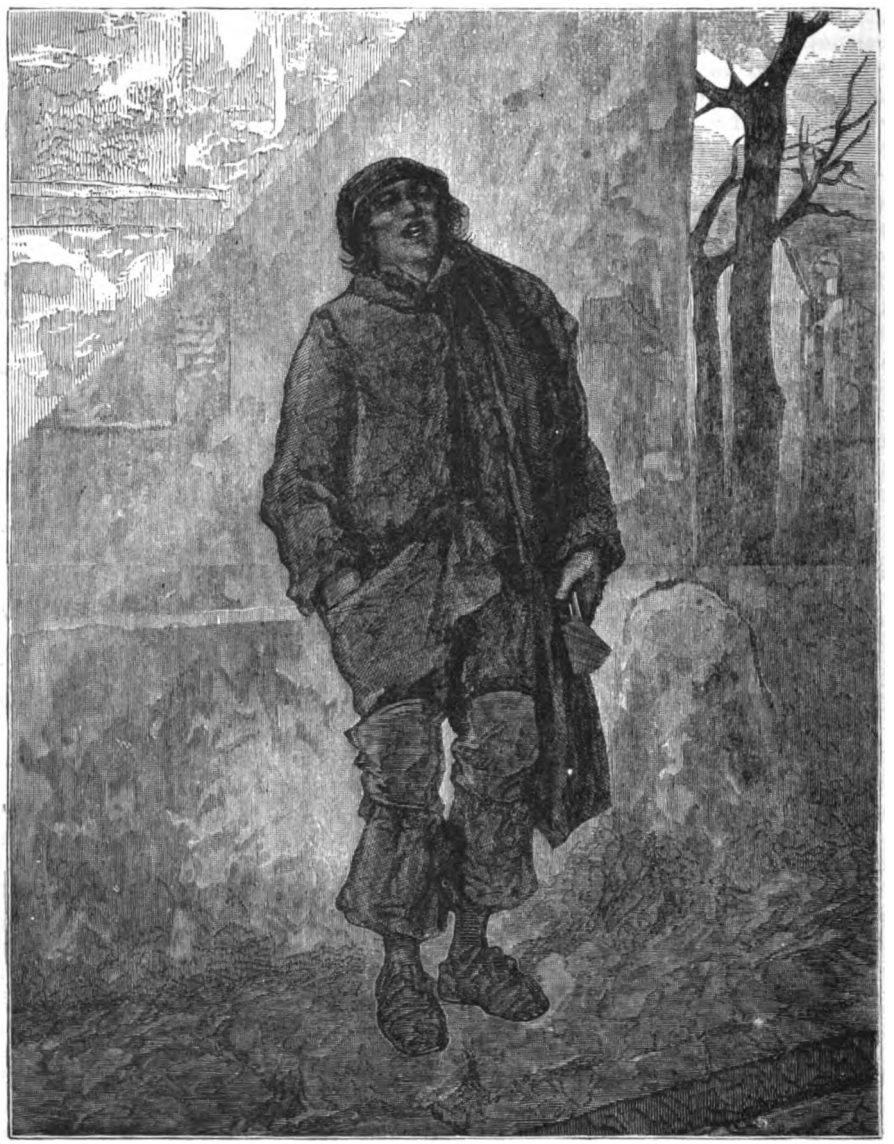
Chapter III.

Early on the following morning I consulted my friend, but when I laid the case before him he gave me little hope of a happy issue should the attempt be made. A divorce was hardly possible, when an unscrupulous man like St. John was bent on opposing it; and though no decision

Digitized by Google

could force her to remain with him, we should not be safe from his vengeance, even if we chose to dare everything and fly together. Long and earnestly we talked, but to little purpose, and I went to rehearsal with a heavy heart.

Clotilde was to have a benefit that night, and what a happy day I had fancied this would be; how carefully I had prepared for it; what delight I had anticipated in playing *Romeo* to her *Juliet*; and how eagerly I had longed for the time which now seemed to approach with such terrible rapidity, for each hour brought our parting nearer! On the stage I found Keen and his new friend amusing themselves with fencing, while waiting the arrival of some of the company. I was too miserable to be dangerous just then, and when St. John bowed to me with his most courteous air, I returned the greeting, though I could not speak to him. I think he saw my suffering, and enjoyed it with the satisfaction of a cruel nature, but he treated me with the courtesy of an equal, which new demonstration surprised me, till, through Denon, I discovered that having inquired much about me he had learned that I was a gentleman by birth and education, which fact accounted for the change in his demeanor. I roamed restlessly about the gloomy green-room and stage, till Keen, dropping his foil, confessed himself outfenced and called to me.



THE STREET SWEEP OF PARIS, BY GAVARNI.—SEE PAGE 475.

"Come here, Lamar, and try a bout with St. John. You are the best fencer among us, so, for the honor of the company, come and do your best instead of playing *Romeo* before the time."

A sudden impulse prompted me to comply, and a few passes proved that I was the better swordsman of the two. This annoyed St. John, and though he complimented me with the rest, he would not own himself outdone, and we kept it up till both grew warm and excited. In the midst of an animated match between us, I observed that the button was off his foil, and a glance at his face assured me that he was aware of it, and almost at the instant he made a skillful thrust, and the point pierced my flesh. As I caught the foil from his hand and drew it out with an exclamation of pain, I saw a gleam of exultation pass across his face, and knew that his promise to Clotilde was but idle breath. My comrades surrounded me with anxious inquiries, and no one was more surprised and solicitous than St. John. The wound was trifling, for a picture of Clotilde had turned the thrust aside, else the force with which it was given might have rendered it fatal. I made light of it, but hated him with a redoubled hatred for the cold-blooded treachery that would have given to revenge the screen of accident. The appearance of the ladies caused us to immediately ignore the mishap, and address ourselves to business. Clotilde came last, looking so pale it was unnecessary for her to plead illness; but she went through her part with her usual fidelity, while her husband watched her with the masterful expression that nearly drove me wild. He haunted her like a shadow, and she listened to him with the desperate look of a hunted creature driven to bay. He might have softened her just resentment by a touch of generosity or compassion, and win a little gratitude, even though love was impossible; but he was blind, relentless, and goaded her beyond endurance, rousing in her fiery Spanish heart a dangerous spirit that he could not control. The rehearsal was over at last, and I approached Clotilde with a look that mutely asked if I should leave her. St. John said something in a low voice, but she answered sternly, as she took my arm with a decided gesture.

"This day is mine; I will not be defrauded of an hour," and we went away together for our accustomed stroll in the sunny park.

A sad and memorable walk was that, for neither had any hope with which to cheer the other, and Clotilde grew gloomier as we talked. I told her of my fruitless consulta-

tion, also of the fencing match ; at that her face darkened, and she said, below her breath, "I shall remember that."

We walked long together, and I proposed plan after plan, all either unsafe or impracticable. She seemed to listen, but when I paused she answered with averted eyes :

"Leave it to me ; I have a project ; let me perfect it before I tell you. Now I must go and rest, for I have had no sleep, and I shall need all my strength for the tragedy to-night."

All that afternoon I roamed about the city, too restless for anything but constant motion, and evening found me ill prepared for my now doubly arduous duties. It was late when I reached the theatre, and I dressed hastily. My costume was new for the occasion, and not till it was on did I remember that I had neglected to try it since the finishing touches were given. A stitch or two would remedy the defects, and, hurrying up to the wardrobe room, a skillful pair of hands soon set me right.



THE ELECTRIC EEL.—"THE MULES, DISABLED BY THE FREQUENCY AND FORCE OF THE SHOCKS, DISAPPEAR UNDER WATER."—SEE PAGE 476.

As I came down the winding-stairs that led from the lofty chamber to a dimly-lighted gallery below, St. John's voice arrested me, and pausing, I saw that Keen was doing the honors of the theatre in defiance of all rules. Just as they reached the stair-foot some one called to them, and throwing open a narrow door, he said to his companion :

"From here you get a fine view of the stage ; steady yourself by the rope and look down. I'll be with you in a moment."

He ran into the dressing-room from whence the voice proceeded, and St. John stepped out upon a little platform, hastily built for the launching of an ærial car in some grand spectacle. Glad to escape meeting him, I was about to go on, when, from an obscure corner, a dark figure glided noiselessly to the door and leaned in. I caught a momentary glimpse of a white extended arm and the glitter of steel, then came a cry of mortal fear, a heavy fall ; and flying swiftly down the galley, the figure disappeared. With one leap I reached the door, and looked in ; the raft hung broken, the platform was empty. At that instant Keen rushed out, demanding what had happened ; and scarcely knowing what I said, I answered hurriedly :

"The rope broke and he fell."

Keen gave me a strange look, and dashed downstairs. I followed, to find myself in a horror-stricken crowd, gathered about the piteous object which a moment ago had been a living man.

There was no need to call a surgeon, for that headlong fall had dashed out life in the drawing of a breath, and nothing remained to do but to take the poor body tenderly away to such friends as the newly-arrived stranger possessed.

The contrast between the gay crowd rustling before the curtain and the dreadful scene transpiring behind it, was terrible ; but the house was filling fast ; there was no time for the indulgence of pity or curiosity, and soon no trace of the accident remained but the broken rope above, and an ominous damp spot on the newly-washed boards below.

At word of command from our energetic manager, actors and actresses were sent away to retouch their pale faces with carmine, to restoring their startled nerves with any stimulant at hand, and to forget, if possible, the awesome sight just witnessed.

I returned to my dressing-room, noping Clotilde had heard nothing of this sad, and yet, for us, most fortunate accident, though all the while a vague dread haunted me, and I feared to see her. Mechanically completing my costume, I looked about me for the dagger with which poor Juliet was to stab himself, and found that it was gone. Trying to recollect where I put it, I remembered having it in my hand just before I went up to have my sword-belt altered ; and fancying that I must have inadvertently taken it with me, I reluctantly retraced my steps.

Digitized by Google

At the top of the stairs leading to that upper gallery a little white object caught my eye, and, taking it up, I found it to be a flower. If it had been a burning coal I should not have dropped it more hastily than I did when I recognized it was one of a cluster I had left in Clotilde's room because she loved them. They were a rare and delicate kind, no one but herself was likely to possess them in that place, nor was she likely to have given one away, for my gifts were kept with jealous care; yet how came it there? And as I asked myself the question, like an answer returned the remembrance of her face when she said, "I shall remember this." The darkly-shrouded form was a female figure, the white arm a woman's, and, horrible as was the act, who but that sorely-tried and tempted creature would have committed it.

For a moment my heart stood still, then I indignantly rejected the black thought, and thrusting the flower into my breast, went on my way, trying to convince myself that the foreboding fear which oppressed me was caused by the agitating events of the last half hour.

My weapon was not in the wardrobe-room; and as I returned, wondering what I had done with it, I saw Keen standing in the little doorway with a candle in his hand. He turned and asked what I was looking for. I told him, and explained why I was searching for it there.

"Here it is; I found it at the foot of these stairs. It is too sharp for a stage-dagger, and will do mischief unless you dull it," he said, adding, as he pointed to the broken rope, "Lamar, that was cut; I have examined it."

The light shone full in my face, and I knew that it changed, as did my voice, for I thought of Clotilde, and till that fear was at rest, resolved to be dumb concerning what I had seen; but I could not repress a shudder as I said, hastily:

"Don't suspect me of any deviltry, for heaven's sake. I've got to go on in fifteen minutes, and how can I play unless you let me forget this horrible business."

"Forget it, then, if you can; I'll remind you of it to-morrow." And, with a significant nod, he walked away, leaving behind him a new trial to distract me.

I ran to Clotilde's room, bent on relieving myself, if possible, of the suspicion that would return with redoubled pertinacity since the discovery of the dagger, which I was sure I had not dropped where it was found. When I tapped at her door, her voice, clear and sweet as ever, answered, "Come!" and entering, I found her ready, but alone. Before I could open my lips she put up her hand as if to arrest the utterance of some dreadful intelligence.

"Don't speak of it; I have heard, and cannot bear a repetition of the horror. I must forget it till to-morrow, then——"

There she stopped abruptly, for I produced the flower, asking as naturally as I could:

"Did you give this to any one?"

"No; why ask me that?" and she shrunk a little as I bent to count the blossoms in the cluster on her breast. I gave her seven; now there were but six, and I fixed on her a look that betrayed my fear, and mutely demanded its confirmation or denial. Other eyes she might have evaded or defied, not mine; the traitorous blood dyed her face, then fading, left it colorless; her eyes wandered and fell; she clasped her hands imploringly, and threw herself at my feet, crying in a stifled voice:

"Paul, be merciful! that was our only hope, and the guilt is mine alone!"

But I started from her, exclaiming with mingled incredulity and horror:

"Was this the tragedy you meant? What devil devised and helped you execute a crime like this?"

"Hear me! I did not plan it, yet I longed to kill him, and all day the thought would haunt me. I have borne so much, I could bear no more, and he drove me to it. To-night the thought still clung to me, till I was half mad. I went to find you, hoping to escape it; you were gone, but on your table lay the dagger. As I took it in my hand I heard his voice, and forgot everything except my wrongs and the great happiness one blow could bring us. I followed them, meaning to stab him in the dark; but when I saw him leaning where a safer stroke would destroy him, I gave it, and we are safe."

"Safe!" I echoed. "Do you know you left my dagger behind you? Keen found it; he suspects me, for I was near; and St. John has told him something of the cause I have to wish you free."

She sprang up, and seemed about to rush away to proclaim her guilt but I restrained her desperate purpose, saying, sternly:

"Control yourself and be cautious. I may be mistaken; but if either of us must suffer, let it be me. I can bear it best, even if it comes to the worst, for my life is worthless now

"And I have made it so? Oh, Paul, can you never forgive me and forget my sin?"

"Never, Clotilde; it is too horrible."

I broke from her trembling hold, and covered up my face, for suddenly the woman whom I once loved had grown abhorrent to me. For many minutes neither spoke or stirred; my heart seemed dead within me, and what went on in that stormy soul I shall never know. Suddenly I was called, and as I turned to leave her, she seized both my hands in a despairing grasp, covered them with tender kisses, wet them with repentant tears, and clung to them in a paroxysm of love, remorse, and grief, till I was forced to go, leaving her alone with the memory of her sin.

That night I was like one in a terrible dream; everything looked unreal, and like an automaton I played my part, for always before me I seemed to see that shattered body and to hear again that beloved voice confessing a black crime.

Rumors of the accident had crept out, and damped the spirits of the audience, yet it was as well, perhaps, for it made them lenient to the shortcomings of the actors, and lent another shadow to the mimic tragedy that slowly darkened to its close. Clotilde's unnatural composure would have been a marvel to me had I not been past surprise at any demonstration on her part. A wide gulf now lay between us, and it seemed impossible for me to cross it. The generous, tender woman whom I first loved, was still as beautiful and dear to me as ever, but as much lost as if death had parted us. The desperate, despairing creature I had learned to know within an hour, seemed like an embodiment of the murderous spirit which had haunted me that day; and though by heaven's mercy it had not conquered me, yet I now hated it with remorseful intensity.

So strangely were the two images blended in my troubled mind that I could not separate them, and they exerted a mysterious influence over me. When with Clotilde, she seemed all she had ever been, and I enacted the lover with a power I had never known before, feeling the while that it might be for the last time. When away from her, the darker impression returned, and the wildest of the poet's words were not too strong to embody my own sorrow and despair.

They told me long afterward that never had the tragedy been better played, and I could believe it, for the hapless Italian lovers never found better representatives than in us that night.

Worn out with suffering and excitement, I longed for solitude and silence with a desperate longing, and when *Romeo* murmured, "With a kiss I die," I fell beside the bier, wishing that I too was done with life. Lying there, I watched Clotilde, through the little that remained, and so truly, tenderly did she render the pathetic scene that my heart

Digitized by Google

softened; all the early love returned, strong and warm as ever, and I felt that I *could* forgive. As she knelt to draw my dagger, I whispered, warningly:

"Be careful, dear, it is very sharp."

"I know it," she answered, with a shudder; then cried aloud:

"Oh, happy dagger! this is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die!"

Again I saw the white arm raised, the flash of steel as *Juliet* struck the blow that was to free her, and sinking down beside her lover, seemed to breathe her life away.

"I thank God it's over!" I ejaculated, a few minutes later, as the curtain slowly fell.

Clotilde did not answer, and feeling how cold the cheek that touched my own had grown, I thought she had given way at last.

"She has fainted; lift her, Denon, and let me rise," I cried, as *County Paris* sprang up with a joke.

"Good God, she has hurt herself with that cursed dagger!" he exclaimed, as raising her he saw a red stain on the white draperies she wore.

I staggered to my feet, and laid her on the bier she had just left, but no mortal skill could heal that hurt, and *Juliet's* grave-clothes were her own.

Deaf to the enthusiastic clamor that demanded our reappearance, blind to the confusion and dismay about me, I leaned over her, passionately conjuring her to give me one word of pardon and farewell. As if my voice had power to detain her, even when death called, the dark eyes, full of remorseful love, met mine again, and feebly drawing from her breast a paper, she motioned Keen to take it, murmuring in a tone that changed from solemn affirmation to the tenderest penitence:

"Lamar is innocent—I did it. This will prove it. Paul, I have tried to atone—oh, forgive me, and remember me for my love's sake."

I did forgive her; and she died smiling on my breast. I did remember her through a long, lonely life, and never played again since the night of that Double Tragedy.

GAVARNI.

A FEW years since the grave closed on Sulpice Paul Chevalier a French artist of undoubted power, who made himself a fame which Delacroix prophesied, but which is associated only with his *nom de guerre* of Gavarni. The "Street Sweep of Paris," which we give as one of the happiest of his creations, will show the minute truthfulness, the life-like characteristics of his style.

His astonishing series of sketches reproduce every imaginable phase of Parisian life. The whole comedy and tragedy of human existence passes before us. Idlers, grisettes, students, dandies, beggars, thieves, bourgeois, priests, lorettes, hypocrites, wives good and bad, husbands faithful and false, children *naifs*, impudent and malignant, exhibit themselves in their nature and in their habit as they were, and, indeed, as they are, since human nature is the same under all conditions of time.

Hear what one of the greatest modern French critics, Jules Janin, said of these creations:

"Gavarni's players are real men. They walk without thinking that they are followed; they pass by, unaware that they are looked at; they speak, and not one has the air of imagining himself overheard. They are artlessly foolish, malicious, proud, gluttonous, idle, loungers, scoundrels, cowards, flatterers, takers of oaths, makers of songs, stupid, vain, frivolous, gossipers, treacherous, brutal, or subtle; you see these are no longer comedians—they are men."

To have created such a gallery—to have caught the whole tone of the life around him with such entire perfection—surely this is work enough for one man.

At the beginning of the present century, having amassed a competency sufficient for his own modest needs, the father settled down in Paris, where, in 1801, his son, Sulpice Paul Chevalier, was born. There was an artistic drop in his veins on his mother's side. Her brother was a painter named Thiemet, who, in the time of the Revolution, gained some little temporary success. At first this undeveloped power took a direction which scarcely promised to lead its possessor into the path in which he was destined afterward to gain so much renown.

A trade was necessary, and as the young Sulpice Paul Chevalier was passionately fond of the exact sciences, his father apprenticed him to a mechanical draughtsman. By day he worked with rule and compass in his workshop; by night—thanks to that liberal encouragement of the arts which has always been characteristic of the French Government—he followed the course laid down by the School of Design.

He was in his seventeenth year when the general survey of France opened a place for him. The officers appointed to make the survey placed him at Tarbes, and there, in the midst of a picturesque country, and surrounded by people whose every attitude formed the subject of a picture, he gave himself up with little restraint to the indulgence of his artistic tastes. Landscapes and figure subjects in chalk and water-color flowed from his hand in an incessant stream; but he won no reputation, except among the few private friends to whom he submitted his work.

At last, incited by some ladies who had shown him particular attention, he sent a couple of drawings of costumes to M. de la Mésangère, who then conducted a sort of magazine of fashion in Paris. These being published, were followed by others of the same class, which were so well appreciated by the public, that on his return to the capital the artist was able to resign his connection with the survey and to live by his pencil.

One day, bargaining with Susse the publisher, he was called upon for a signature to his work. For some unknown reason, Chevalier did not choose to reveal himself, and therefore signed his drawings with the name of a valley very dear to him during his stay in the Pyrenees—Gavarni. Henceforward that name became his; so that even in his public capacity he was known by it rather than by that which of right belonged to him.

TOBACCO PIPES.

THERE are some remarkable objects to be met with among the relics of North American antiquity, but none are more curious than the stone tobacco pipes which have been discovered in the mounds formed by the early inhabitants of the continent. They are, undoubtedly, the oldest things of the sort in the world. There is something about them, however, more interesting than age. "These pipes," remarks one writer, "are unique in form, and are carved out of hard ornamental stone, in which their bowls are hollowed and their tubes drilled with perfect skill, and the bowls themselves are sculptured into the forms of birds, animals, and human heads, in a manner quite unapproachable by any but civilized races."

It may be added that elaborately carved pipes continue to be made by the Indians in the present day. Some tribes devote their attention to the ornamentation of the bowl, others to that of the stem. Occasionally the bowl is adapted for the insertion of two tubes—a convenient arrangement whereby two smokers may inhale the fumes of the tobacco at the same time.

Digitized by Google



"OF COURSE I KNELT, WITH FINGERS DEFT
I TIED THE RIGHT, AND THEN THE LEFT."

"MRS. SMITH."

Last year I trod these fields with Di,
And that's the simple reason why
They now look arid:
Then Di was fair and single—how
Unfair it seems on me, for now
Di's fair and married!

In bliss we roved, I scorn'd the song
Which says that tho' young Love is strong
The Fates are stronger:
Then breezes blew a boon to men—
Then buttercups were bright—and then
This grass was longer.

That day I saw, and much esteem'd
Di's ankles—which the clover seem'd
Inclined to smother:
It twitch'd—and soon untied (for fun)
The ribbons of her shoes; first one,
And then the other.

'Tis said that virgins augur some
Misfortune, if their shoestrings come
To grief on Friday:
And so did Di—and so her pride
Decreed that shoestrings so untied
Are "so untidy!"

Of course I knelt, with fingers deft
I tied the right, and then the left;
Says Di—"This stubble
Is very stupid, as I live,
I'm shocked, I'm quite ashamed to give
You so much trouble."

For answer I was fain to sink
To what most swains would say and think
Were Beauty present:
"Don't mention such a simple act.
A trouble? not the least. In fact
It's rather pleasant."

I trust that love will never tease
Poor little Di, or prove that he's
A graceless rover;
She's happy now—as Mrs. Smith—
But less polite when walking with
Her chosen lover.

Farewell! And tho' no moral clings
To Di's soft eyes and sandal strings,
We've had our quarrels;
I think that Smith is thought an ass,
But know that when they walk in grass
She wears balmorals.

THE ELECTRIC EEL.

Among all the diversified faculties, powers and organs with which Supreme Wisdom has gifted the members of the animal kingdom, to defend themselves from their enemies or to secure for themselves a due supply of food, none are more remarkable than those by which they can give an electric shock, and arrest them in their course, whether they are assailants or fugitives.

That God should arm certain fishes, in some sense, with the lightning of the clouds, and enable them thus to employ an element so potent and irresistible, as we do gunpowder, to astound, and smite, and stupefy and kill the inhabitants of the water, is one of those wonders of an Almighty arm which no terrestrial animal is gifted to exhibit.

The fishes hitherto ascertained to possess this power belong to the genera *Tetredon*, *Trichiurus*, *Melapterurus*, *Gymnotus*, and *Rai*. The most remarkable are the three last, and of them the torpedo is the most celebrated.

The gymnotus, or electric-eel, is a still more tremendous assailant, both of the inhabitants of its own element and even of large quadrupeds, and of man himself, if he puts himself in its way. Its force is said to be ten times greater than that of the torpedo. This animal is a native of South

Digitized by Google

America. In the immense plains of the Llanos, in the province of Caraccas, is a city called Calabozo, in the vicinity of which these eels abound in small streams, insomuch that a road formerly much frequented was abandoned on account of them, it being necessary to cross a rivulet in which many mules were annually lost in consequence of their attacks. They are also extremely common in every pond from the equator to the ninth degree of north latitude.

Humboldt gives a very spirited account of the manner of taking this animal, which is done by compelling twenty or thirty wild horses and mules to take the water. The Indians surround the basin into which they are driven, armed with long canes or harpoons; some mount the trees whose branches hang over the water, all endeavoring, by their cries and instruments, to keep the horses from escaping. For a long time the victory seems doubtful, or to incline to the fishes. The mules, disabled by the frequency and force of the shocks, disappear under the water; and some horses, in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gain the banks, overcome by fatigue, and benumbed by the shocks they have encountered, stretch themselves at their length on the ground.

There could not (says Humboldt) be a finer subject for a painter; groups of Indians surrounding the basin; the horses, with their hair on end, endeavoring to escape the tempest that has overtaken them; the eels, yellowish and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents, swimming on the surface of the water in pursuit of their enemy.

In a few minutes two horses were already drowned; the eel, more than five feet long, gliding under the belly of the horse or mule, made a discharge of its electric battery on the whole extent, attacking, at the same instant, the heart and the viscera. The animals, stupefied by these repeated shocks, fall into a profound lethargy, and, deprived of all sense, sink under the water, when the other horses and mules passing over their bodies, they are soon drowned. The gymnoti, having thus discharged their accumulation of the electric fluid, now become harmless, and are no longer dreaded. Swimming half out of the water, they flee from the horses, instead of attacking them; and if they enter it the day after the battle, they are not molested, for these fishes require repose and plenty of food to enable them to accumulate a sufficient supply of their galvanic electricity.

TERRIBLE PUNISHMENTS—PEINE FORTE ET DURE.

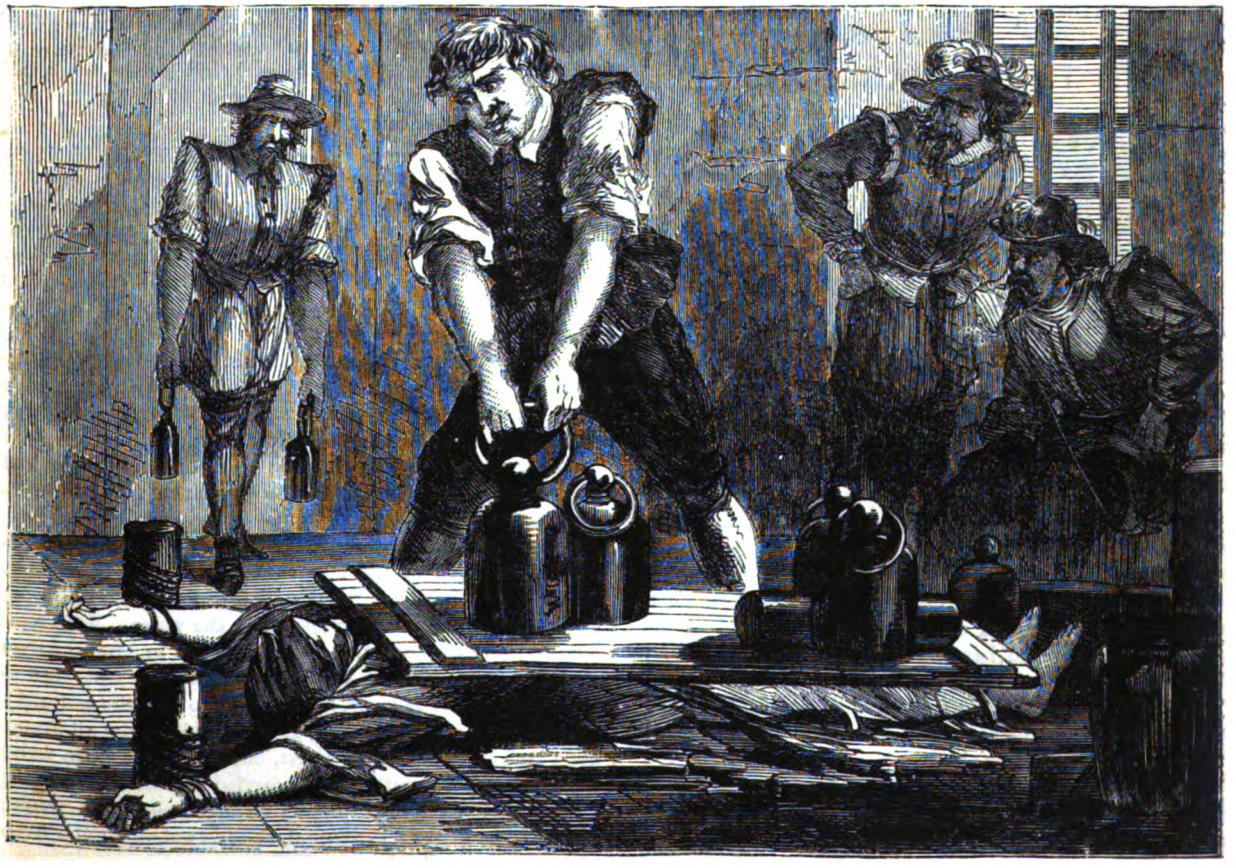
One of the most terrible punishments ever conceived was that formerly used in England on those who, arraigned for felony or treason, refused to plead. As the trial could not proceed till the indicted person had answered the question, "Guilty or not Guilty?" the torture of the *Peine Forte et Dure* was resorted to in order to compel compliance.

This *Strong and Harsh Penalty* well deserved the name. All the old law books agree that the prisoner was carried back to prison and laid in some low, dark room, almost naked, upon his back. A sharp stone was placed beneath the back, a board on the body, and on this weights were gradually piled. The unfortunate prisoner received each day, alternately, either a small piece of bread of the worst description, or some water from the nearest stagnant pool. Thus he continued till he died, for he could not, after the pressing began, offer to plead.

The earliest statute imposing this penalty is that of Westminster the First, in the time of Edward the First. It continued in use till 1772, when it was abolished.

Massachusetts is, we believe, the only part of this country where its horrors were ever witnessed.

In 1692, Giles Corey, an old man of eighty, and husband of a reputed witch, was pressed to death.



TERRIBLE PUNISHMENTS.—PEINE FORTE ET DURE

Digitized by Google

Even women were subjected to this punishment. Among the recorded cases is that of Margaret Clitheroe, pressed to death at York, in 1586, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

She was a lady of some position, her stepfather being at the time mayor of the city. She was arraigned for having given shelter to a priest. On being brought to the bar she declined to plead, either to save her children from being brought as witnesses against her or because she did not wish the jury to be made instrumental in her death. It may be, too, that she underwent the torture as a mode of death more painful, indeed, than hanging, but at the same time attended with less injury to her family, as no confiscation or attainder followed pressing to death.

Judge Clinch sentenced her to this effect:

"That in the lowest part of the prison she shall be stripped, laid on her back on the ground, and as much weight laid on her as she could bear, and so continue for three days; and on the third day, should she still refuse to plead, be pressed to death, her hands and feet tied to a post, and a sharp stone under her back."

On the day appointed she was led to the toll-booth. Here Fawcett, the sheriff, commanded her to undress. She implored upon her knees, as did other women, to be spared the shame, but in vain. The women then disrobed her, and she put on a long linen habit that she had prepared. Being thus ready, she lay quietly down on the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief. Then the door was laid upon her, and she covered her face with her hands, but the sheriff told her she must have her hands bound to two posts, which was done, so that she seemed extended on a cross. As the first weight was laid upon her she cried: "O Jesus, have mercy on me!" but these were her last words. A sharp stone was then placed under her back and seven or eight hundred weight piled upon the door. After an agony of a quarter of an hour she expired.

THE THREE MAGIC WELLS.



CARRIE ROE was the pet of the household, and, as she was often told, was "as pretty as a picture."

If my opinion had been asked, I should have said she was as lovely as a fairy dream.

She had deep blue eyes, a fair white skin, and long golden hair that hung in ringlets over her plump little neck and shoulders; her features were well formed; she was sprightly, graceful, and—beautiful.

Perhaps she would not have found out, at such a tender age, that she was so lovely, if thoughtless persons had not, at least fifty times a day, reminded her of the fact; as it was, however, Carrie, when only eight years old, would often spend an hour before the mirror, twisting her head on one side, and then on the other, as you have seen a cunning little canary bird do—twining a curl around her finger, or smoothing a ribbon on her dress.

At last, she became quite in love with herself, and wasted much time that might have been devoted to study or healthful play.

Carrie's father lived in a large city, was very wealthy, and indulged his only child in almost every reasonable wish. Her mother was blind to any imperfection in her, so she was obliged to learn from another source how foolish it is to be vain of a pretty face.

How she learned this, you will see in another part of this story.

One day, in June, Mr. Roe came in from his office, and said he had just received a letter from his brother, who had a fine residence in the country, inviting him to bring Mrs. Roe and Carrie to spend the Summer months away from the hot bricks and dusty streets, among the green fields and shady leaves of Brookville.

Carrie was very much pleased with the idea of going to the country, and, when her father and mother decided to accept the invitation, she skipped about and clapped her hands with delight. Soon everything was ready for the journey, and Carrie found herself, one bright morning, speeding along over the iron rails toward the home of her cousins.

Carrie had four cousins, Willie, Mattie, Bertie, and May, who gave her a hearty welcome, and took her to see the rabbits, the chickens, a little pond of gold fish, a pet fawn in the park near the house, and many other things, with which she was very much pleased, and for two or three days she quite forgot her silly habit of spending so much time before the glass.

After that time, however, when many of the places of interest had been visited, Carrie often found herself before the mirror, and she noticed that the sun had browned her fair face, and here and there on her hands were little scratches, made by the briers.

"Come, Carrie," said Cousin Willie, one morning, "we are all going into the woods to pick berries; we shall take a lunch, and have a jolly time—just like a picnic."

Carrie thought of her face, and how brown it might get; of her delicate hands, how they would look all covered with scratches, and replied:

"I don't want to go into the woods to-day."

"Oh, do come," urged Willie. "Why don't you want to? Are you afraid of bears and lions and tigers?"

"No, Cousin Will, I do not believe there are any bears or lions and tigers here, but I don't care about going."

Carrie blushed a little as she said this, for she felt a little ashamed of her pride, but did not want to confess the true reason for wishing to remain at home.

"Well," said Willie, "it is not very far away that we are going, and, if you change your mind, you can find us on the other side of the great hill;" and away he ran.

Carry saw the merry, bright-eyed children, as they started for the woods with their lunch-baskets and baskets for berries, and felt sorry she had not gone with them—then, thinking of what Willie had said, decided to get ready and follow them.

It took some time to find mamma, and prepare for a day in the woods—so, when Carrie was ready, the picnic party were out of sight. But Carrie thought she knew the way, and started after them with a light heart.

As she walked up the hillside path, she saw, but a little way off, a lake, and on its surface blossomed many beautiful water-lilies.

"Oh, I must have a lily?" said Carrie to herself, as she ran to the bank of the lake.

She reached far out for the beautiful flower, and, as she did so, saw her own face reflected in the water. This was a new and pleasant surprise, so she stopped to admire herself again, without noticing the slippery place her feet were in, until she lost her balance, and fell plump into the water.

Then came a dizzy feeling, great bubbles arose all around her; and, as each bubble burst, out jumped a little water-sprite—and, all together, they carried the little girl down, down—past lily roots, fishes of strange colors and shapes, odd-looking grasses, through dark-blue waters, to the home of the water-sprites!

A strange place was the home of the water-sprites; and at

Digitized by Google

first Carrie was much frightened, until one, who appeared to have command over the rest, said to an attendant:

"Bring in the mortal you have captured, and drive all fear from her mind."

Then Carrie saw what a beautiful place she was in, and what comical little companions she had. It made her laugh until her face was very red, for the little sprites, no larger than her hand, were running, jumping, and dancing about in the funniest manner; and one little fellow—as fat as an oyster, and about as large as some Carrie had seen—made the oddest kind of faces, and jumped about in perfect glee.

They could all talk so that she could understand them, and all were anxious to show her the curious sights in their abode. She was led through long walks paved with bright pebbles, with borders of many colored sea-weed; and saw, looking through the window of the palace, the sprites darting through the water, sitting on the back of a fish, or gliding along in a silver-like shell.

They took her to one part of their garden, where she saw three wells, in which a bright light shone; and, turning to the fat little sprite, she asked:

"What are those wells for?"

"Well, don't you know that?" said the little fellow, shaking his fat sides with laughter. "Why, those are the magic wells!"

"Magic wells!" exclaimed Carrie, in surprise. "What is in them?"

"Look in and see," returned the sprite, with a broad grin on his face.

"Why, I see my own face, just as I do in the mirrors at home," said Carrie, as she stopped to take a long look at herself.

"Pretty picture, isn't it?" asked the sprite, with another comical laugh.

Carrie blushed, but turned away without answering, to look into a second well, and asked:

"What is in this one?"

"Oh, that one will show you how you look to other people."

She looked in the second well, but saw a little face looking somewhat like her own, but it had a very silly and vain expression, and she wondered if she really did look like that to other people; if so, she was not very pretty.

"There is one more well to look in," said the elf, skipping toward the last one in the row; "and I want to tell you something about this. It is different from the rest, and will show you what is your greatest fault, if you have any (with another grin). You must take one of those round, white pebbles, and drop it in the well; then, when the water gets smooth, you will see something written there. Look."

Carrie looked, and saw nothing; but she dropped the pebble in as directed, and watched the water until it became smooth, when she could read, in large letters:

"Vanity! You are in love with your own face!"

Now Carrie blushed very deeply, and the sprite laughed very loudly, turned heels over head, and shook himself almost to pieces.

The three magic wells made our little girl think how foolish she had been, and how much precious time she had wasted looking at her face in the glass.

As she turned from the well, her ear caught the sound of music; and soon a band of water-sprites marched toward her, playing on sea-shells, which gave forth softer and sweeter strains of music than she had ever before heard. Then the whole place seemed alive with the little beings; and the one who seemed to be in command of the others asked Carrie to take a seat they had built for her of beautiful shells and soft moss, and tell them something about her home and the people above the water.

So she sat down on the mossy throne, and answered a great many questions that were asked by the merry sprites, who had wonderful things to show those who visited them, but appeared to know but little of the world above the water.

"You have pleased us very much, and we thank you for the stories of the wonders to be seen in your strange land; and we will show you, before leaving, how we enjoy ourselves," said the chief.

Then the music sounded a lively strain, and the merry sprites commenced dancing in their strange, fantastic way, while Carrie looked on with wonder and delight.

After their dancing and plays, they all marched into a large hall, where a feast of good things was spread on several long tables, and their visitor found out that even water-sprites do not live on air; but their dishes were so small that she was helped a great many times by a great many little sprites, who appeared delighted with the honor of bringing nice things to their guest.

When the feast was over, they marched into another large, beautiful hall, where they had more music; and then the chief of the water-sprites came toward Carrie to say farewell.

"Before I say good-by," he commenced, "I want to thank you for your visit to us, although brought without your consent. You have told us many interesting things, and I would gladly give you some beautiful presents to take home; but any of our bright gifts would fade and vanish if carried above the water. However, I will tell you of something that may benefit you very much. Down by the bank of the little brook that runs past the garden of your uncle, there is a modest little violet blooming; it is blue, fragrant, and beautiful; take it, and press it in some book that you often look in, and when you see its modest face, think of the visit to the water-sprites, the magic wells, and never forget that to be vain of a pretty face is wicked and foolish. Good-by."

Then all shouted "Good-by! Good-by!" and Carrie found herself floating toward the surface of the lake, as she thought, but opened her eyes to find father, mother, uncle, auntie, cousins, and the doctor around a bed on which she lay, weak and almost lifeless.

She had been rescued from drowning by some kind men who were at work near the lake into which she had fallen, and taken to her uncle's house, where, after kind nursing, she became well in a few days.

Every one who knew her noticed a great change after this event, how thoughtful she was of others; and her face became more beautiful than ever, for it was marked by kindness; and vanity and selfishness were no more seen there.

She found many violets by the brook, and saved some, as directed by the sprite, and was better and wiser for her visit to the home of the water-sprites and the Three Magic Wells.

THERE is living now in Milan a man without a roof to cover his head, who, only a few years ago, was a king. The London *Echo* tells his story as follows: "This personage is Leo VII. of Armenia, Prince of Karigosz, whose father was, in the year 1846, dispossessed by the Russians. Shortly after this event the inhabitants of Erivan called his son to the throne, by the name of Leo VII., but a simple command from St. Petersburg proved sufficient to determine his fall, the only result of his brief elevation being the loss of all his property and the withdrawal of a pension of 12,000f, which had been allowed him by the Russian Government. The landless monarch had, indeed, some capital in English and American banks, but this he lost in consequence of rash speculations. He then sold his jewels and other valuables, and soon had absolutely nothing left. He is now living with his wife and six children in the bitterest poverty."

Digitized by Google

A GLIMPSE AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

SIGHTING the Cape on a very clear day, the purple outline of the high Table Mountain could be distinctly seen a distance of sixty miles away.

The convictions of the oldest sailors, and the prevailing impressions of our passengers, were entirely dispelled; there was no storm. No phantom of a *Flying Dutchman* could be associated with anything but rough weather, and the first discoverers named it the Cape of Storms; we were therefore very much disappointed.

The Portuguese first discovered the Cape in 1486, ten or eleven years after Vasco de Gama rounded it and pursued his course to India. Since then it has been through the hands of the Dutch East India Company, who first colonized it, then the English, then the Dutch, and finally the English, to whom it was ceded by the former in 1814.

There were good old days at the Cape before steam was invented; it was then a regular sanitarium for those whose health had been shattered in India—it being the most salubrious climate in the world, they found a short sojourn here almost an unfailing remedy. The nabobs used to go there invalided; enrich it by spending plenty of money; rapidly recover; and impoverish it by taking away plenty of pretty girls—for the Cape is noted for the beauty of its fair sex—and these ties of marriage have created a sort of first cousinship between the colony and India. Gayety, in the shape of balls, parties, dinners, and picnics, was effulgent then; the same with nomenclature. Brown, Jones, and Robinson are titles we've mostly heard of before; but imagine one-fifth of the company at a *soirée* of three hundred with the same name—and that Dutch. A story is told of a young fellow, a visitor at a ball here, who engaged a young lady for one of the dances, placing only her surname on his card, but when



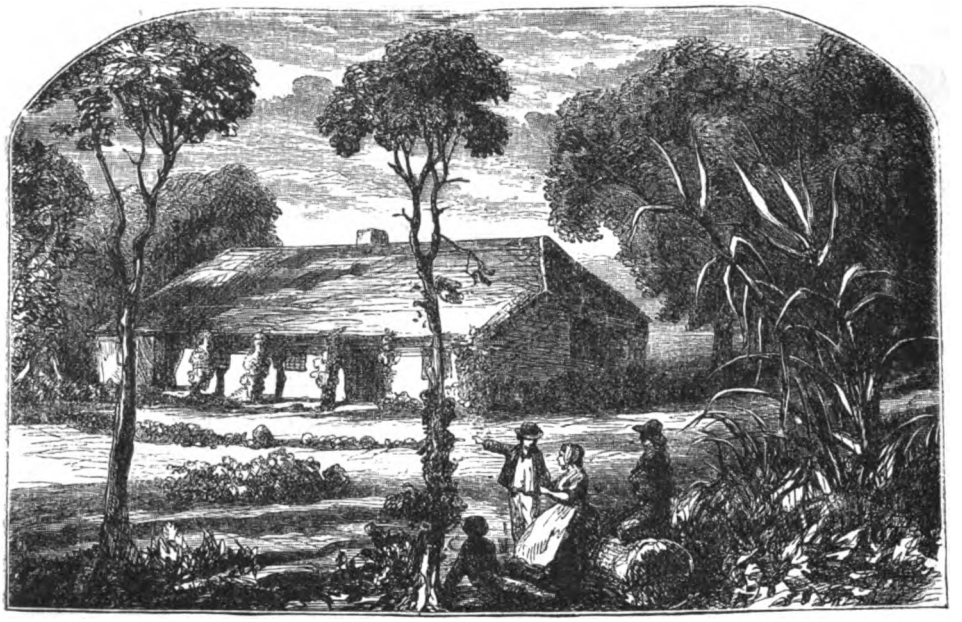
THE THREE MAGIC WELLS.—"CARRIE STOPPED TO ADMIRE HER REFLECTION, WITHOUT NOTICING THE SLIPPERY PLACE HER FEET WERE IN, UNTIL SHE LOST HER BALANCE AND FELL PLUMP INTO THE WATER."—SEE PAGE 478.

Digitized by Google



THE MARKET PLACE AT CAPE TOWN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Digitized by Google



A FARMHOUSE NEAR THE CAPE TOWN.

the time arrived, searched for her in vain, Applying to one of the stewards, that gentleman smilingly observed: "My dear sir, it is useless; there are at least two score of young ladies here of that cognomen." He left utterly bewildered.

The traveler must have observed that, into whatever country he penetrates, be it some quiet nook near home or away in the Himalyas, that the fertile imagination will make a face or a figure from the contour of any curiously-shaped rock, hill, or mountain. There's a Louis Philippe face on the Rhine, a Nelson head in the interior of Africa, a Diana's Peak, and Lot's wife at St. Helena, and similar formations on this great continent. As we anchored in Table Bay the result of this fanciful imagery was before us. The Table Mountain rising up 3,500 feet in height, was supported on the left by the Devil's Peak, and on the right—a long hill and headland, supposed to resemble a lion couchant, extending southward towards the Cape of Good Hope, which is distant about thirty-seven miles—were the Twelve Apostles range.

Cape Town, the capital of the Cape Colony, has a picturesque appearance from the Bay. Lying at the base of Table Mountain, and having a northern aspect, the city extends itself along the margin of the Bay, stretching out on one side partially up the slope of the Lion's Rump or Signal Hill, and on the other to a shoulder of land running from the foot of the Devil's Peak; here and there a spire, tower, or public building is seen rising from the dark sombre foliage. The atmosphere around is clear; the houses rise as they recede from the shore, many of them having from their windows fine views of the Bay and shipping. The Castle Fort is conspicuous at the eastern side of the Bay, many wooden wharves intervening between that and the new extensive breakwater and docks that have lately been constructed at an expense of some million pounds sterling, and can afford shelter to the largest fleets in the world; numerous pretty villas, with terraces, are dotted about, and large plantations of pine wood break the barrenness of the mountain side. These are very deceptive in the distance, and by the illusion look like patches of brushwood.

The market-place is always a lively scene, where English officials and traders, Dutch boers or farmers, officers of foreign vessels, and a motley group of Malays, Caffres and Hottentots meet your eye.

The anchorage in Table Bay is rendered very uncertain from the heavy gales which blow from northwest and southeast; these two quarters monopolize the wind business here, and a good thing they make of it sometimes. The south-easter is usually preceded by a white misty vapor appearing on the summit of the flat mountain; this is called the "Table Cloth," and is perpetually rolling over and over like a mighty cataract about to overwhelm the whole city, but vanishes into air. Following this is the wind; it commences by raising little whirlpools of dust at various corners of the streets, increasing in their dimensions until they assume the appearance of clouds. These are carried through the various thoroughfares, sometimes obscuring the opposite side of the way, and that which does not penetrate the houses, and, to the delectation of old ladies, lodge on the furniture, is ultimately carried into the Bay and deposited on the shipping, giving those who have not had an opportunity of landing a taste of what is on shore. The second day it works its effect on small pebbles, that fly into the eyes and tingle the faces of the luckless individuals who are compelled to weather it. The next part of the entertainment comprise the capsizing of carts, cabs, and omnibuses, and flying about of chimney-pots and signboards. All this may be very interesting in its way, but these freaks of Æolus are mild compared to the climax and finishing touch of one that occurred when we were there; it wound up by taking the roof and sweeps off a huge windmill at the top of the Government Gardens and depositing it on a terrace of cottages adjoining, which crashed like cardboard beneath the ponderous weight.

When the Summer season closes, as the weather almanacs predict, we may no longer expect wind from this quarter. There is a lull; the few Autumn months pass, and the short Winter season is announced by the northwest gales. These are more destructive and appalling in their character, as, blowing into the open roadstead, they carry the great waves of the Atlantic with them. The shipping at anchor is now watched with intense avidity by those on shore. The vessels are seen to labor heavily, and letting go both anchors and paying out every inch of cable is sometimes of little avail. The signal goes up to shore, "An anchor wanted!" and soon a sturdy boat, with a brave little crew, is seen to emerge from behind a wharf, buffeting with the waves, and successful in

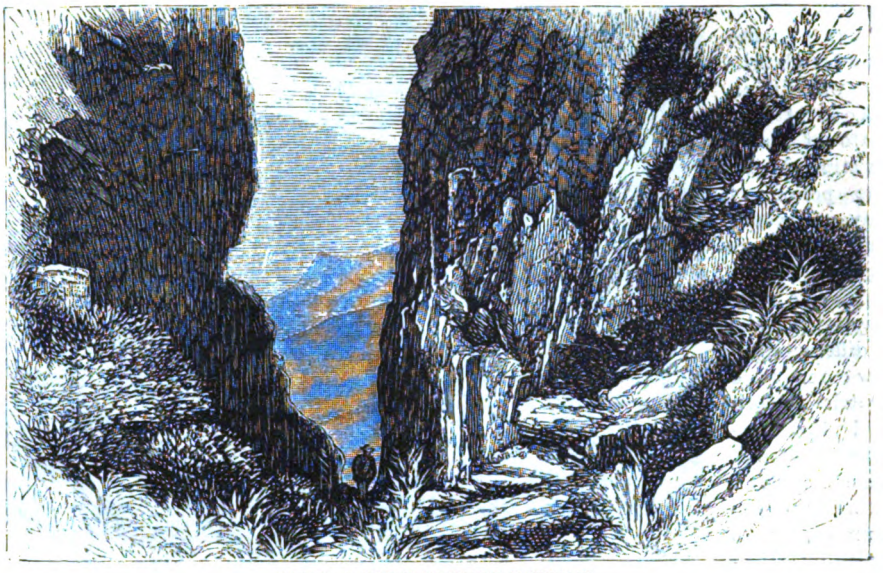


SIMON'S BAY

Digitized by Google

its means of communication with the distressed vessel. The shore anchor is usually a last resource, and this failing, the booming of a minute gun from the Castle battery announces her doom; a gib is run up, and she drifts with the heavy, surging sea high on shore.

It was singular to see, at the Custom-house, a notice posted to mariners, particularly drawing their attention, in case of shipwreck, toward the position of the dangerous reef in the Bay, and recommending the beach beside the Castle as the most advantageous and softest place to make for. At night a blue light is shown here as a guide. In many instances the lives of the crew are saved, but the ship rarely. At times the loss of life is terrific.



POORT, A GORGE IN TABLE MOUNTAIN.

A few years ago a magnificent steamer, the *Athens*, belonging to the Union line, that trades between the Cape and England, was lost, with thirty hands. She slipped her cable and tried to make for sea, but became unmanageable, and was driven on the rocks. During that tempest twenty ships were driven on shore, with a loss of many lives. Some time previous to this a convict ship bound south, and putting into this Bay, shared a similar fate. Some hundreds of condemned criminals were on board, manacled, and as the huge hull went to pieces, and the helpless state of these creatures was made known, every exertion was put forth by those on shore to save them, but without success. The scene was heartrending. The poor, fettered beings, plunging into the sea, made one final desperate effort for existence, in the attempt to reach shore, but were, with few exceptions, engulfed by the merciless waves.

The shelter afforded by the new breakwater will, it is to be hoped, obviate this, and make shipwreck an accident of rare occurrence at Table Bay.

The chief public buildings in Cape Town are the Government-house, Colonial Office, Barracks, Exchange Post-office, Sailors' Home, Hospital, and new Museum and Library—a most magnificent building, and in its collections second to none in the colonies. The streets are all laid out at right angles, and embellished with trees; many of the houses are very commodious, particularly those of the old East Indian stamp, and in many parts of the town traces of the Dutch style of architecture are still preserved. They have, with few exceptions, stoops or raised platforms in front, and above this, lattice-work, with the intertwining vine.

The public walk through the Government Gardens is very much frequented; it is nearly a mile in length, its shady avenues of oak forming a great attraction. The population of the city is about 30,000, a great portion being colored, and consisting of Hottentots, negroes, and Malays, the descendants of Malay slaves introduced in former times by the Dutch. The Hottentots are nearly extinct; they are of small stature, shriveled and repulsive countenances, their color a kind of snuff-and-butter. They confirm, by their manner and appearance, the opinions of the Dutch in olden times, that they are only a connecting link between a man and a monkey. They are naturally lazy, and very fond of alcohol. Since the abolition of slavery this race is rapidly diminishing.



LIGHTHOUSE HILL, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The Malays are an industrious, skillful, thriving race; they rest very contented, are zealous, and great enthusiasts in their devotional exercises. They are somewhat inclined to be vindictive. Mohammed is their prophet.

The Dutch element largely predominates, though they have intermarried with the English. The Dutch farmers still preserve the leading characteristics of their ancestors; they are a steady and energetic race, industrious, and have a moral character. At one time great antipathy existed between the English and Dutch, but within the last decade this mutual dislike and distrust have been forgotten. Then English interference with slavery, and placing the black on an equality with the white, was bitter humiliation to them. The following

Digitized by Google

incident of Pagan justice and Dutch artifice will give an idea of the state of laws existing during the period of slavery, seventy or eighty years ago:

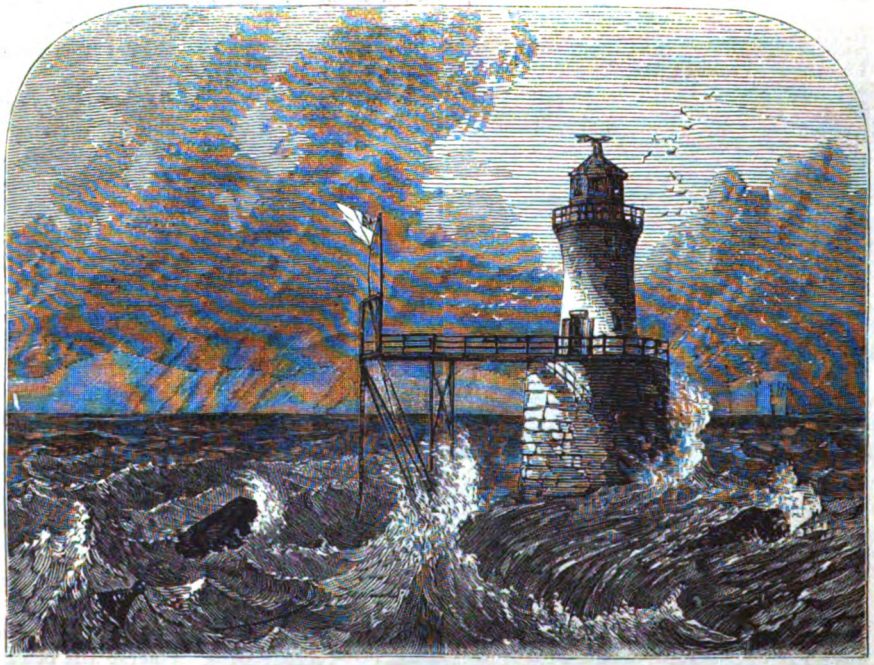


A DUTCH FARMHOUSE NEAR WORCESTER, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

There then happened to be a difference between the Dutch factory and the Hottentots. One of the former being up the country, was killed by a Hottentot; whereupon the chiefs, or heads of the people, were summoned to find out the offender and bring him to the bar of trade, and there punish him according to their manner.

The convicted fellow implored the chief of the factory, and his wife, whom he gained an interview with in their arbor, also used her influence to prevent him being sacrificed; but all of no avail, the inexorable Dutchman would have justice. The Hottentots made a great fire, and brought the criminal, attended by all his friends and relations, who took their leave of him not in sorrowful lamentations, but in feasting, dancing, and drinking. When the unfortunate criminal had been plentifully supplied with liquor, so that he was insensibly drunk, his friends made him dance till he was quite spent with fatigue; in that state they threw him into the fire, and concluded the horrible scene with a hideous howl, which they set up immediately after the criminal was dispatched. Some time after this one of the factory killed a Hottentot, upon which great men came and demanded justice for the blood of their countryman; but the offender happened to be one of their best accountants, and a person whom the factory could ill spare. However, the crafty Dutchmen devised means of rendering satisfaction to the natives, under a color of justice, by the following scheme: They appointed a day for the execution of the murderer, when the Hottentots assembled in great numbers to view this imposition upon them. A scaffold was erected, and the criminal was brought forth draped in white, attended by a minister. After praying, singing psalms, etc., the mock executioner presented him with a flaming draught, which the ignorant Hottentots supposed to render an atonement for the loss of their deceased countryman. The criminal received his potion — which was no other than a little brandy—with all the outward signs of horror and dread; his hands shook, his body trembled, and his whole frame appeared in the most violent agitation; he at last, with seeming reluctance, swallowed his draught, and, still preserving the farce of trembling, etc., in a few moments fell down apparently dead; a blanket was immediately thrown over him and his body removed. The Hottentots then made a shout that rent the air, and retired perfectly pleased, first observing that the Dutch had been more severe than themselves, for the former had put the fire into the criminal; they the criminal into the fire.

The views in and around Cape Town are grand and extensive. From the Kloof Road the appearance of the City and Bay beyond somewhat reminds one of Naples. The southwest district is very fertile, producing large quantities of grain and wine. A visit to Constantia is considered the correct thing. Driving through ten or twelve miles of most beautiful scenery, the vineyards of Constantia are reached. We went to Mr. Van Reun's, and were well received by the hospitable owner, who conducted us round the cellars. We also saw the process of pressing the fruit. Several negroes, in a kind of light bathing costume, and with uncovered feet, were walking round a large vat filled with grapes. When a glass of the green juice was required, one of the pressers lifted his foot over the side, and the liquor ran off his toe. This is also the prevailing



ROMAN ROCKS LIGHTHOUSE, SIMON'S BAY.

Digitized by Google

method of helping one throughout the Spanish districts. It is not very pleasant to contemplate the facts stated in connection with our little stimulating glass of wine at luncheon; but what the eye does not see, etc.; and, I suppose, philanthropically viewing it, there are many things in domestic matters equally as obnoxious, but we do not see them. However, we can truthfully say we tried all the samples, including Frontignac, Pontac, Hock, and others *in toto*, and found them the very *fac simile* in flavor of the Californian wines. The vegetation here is extraordinary in richness and variety. Bulbous plants and heath grow beautifully on the uncultivated lands; timber is plentiful in the neighborhood. The race of wild animals inland comprise a great variety. Elephant, tiger, hippopotamus, lion, leopard, rhinoceros, hyena, jackal, zebra, quagga, wild boar, antelopes in great variety, squirrel, raccoon, monkeys, baboons—the latter are found in the recesses of Table Mountain, and tigers have been shot of late years near Constantia. Ostrich hunting is also a favorite sport. Simon's Bay, twenty miles from Cape Town, situated in False Bay, is a large naval station; Robben Island, situated at the entrance to Table Bay, is a rocky, barren little spot, used in olden times as a whale-fishing depôt. It has now become an asylum for negro lunatics, lepers, Kafir state prisoners, and rabbits, and although there is scarcely a vestige of a blade of grass to be seen, yet the latter animals swarm there. We availed ourselves of the offer of a day's sport by the doctor of the place, not thinking we would come much in contact with the mentally deranged community. On our arrival off the island the breakers were too heavy for the boat to land us, so we had to be carried on the backs of mild lunatics. When we arrived on terra firma, I became, to use an old joke, in a firmer terror. We were surrounded by a rabid group. One said he was a saint, another imagined himself a king, and a third labored under the delusion that he was of the canine species. This last was a positive nuisance; he came up barking at us, and, rolling over and over, finally awaited our attention. "Pat him," the doctor said; "he won't hurt; he likes to be noticed." This was not pleasant, but I did at last have courage enough to extend my hand, flip my fingers and thumb, and say, "Poor old boy!" Then he gave one bound of delight, and came full tilt at my boots, which he commenced to lick. The sensation of his woolly head coming in contact with my legs was unbearable. I exhibited some decision of character, and treated him as one of his species, the result of which was he set up an awful yell, and went scampering into the island. I was glad when we left the next day, and can conscientiously aver that the success of the rabbit shooting did not compensate for the restless night I had experienced, and the reflection that I had ill-treated that dog, and that he might at any moment come at my heels. The Cape is a most enjoyable place, and I can strongly recommend a visit to all those who are fond of their gun, a fine bracing climate, and hospitable people; but never let enthusiasm for sport carry you so far as to accept a day at Robben Island.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE EDISTO RIVER, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

EAST INDIA FUNERAL RITES.—When a Toda dies the body is gayly decked, wrapped in new clothes, and exposed on a bier decorated with green boughs for several days. It is then, amid wailings, borne by the relatives to the funeral pile. One of the relatives then cuts off a lock of the deceased's hair, after which the body, with all its ornaments, is burned amid the wailings of his kinsfolk. After the corpse is almost completely consumed the fire is quenched. The relatives then search for bits of bone, which are carefully preserved. After this rite the men shave their heads and the women shorten their hair. After the body has been burned various ceremonies are practiced, and animals are sacrificed to propitiate the deity and secure the well-being of the departed soul in the next world.

Digitized by Google

SOUTHERN SCENES.

SHOOTING WILD HOGS—A NEGRO CABIN ON THE EDISTO RIVER.

WHILE the "peculiar institution" was yet a feature of Southern life, and the great plantations were still unvexed by rumors of war or edicts of emancipation, the plantation darkeys were much given to hunting, in season and out of season, and the freedmen of to-day are no less ardent votaries of sport.

It is true that for lack of proper weapons the slave-huntsmen were unable to attack large game, but they were untiring in their pursuit of "de 'possum and de coon," and, aided by packs of mongrel curs, succeeded in bagging great numbers of these "varmints."

Since the war they are no longer restricted from possessing firearms, and to find a Southern darkey without a shooting-iron of some sort is rare indeed. Consequently they are no longer confined to coon and 'possum hunting, although they have by no means abandoned those sports.

In many parts of the South the necessity, during the civil war, of permitting live stock to run at large, resulted in the formation of large herds of wild hogs, who became as savage and unapproachable as the fiercest boars of Europe or India.

In some cases it becomes absolutely necessary to thin them out, as these animals are extremely destructive to growing crops, and the negroes are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity.

Armed with guns of every conceivable pattern, a part of their number carrying long poles, and accompanied by a score or two of yelping curs, the negro hunters proceed to beat up the game, shouting, whooping, and laughing, until one might suppose that all the game in the country would be frightened away by the hullabaloo. They soon start the pigs, however, and then ensues a scene of great excitement, noise, and confusion, generally resulting, after the expenditure of a vast amount of powder, and no end of powerful language, in the capture of one or two porkers.

Then the game is borne home in triumph to a rude, low-roofed log-cabin, like that seen in our picture, where a grand feast "upon hog and hominy" is quickly organized.

Both pictures are from sketches made on the Upper Edisto River, in South Carolina, a region noted in former times for its fine plantations, but now almost deserted by the whites and left to the occupancy of negro squatters, who eke out their scanty store of food-crops by hunting and fishing. Scenes such as these we have depicted are of everyday occurrence, and the traveler whose pleasure or business brings him among these people will find their peculiarities a study at once amusing and interesting.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ROBERT EVERARD, when a youth, was bound by his father, Mr. William Everard, as apprentice to Captain Crib, of the ship *Baudin*, and sailed from London in August, 1686.

Passing Madeira, they were chased by a pirate, larger than themselves, and were forced to go out and fight, which they did with some success, beating off their enemy, though considerably shattered in the struggle.

They now went on to the east coast of Africa, apparently without adventure by the way, arriving ultimately at Delagoa Bay, where they began their ivory trade. Hence they went across the Arabian Sea to Bombay.

The ship was next ordered to Madagascar, and he must go with her. So she sailed south to Goa, and to Carwas, and so across the Laccadive Islands toward Madagascar, which they sighted in ten days; "it being the Lord's Day, when we were at prayers."

After a few unsuccessful efforts to meet the inhabitants, they succeeded in getting a message from the king, who told them that if they would move their ship to another place, which he indicated, he would trade with them. They did so, and were met by a native who spoke both Portuguese and Arabic, as did also their coxswain; trading relations were now established on an apparently friendly footing. The king promised negroes and rice; the supercargo went on shore with beads, looking-glasses, and the usual trumpery, and received in exchange plantains, chickens, and bananas.

On the Sunday following, the captain went ashore to haul the seine, taking all the ship's company, leaving only little Everard, two men, and two black boys on board—a dangerously small complement. Some natives came out bringing a kid as a present to the captain, and no doubt saw the defenseless state of the ship. Quickly after the captain and crew returned on board, possibly much to the natives' disappointment.

Very soon, however, a canoe came alongside, with the object of tempting the captain on shore; they told him that they had some negroes for sale. Whether because the captain had conscientious scruples about buying negroes on the Sabbath, or whether he was idle, one cannot say, but even this tempting bait was ineffectual, and he refused to land, sending, notwithstanding, a boat's crew, consisting of the supercargo, the coxswain, five men, and Robert Everard, on shore, with, in addition to the usual trading trumpery, guns, pistols, powder, shot, and knives, to exchange for the negroes.

They landed, and carried up their goods to a house for trade, and the natives brought them food, and they sat for some little time, unsuspicious of their terrible fate. Suddenly, on hearing a noise, they thought it was the king coming, but in another moment they were surrounded by an infuriated mob of natives, armed with lances. Five of the crew were instantaneously murdered, one of whom in his fall fortunately knocked down Robert Everard. The supercargo made a desperate dash at the door to get to the king, but was at once thrust through the body, and killed. The man left in charge of the boat was also killed, and Everard was alone amongst them.

Meanwhile, a fearful tragedy was being played out on board the ship. The men in the canoe, who had come to tempt the captain on shore, were, as it turned out, secretly armed with short lances under their clothes; they had remained on board, and gone up on to the quarter-deck, where were the captain, the mate, the doctor, the purser, the carpenter, and several forecastle men. The captain was dining, and asked them to eat, but they refused, and he began his last meal. The natives suddenly dashed on the unarmed whites, cut the captain's throat from ear to ear, and murdered the mate and the purser.

The doctor was more dexterous, or more fortunate; he leaped off the quarter-deck, ran into the gunroom, and barred the door behind him—a piece of presence of mind which saved the rest. Some of the men ran into the shrouds, while others ran into the steerage, from whence they got to the doctor in the gunroom, through the scuttles, and to their arms, while one man leaped overboard, and swam to the gunroom port, at which he was taken in. By degrees, after a loss of nine or ten men, and the partial plunder of the ship, they regained her.

We return to the poor boy on shore. They did not, when they saw he was alive, kill the lad in cold blood, but carried him to the king's house, which was next door to the house in which his shipmates had been massacred. The king treated him kindly, and bade his women give him food; "but his condition filled his stomach so, that he could not eat.

Digitized by Google

The ship had been recovered, as we have seen, by the doctor, but had got on the rocks, the natives having cleverly cut her cables. The doctor and the ship's company spent the night in bombarding the town, making apparently tolerable practice, for one shot went clean through the palace, without, however, hurting any one; while the king kept his army on the alert, making them drunk with toke.

In the morning she was off again, and sailed away; Everard being taken down by some of the king's men to see her sail. He saw that a disaster had happened, by meeting some of the natives carrying plunder taken from the ship. From the negroes who had run from the vessel he learned the tale of the disaster. And then the ship sailed away, and he was left all alone.

The king now started on a tour, partly of inspection and partly of triumph, carrying the sailor-boy with him as an exhibition of the power of his arms, but treating him very kindly. He traveled by boat from town to town along the coast, his men blowing a large shell whenever they neared a town, to give notice of his coming. Upon hearing this the women turned out, dancing and waving cows' tails tied on sticks; after which he landed, ate and drank, and then reviewed the contingent of his troops in those parts.

Robert Everard had but little to complain of; the women, when they saw him, "would squeak, and run away as if affrighted;" but he seems to have had plenty to eat and drink at this time, and it must have been a pleasant change for him after being kicked into the lee-scuppers by the exceedingly energetic and godly captain, lately deceased.

About six weeks after the ship had sailed there arose a war, and the king crossed to fight his enemies, "carrying with him me and the dog." The march lasted six weeks, and the king picked up a large number of recruits at every town; but the dog was a very important personage apparently, at all events, in Everard's eyes. "When he saw any hogs he would run and bark at them, till the negroes came and killed them with their lances; *and sometimes he would fetch a young pig, and bring it to me.*"

The king's war lasted about two months, after which he returned home in triumph, with about one hundred slaves. Everard now had sunstroke on the march, and got his bare back burnt raw by the sun; this was only the beginning of his troubles.

The king now demanded of him if he could make powder, and he was forced to answer No, but said that he could make shot, and was accordingly set to work. He made his molds of clay, and cast them of lead with tolerable success, making about four hundred. This pleased the king, and he treated him well; and then asked him if he knew flint-stones when he saw them. Everard answering Yes, he was sent on an expedition to find some; but unfortunetely for him, after a long search, he was unable to find any at all. The king finally got tired of him, and turned him out of the house to live or die.

He was now absolutely naked, and continued in this state for two years and nine months, living the life of a hunted pariah dog, without one human being to show him pity or mercy. As he lay bare under a tree, the natives would come and throw dirt upon him in contemptuous sport, but no man offered to help him.

In the rainy seasons, when it hardly held up for three months together, he would lie with a fire on each side of him to warm him; but at times, when the rain had fairly beaten through the leaves of his sheltering tree, and was pouring on his body, the unhappy boy would creep under the eaves of the cottages for shelter in the dark, slinking back to his own misery before daydawn, lest the owners should find him and do him harm.

Few youths have ever found themselves in worse circumstances than did Robert Everard for this weary two years and nine months. One almost wonders that he did not die. A man would have died under this; the boy lived.

His first requisite was fire. This he got by the old savage trick of working a hard piece of wood against a rotten piece; and he kept his fires burning, lying, without any clothes whatever, between them.

For food, he had not so much as a knife; yet he did not fare badly. He got a piece of sharp stone, with which he dug out of the earth yams and potatoes, and these he roasted in the fire. Then he got plantains, bananas, oranges, and pine-apples, which wanted no roasting. Still his principal larder was the sea-shore.

He made himself a spear out of a stick, between five and six feet long, sharpened it as well as he could, and hardened it in the fire. With this he went down to the shore, and almost lived in the sea.

Sometimes he had the luck to spear a fish with his stick among the rocks. At other times, at high water, he made a dam (probably with sea-weed) among the channels of the rocks, strong enough to detain the fish when the tide went down. At another time he would wade into the water, and watch for the large crabs which are common on that coast. When he saw one he would put down an elastic stick which he had between the claws, and, bending it over, would hold the crab tight; then he would put his arm in the water, and break off the claws, and so secure the crab without fear of being bitten.

In the rainy weather he would go down to the shore to watch for turtle. Sometimes he would see one, and sometimes two, coming ashore. If they were small he would kill them; if big, let them go, as being too large for removal; he also got many of their eggs, "which were very good meat."

"When I killed my turtles," he says, "I took a sharp rock-stone, for want of a knife, and with it punched it round the belly, and so broke it open, and by such hard shifts I got out the meat; then I took as much as I could eat, and laid it upon coals, which I kindled for that purpose, and the rest I hung up in some tree for another time. The callowpatch and callowpea were my dishes to eat out of; and I used to keep yams and potatoes by me to serve me five or six days, and when they were all gone, then I went again to get more yams and potatoes; and I was to dig as deep as my arm's length for the yams, and about ten inches deep for the potatoes; and when my fish and turtle were gone, then I was to look out for some more, and I always kept good store by me."

Water, however, was almost his worst difficulty. "I had nothing to bring me a little water to set by me when I was dry, but was always obliged to go so far (a mile) for more as I wanted it. It was also necessary for me to see that there were no blacks near the water, lest they should do me a mischief; and when I did drink at the well, I was forced to lie down upon my belly to drink."

He was now, after two years, in addition to his other troubles, attacked by very serious illness. His body got all over sores, and he had no remedies except bathing in the salt water, which stung him to madness, and caused the fleas to torment him in a manner it is difficult to imagine. At last, however, he was so lucky as to find a wild bees' nest in a rock, and getting possession of the shard of a castaway earthen pot, he melted it down, wax, honey and all, to use it for ointment.

This brought on delirium, but it lasted only a short space of time, so that he was able to get about at intervals and find food. His deliverance was now, after three years of absolute nakedness and solitude, very near.

There came to the island a small Arabian vessel to buy negroes. To the captain of this vessel Robert Everard addressed himself, praying him to smuggle him away. But

Digitized by Google



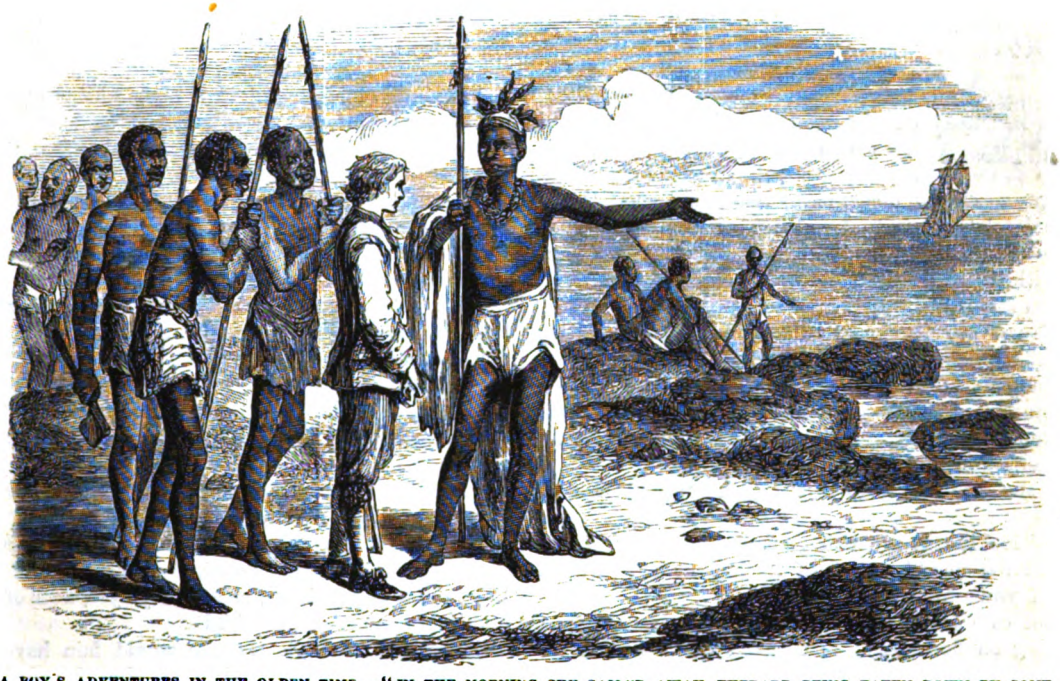
SOUTHERN SCENES.—SHOOTING WILD HOGS.—SEE PAGE 486.

Digitized by Google

this the captain declined to do, as if he should in any way offend the king it would injure his negro trade. He, however, promised to do what he could for him, and while he staid there told the boy to come to his house every day, and fed him.

So things went on for six weeks, until one day the Arab sent for Everard. When he arrived he was made to sit down, and a new palampere was given him to wrap himself in. The kind Arab now informed him of the good news that he had bought him of the king for twenty dollars, and that the king would never have let him go, had he not believed that he would have died by the way.

He was now delivered, and most kindly treated, being furnished with goods to trade with the blacks, his former persecutors, for anything he liked. Boy-like, he spent it all in plantains, bananas, pine-apples, and sugar-cane; boy-like, also, he exasperated his old enemies. They, seeing him made a kind of gentleman of, were always pestering him for beads, which he, seeing that their hearts were set on them, had great pleasure in refusing them. They then used mutually to abuse one another, Everard telling them that he cared nothing for them now.



A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE OLDEN TIME.—"IN THE MORNING SHE SAILED AWAY, EVERARD BEING TAKEN DOWN BY SOME OF THE KING'S MEN TO SEE HER SAIL."—SEE PAGE 486.

This Arab vessel, open, with one mast, took them to Comorro Island, and after a terrible passage, at length they landed at Muscat. Among the Arabs and Banians looking on, there was a Banian boy, who ran up to the house where the Englishmen lived, to tell them that there was a little English boy come ashore with the blacks. Three Englishmen came down at once, and got hold of him. The overseer of the slaves allowed him to go home with them, and they carried him off in triumph.

He had forgotten his native tongue, and could only talk in Madagascar, but made shift to let them know that he had belonged to the *Baudin* They boiled mutton and porridge full of onions for their precious young prize; and at last Robert Everard found himself once more, to his great astonishment, in a real bed, "with a very good coat, sheets, and quilt."

The governor having given his sanction to his remaining with these Englishmen, he took up his abode with them, although still a slave. After about seven days' living with them, his English began to come to him sufficiently well to understand who they were. One of them (Mr. King), his chief entertainer, was a ship's surgeon, and the other two apparently able seamen.

Singularly enough, these three had belonged to the *Baudin* themselves, and only deserted her three weeks before, and now sailed with the Arabs—the able seamen with the rank of gunner, and the doctor apparently as surgeon-general to the port of Muscat.

With these generous, roving sailors he staid a fortnight, getting himself petted and spoiled. At length they went to the man who had imported him, and after a little bargaining, offered twenty dollars for him.

This, however, was refused by the governor. He insisted on sending the boy to the English at Surat. Another Englishman now arrived, and wrote to the Persian agent, who immediately sent a Dutch Banian with his purchase-money, and twenty dollars more for the English sailors and doctor who had been so kind to him. He, bidding them farewell, went on board the little open ship in which he was to coast up the Persian Gulf.

Robert Everard was started on his voyage by his kind countrymen, with store of bread, cheese, rice, salt beef, and two gallons of liquor almost as strong as brandy. Besides this, they bought him a good rug and pillow, and two earthen pots to boil his victuals in. They likewise gave him some sugar, and a dollar and a half in money to spend at the places where they should touch.

Soon after reaching Ormuz, there came in an English ship called the *Diana*, bound up the Persian Gulf, and the master of which was very sick; and coming to stay at the agent's, in an open boat in a heavy surf, got wetted and died. The mate, who succeeded him, persuaded the boy to come with him to Bassorah, at the head of the Gulf.

The *Diana*, with some goods out of a king's ship, the *Kemthorn*, which had put in leaky, and was besides too large to go up the Euphrates, went up the Gulf, apparently feeling her way very carefully, and disliking very much the sight of any strange sail: extremely anxious when they were near her in a calm, and devoutly thankful when there was breeze enough for her to give them the go-by. She got a

Digitized by Google

pilot to take her into the Euphrates, which Captain Hamilton, who followed Robert Everard in a very few years, describes as being about a mile broad, and keeping the same breadth for the whole of the ninety miles up to Bassorah.

He gives a ship-boy's account of some fighting which was going on here while he staid, between the Turks and the wild Arabs. His adventures, after Bassorah, are scarcely worth mentioning; he went to Bombay, round the Cape to the West Indies, and so home, meeting his father at Blackwall, after seven years' absence, "to the great joy of us both."

THE "TWO CHILDREN IN BLACK."



THERE was no one at the depôt to meet me—not the semblance of a vehicle, save a rough cart into which a florid farmer was tossing some bags.

I walked about the little platform, and took a survey of the landscape—a wide valley, with a rim of purple mountains, and the gleam of a river. Sunshine was on the mountain tops, but the purple glooms were below, and cool shadows already lay on the wide, green meadows and village streets. Above, the gray of twilight was putting out the regal fires of the sun—only in the west the glory blazed. I was too nervous to note the beauty fully. I had confidently expected an escort to my new home, and felt now like some desolate mariner stranded on a strange coast. I gathered courage enough to approach the bluff farmer, after a while, with the timid question:

"Do you know one Mrs. Hurst in this neighborhood?"

"Mrs. Hurst—yes; reckon most folks knows her, or knows about her," with a smile.

I felt uncomfortable. Something about the smile made me conjecture concerning my future patroness. What was there to know about her, that "most folks" knew? But I could not question this man.

"Does she live far away?" I asked. "Could I walk there?"

"Wal—" looking at me with a complacent eye, "ef you don't mind the neighborhood of them flour bags, I don't mind givin' you a highst."

I did not care to make my entry on the scene of future effort, riding on flour bags, so thanked the man and declined.

"If you will only direct me," I said, "I shall like to walk."

"So?" he answered; "'taint much of a pull; jest straight through this ere village street, round the left, by the meetin'-house—reckon you'll know the meetin'-house, though the steeple was blown down last year, and our society haint felt themselves moved to put it up again; but's got a churchy look about it—down by the left to the creek, cross the bridge, an' you're thar—stun house, kind o' gloomy like, built arter the fashion o' Miss Hurst's home in England, I hear—relation, perhaps?" with an inquiring air.

"No, governess," I answered, preparing to start.

"Governess!" with a long whistle; "wall—I wa—ant to know! Governess—what in the dickens——"

I did not stop to answer his astonishment or explain my position. Yet I was curious to know the cause of the evident surprise expressed in his words and tone. Did I look so unfit for a governess, or was there anything remarkable in the fact of Mrs. Hurst's requiring such a person? I took her letter out and looked at it again, for an unpleasant sense of mystery seemed to oppress me.

It was clear enough. A widow lady, who lived alone, with her two little boys. "They are young enough still to remain with me," she wrote, "and I wish an instructress in the house."

I could make nothing out of the letter, so folded it up and went on my way, quickening my steps, for lights began to twinkle in the village.

I found the way easily by the steepleless church, through a green lane, where grand old elms almost met above, and where I could see glimmering white flowers starring the grass. I had escaped from city streets, and I reveled in this glimpse of Nature. I almost forgot Mrs. Hurst and my mission as I stopped to gather some of the dewy blossoms, and watched the pale-green tint of sky near the horizon—a rare hue—that faded fast into neutral gray.

Suddenly, looking up, I saw a broad, iron gate. A wide gravel path led directly to the house, through an avenue of trees, and beyond I saw a lawn lying in dewy splendor. It did not look New England-like. It was old England, and Mrs. Hurst's home. I decided so at once.

I opened the ponderous gate with difficulty. It creaked as though unused to the exercise. I glanced at the dark stone pile before me, and saw only two or three faint lights twinkling. I felt that I had been treated in an unceremonious manner, and I knocked boldly, as an expected guest, at the door.

An elderly maid-servant, in a high, white cap and apron, such as domestics wear abroad, opened the door. She looked at me without a gleam of intelligence in her face, and seemed inclined to bar my entrance.

"I am Miss Brent, the governess," I said, attempting to step into the hall.

"Governess—it is some mistake!" said the woman, keeping her ground.

"Is not this Mrs. Hurst's?" I asked, beginning to feel a terrible anxiety about my situation.

"Yes, but——"

"Hannah!" cried a sweet, low voice, from a room whose door I had not heard open, "have they come?"

"No, madame," with a softened tone of respect she had not used to me.

"And it's so late," sighed the lady, as I now saw, for she stepped out into the light of the hall. A pretty, delicate creature, slight and pale, in heavy black robes. She was no longer young, but I saw no white streaks in the fair, blonde hair; and her eyes, large, melancholy eyes, were of that clear limpid-blue one sees in a child's.

She saw me, though Hannah would fain have shut the door in my face. I had taken out Mrs. Hurst's letter, and held it as a sort of credential.

"I am come in consequence of this, which I answered, telling you when I would arrive. Yet I seem not to have been expected," I said, with a feeling of being unwelcome, and a very disagreeable lump rising in my throat.

"Why, Hannah! did I not tell you," in a tone of sweet reproach, "I have engaged this lady as a governess?"

"The Lord save us! for who, then?" cried Hannah, staggering back a little.

"For whom—for my boys, you stupid Hannah!" cried the lady, taking my hand with a gentle air. "Forgive the apparent neglect, Miss Brent; I've been busy making some preparations for my children; they have been away a while—a long time, and naturally, you know, a mother might forget others in thinking of her boys? You will forgive me?"

All this in a sweet voice as she led me into her room, and closed the door, leaving Hannah, as it were, stunned in the hall.

"So my pupils are not at home now?" I said.

"No, I expect them yet. In the meantime you can be my

Digitized by Google

companion. Hannah is an invaluable servant, you see, but one needs something more."

She shivered a little, though it was a warm July night, as though the loneliness oppressed her. We sat down together after that, and I uttered a few commonplaces about my journey, but she was evidently listening to something else, and soon rang the bell, sharply.

Hannah looked in.

"I hear wheels now," said Mrs. Hurst, rising in an excited way. "You have aired the beds properly?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; all is ready," answered Hannah, in a stolid way.

"And the muffins?"

"Reeking hot—shall I bring 'em in, ma'am?"

"Hannah!"—with a look of disgust—"as if I could eat them now. We must wait."

"Very well, ma'am."

And Hannah went out again. Mrs. Hurst began to walk up and down, too absorbed to talk.

Presently Hannah appeared again.

"It's past the time now, ma'am; they can't possibly come till to-morrow night."

"The last train is in, then?" with a sigh.

"Arf an hour ago, ma'am," answered Hannah; "shall I bring in tea?"

Mrs. Hurst nodded absently, and sat down again. The excitement had died away. The faint flush which had given her a pale rose of youth faded, and left an ashen grayness on her cheek. She had suddenly passed out of the sunlight of expectation into a sort of twilight, and scarcely looked like the same person.

I tried to talk to her as we drank tea together, and Hannah was in waiting.

"It is a great disappointment to you," I said, "not seeing the little fellows to-night."

"Ah, yes!" she answered, with a pathos that went to my heart; "but we mothers must learn patience."

Happening to look up into the faithful Hannah's face just then, I saw it contorted in a strange grimace, directed at me. What did it mean? I suppose my eyes asked the question, for she answered by a terrific frown and violent shaking of the head. I argued from it that the topic of discourse displeased our attendant for some reason, so I did not pursue it further.

After tea, Mrs. Hurst sat back wearily. I could see that ill-health had stolen the tint and roundness from her face, rather than years. The small ears were transparent, the pale lips drawn. She sat with her thin hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed, in a sort of dream. Suddenly she roused herself and went to a little cabinet.

"I must show you my boys' pictures," she said, "as they are not here to show themselves."

She brought out a miniature delicately painted on ivory, in a blue velvet frame. It represented two children, almost babies. The flesh tints were rosy as life, the faces were full of soft curves and dimples—the waves of hair—soft hair of baby gold lay about two broad white foreheads. Large eyes looked out and met my own, with a strange melancholy in their baby depths. They wore rich dresses, heavily embroidered, clasped with gold on the shoulders.

"They are very much alike," I said, after exclaiming over their beauty enough to satisfy even a mother's heart.

"Ah! Sydney is the eldest—this one—his eyes are darker, like violets, you see."

I could not see, but I said:

"They were taken long ago, I suppose."

"Oh, so long ago!" with a moan. "How long—my God! how long?"

She sat down with the miniature in her hand, and I ventured no more questions on the painful theme.

Then Hannah, who seemed the ruling spirit in the little household, looked in with a candle in her hand.

"Miss Brent will be tired after her journey; shall I show her to her room, ma'am?"

And Mrs. Hurst acquiesced with a kind good-night, but a sad, far-off look in her eyes.

I found my room pleasant enough, with pink chintz hangings and furniture—pretty carpet of pink roses to match; but my mind was occupied with many other things—with the mystery which seemed to pervade the house. I would have questioned the imperturbable Hannah, but one glance at her face silenced me; and I went to bed to dream strange dreams, in which Mrs. Hurst's pale face and sombre dress mingled with cherubs and friends.

"I suppose she is a widow," I said to myself next morning, as I dressed, "and having only these two children, her love for them has grown into a sort of monomania, that is all."

I found myself catching the infection of the lady's expectant mood that day. I watched at the window. I listened for carriage wheels. The tea waited as the night before—after the long day wore away. There is nothing so wearisome as waiting and expecting. Mrs. Hurst had a complicated bit of worsted-work over which she dreamed. Part of the time I read to her, but she did not seem to listen.

This night when Hannah came in with the same remark about its being "too late now," I wondered that she did not seem disappointed, and ventured a remark:

"But it seems very strange for their friends to keep them. Did they not name the time you might expect them?"

No one answered me, and looking up, I saw Hannah regarding me with a forbidding frown; Mrs. Hurst only listened to some fancy sound. I was silent, too, wondering if I should not find life a terrible burden, or if I should fall into a monomania too, always waiting for my pupils, who might never come.

"Read a little more, Miss Brent," said my lady, when the tea-things were cleared. Hannah had looked as if she would have been pleased to clear me away also, but she had no excuse this evening. I opened a book I had brought as a traveling companion—Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers" it was—and I chanced on the sketch called "Two Children in Black." The title will interest her, I thought.

I was right. The very name roused her to the keenest attention. She listened to the description of the author's meeting with the pretty little fellows, in their rich black clothes, their handsome attire, their books in three languages, their melancholy eyes! I heard a sort of moan, but I went on.

The reader probably recollects the mystery about these children—Thackeray made their acquaintance in a railway carriage from Frankfort to Heidelberg. Two more aristocratic little men he never saw. Their mother—a pale, handsome lady—accompanied them, also a maid-servant. On the lady's face was the deepest grief. The author conjectured that the children were to be put to school, and speculates accordingly.

I heard Mrs. Hurst breathing painfully, and, looking up, I was horrified at the expression of her face. The limpid blue eyes seemed to glare at me, and a red flush dyed her pale cheek. Her hands were tightly clasped, and her lips compressed.

"Go on," she said, hoarsely, as I stopped.

"But it agitates you."

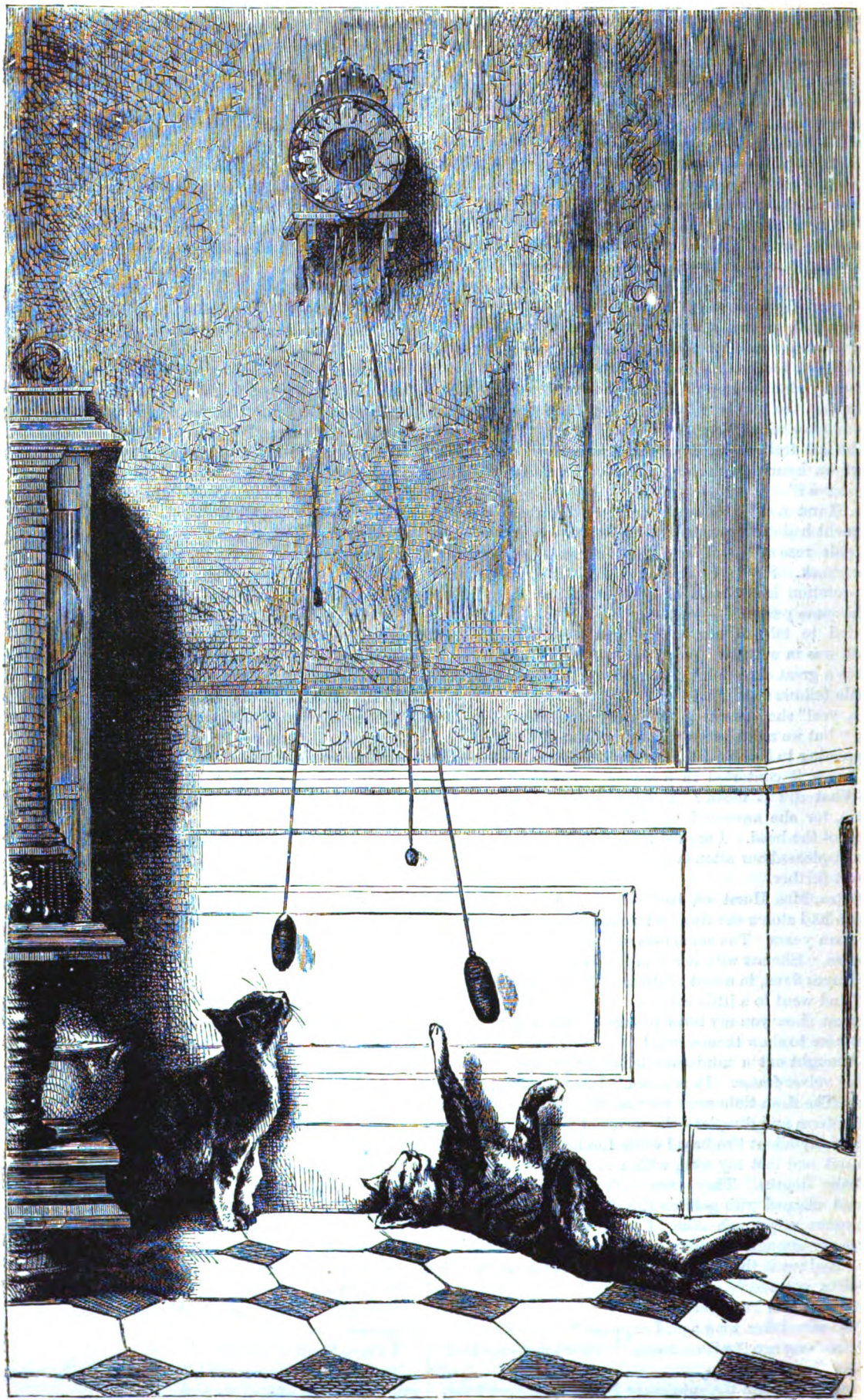
"Go on, for God's sake!" she cried, trembling with some suppressed feeling.

I obeyed half fearfully.

The next day we saw the lady and the maid driving to the railroad station *without the boys.*

Mrs. Hurst started from her seat, and stood near me.

Digitized by Google



HOW THE GOOD OLD CLOCK GOT WRONG.

Digitized by Google

"Yes—yes—I know that; but what then? what next?"

I could hear her labored breathing as I hurried on.

What fatal chance had made me select this strange story? I thought, but I dared not pause. So, in the narrative, we went to Baden-Baden, and saw the little boys again "walking on each side of a fierce, yellow-faced, bearded man." They were pulled fiercely back when they attempted to speak to their old friend. Gone were the silken clothes, the pretty studs in the shirts, the heaps of pretty books, and the mother's tender care! and they were in the hands of this scowling practitioner of "Trente et Quarante."

From Baden the traveler went to Venice. There again the little boys were seen walking with an old hag of a woman. Their only garb a wretched yellow cotton gown. The little feet on which he had admired the little shiny boots were without *shoe* or *stocking*.

Mrs. Hurst groaned, and, looking up, I saw the tears pouring down her cheeks.

"My boys!" she cried—"my little darlings!"

"The woman is mad," I thought; "this is the key to the mystery," and a terror seized me that almost paralyzed my tongue.

She would not give me resting time, however.

"Where are they now?" she cried. "What next?" And she leaned down and looked over the book, panting like a breathless runner.



THE TWO CHILDREN IN BLACK.—"STEPPING BETWEEN THE ROUND-TABLE AND THE WINDOW, MY FOOT STRUCK SOMETHING—MY GOD! A DEAD BODY!"—SEE PAGE 490.

There is not much more, however. The little men were met once more, pale and wretched-looking, with their horrible father, and the author wonders over the mystery:

"Who were they? What could they be? How can you explain the remarkable care and elegance of their appearance while in their mother's care, and their barefooted squalor in Venice a month afterward? Who will read the riddle of the 'Two Children in Black'?"

"Is that all?—my God!" cried Mrs. Hurst, falling into a chair. "Where are they now? Is that all?"

"You see that is all," I answered, gently, holding the book toward her. She did not look at it. The tears still fell fast, and they seemed to ease her heart.

"I have not cried since that day," she said; "there was something in my brain too tight. It has given way now. My poor boys, where can they be—into what misery has he dragged them? Listen, Miss Brent; I can read the riddle of the 'Two Children in Black,' for they were *my children!*"

"Indeed," I said, in the soothing tone one uses to minister to a mind diseased.

"My trouble unsettled me, but I know what I am saying now, and I will tell you my story." She seemed to think awhile. "I was married when I was a mere child. My aunt, on whom I was dependent, made the match, although I had more than a fancy for some one else. I had a wretched home—the one I cared for was far away—and I was foolish enough to seek to escape present misery by marrying a man who appeared to have unlimited funds, and who gave me an elegant diamond engagement-ring. But even on the wedding-day I shuddered with an indefinable fear.

Would to God I had gone back from the altar as I looked in that fierce face, with the small, cruel eyes—the wrinkles of cunning about them—the dead, sallow skin, and heavy mottled beard.

Digitized by Google

"'Mr. Craig is not handsome,' my aunt used to say, 'but there is something very winning about him.'

"Afterward I concluded most of his friends must have the same opinion, for he inveigled them all into card-playing, and they found him very 'winning.' I soon discovered that gambling was his profession, and I was dragged from one place to another, wherever the prey was plentiful. Oh, the shame, the degradation, of such a life! Then my master grew sullen toward me. My aunt died, and left her estate to my brother, bequeathing me only a legacy. He had expected more, and visited his wrath on me. Life began to be unendurable, and I looked with dismay at my two little ones, who must hear such words and see such sights.

"At Baden we met an old friend of mine—the man I could have loved. I was surprised that my husband, who once appeared jealous, should be so polite to him. He invited him constantly, and I yielded at last to the pleasure of his society, for, at least, I was not ill-treated in his presence.

"One night young Lawrence came in and found me alone. He looked careworn and anxious, and I began to think that, perhaps, he had gone too far in the game. I began to understand Mr. Craig's politeness to the poor fellow, who had been sent to buy goods for his employers, and had a considerable sum of money in his hands. I knew him well enough to give him a hint, though I feared for my life as I did it.

"'Mr. Lawrence,' I said, 'I may seem uncivil, but I wish you would not come here.'

"He looked at me as if he thought I had taken offence at something, and flushed up to the roots of his fair hair.

"'It's my duty to speak,' I said, quickly. 'I am married to the man of whom I warn you, it is true—but—have you not lost at cards heavily to him?'

"'Terribly,' he said, with a groan.

"'And you *will* lose,' I said, significantly; 'be warned in time.'

"'But your husband——"

"'Is an unprincipled wretch,' I said, in a low tone; 'the cards are marked in some way—I do not understand.'

"'Good heavens! have I been such a dupe?' cried he.

"'Good-evening!' uttered a cold, calm voice near.

"There stood my husband; and when I saw the demoniac smile on his face, I knew he had heard all. Oh, how deadly polite he was! He would take no refusal—our guest must stay to a little supper, some choice spirits were coming—just to drink a bottle of Johannisberg, etc.

"Poor Lawrence yielded. I saw him go out into the little saloon, like a lamb to the slaughter. My faithful Hannah, who was with me through all, brought my babies for their good-night kiss, and I clasped the pure little things in my arms, and prayed that they might die rather than grow to be like their father. Thank God! they did not even look like him. Then, when quite alone, I sat and thought, with trembling limbs and quaking heart, of our future. That my husband had heard me warn his victim, I did not doubt, and I knew he would be revenged. If I had doubted, his words would have settled the question, when he left his guests for a moment.

"'You are true to your dainty lover,' he hissed; 'let him take care—there are worse things than losing at cards.'

"And I sat shivering, and listening to the voices, and the laughter, and the clinking of glasses, till all grew still, and I knew they were deep in the game.

"'Lawrence will not play, I know,' I said; 'perhaps he has gone home, for I heard the door shut once or twice.'

"Then there was such a shriek that I started up in terror, for it rang through the room; but it was followed by a laugh and some jesting word, and I thought it had been in sport.

"Hannah came in and sat near me, appearing to divine my thoughts.

"'It's a wearisome life,' she said; 'if you could get away to some quiet spot unbeknownst now.'

"'Oh, yes, I've been thinking of it, for I am afraid he'll kill me some time.'

"'I've been considerin',' went on Hannah, 'and I think some little French town would do;' and she went on to mention one where a friend of hers was living.

"I caught at the idea. All seemed quiet in the house then, and I began to hope. We went to work quietly enough, putting up the things we could carry, and the little money I had with me. The rest Hannah hurried into a large trunk, and gave to the concierge, for him to keep till we sent for it.

"It was one o'clock then, but the faithful fellow had not gone to bed. He had heard the reveling, and he felt a care over his house that prevented his peaceable rest; besides, he must be on hand to let the visitors out. He was yawning fearfully, Hannah said, and asked if monsieur would return.

"'Has he, then, gone out?' inquired Hannah.

"'Oh, yes, soon after the other gentlemen,' answered the concierge.

"So we went on more composedly. We had an answer ready if surprised. We were packing to go into the country. At last all was ready, when I remembered my watch. I had left it in the little saloon where the gambling had taken place.

"'Wake the children while I go for it,' I said to Hannah, and I heard her voice soon talking to the sleepy little things. My heart ached for the poor boys, roused at that hour to fly from their home.

"I went to the door of the parlor, expecting to find the light burning, but, to my surprise, all was dark. I did not go back, because I was sure I knew exactly where I had left the watch; besides, the moon was shining brightly into the room.

"When I found the watch, I could see other things quite plainly. I cast a hasty glance about, to discover if any of my belongings were there. Stepping between the round-table and the window, my foot struck something—my God! a dead body! The moonbeams threw a pale light upon the ghastly face, on the open, glazed eyes, on the fair, boyish face and blond hair of young Lawrence! I gasped, and tottered. I felt myself slipping in the slimy pool of blood that surrounded him. All my own blood curdled and froze in my veins. This, then, was the revenge of the fiend to whom the law bound me! The shriek I had heard was the death-shriek of the victim; the jest and laugh were the mockery of his fiendish murderer! The other guests had gone, I supposed. By some pretence, Lawrence had been detained. I felt almost guilty of his death, because my warning had roused the foul fiend of jealousy in my husband's breast.

"It seemed heartless to leave him there, yet I dared not stay my flight. More than ever, I longed to be free. I dared give no alarm lest I myself should be arrested, as it seemed that the murderer had escaped. I knew I was white and terror-struck when I went back to Hannah. After carefully closing that door and locking it, I felt like an accomplice of the foul crime when I was trying to hide it, and the ghastly vision seemed to pursue me. The glazed eyes looked appealingly after me—the still, set face was full of terrible pathos. I hurried out of the awful house which held the dread secret. I felt freer when we stood beneath the blue sky, in the silent night, and breathed the fresh air.

"Well, we found rest at last, and a peaceful little home. I took a new home. We breathed again. The children dared to play, and their gay laughter eased the pain at my heart. But one day I received a note. The writing struck me like a blow.

Digitized by Google

"The writer dared not be seen in the neighborhood, but he wrote for money. He was a 'fugitive on the face of the earth, while I and the brats lived in luxury.' He warned me that if I did not comply, the law would give him my darlings. I sent some money, and fled, in unreasoning terror—this time to England—to my old home, thinking he would not suspect me of taking refuge in such a place. My brother had been killed by a fall from his horse. The beautiful estate was mine—the grand old woods, the lovely park, the velvet lawns. I rejoiced only for my children. Life's most delicious draught had lost its flavor for me; but they were old enough to profit and enjoy—my beautiful, bright-eyed boys! I had teachers for them, and I taught them myself; I bought them pretty books in French and German; I dressed them daintily. I only cared for the wealth that could bless them. Those days were almost happy. And one bright June day in walked my tormentor, with his yellow, loathsome face and fierce scowl. 'Aha! a snug place, upon my word!' he sneered. 'A pretty wife you are, to be keeping me out of my rights!" and he fixed himself there till he grew weary of the monotony, and I bought his absence with a large sum. I had never alluded to the Baden tragedy to him, and he asked no explanations from me; but now, as I meditated on my future, I concluded that, of all places in the world, Baden-Baden was the safest. 'He will surely never venture there again,' I argued. So once more we packed up our effects, and started for Germany. My heart was sore enough at this flitting, though the children, innocent babies, prattled gayly enough. I remember our fellow-traveler—the genial, kindly man, who won the boys' hearts. The journey wearied me sadly. We stopped at Heidelberg, and I slept late the next morning at the hotel. The children had a little room off mine, one door communicating with the hall. When I looked in the sunshine shone brightly on the little empty beds, and I saw they had dressed themselves and gone down. Bright little fellows, they already took an intelligent interest in everything. Hannah came in while I was dressing, and I sent her down to look after my boys, expecting every moment to hear their noisy little feet tramping up the stairs, with an account of some of the wonders they had discovered. I never saw them again!

"Hannah came up instead, quite pale. 'If you please, ma'am,' she said, 'I can't find 'em nowheres whatsumever.'

"I ran down in fright, and the head waiter met us with a smile——

"'Madame need not be anxious; the young gentlemen had gone for a walk with their *father!*'

"'Their father!' I screamed. 'How did you dare to let children be kidnapped in your house? How long is it? I must follow them.'

"'But it is no case of kidnapping,' he answered, in an offended way. 'Monsieur was their true father, and the young gentlemen knew him well.'

"And I recollected that during the visit of my husband he had tried to win the children's liking, as far as his savage temper would allow him—for this end, my God!—for this end!

"We traveled for weeks, aimlessly; we could not track them. This writer, who had no interest beyond a passing sympathy, met them constantly. I, their mother, never saw them again; and I knew the law would give them to their father, even if I had found them. We heard a vague rumor that such a party had taken passage to America. It seemed probable that this man, who had made Europe too hot for him with his villainies, should have tried a new sphere; so we came here—fruitlessly, as you see. I believe then despair began to do its work; the iron entered my soul. It seemed to me, at times, that my darlings were with me again; I had sweet moments, when they clung to me; I felt their kisses on my lips. Then they seemed gone; but only for a day or two, with some tender friend, and I lived in expectation of their coming. It has been a sort of mania," said the poor woman, looking gently at me, "but your reading has wakened me to keener misery; I know now that I am alone, and shall be alone until I die! Think of my darlings with that wicked man!—better they had died before me, though I slew them with my own hand. My precious ones—barefooted and in squalid misery!" and the poor woman wept again, bitterly.

Hannah came in then, evidently suspicious of the long sitting. She looked fiercely at me, as if I had been the cause of the tears; but her mistress was calm, and she saw some change there which those tears had caused. The old, wandering, waiting look was gone. "I have heard from my boys to-night," she said; and I left her to tell the sad story to the faithful retainer who had followed her fortunes so long.

Meditating on the matter through a sleepless night, it appeared to me that there was good reason to believe that the man who had proved such a curse to the poor lady of the house was dead. He had never applied for money, never been heard of since. His object in taking the children was apparent—to wring large sums from the mother; and he had never made the attempt. I sent for Hannah, under a pretence of helping me with something, and broached the idea. She had thought the same; indeed, had been making what effort she could, through some acquaintances on the Continent, to find out the facts of the case. "But all this happened five years ago," she said, hopelessly.

But I was not hopeless. Money can do wonders; and it did. A detective was sent abroad to search, and once more we waited the coming of the two children, or listened rather for the postman's step bringing some news, hardly daring to hope. Mrs. Hurst, as I still called her, never fell back into the state of mania in which I had found her. She was roused completely, and, though feverishly anxious, never forgot the true situation, past or present. "They will be too old for me to teach when they come," I said, one day, "and too accomplished."

"But I shall not part with you," she answered, kindly; "God led you here, I am sure, to help us all; I must keep you for myself."

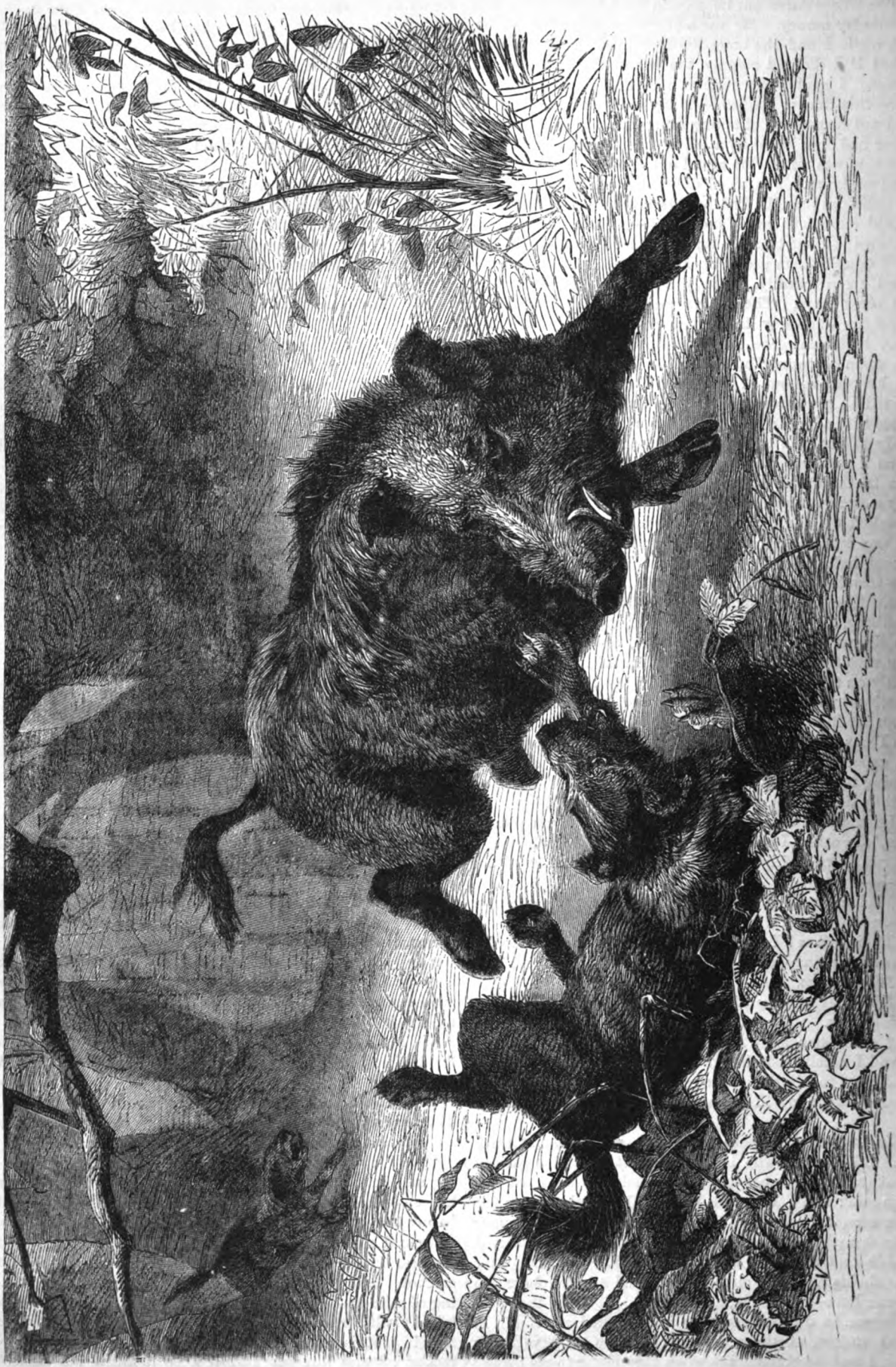
Detective Stokes went here and there, in the haunts of vice, and made friends with various old reprobates. He was a long time in the dark, because he always inquired for a man with two children. A hardened practitioner of *trente et quarante* going about with two children, was a circumstance curious enough to identify the person at once, he thought; but he found no clue. At last he argued that the man must have gotten rid of his encumbrances immediately, and, by means of an old daguerreotype, he found himself soon on the track.

We had waited long without news, when it came like a flood of sunshine on that drear November day. "I find that Samuel Craig died in Vienna, four years and six months ago. I have seen his grave, and also the record of his death. The boys were not with him, but I have found them. They are well, and we sail to-morrow."

"Nothing else?" cried Mrs. Hurst, her hungry heart craving more particulars of her darlings. Then, sinking on her knees, she seemed to forget everything in thanksgiving and happy tears. I stole out to tell the news to Hannah, who embraced me in her joy, then rushed in and clasped her mistress in her arms with an ecstasy which she could not control. And what festive preparations—what a compounding of cake and golden custards; what a giant turkey was killed; what rosy apples gathered, what heaps of brown nuts! "It is Thanksgiving time, now," said the fond mother; "and this year I shall keep it with a full heart."

Hannah went alone to the steamer to receive the boys; I

Digitized by Google



WILD BOAR HUNTING.

Digitized by Google

persuaded their mother to wait for them at home. All the house was lighted, and wore a festive look. I think it must have sent a welcome far out on the dark road where the November winds were sweeping away the dead leaves. We watched the clock till the hour came; then Mrs. Hurst could sit no longer, but stood up, with hand pressed tightly on her heart. I feared that moment for her. The door opened, and Hannah led in two boys. Pale and shy they seemed, and overwhelmed by the events of the past few weeks; but they knew their mamma at once, and rushed to her, with choking sobs and cries:

"Oh, mamma! oh, mamma!"

I left them together for a time; this was a joy in which the stranger intermeddleth not. But when the bell rang for tea, I went down and saw the happy group—the mother, with her fair face radiant with joy, and on each side her precious boys. I heard, then, how God had cared for them in a strange land, and raised up friends for them when their wretched father died, and the little ones were unable to give their own names with any certainty, because their mother had changed hers so often. Their eyes looked melancholy enough, and they seemed still bewildered; but time and happiness worked a change, and soon I heard the boyish laughter ring through the house as freely as though grief and poverty and sin had never checked it. For I stayed on, though not as governess to the "Two Children in Black."

WILD BOAR HUNTING.

HUNTING the wild boar was, in other days, a kingly sport, and, from youth to age, the animal was designated by different names. A very young boar, in France, was called *marcassin;* during the second year, *bête de compagnie*, as the sows and their young kept together in companies; when two years old, *ragot;* when three, *sanglier;* when four, *quaternier;* beyond that, *vieux sanglier, solitaire*, or *vieil hermite*, in allusion to the solitary habits of those more advanced in years, seeking, in preference, the depths of the woods, except when food grew scarce, and forced it to visit the lands of the farmer, when it made havoc indeed.

Wild boar hunting is often dangerous. The boar easily takes alarm at human shouts, and horn, and the report of firearms. Its course is straight, and it will run down any one in its route, rather than swerve from it. Nor will it turn aside to attack, unless wounded; then it attacks blindly on all sides, till driven to bay, when it dies hard, biting and ripping to the last. Well-trained dogs will surround and worry the dull brute, till a chance is given to fasten on the weak point, the ear. Once a dog seizes that, the boar yields; it is conquered, and has lost all power. A single dog will thus hold it till the master arrives to dispatch it.

Some dogs, cunning and alert, will keep up beside the boar in the race, quietly, so as not to divert it, till the moment comes to seize the all important ear, and then succeed without any danger of meeting the terrible tusks.

In India the boar is hunted with spears, and gives much exciting sport to English residents. Captain Newell thus describes a run after a wild boar:



MY DUEL.—"'HOLD! HOLD!' I SHRIEKED, 'OR, IF THERE MUST BE A VICTIM, BEHOLD THE SACRIFICE! LET YOUR BULLETS FIRST PIERCE THIS THROBBING HEART!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LEARNING is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skillful hands; in unskillful, the most mischievous.

Digitized by Google

"A boar was said to be afoot, and knocking about among the high, thick hedges, and some rode in one direction, and some in another I found myself in one field, with an immense hedge in front, and thought I might as well stay there till something definite was ascertained of the boar's whereabouts. One of the other hunters was a little beyond, but divided from myself by—at that spot—another impassable hedge.

"I had not waited long, when I saw a very fine boar, with a noble pair of tushes, canter leisurely along, not a hundred yards from me, but on the other side of the tall mass of prickly-pear in front of me. By galloping round to get out of the field by the gate opening, I should lose sight of the pig, and most probably miss him altogether. There was just one place in the hedge, however, which I thought my horse might negotiate, for he could jump like a deer when he chose, and his blood was up after a pig. Accordingly, I gave him a touch of the spur to stir him, took him back into the field, and crammed him at the hedge. There was the pig, right opposite on the other side, and craning or shirking was out of the question—over, into, or through, we were bound to go, and into or through prickly-pear is, you know, a most unpleasant alternative.

"My horse had caught a sight of the pig, and was every way as much interested as myself in the spectacle. He made a splendid spring, knocked away a few of the topmost sprouts, and nearly fell on landing—for there was a bit of a drop on that side—but picked himself up, and away we rattled after the boar.

"I didn't think any of my companions could follow me over, even if that part of the hedge lay in their line, which it did not, for they were mostly heavy men, and not particularly well mounted; so I had the running of that pig all to myself. He soon lay out at a rattling pace when he saw me, and led over several hedges. I gradually gained on him, and forced him into a lane, up which he ran. Here I closed with, and turned him, and he then left it in the vicinity of the village, and, dashing across a small open bit, went over another hedge and into a field. I got well behind him, and again turned him, still to the left, and he now made partly in the direction from which he had started. After going through one small, thin hedge, he ran along down another which there cut it at right angles.

"I had, of course, shouted vigorously at the start, but knew not what had become of my companions. My attention was too much concentrated on the boar for me to ascertain whether or no any were riding behind me, and if so, at what distance. But I thought, from the turns we had made, that they might cut in anywhere.

"The hog was getting pumped, as he pounded down alongside the hedge, and I soon got close behind him. But the hedge was on his left, and he steadily refused to be pushed from it on to my spear side. There was no help for it, so I took up my horse alongside, with him on my bridle-hand, and prepared to spear him over it.

"Directly I raced up even with him, round he came. I made a vigorous overthrust, met him in full charge, and had my spearhead smashed off, and the bamboo splintered to my hand, and my active, experienced horse only just avoided his rip, as the superior pace at which we were going carried us past.

"The spear had evidently struck a bone—probably the shoulder—and the chances were the wound was by no means a disabling one, and I had nothing wherewith to renew the combat.

"As I pulled in and got after the boar, with the object of keeping him in sight, I looked round, and, to my great delight, saw one of the hunters close at hand. He soon rattled up to the pig, which had now crossed into another field, and speared him with a vigorous blow down into the back. So deadly was the thrust that the boar rolled over, and in a few seconds was dead—before, indeed, the others could arrive on the scene."

MY DUEL.



NCE upon a time I was a pretty girl. As it is years and years ago, I may say that I was a *very* pretty girl; and, being more than usually "soft," I was more than usually attractive, possessing a dozen devoted slaves where the intellectual, Roman-nosed damsels (my nose was a pug, not too *prononcée*) had not one. I have sometimes thought since, however, that I may have overrated their emotion. Amongst my worshipers figured a very elegant youth, whose name was as fine as his figure—Carroll Stanley.

Carroll Stanley was educated in Europe; Carroll Stanley had traveled in the East; Carroll Stanley had seen everything worth seeing, knew everything worth knowing; fenced, rode, danced, sung, and painted, like a master in each art. In addition, he possessed a heavenly mustache, divine eyes, and a love of a hand. He confessed to a good opinion of himself, and spoke with that indescribable air of the *nil admirari* which is the test of the *sangre azule*. His temper, I grieve to admit, was not under perfect control; but he waltzed—oh, heaven, *how* he waltzed!

Augustus Fleminge was another. He was a mere nothing in comparison—a good enough, honest-hearted fellow, possessing a soul, no doubt, but without the faintest notion of the harmony of colors, and utterly unable to "hold" a lady well in waltzing, or even to "catch her step" in less than a dozen rounds. Fancy the pitiful figure *he* would cut by the side of Carroll Stanley!

We were all on a Summer jaunt through the mountains, and a glorious good time we were having. Two married ladies, to matronize the party; half a dozen girls, and a dozen gentlemen, there were, besides the ladies' maids and attendants of other descriptions.

We traveled in private conveyances, taking our own provisions, camping out at night, unless some opportune farmhouse offered a more satisfactory but less jolly shelter, and leading, in short, a regular gypsy life. Well, one day we had distinguished ourselves by climbing to the top of the highest pinnacle of the Pilot Mountain, which pinnacle consists, by the way, of a solid mass of rock, three hundred feet in height, perpendicular where it does not incline forward, and where it does, but scantily supplied with shaky ladders, which swing like monstrous pendulums from rusty iron clamps.

We had all done our duty nobly in the matter of exclamations when we reached the breathless height, and peered through a hazy glass at the fog lying miles below us.

We had ejaculated "Glorious!" "Sublime!" "Wonderful!" "Most beautiful!" with every intonation that careful education could suggest, and had looked as interesting as circumstances would admit. The circumstances were not favorable; they consisted of limp muslin and hair suspiciously loosened. I, for my part, knowing that my eyes were my best point, grew faint with emotion, and rolled them effectively, leaning, meantime, on the arm of Carroll Stanley, who whispered consoling sentiment in honeyed phrase, I pretending not to see Augustus Fleminge, who stood a little apart, and gnawed his mustache. That night we were too tired for camping out, so we sent out advance guards to scour the country and find us a farmhouse. They scoured,

Digitized by Google

as ordered, and found the house. And *we* found the owner hospitably inclined when a hint of greenbacks was popped into his ear, and we made ourselves comfortable accordingly.

After supper, enlivened by our own champagne, we were sufficiently recovered to end the day with a dance, and sent the servants out for a fiddler. We knew, above all, that Black Victor would have found one, if we had sent him for a dancing Dervish. As for the fiddler, I don't know whether Black Victor caught up some clay and made one, imitating the love-lorn sculptor of old by breathing life into his own handiwork; but this I can aver, that he returned in half an hour, silent and mysterious as ever, sombrely shining and triumphant, holding a fiddler by the coat with one hand, and in the other bearing aloft the instruments of music, as though they had been the sacred implements by which he had wrought the wonder.

We did not pause to investigate the miracle. We danced instead, recklessly disregarding it, though Mephistopheles, in the guise of Black Victor, loomed darkly in the background, or handed us wine, and country cake resembling damp lead, with a dread insinuation of possibilities in every roll of his lustrous eyes.

I danced a quadrille with Carroll Stanley; then Carroll Stanley and I waltzed; then I danced a redowa with Carroll Stanley; then Carroll Stanley and I waltzed; then we danced another quadrille, and waltzed again; and then he asked me to dance the next quadrille with him, and I assented, cheerfully; the more so, as I observed Augustus Fleminge standing in a Napoleonic attitude across the room, eying me from beneath his bent brows, and gnawing his mustache. Carroll Stanley then bowed himself off for an instant, gazing down upon me as if he were dying for love, and whispering that he would be with me again instantly.

He had not been gone three minutes, when Augustus Fleminge took the vacated seat beside me. He glanced at me rather peculiarly, with a half-smile, and yet grave eyes. I blushed. At this time of life, thank heaven! I can own to anything *without* blushing, and I will admit that I had ever felt some sort of bashful kindness for Augustus, which I wisely concluded was pity for his straight hair—Carroll Stanley's curled divinely—and his shortcomings in the matter of catching one's step.

"Well, Augustus," said I, a little confused, twisting the tassel of my fan, "what is the matter now?"

Augustus smiled more positively.

"Did I say anything was the matter?"

"No, you did not *say* so, Mr. Fleminge, but you looked it, and that's worse."

The button dropped off the tassel of my fan. Augustus stooped down and picked it up before he answered. It was not an *answer*, indeed, then; and his face was flushed almost unbecomingly—from stooping.

"*You* are looking—shall I tell you how?"

His voice was low and quick, and the tone was new to me. I ever liked compliments. I looked down in the manner my governess had taught me was interesting, and said, with innocent vivacity:

"Oh, *do* tell me, Augustus. I should *so* dearly like to know!"

"You are looking—more beautiful than an artist's dream of heaven!"

The words were hurried and low. I blushed again, and wished from my heart I could help it, for my cheeks burned frightfully, and he *would* not take his eyes off my face. I grew a little more confused. I could not hear very well what he was saying, but I remembered that my left curl was most becoming a little back of my ear, and even then I had presence of mind to put it in its place.

"They are forming the next quadrille. Will you dance it with me?" was the next thing I heard him say, quite distinctly.

I forgot all about Carroll Stanley. I said, "Yes," and, rising, gave him my hand, when lo! we confronted my elegant slave returning, some surprise and more champagne evident in his manner.

There was the pause of about a second; the gentlemen exchanged glances. I cannot describe how, for I don't know, but I felt immediately that I had gotten myself into trouble. Augustus did not attempt to move forward, but stood waiting, as it were, looking with a sort of calm defiance straight into Carroll Stanley's eyes. The latter did not seem to know he existed, and smiled down upon me with a smile that was meant for me only. He held out his hand, with his own gracious air.

"I have been detained, mademoiselle, but I am back in time to claim you, at all events!"

Augustus did not give me an opportunity to reply, though he spoke very quietly.

"Not for this dance," he said, smiling. "The lady has honored *me* with her hand."

Carroll Stanley raised his eyeglass and looked at Augustus in the manner of one who suddenly becomes aware of a minute insect. His manner was certainly admirable.

"Yes, without doubt, for the next dance. But this is mine. Come, mademoiselle, they are waiting for us!"

And so, indeed, they were; and everybody was looking and listening.

My governess had often told me that a puzzled air was becoming to my features, so I looked very puzzled, indeed—to tell the truth, I *was* puzzled—and drooped my head a little.

"Gentlemen, this is too bad!" I cried, with a pleading, candid air. "I am naughty, very naughty; I know I am. But what can I do? I *did* promise to dance with Mr. Stanley, and when he went away I forgot that, and promised to dance with Mr. Fleminge. I am penitent, I assure you. But what can I do?"

"Decide between us, of course," said Augustus, releasing my hand.

His tone was perfectly gentlemanlike, even playful, but somehow it frightened me.

"But I *can't* do that! You are both of you so cruel!" I said, lifting my eyelids, with the lashes pathetically glistening, for I had a particular talent for weeping when I was young. "One of you must illustrate the beauty of humility, and give me up."

"Humility is not my forte," said Carroll Stanley. "It does not become me, and just now it would but poorly interpret my feelings."

He laid my hand within his arm to lead me away.

A deep flush stained Mr. Fleminge's face, and then he grew very pale.

He laid his hand upon my other arm. The gesture was quiet, the detaining pressure nothing, but it held me as still as if I had been bound with the Atlantic cable.

"The young lady must decide!"

I should, perhaps, have looked puzzled again, for I was in especial good looks that night; but I heard Clara Livingston begin to titter behind her handkerchief, and whisper to her partner. So I assumed a dignified air, and took my hand from Carroll Stanley.

"Mr. Stanley," said I, "I have danced with you six times. It was wrong for me to promise you both this dance, and I am sorry for it; but since I have done so, and must decide between you, it is no more than justice that I should prefer Mr. Fleminge. Mr. Fleminge, I will dance with you. You are not annoyed, Mr. Stanley?"

"Annoyed!" Mr. Stanley repeated, with much surprise, his smile white, and his voice unusually soft and smooth.

Digitized by Google



THE POWER OF MUSIC.—SEE PAGE 503.

"How could I possibly be annoyed? Whatever is for mademoiselle's pleasure is my happiness."

He bowed profoundly, and left the room.

Half an hour afterward, standing at the window, I saw him smoking out on the little gallery of the farmhouse.

Every now and then he took his cigar from his lips, and gazed at the starlike red end with a reminiscent scowl that made me shiver.

The next day I was tired, frightfully tired. So were the rest of the girls, and we concluded to remain at the farmhouse for a day or two, and then take up our line of march again.

All the morning I lounged on a hard, black sofa, in the little parlor, and drank lemonade and fanned myself. I had the windows darkened, that I might sleep if I felt like it, and begged the girls not to disturb me.

As I made myself very disagreeable, they went off into the grounds about the house, and pretended to admire views and be animated. For my part, I knew that some rest was necessary for the complexion, so I kept quiet, dropping off into a little doze, when the door creaked for the twentieth time, and aroused me. I started up in no very good humor, and saw Bynum Eastham entering, with a man's extraordinary precaution against noise, which seems to exasperate his boots, and make them more than ordinarily demonstrative.

Bynum was a good fellow, but not gifted either mentally or physically. His arms were too long, and his knees were a constant source of perplexity to him.

"Are you asleep?" he questioned, in a preternatural whisper that suggested at once a nutmeg-grater bathed in sweet oil.

"No, I am not," I answered, very crossly, "and I am not likely to be. I have been disturbed every five minutes since I laid down. I do wish people would have a little consideration."

I turned my head to the wall, for there was not the least use in being polite to Bynum. His father was a Methodist preacher, with nothing in the world but his "circuit" and seventeen children.

"I am very sorry, indeed; but I thought——" began Bynum again.

I interrupted:

"Oh, I dare say! People are always being sorry; it does so much good, to be sure!"

"But I thought you would like to know——"

He paused.

"Well?"

"That Carroll Stanley and Augustus Fleminge are going to——"

Another pause, and a most momentous dropping of the voice.

"Well—*do* go on!"

"Are going to—to fight!"

"What?" I cried, starting up and staring at him, electrified in earnest.

Bynum's eyes opened wide. He looked important and mysterious. He forgot his knees for one happy instant, and, bending down, repeated in his sibilant whisper, that might have been heard at forty yards distance: "They are going to fight! A real duel, you know!"

His small, blue-green eyes danced. They made twenty exclamation points as he stared at me for an answer. He did not get one. I stood a minute, and then turned and arranged my pillows again, bent down, and, leaning back, closed my eyes. My heart was beating so that I could hardly breathe, but that was all the more reason to keep quiet.

"Well," said Bynum, aghast, "why don't you say something?"

"What is there to say? I am very glad to hear it, I am sure. It will be something to amuse us all. You can go now, if you wish to. I should like to go asleep again."

He looked at me as if he meant to faint; but by the time he had reached the door I called him back.

"Where are they going to fight, Bynum?" I asked, very languidly, without lifting my eyelids.

He managed to gasp out:

"Down by that big black rock that you called 'Love' yesterday."

"Ah! A very nice place, indeed. Quite romantic. When, Bynum?"

"Just at sunset. But—but you are not—not going to do something to prevent it?"

"I? To prevent it?" I asked, opening my eyes in sweet surprise. "What could *I* do? No, of course not! I think it's very amusing, indeed! I certainly should not *prevent* it, even if I could. Go away now, Bynum dear, and let me sleep, if you please."

He left the room slowly, shaking his head in a pathetic, uncertain sort of way; his theory of life was evidently upset. But the door had not ceased quivering in its catch before I

Digitized by Google

sat up and began to think. My bosom swelled, my heart beat with a strange and new pleasure.

Not one of the girls had ever had a duel fought about *them!* I could positively see their jealous smiles, and could hear their malicious, envious chatter about *my* duel. My cheeks burned. I got up and ran to the looking-glass; they were like roses, and my eyes like stars. I was so pretty, I leaned over and kissed myself.

Suddenly a dread thought came across me—one of them might be killed! In that case it might be prejudicial to my future prospects to have my name mixed up in the affair, and I was not sure but I might be expected to wear mourning. The thought was intolerable. Nothing was so unbecoming to me as plain black; but I had presence of mind even at that moment to resolve that, if the worst came to the worst, I would put on white crape ruches and lavender ribbon as soon as possible. And even if *one* of them should be killed, there would be the other to meet again—a cripple, perhaps—and it would be miserably awkward! Carroll Stanley, for instance, a cripple! and he waltzing so divinely. Altogether, the more I thought about it, the less agreeable it became.

"Good Heaven!" I cried, presently, with a sudden virtuous impulse, "am I indeed utterly heartless? It shall not be! I will prevent it—yes, at the cost of my own life, will I prevent this unnatural strife!"

I said this with a fine dramatic gesture, advancing my hand and frowning before the mirror, as I had seen Mademoiselle Rachel when she had bade *Armand* farewell forever. However, I spoiled the effect by giggling, for I saw I was much too pretty for such a scowl.

But I was in earnest about preventing the duel; the more so as a flash of inspiration—a vision—passed before my eyes, and taught me the best means of accomplishing my purpose with great credit to myself. I saw myself with disordered, wildly flowing tresses, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, rush between the pallid, fierce-eyed combatants at the very critical instant of time, and, falling upon my knees, declare that if they must kill each other, their murderous bullets should first pierce my devoted heart! I saw them, overcome by this magnanimous offer, throw their pistols simultaneously into the brook, clasp each other's neck, and swear eternal friendship, turning just in time to receive my fainting form. Grand finale and tableau—*myself*, resting on Carroll Stanley's breast, Augustus pressing my hand distractedly, chorus of anxious and envious girls, and general awestruck admiration of *me!*

All that remained of the day I passed in feverish expectation. It seemed to me the westerly sun would never sink. I could not refrain from such dark allusions to Death and Judgment, to the holy beauty of Forgiveness and Charity, as frightened Cora Livingstone half out of her wits, and made her inquire with solicitude if they had not better send for a doctor for the pain I complained of in my chest. I smiled sadly, and shook my head, with gentle patience. My governess had often admonished me to let slip no opportunity for effect, even though nobody should be present but women; some of the best-natured ones might happen to tell their brothers.

The shadows informed me at last that it was time to begin my preparations. I told the girls that my head ached so violently that I should retire for the evening, and begged particularly that no one might be permitted to disturb me—I should desire nothing but perfect quiet.

I dressed myself then with great care and attention to detail, for that should be considered under the most trying circumstances. I wore a long, loose, white robe, which I confined carefully at the waist with a pale blue scarf. I let down my hair, which was long and thick, curling it only at the ends, and there in such a manner as to produce a picturesque, disheveled effect, which I observed with pleasure was singularly becoming. I fastened one simple white rose in the blue band that drew my tresses tightly back from my forehead, and placed another upon my bosom. Then taking Tennyson's "In Memoriam" in my hand, I silently left the house, and made my way rapidly toward the rendezvous. I did not reach it too soon.

I had hardly disposed my drapery gracefully about the mossy ledge behind the tall, black rock which I had chosen for a seat, when the crackling twigs and rustling branches announced some arrival. Presently I distinguished footsteps and voices. They paused, as I expected, on the other side of the rock; but, though I listened intently, I could not hear what was said. It was absolutely necessary that I should, for otherwise I would not know at what moment to rush upon the scene; so I crept carefully along the rock, and contrived to place myself behind a clump of low shrubs, which screened me, without preventing my observing all that passed.

There, in good truth, they were! Augustus Fleminge, careless and easy-looking; Carroll Stanley, with a brow as cloudless and an eye as untroubled as if he were on his way to a wedding-feast. Two or three other gentlemen were in attendance, and, of course, the inevitable Black Victor.

To my surprise, they were all armed, and, what puzzled me still more, not with pistols, but with muskets. Carroll



THE POWER OF MUSIC.—SEE PAGE 503.

Digitized by Google

Stanley and Augustus Fleminge occupied the centre of the group. They were talking to each other with all the cool and dignified affability which generally distinguishes gentlemen on such occasions; and the others, whom I supposed the seconds, conversed apart, as usual.

I confess the scene thrilled me. It was a pretty sight, too. The sun was quite low, and through the multitudinous. deep-green, flickering leaves its rays filtered rosily, touching everything with new beauty. The ruddy light was singularly becoming to the gentlemen, and I reflected with pleasure that it must be equally so to me.

But matters were evidently approaching a crisis. Augustus and Carroll Stanley separated, and the other gentlemen approached them. It seemed to me the whole party was curiously "jolly." They laughed, and whistled, and talked rapidly—in so low a tone, however, that my utmost efforts would not enable me to distinguish their words. However, I reflected that their mirth was necessarily hollow, put in but for effect; and I thought with secret pleasure how soon my own appearance upon the scene would startle their real feelings into light. I began to grow nervous with expectation, when, finally, some one spoke distinctly:

"Well, gentlemen, are you ready?"

I grew dizzy. I saw one of the gentlemen lift up the fatal handkerchief.

"I don't see why we should wait any longer," said Carroll Stanley.

"We are merely wasting daylight," Augustus added, with remarkable coolness.

There was an instant's pause—a solemn, a most monotonous pause to me! I glanced rapidly downward, remembering, even at that thrilling instant, to see that my scarf hung gracefully, and then, with a quick movement separating my golden brown tresses to the best advantage, I rushed wildly forward from my hiding-place, my arms extended, my long white robe lifted airily, my hair streaming long behind me, and threw myself upon my knees between the bloodthirsty combatants.

"Hold! hold!" I shrieked, "or, if there must be a victim, behold the sacrifice! Let your bullets first pierce this throbbing heart!"

Struck dumb, the gentlemen fell back a pace or two, and stared at me. Then Augustus and Carroll Stanley approached, I suppose with the intention of falling into each other's arms; but they paused in front of me, and gazed upon me with an expression of extreme perplexity.

"I am not sure I understand you, mademoiselle," said Carroll Stanley, finally. "You wish ——'

I glanced at his face, but perceived no sign of emotion. I had prepared myself for this coldheartedness, and spoke again.

"Oh, friends!" I cried, "if you indeed be friends! pause for one moment in your murderous intent! Picture my desolation at the mere thought of such wanton bloodshed! —imagine my lifelong misery at its accomplishment! For Heaven's sake, *pause!*"

I uttered this last monosyllable in a tone that positively thrilled myself, extending my hands, and raising my dewy eyes to the leafy canopy above.

"Answer me—answer me at once!" I continued, wildly; "let me know the worst! Will you relinquish this mad project, or is my life to be made one dawnless night of woe?"

They appeared awe-struck. They gazed upon me as if I had been an inhabitant of another world. For minutes they were silent. I knelt, meantime, calm with agony, like the white-robed victim before the altar of sacrifice, my arms still lifted, in spite of the pain of such an attitude when long protracted.

"Answer me!" I cried, yet more wildly, rising as I spoke.

Carroll Stanley approached me a little. He was evidently perplexed by my heroism.

"There is but one answer to make, mademoiselle," he said, bowing profoundly. "Of course, we will give it up, since it disturbs you so. But we could not have imagined our little shooting-match would have been so disagreeable to you."

"*Our little shooting-match!*" Merciful Heavens! what cold-blooded barbarity! I rushed to Augustus, and impetuously clasped his hands.

"Give me your word also!" I cried, agonizedly. "Quick! quick! I faint!"

He caught me in his arms.

"Good God! what tender nerves!" he said. "Run for some water, Victor! Make haste! She is fainting! Yes, I give it up—I swear I do!" he shouted in my ears.

I sank back upon his arm; my head fell forward, my hair and scarf both displaying themselves as I could have wished; slow tears crept from beneath my closed eyelids; they thought I was quite insensible.

Somebody caught my hands, and chafed them tenderly, calling my name in perplexity and distress.

"Wonderful! A woman's sensibility is something wonderful!" said Carroll Stanley. "To think of her fainting at such a thing as this!"

"Yes," Augustus answered; "little guileless innocent! She is all heart; the most perfect child of nature that I ever saw. But I'm sorry our plan for a 'possum-hunt is spoiled. The boys from Deer's Creek will be here in five minutes; they were to meet us at the Black Rock, you know."

My brain reeled! A 'possum-hunt!

"Good Heavens! what have I done?" I gasped.

My breath was leaving me. I felt the blood forsake my cheeks. My heart staggered with sharp agony; if Clara Livingstone—but human weakness turned from that theme in horror.

At that fearful moment I heard the crash of forest boughs parting suddenly. Somebody rushed forward, with hurry and excitement in every footstep. It was Bynum Eastham.

I contrived to see a little beneath my lashes. He burst through the branches, red and panting, seeing nothing. He struck his hands triumphantly together, and cried out:

"Golly! I've just found out it was a 'possum hunt and not a duel! Hurray! I'm in for that myself—I am! Ho-o-orray!"

The wretched creature tossed his cap up among the branches, and executed an extempore pigeon's wing, and I fainted in earnest.

I forgot to mention that at that time I was engaged to Carroll Stanley; shortly afterward, however, he lost the greater part of his fortune, and, by a curious coincidence, Augustus Fleminge's uncle in India died about the same time, leaving him immensely wealthy. So I broke off with Carroll Stanley, and married Augustus Fleminge.

He does not dance well—I admit it frankly; but I still think I decided wisely. I have the advantage of Augustus's money, and I can waltz with Mr. Stanley whenever I like to.

MEMORABLE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

THERE are few American women around whom more interest has centred than Jane McCrea, her sad fate amid the complexities of civil war investing her career with everything that can awaken the sympathy of the human heart.

Born in the parsonage of a little Episcopal church in New Jersey, over which her father presided till his death, a few years before the outbreak of the Revolution, she had grown up a beautiful blue-eyed girl, with auburn hair and a fresh complexion. Her brother having resolved to try his for-

Google

tunes in Northern New York, she accompanied him to the Upper Hudson, the old battle-ground between New York and Canada, now, with both colonies under one rule, promising to grow in population and importance with inconceivable rapidity. Settling near Fort Edward, the McCreas became general favorites, and Jane won the heart and devotion of a young man named David Jones.

The fair horizon began to cloud over; war was again to sweep over the frontier. The Revolution began, and before the revolted colonies declared their independence, when their officers scarcely knew in whose name they acted, their troops were marching as of old on the Canada borders. Families divided, friends parted forever to side with king or colony. Young Jones hastened to Canada to give his arm to the royal cause, and when Burgoyne advanced into New York, Jones was a captain in a provincial regiment. As the British forces approached the scene of his former life, the spot where she whom he prized above life still lingered, his fears were awakened for her safety. And Jane on her side lingered at the house of Mrs. McNiel, a widow lady, whose house stood near the foot of a hill a short distance north of Fort Edward. Captain Jones at last sent some Indians with a letter to her, in which he entreated her to put herself under their guidance, as he saw no other means by which she could safely reach him, any attempt on his own part being too perilous, from the hatred felt for him by his old associates. She accordingly started with Mrs. McNiel, and had proceeded about a quarter of a mile to the summit of the hill, to a fine spring near a huge pine tree. Here her Indian guides halted, and were suddenly joined by another party, who had attacked a neighboring picket of American soldiers, killing the lieutenant and five others. These men, flushed with victory and heated by the sight of blood, had, it seems, been included by Captain Jones in those to whom he promised a reward for bringing in Miss McCrea, whom they supposed some prisoner of importance whose person he desired to secure, and not apparently conscious of his real wishes.

They began to quarrel about the fair division of the expected reward, and, even came to violence and blows. In the midst of it a chief coolly drew a pistol and fired at Miss McCrea. Pierced to the heart, she fell and expired without a struggle; the Indian then seized her long auburn locks, and in a moment bounded up with the scalp-cry as he tossed the bloody trophy in the air. It was all he bore to Captain Jones to prove that he had fulfilled his commission.

The body of the murdered girl, left under the tree, gashed and mangled, was found by the American party sent out in pursuit of the savage assailants. Her brother soon hastened to the spot and bore her remains to a quiet resting-place on the river side.

Mystery long hung over the cause of her death, but the return of Samuel Standish, a picket taken by one of the parties, and a helpless, wounded spectator of the scene, removed all doubt.

The loyalist captain never recovered from the shock; he lived a few years, and soon died broken-hearted.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THERE are treasures richer than gold or pearls, and there are sentiments so pure and deep that sometimes they control our whole nature and disclose its true dignity. The incident shown in our illustration of the power of music, which we take from an exchange, is one of those touching revelations of feeling, inspired by song, that prove what susceptibilities often lie hidden beneath an unpromising exterior, requiring only the fitting opportunity for their proper development:

Leaning idly over a fence a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were around him. At length a beautiful bob-o-link perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple-tree which extended to within a few yards of the spot where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of the close proximity of one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after steadily regarding him for a minute or two, obeying the instincts of his baser nature, he picked up a stone lying at his feet and was preparing himself for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, the Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea! "A link—a link—a-l-i-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link! a-no-weet! I know it—I know it! a-link! don't throw it! throw it, throw it," etc., etc.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired:

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half-shame and half-sorrow, he replied:

"*Couldn't, cause he sung so.*"

Who will say our nature is wholly depraved, after that, or even that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity—mercy! The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds.

Thus it was that the enemies of Stradella, being much carried away by jealousy and all manner of wickedness, employed a certain assassin, one Rito Spalda, to kill him before he could leave the town. Stradella had gone to the Church of Santa Capella, so that the assassin and his companions were obliged to seek him there. When they entered the sanctuary, they were immediately entranced by strains of heavenly music; their accursed hearts were struck with sorrow and very great remorse; so much so, that they flung themselves at Stradella's feet, confessing all their designs, and begging forgiveness in the name of the Holy Virgin.

THE LEAF INSECT, OR WALKING LEAF.

AMONG the curiosities of entomology, the insect which appears to be one of the leaves among which it rests is not the least curious creature. It eludes detection by means of large green or brown wings, that, both as regards color and texture, are exactly like the fresh or dead leaves of a tree.

This family of insects has long been known through a species named by Latreille and succeeding naturalists, *Phyllium siccifolium*. Mr. G. R. Gray has described thirteen species.

The family seems peculiar to the Eastern world; three of the thirteen being brought from the Philippine Islands, three from the East Indies and Ceylon, one from Java, one from Mauritius, and one from the Seychelle Islands. The locality of the remaining four species is unknown. The *Phyllium scythe* is brought from Silhet and the mountainous districts of India adjoining Assam.

Mrs. Major Blackwood found both males and females, as well as the young insect in all stages, plentiful in the valleys below Cherrapoonjee in the Kasiat hills, which form part of the southern boundary of the valley of Assam.

In the Spring of 1854, Mrs. Blackwood forwarded to Edinburgh a supply of eggs, whence a pair of insects came out on

Digitized by Google

the 9th and 10th of May; one or two followed weekly, till the end of May, when a week or two of cold weather occurred, during which no more came out; but when fine weather returned, in June, the insects began to come cut in great numbers, from one or two of which was reared a specimen to perfection. A fuchsia was first tried as its food, but this the insect soon left for the common myrtle. It never sought to leave the plant till it was full grown, and was furnished with wings, when it was found necessary to put a muslin bell-shaped cover over the plant to prevent its flying away. It was kept in a hothouse of the Royal Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh; the temperature of the house being as nearly fifty-five degrees as could be maintained. The egg is about the size of a small pea, barrel-shaped, and with six longitudinal ribs; it looks uncommonly like some seeds. The ribs are all placed at equal distances ex-



MEMORABLE WOMEN OF AMERICA: JANE M'CRAE.—"PIERCED TO THE HEART, SHE FELL AND EXPIRED."—SEE PAGE 502.

cept two, which are wider apart, and the space between them flatter, so that on the egg falling it rolls over till it comes to this flatter side, and there lies. The outside is rough and corrugated, like the bark of a tree, and is penetrated by rows of large longitudinal holes, on each side of the ribs, and by rows of smaller holes between them. At the top there is a little conical lid, fitting very tightly to the mouth. On the outside, the lid is composed of the same bark-like structure as the outside of the body of the egg, and has its base surrounded by frill-like projections, which, at first sight, one might take for an apparatus for holding on the lid, but closer inspection shows they belong to the lid itself.

On removing the lid, we see a beautiful porcelain chamber of a pale French-white color. On holding this shell between us and the light, we see light spaces where the holes in the cortical outer covering terminate, and in the centre of each there is a darker space, as if it were a pore. The substance composing the outer cortical covering is very curious. It is very thick. Looked at with the naked eye, it seems of a spongy, reticulated fibrous structure. But, under the microscope, we see that it is composed of cells, generally arranged in rows radiating outward; and in some parts, both in substance and structure, bearing a striking resemblance to a piece of honeycomb.

It seems not difficult to conjecture the purpose which the cellular texture of this outer covering serves. If it had been



THE LEAF INSECT OR WALKING LEAF.— SEE PAGE 503.

Digitized by Google

of a firm, close substance, the embryo insect could not have received the amount of air and moisture necessary for its existence, and which is more than usually necessary in this family of insects.

We now proceed with the metamorpnosis and growth.

After having reached the form of a six-legged insect, it emerged from the egg by pushing off the lid. It came out middle foremost, that is, head and tail were packed downward, so as to meet each other, and were drawn out after the back had appeared; the legs being extricated last. The color of the insect at this stage was of a reddish yellow, something of the hue of a half-dried beech leaf; for, it is to be observed, that without the color of the insect varies at different periods of its life, it always more or less resembles a leaf in some stages. When it had once settled to eat the leaves on which it was placed, the body speedily became bright green. Among the leaves of the common myrtle it could not be distinguished by the color of the body (the legs were browner) and its manner of carrying itself tended to aid the deception. It bore its tail generally curled up a little, just as much bent as the myrtle leaf. As it bent its tail up, however, the curl would have been the wrong way, unless the insect walked back downmost, which in point of fact was its constant habit, adhering to the underside of the leaves.

This habit brought to light another very beautiful contrivance for still further heightening its resemblance to a leaf. The upper surface was opaque green, the under surface glossy, glittering green, just the reverse of the myrtle or guava leaf; so that, by reversing its position, it brought the glossy side up, and the dull side down. It was provided with tarsi, to suit this upside-down mode of life. Between each of the claws there was a large spongy pad, which, as with flies walking on the ceiling, enables the insect to adhere firmly to the leaf; indeed, it was always difficult to disengage its hold of anything it stuck to.

The leaf-insect is subject to three molts, as is generally the case with the orthoptera.

The first molt took place about ten months after the hatching; the insect had increased very gradually but not greatly in size; it was not an inch in length when hatched, and at the first molt it measured not much more.

At the third molt the full-grown wings and antennæ were produced. The day previous to the casting of the skin, the insect was observed to be unusually lively, shaking and working about with its body, while the feet seemed firmly attached to the leaf.

Before the moltings, the insect became of a grayish tinge, doubtless caused by the skin having become loose through the shaking process, alluded to.

After each of the moltings, the insect assumed a beautiful emerald green color, which after the last molt of the body had a slight tinge of yellow round it. It subsequently became gradually yellower, and brownish at the edge, passing through the different hues of a decaying leaf.

MIGRATIONS OF BIRDS AND INSECTS.

In reference to a communication to the effect that sea-going ships are frequently visited by birds and insects, M. Dasen writes:

"In confirmation of this fact, I can mention, from my own observation, two instances of birds visiting ships from which I was making the homeward voyage from the West Indies, and one instance of a voyage to New Zealand, in which the visitor was a butterfly. In the first case, the ship being off the Spanish coast, but not in sight of land, a very handsome bird came on board. It was a species of dove, blue being the principal color, with darker markings. Some of the seamen called it a Spanish dove. It was caged and taken home by one of the passengers. In the second case, being in the neighborhood of Bermuda, a large flock of a species of swallow settled on the vessel. These poor birds were in a very exhausted condition, and numbers of them were captured by a large cat belonging to the ship. The survivors continued their passage at daybreak next morning. In the year 186–, on a voyage to New Zealand, we were one morning visited by a butterfly, there being at that time a light breeze blowing. My friend made great efforts to capture this interesting stranger, but unfortunately without success, as it fluttered overboard and was soon lost. They, however, got sufficiently near to ascertain that it to be a true butterfly. The color consisted of various shades of rich orange-brown, and the margin of the wings were deeply indented. I made careful inquiries of the officers of the ship as to the proximity of the land, and was informed that the nearest was the rock of St. Paul's, then 200 miles distant."

WANDERINGS OF A GRAIN OF SAND.

What we call the earth, or the soil, and designate by the names of field earth, garden earth, and so on, is nothing more than disintegrated or crumbled-up masses of rock, mixed with the remains of decayed plants and different kinds of salts, brought up from the depths of the earth by springs.

The particles that enter into the growing vegetation in the form of silicic acid, together with the fine pebbles and grains of sand yearly strewed over the earth, are so numerous that no eye can look over them, nor numbers approximately express them. But science lies concealed, and at the last stations on the rivers which bear these little grains down to the sea institutes an investigation, to number them, as they take their leave of the light of day to be plunged into the dark depths of the ocean, there to remain for thousands of years, till they become rock again, and are again lifted up in the ethereal light of the air on earth.

All streams are engaged in carrying these little passengers. The Rhine, the Elbe, and their kindred German streams, are every moment conveying the emigrating earth. The Danube rolls away with them to the Black Sea. The Vistula brings down the little journeying, emigrating grain from the Carpathian Mountains, together with many of its companions from Russia, and lands them away down in the depths of the Baltic Sea. The quantity these rivers despatch down amounts to only a cubic foot each second. But year after year they have collected, till the quantity laid down is so vast that it would require millions of ships more than are now in the world to carry it.

But the Nile in Egypt, the Mississippi in America, and the Ganges in India are driving a heavy business in conveying these emigrants from the light of day to the deep abysses of the ocean. The Nile carries yearly 200,000,000 cubic feet, the Mississippi 4,500,000,000 cubic feet, and the Ganges 6,000,000,000. This is a vast quantity, enough to cover the city of Berlin over in one year, and form a mountain, on the top of which one would have to dig to reach the tops of the highest church steeples. And this has continued not one year, not ten years, not one hundred years, but many thousands of years, whose number no one knows, and whose effect no one is able to feel. But many may ask, Will not this destroy the equilibrium of the earth's surface? It seems that this would certainly happen. But the work goes on so slowly and insensibly, and the life of man is so short on earth—comparatively a night's lodging at a hotel—that he would know nothing of it if the mind of science did not step in and let a few rays of light through the openings to enlighten us on the subject.

Digitized by Google

THE HISTORY, PREPARATION, PROPERTIES, AND USES OF ZINC.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

The history of zinc carries us back to the age of bronze, and yet it is practically a metal of the present century. It affords the best illustration of how slowly mankind arrives at practical results by experience alone, unguided by scientific knowledge. For more than two thousand years copper has been changed to brass by the introduction of an unknown ingredient, and it was not until comparatively recent times that the agent which brought about this marvelous change in copper was discovered and properly christened. Cadmus, a Grecian contemporary of Joshua, is said to have invented brass, which alloy was known under the names of *oreichalcos* and *aurichalcum* and *aes*, and was composed of copper and a mythical substance they called *cadmia*. The word zinc was first used by Paracelsus in 1540. Some writers say it was derived from *zinken*, signifying nails, from the shape of its crystals; others derive it from *zincken* and *zacken* (English, chimney-stack) because it is usually found in chimney-flues. It was also called the spurious son of copper, and hence a bastard metal; also coagulated mercury; and the miners had a notion that it was an unripe ore, and that if it were to be left undisturbed for a few centuries longer it would develop into silver.

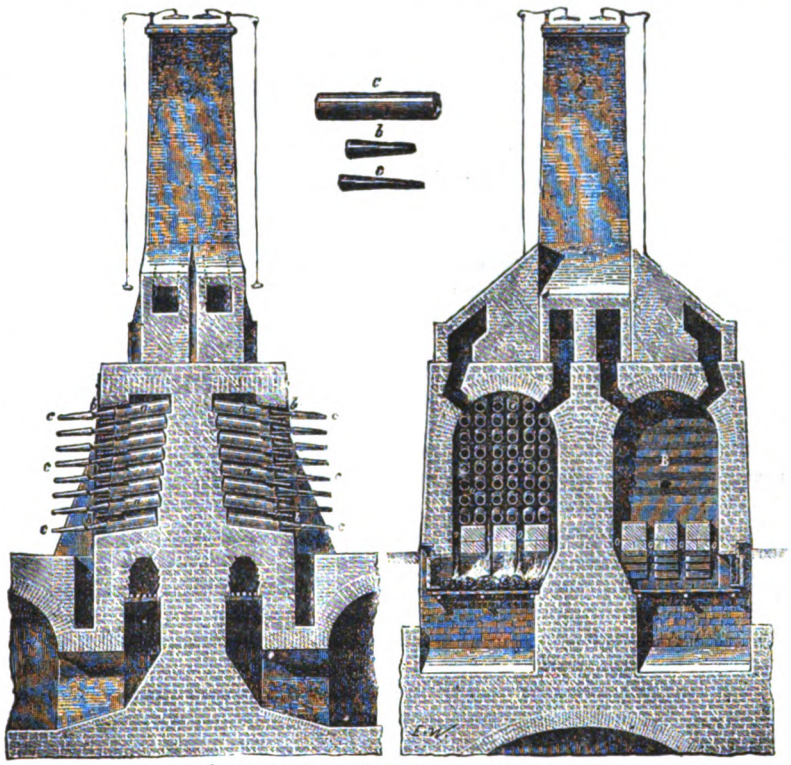


FIG. 1.—BELGIUM FURNACES FOR REDUCTION OF ZINC.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century it was brought from India and China, and Boyle called it *speauter*, or *spelter*—this latter appellation adheres to it to the present day, and it is under the commercial name of spelter that zinc is now sold.

It will be seen by this that the early notions in reference to zinc were of an exceedingly vague character. All of it that was used probably came from the chimneys and flues of furnace operations as an incidental product. It is evident that the ancients did not know how to make it directly from its ores, and it was not until about the sixteenth century that the mineral known as calamine was employed in the manufacture of brass. It is a curious fact that the mines of Wiesloch, in Baden, were worked for lead and silver by the Romans, and then abandoned, to be reworked for the same purpose by the Germans from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, when they were again closed, and during all this time the zinc ore was thrown away, and accumulated in vast heaps around the mouth of the mine; and it was not until 1850 that attention was called to this waste, and works were established for the recovery of the zinc. The history of this mine seems to confirm the statement that the ancients did not know how to make brass from copper and metallic zinc, or zinc ores, but that they relied upon the accidental accumulation of dust in chimney-flues for their supply of material. Zinc is, therefore, very properly called the chimney metal.

The English Government has a complete record of all patents issued since the year 1681, and the earliest mention of brass was in 1728, when a patent was granted for "a method for the more advantageous manufacturing copper ores through all the intermediate operations till it be brought into fine copper, and from thence into brasse, to be cast into plates, ingots, rodds, kettles, and other utensills in metal moulds."

In 1758 a patent specification says that "spelter and brass might be made from a mineral which had not theretofore been made use of for such purpose," and recommends "blackjack," "mockjack," or "brazill" for the trial. But by far the most important patent relating to zinc which is to be found in the recesses of the English office, is one which was issued to Sylvester & Hobson, April 29th, 1805. This was for "a method of manufacturing the metal called zinc into wire and into vessels. Zinc is made malleable, and may be drawn into wire by working it at a proper heat, or by annealing it—210 to 300 deg. Fah. is a proper heat."

It was in remembrance of this discovery that we called zinc a metal of the present century, for previous to this time its application in the arts had been of the most insignificant character compared with the immense uses to which it is now applied. It is safe to say that more tons of zinc are now required to supply the demands of trade than there were pounds used at the commencement of the present century. This invention of Sylvester & Hobson was, therefore, like the discovery of a new continent, and opened up a

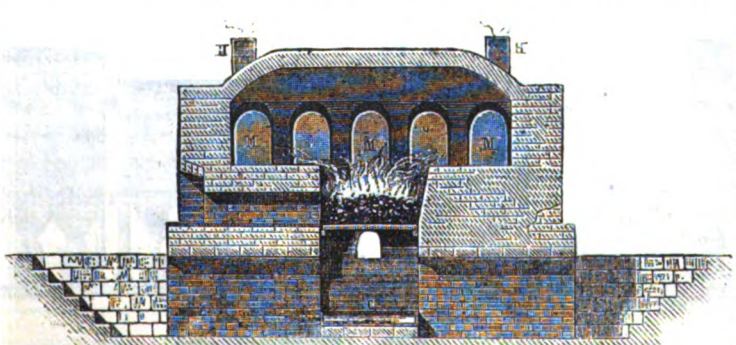


FIG. 2.—SILESIAN ZINC FURNACE.

Digitized by Google

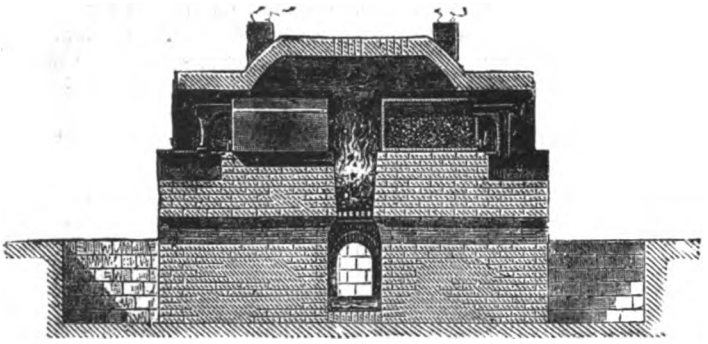


FIG. 3.—SILESIAN ZINC FURNACE.

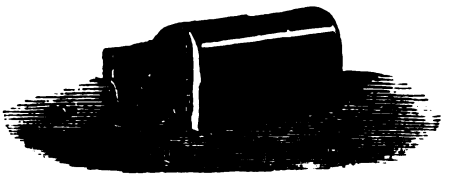


FIG. 4.—SILESIAN ZINC MUFFLES.

vast future for a comparatively insignificant metal. One hundred patents have been taken out since that day, covering a multitude of applications, and introducing zinc into the most unexpected places and in the strangest combinations. We propose to give an account of the occurrence of the metal, to describe how it is made, and then to sketch some of its most important applications.

Zinc has never been observed in our rocks in a pure metallic state, but must always be sought for in combination with sulphur or carbonic acid, and sometimes simply united with oxygen or a few of the metals. One of its most important ores is one which greatly annoyed the early miners, and was considered an unripe mineral, and very deceptive or blinding in its appearance, and hence was called blende. Blende, when perfectly pure, contains 33 per cent. sulphur and 67 per cent. zinc. It is commonly called blackjack by the miners, and has long been used for the preparation of metallic zinc. It is found in many localities in the United States, sometimes associated with lead, copper, and silver.

The mineral called calamine, from the ancient mythical Cadmus previously mentioned, is a carbonate of zinc, containing 64 per cent. of the metal, and, on account of the easy manner in which the metal can be reclaimed from it, it is a much prized ore.

We are so fortunate in our country as to possess a peculiar ore of zinc called franklinite, from the town of Franklin, in New Jersey, where it is found in great abundance. This mineral is associated with oxide of zinc, and is combined with iron and magnesia. The residue from it, after expelling the zinc, is employed in the manufacture of a very hard crystalline iron, called burglar-proof, or spiegel iron. There are a few other minerals which contain small quantities of zinc, but the chief ores have already been mentioned.

Having procured a supply of material, either of blende or of calamine, the next step is to obtain the pure metal. The ore is generally calcined in a reverberating furnace, and is then mixed with charcoal alone, if prepared from calamine, or with washed calamine and charcoal if from blende. It is then reduced in furnaces of various patterns, according to the customs of the country. In England, the method by downward distillation was long employed. The ore and flux is packed in crucibles, through the bottom of which pass tubes, dipping under water to prevent the escape of air.

These crucibles are then stowed in a furnace very similar in form to the cupola employed in the manufacture of glass, and are exposed to a high heat. Six crucibles yield 300 pounds of metal every twenty-four hours. If the ore contains any cadmium, that metal being more soluble than zinc, goes over first, and can be thus separated from the zinc. In Belgium retorts are substituted for the crucibles, a large number of which are built into a furnace, and the operation of reduction is carried on on an immense scale. A bench of retorts, forty-eight in number, is built into each furnace (see fig. 1), and as soon as the vapors of zinc are seen to come off, adapters, lettered *a*, *b*, *c* (fig. 1), are luted on to receive the metal, and to condense the oxide. Every two hours the adapter *b* is removed, and the accumulated metal poured into molds in plates of about sixty pounds weight.

In Silesia, where also large quantities of spelter, or zinc, is manufactured, the retorts are shaped more like muffles, and the condensers are so arranged as to allow the melted metal to fall drop by drop into a cavity, *c* (see fig. 2), from whence it is removed and purified by distillation. Figure 3 affords a view of the furnace, and figure 4 of the muffle-shaped adapter employed in Silesia. It is generally conceded that there is less loss in the French than in the German method.

In Europe it is customary to prepare zinc-white from the metal. For this purpose the metal is placed in retorts and exposed to high heat, in such a manner that it can be burned in a current of air. Figure 5 shows the construction of the furnace employed for this purpose. The metal is put into the retorts, *c c*, and as soon as it begins to be distilled, air is admitted through an opening at *a*, and by means of a powerful draft the finely divided zinc oxide is drawn through the tube, *a b*, into large chambers called the condensers. These condensers are provided with hoppers, terminating in cloth bags, into which the flocculent zinc-white accumulates. The portions which condense near the furnace are sometimes contaminated by metallic zinc, and also by cadmium and arsenic. The powder which condenses the farthest away from the furnace is considered to be the purest and best.

In the United States great improvements have been made on the European method, by manufacturing zinc-white directly from the ore.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, established in 1848, was the first in this country to attempt the manufacture of zinc and of zinc-white. Their early history is one of struggles, legal contests, and failures; but by dint of perseverance they have overcome all obstacles, and now carry on a successful business. They manufacture not only zinc oxide, but also a peculiar mixture of lead

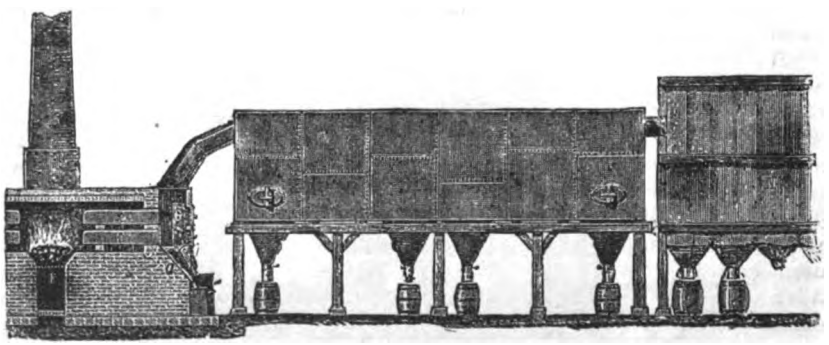


FIG. 5.—FURNACE FOR MANUFACTURE OF ZINC-WHITE.

Digitized by Google



FIG. 6.—*a b*. IRON WIRE BASKET CONTAINING THE ZINC TURNINGS, AND HAVING A VERY LITTLE TOW AT THE BOTTOM SATURATED WITH SPIRITS OF WINE. *c*. THE LIGHTED TORCH FOR IGNITING THE TOW AT BOTTOM OF BASKET; THE FALLING PARTICLES INDICATE THE OXIDE OF ZINC.

and zinc, commercially known as the Bartlett white lead. The New Jersey Company use the franklinite ore, previously mentioned, while the Lehigh Company have recourse to carbonates and silicates of zinc. It is only within a few years that it has been found feasible to use the most abundant ore of zinc, mainly the blende, in the direct production of a figment. This is now accomplished under a patent granted to the Bartlett Lead and Zinc Company in October, 1868.

Having procured our zinc in the manner described, it now remains to speak of its properties and uses. It is a very brittle metal at ordinary temperature, and again becomes so if heated up to 392 deg. Fah. A little above the boiling point of water it is very malleable and ductile, and it was the discovery of this property that brought about the revolution in the uses of zinc previously referred to. It has the specific gravity of 6.8 to 7.2, according to whether it is cast or forged. It melts at about 750 deg. Fah., and boils at 1,630 deg. Fah., and can be distilled above that point, if the air be excluded. When ignited it burns with a dazzling light, which can be seen at a great distance (see fig. 6) and is sometimes employed for signal fires (see fig. 7). The light emitted by the burning metal has all the actinic force of sunlight, and it has been employed to a limited extent in the production of photographic pictures, especially when alloyed with magnesium. In pure dry air or in water free of air, zinc remains perfectly bright, but in moist air or in water, it is rapidly coated with a film of oxide which serves to protect it from further corrosions if there are no acids in the water to dissolve the film. As zinc is much used as a coating to culinary vessels, and as it is more or less soluble in many substances used about the household, and acts as a poison, it is well to be on one's guard in its employment for cooking utensils. The following substances act upon it more or less readily and must not be kept in zinc vessels: brandy, vinegar, wines, meat soup, milk, spring water, salt water, and sugar. The impure metal is more readily acted upon by acids than the pure, and the evolution of hydrogen takes place very violently when a little platinic chloride is added.



FIG. 7.—BURNING OF ZINC.

One of the most important properties of zinc is based upon its highly electro-positive character, which enables us to employ it to precipitate nearly all metals from their solutions. A lead tree, called "Tree of Saturn" (fig. 8) can be prepared by suspending sheet zinc in a solution of the sugar of lead. Zinc has the property of reducing the chlorides and fluorides of the metals, and it has been employed to obtain the rare metals aluminium, magnesium, silicium, etc. It will displace phosphorus from bone ash, and a new method for the preparation of phosphorus is thus suggested. If zinc and lead be melted together they do not alloy, but the zinc will all rise to the top on cooling, and if there was any silver in the lead it will be carried to the top by the zinc. A method for the separation of silver from lead has been founded upon this property, which is now very generally employed in metallurgical works.

As zinc also readily dissolves gold, it is proposed to substitute it for quicksilver in obtaining that precious metal. The accompanying diagram (fig. 9) will show the form of the furnaces introduced on the Pacific coast for the extraction of gold by zinc. It is said to have many advantages over the old mercury method, both in convenience of manipulation and largeness of yield.

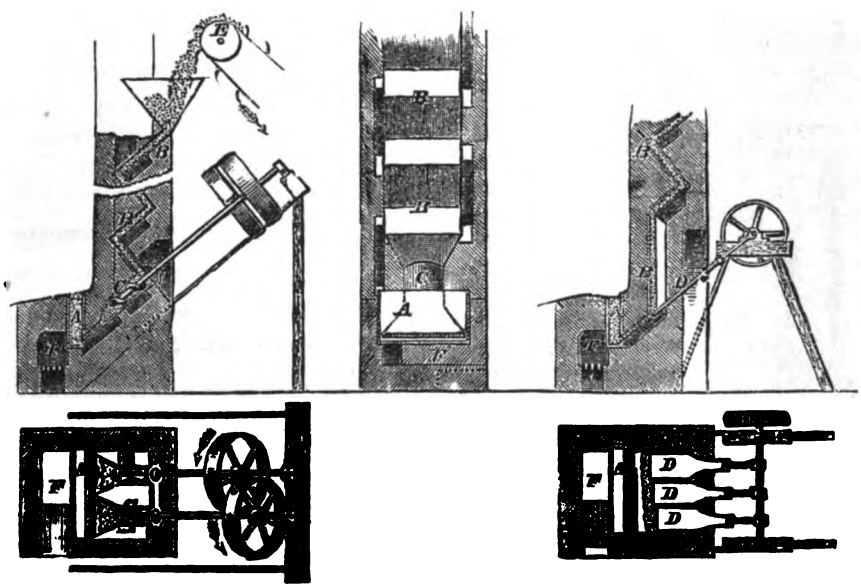


FIG. 9.—GOLD EXTRACTION BY ZINC.—*a*. ZINC TROUGH; *b*. ORE CONDUIT AND HEATER; *c*. ORE CONVEYER; *d*. PUSHING BLOCKS; *e*. ORE ELEVATOR; *f*. FIRE-PLACE.

Whenever zinc is required for the evolution of hydrogen gas by the action of water and sulphuric acid, it ought to be reduced to fine fragments. This

Digitized by Google

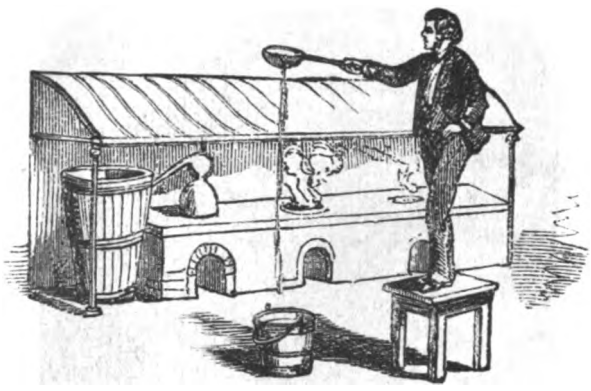


FIG. 10.—PROCESS OF GRANULATING ZINC BY POURING IT FROM A HEIGHT INTO A PAIL OF COLD WATER.

operation is more readily accomplished by melting the zinc and granulating it by pouring it from a height into water (see fig. 10). It then takes the size of bullets, and exposes the maximum amount of surface to the action of the acids, and the liberation of hydrogen takes place regularly, if some sulphuric acid be added at intervals.

The uses to which zinc is applied are manifold. Its cheapness, the ease with which it can be worked, its ready fusibility, its permanent character, have suggested its application for many purposes as a metal; and its properties when combined with other metals, as well as the chemical behavior of its salts, have increased its consumption very greatly. Since it was discovered that the metal could be rolled, provided it was heated to about 240 deg. Fah., sheet-zinc has found extensive uses. It is somewhat curious that the metal which was originally discovered in chimney-flues is now largely employed to regulate the drafts of chimneys and as a protection against driving rain and sleet (see fig. 11). The eaves and cornices of our houses are now chiefly made of zinc, thus affording additional protection against fire.

It is, however, as a constituent of brass and bronze that zinc has longest been known, and was most largely employed in ancient times. Brass, bronze, tombac, pinchbeck have long found application in the arts and for coinage. Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc, containing usually 70 per cent. copper and 30 per cent. zinc. Owing to the great difference in the fusibility of these two metals, their combination into a homogeneous alloy is attended with considerable difficulty, and exacts long practice. Fig. 12 will show the form of the furnace and the appearance of the crucibles in which the operation is performed. The work is generally entrusted to an old and experienced workman, as the volatile character of the zinc would entail great loss to the establishment unless carefully guarded against. Bronze is an alloy into which tin enters as a partial substitute for the zinc.



FIG. 8.—TAKE OF SATURN.

The applications of brass and bronze would afford a sufficient topic for a separate article, and can only be passingly referred to in this place. At the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, objects made of these alloys formed one of the most interesting features of that great occasion.

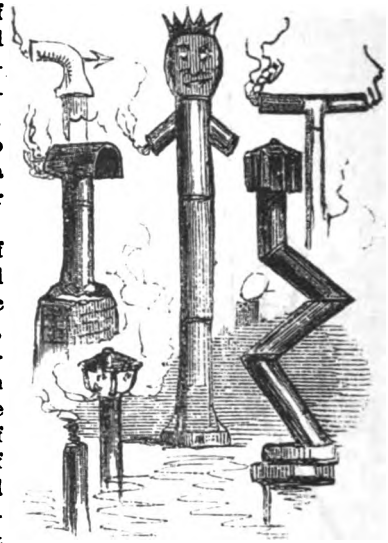


FIG. 11.—ZINC CHIMNEY-POTS.

The property of zinc that enables us to employ it in the construction of the galvanic battery was more particularly studied by Volta, and suggests the possibility of our having recourse to it as a motive power. At present the cost of zinc as an electric motor is 200 times greater than that of coal for the same purpose; but it does not necessarily follow that we shall never attain practical results in this direction, either by cheaper zinc or more ingeniously contrived machinery.

Galvanized iron, which is now so much used for corrugated roofing, boats, buildings, spoutings, ships' sheathing, buckets, tanks, wires, and many other purposes, is prepared by first cleaning the plate by a bath of sulphuric acid and water, then washing in a concentrated solution of chloride of ammonia, and subsequently plunging it into the molten zinc. The zinc dissolves some of the iron, and forms a perfect alloy on the surface, and by repeating the immersion the thickness of the layer of zinc can be materially increased.

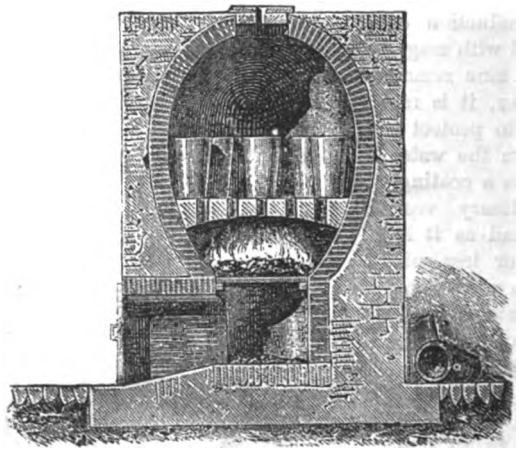


FIG. 12.—BRASS FURNACE.

We have thus given some of the leading features in the history of a valuable metal, and have pointed out a few of its most important applications. Enough has been said to show that it is one of the most useful metals known to man.

IT has been seen too often, both in philosophy and elsewhere, that when people have fancied that the world was becoming Christian, Christianity was becoming worldly.

Digitized by Google

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

M. LECOQ DE BOISBAUDRAN is an amateur scientist, being by profession a conveyancer. In his leisure hours he has devoted much attention to chemistry, and last Winter, while engaged in studying the lines on the spectrum produced by the action of electricity on various compounds, made the interesting discovery of a new metal, which he called Gallium, in honor of ancient Gaul. He has published important researches on the super-vaporation of liquids, on crystalline forms, and on chrome alum.

DR. MITCHELL relates the interesting fact that a species of pottery of the very earliest type is in common use in the Lewis, one of the inner Hebrides. It is made by women with the hands and ornamented by the finger-nail, a pointed stick, or a piece of thread. The rudest pottery ever discovered among the relics of the stone age was not ruder than this, and no contemporaneous savages make a coarser ware. These facts appear to show that stone-age pottery may exist side by side with Sevres and Wedgwood.

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.—Sir Humphrey Davy succeeded in the early part of the present century in discovering metallic compounds by means of the voltaic pill. M. Becquesal has recently shown that the same process can be repeated by means of an induction coil, and that caustic potash can be decomposed and an amalgam of potassium and mercury be produced in this way. This application of the electricity induction is new, and may lead to important applications.

NICKEL DEPOSIT.—The largest nickel deposit known is opened near the Gap, in Lancaster County, Pa. Nickel was discovered there about the year 1856. The ore, being a gray color, is very heavy, and so hard that it is mined entirely by blasting. The price of nickel averages over $2 a pound. From 400 to 500 tons of ore are taken from the mine per month, and the mining and working of this requires the labor of 175 hands.

M. PLANTÉ concludes from his experiments that the sun is a hollow, electrified globe, full of gases and vapors, and covered with a liquid coating of incandescent matter. He considers the spots to be produced by masses of gas and electrified vapors proceeding from the interior of the orb, penetrating the liquid layer, and giving to the edges of the cavities forms which characterize the passage of positive electricity.

LONGEVITY OF JEWS.—At Frankfort-on-the-Main, where the ordinary average of life is 37.7, the average with the Jews is 49.9. In the same city the mortality of children under five years of age is 24.1 per cent.; of Jewish children it is only 12.9 per cent. Doctor Richardson attributes their freedom from ordinary maladies to the care with which they examine their animal food, and also to their temperate habits.

DISCOVERIES IN PEAT BEDS.—The peat beds of Champagne, in France, have been found to contain the remains of the badger, otter, beaver, pig, stag, swan, beetles, shells, elm tree, walnut, oak, willow; and the traces of man are numerous in the form of ashes, cinders, half-burned logs, pottery, flint implements, bits of iron and bronze.

CHROMATED glue consists of a tolerably concentrated solution of gelatin, to which for every five parts of the glue one part of bichromate of potash in solution is added—the mixture to be made in the dark. On exposure to light this glue becomes insoluble in water and can be used for cementing broken glass and china.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—The revenue of the Suez Canal in January amounted to £100,525. The receipts of February were £101,818. During the last five years the company's revenue has made an extraordinary advance. Thus, in January, 1870, the receipts were £4,145; and in February, 1870, £8,687.

A LARGE GRAPE VINE.—At Santa Barbara, in California, is a grape vine four feet in circumference at its base. It covers with its branches 4,000 square feet, and last year yielded 12,000 lbs of grapes. It is estimated to be 35 to 50 years old. It is the property of an aged Spanish woman.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.—Another attempt to trace the sources of the Nile is to be made by a party of scientific men, under the auspices of the Italian Geographical Society. The labors of the expedition are expected to extend over four years.

A STATEMENT which has been prepared in illustration of the progress of railways in Portugal shows that there are now 570 miles of line in operation in that country, 64 miles are in course of construction, and 390 miles have been surveyed.

PROGRESS IN ASTRONOMY.—The number of planets and asteroids accomplishing their revolutions between Mars and Jupiter, known to astronomers in 1872 was 121. 33 have since been added, making a total of 154 now on the lists of stars.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—M. Capellini, Professor at Bologna, Italy, has discovered evidences of man in the pliocene formations near that city. They consist of the remains of bows, on which there are hierogylphics and rude drawings.

AMBER.—Until recently nearly all the amber of commerce was obtained by dredging the bottom of the sea off the coast of Eastern Prussia. It is now obtained from shafts sunk 140 ft. in blue earth, and is regularly mined.

Two millions two hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars have been expended on surveys for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The Jasper House Pass in the Rocky Mountains is regarded as the one likely to be adopted.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

HAIR that ought to flow in natural waves—The locks of a canal.

THE alligator that swallowed a corset is dead. It stayed on his stomach.

MAY not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather bed?

"MY *bark* is on the sea," as the cur said when the captain threw him overboard.

LIFE is supposed to decrease in about the same proportion as railroads increase.

WHAT is the difference between the earth and the sea? One is dirty, and the other tidy.

MEN are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

"ONE good turn deserves another," as the alderman said when he discharged the thief who voted for him.

A MISS is as good as a mile—as good as two or three miles, in fact, if she is pretty, and if it is a moonlight night.

WHY are country girls' cheeks like French calico?—Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.

OLD Uncle Hezekiah said to his nephew: "James, when you come to pick out a gal for a wife, don't get a prodi-gal, but see that she's fru-gal and suits your conju-gal notions."

A FARMER in Oneida County, New York, had his hop-house broken into the other night, and a large quantity of hops stolen, whereupon he said, "It makes me hoppin' mad."

ONE of the young men belonging to a choir had his hair cut by a generous barber, Saturday. Sunday he sang for a solo, "Cover my defenceless head," and blushed like a lobster.

"I TAKE the lead in government, yet have no part in law; I terminate every undertaking, but am never in action; I am never wanting in guineas, but am always out of cash," said the letter G.

"DO YOU see that door-plate, John, with my name on it? That's what I call a pleasant sight."—"So it is," responded John; "but a dinner-plate with my dinner on it would be a great deal pleasanter sight."

A GRUMBLING car-driver said to a passenger, "You always want me to stop when you get off."

"No, sir," said the passenger, who had no jumping notions, "I don't care what you do. I only want the car to stop. You can go on."

A DUTCHMAN says, I vill tell you, such is de power of de Shakspeer, dat I vunce saw de plays acted in Anglish languish, in Holland, vhere dere vas not vun persons in de house but myself could onderstand it, yet dere vas not a person in all dat house but vas in tears; dat is, all crying, and veep very mooch; couldn't onderstand von vord of de play, yet all veeping. Such was de power of de Shakspeer."

"YOU see," said the venerable Elder Daykin, as his minister met him on the way to the circus, "this little grandchild of mine wanted to see the sacred animals so bad that I hadn't the heart to refuse him." But the little grandchild, on arriving at the tent-door, wouldn't go in, and set up such a howl that the elder had to take him home; and he spanked the child for, as he said, "giving me such trouble for nothing."

NICE CHILD.—A young gentleman of Cambridge aged six, has won the belt for being the first *enfant terrible*. The way he accomplished it was to go *solus* to a friend's house, and make a call upon the lady. He was greeted very affectionately, and then asked his errand. "Oh, nothing, Miss G.; but will you please let me see your parlor carpet, for auntie says it makes her almost sick every time she comes here!" He was trundled out.

A WAGGISH wight (a shrewd one, too)
Once told me that he really knew
A girl that put her humors off
And ceased to scold and laugh and scoff,
To weep and sorrow o'er romances,
And went no more to plays and dances.
I doubted long; at last he said:
"The reason is the woman's dead."

WHAT A PLEASURE.—*Son:* "Father, I'd like to go to the theatre once. I don't seem ever to have a bit of pleasure staying in every night."

"*Father:* "Pleasure, my dear boy, you don't need to go to any theatre and spend money for pleasure. Stay in and go to bed early, on a cold night, and leave your feet outside. By-and-by, when they get thoroughly cold, pull them into the bed and you'll say, 'Ah, what a pleasure this is,' and you'll thank me for teaching you how to enjoy pleasure without wasting your means."

ONLY A POET.—Mr Tennyson lodged for a few days in a little island inn of the Hebrides, along with other tourists. On his departure a young sportsman said to the innkeeper:

"Do you know whom you have had in the house?"

"No," replied the innkeeper.

"That gentleman is the poet laureate."

"The poet laureate!" echoed Donald, "Was it for a poet that I kept the best bed—a bard, a sennachie?" and he marched off, apparently quite indignant at himself for his undesigned politeness to so humble or doubtful a character as a poet.

Digitized by Google



THE PLEASANT EVENING HOUR.



THE QUIET CLOISTER.—MONKS AT STUDY.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



AT THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS.

FROM A PAINTING BY BOUGNEREAU.

Digitized by Google

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. II.—No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

PETROLEUM.

WHAT IT IS AND WHERE WE GET IT: WITH A GLANCE AT THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

NOTHING in fiction is more wonderful and romantic than certain events in the commercial history of the world. Of the romance of trade this country has had its full share; but the visionary brains of a William Beckford or a Lord Timothy Dexter could hardly have dreamed of such scenes as attended the California mining excitement in 1849, or the development of the Pennsylvania petroleum interest in 1859 and the four succeeding years. There was a real *opera bouffe* excitement about both, but the dollars and diamonds that still remain certainly are not the tinsel and paste of any "Grand Duchy of Gerolstein"; nor do mints and oil-wells vanish with the falling of a green curtain.

The recent extraordinary rise in the market price of crude petroleum, increasing within three months the value of the stock on hand by nearly $10,000,000, has attracted universal attention, and to some extent revived the wild speculation of the early days of its discovery and production. This remarkable advance is due rather to the opening of distant



A FLATBOAT ASCENDING OIL CREEK.

Digitized by Google



PROSPECTING FOR OIL.

markets and the application of petroleum to new processes of manufacture, than to late discoveries of rich oil-bearing territory; it is not, however, our purpose to trace either its causes or results—important as they may be to those directly interested—but rather to place before our readers some account of the origin and discovery of this wonderful distillation of the earth, and to illustrate the methods of its production.

Although the manufacture of commercial products from petroleum dates from the discovery of the crude material in large quantities in Pennsylvania, it was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and by Pliny, Tacitus, Vitruvius, and other Roman writers was designated *bitumen*. In the island of Zante (ancient Zacynthus), one of the Ionian group, there is a spring of liquid bitumen, referred to by Herodotus. This natural "oil-well" has been flowing more than two thousand years! Dioscorides, a medical and botanical writer of the first century A. D., states that at Agrigentum, in Sicily, the oil was collected and burned in lamps. Wherever the word "pitch" is employed in the English version of the Bible it plainly refers to *bitumen*, which was used in its natural state for many purposes. We may suppose that Noah "pitched" the ark with crude petroleum, and the "slime pits" of the Old Testament were evidently rude oil-wells.

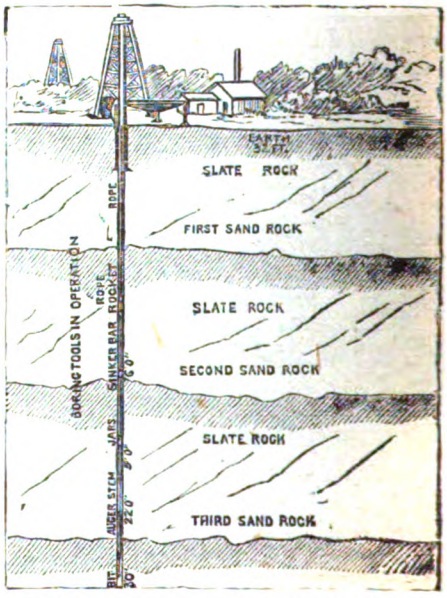
Opinions concerning the origin of petroleum are as various as the regions where it is found. Until quite recently all of these theories were based upon the assumption that it has been derived from vegetable or animal organisms. It is supposed by some to be the product of the decomposition of woody fibre, by which more of the carbon and less of the hydrogen has been evolved than by the decomposition which has produced coal. Others have alleged it to be the product of the natural distillation of pyrobituminous shales and coals. Lesquereux attributes its origin to the partial decomposition of low forms of marine vegetation, while Berthelot has advanced the theory that by complex chemical changes at present taking place in the interior of the earth, petroleum is being continually set free. From a comparison of the opinions of leading scientists it may, we think, be assumed that petroleum is the normal or primary product of the decomposition of marine animal or vegetable organisms, chiefly the former, and that nearly all other varieties of bitumen are products of a subsequent decomposition of petroleum, differing both in kind and degree.

Although petroleum is very widely distributed and found not only contiguous to large deposits of coal and shales, but in all the stratified rocks, as well as in the volcanic and metamorphic formations, the localities especially noted for its occurrence are comparatively few. Among them we may mention the north of Italy; Baku, on the borders of the Caspian Sea; the slopes of the Caucasus; Rangoon, in Burmah; the Island of Trinidad; portions of the Province of Ontario; Pennsylvania, New York, West Virginia, Ohio, and California.

The existence of petroleum in Pennsylvania was known to the early settlers, the French having noted its existence as early as 1629, and a branch of the Alleghany River in Venango County was given the name of Oil Creek in consequence of the appearance of oil on its banks. The Indians collected petroleum on the shores of Seneca Lake, and it was sold for medical purposes under the name of Seneca or Genesee oil. As long ago as 1819, Dr. S. P. Hildreth, in the *American Journal of Science*, alluded to the discovery of petroleum in Ohio, on the Little Muskingum River, and wrote: "It is beginning to be in demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories. It affords a clear, brisk light when burnt in this way, and will be a valuable article for lighting the street-lamps in the future cities of Ohio."

It is surprising that, with the sources of supply thus pointed out, and the value of petroleum thus indicated, more than thirty-five years should have elapsed before its importance was at last perceived accidentally through experiments made upon the distillation of bituminous shales and coal. But the rise of the oil interest has been both sudden and recent. For the credit of its inception in the United States there are more claimants than for the discovery of anæsthesia or the authorship of the last sentimental poem. But it is fair to say that the organization known as the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was formed in 1854 for the purpose of gathering oil in the vicinity of Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, now the headquarters of the petroleum business.

Coal oil manufacture in the United States was then a growing and important industry, and the Rock Oil Company used



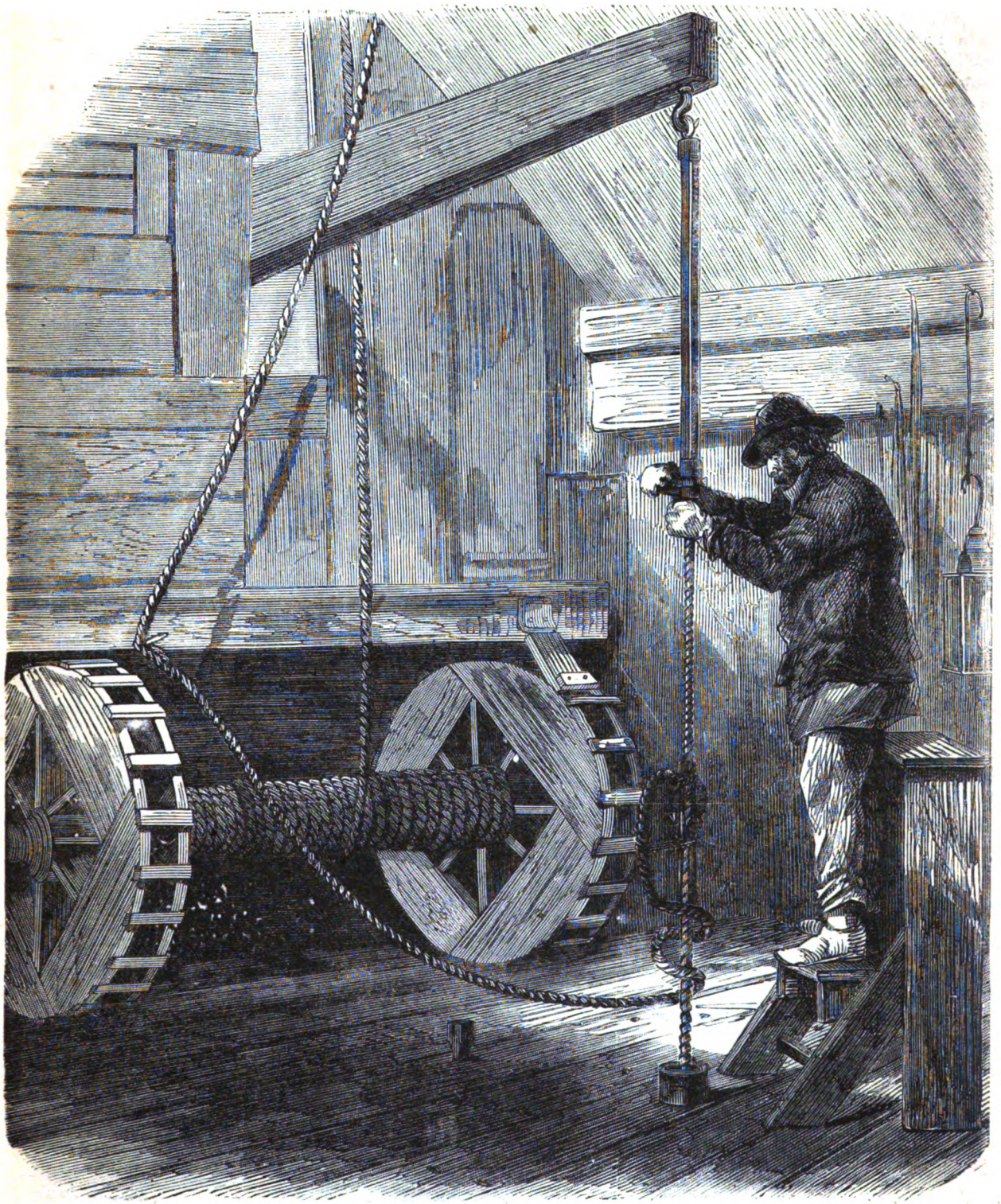
SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF AN OIL WELL, SHOWING THE BORING TOOLS AND THE VARIOUS STRATA BEFORE REACHING OIL.

Digitized by Google

to collect what surface-oil they could by means of cloths, which were subsequently squeezed into tanks. This was too slow and costly a process to succeed, however, and four years later, in 1858, Colonel E. L. Drake, the company's superintendent, conceived the idea of boring an artesian well near Oil Creek. He had the usual persistency and enthusiasm of pioneers and discoverers, and also received the usual amount of ridicule.

In August, 1859, his hopes were realized, and he succeeded in pumping oil at the rate of 400 gallons a day. The wild excitement that ensued is still fresh in memory. Farmers whose miserable land could not fetch a dollar an acre, suddenly found themselves millionaires. The oil region was soon covered with explorers and adventurers. Nearly every one was a "capitalist," and hundreds of derricks literally sprung up in a night. Well after well was successfully opened, and the yield of some of them was prodigious.

Scheming rascals poured oil over their boggy pastures, and sold the worthless land at high figures. Ohio and West Virginia caught the fever, it spread to New York and Canada.

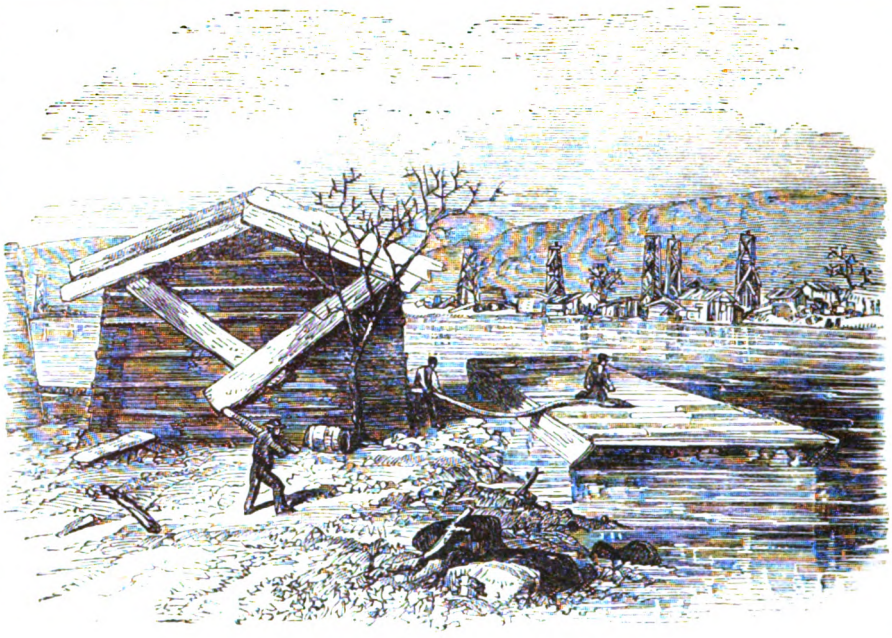


MACHINERY USED IN BORING FOR OIL.

Digitized by Google

and in after years it broke out in the south of California.

But this new source of wealth soon settled into a normal condition, not, however, before the enormous amount of oil put upon the market had reduced the price, for a time, to unremunerative figures. In 1861 it sold for only 25 cents a barrel, though two years before it had brought 55 cents per gallon.



FILLING OIL-TIGHT FLATBOATS FROM THE TANK.

The weaker and "wild-cat" companies went to the wall, and only a fortunate slackening of the yields, in 1863, brought prices back again to a proper and legitimate height. In 1865 figures went down again, but on the whole the oil interest is now as firmly established as need be, and is much more free from speculation than the stocks of such stable corporations as railroads and steamship companies.

The astonishing rapidity with which the production of petroleum in Pennsylvania has increased is shown by the simple statement that in 1860 the quantity produced was 500,000 barrels; in 1865, 2,500,000; and in 1873 nearly 10,000,000.

The oil region of Pennsylvania contains, roughly speaking, 400 square miles, with something more than 3,250 working wells. When times are good and the market price of petroleum high (as it is at the present time) new wells are constantly being sunk.

Companies or individuals designing to try their luck at "striking oil," in the Pennsylvania oil regions, first prospect for a location, and then either buy or lease the land decided upon, in the latter case giving usually one-half the oil as a royalty to the landholder. After getting an engine and the necessary machinery to put down the well, an iron pipe, 6 inches in diameter and 1 inch thickness of metal, is driven into the earth from 40 to 60 feet with a ram, like a pile-driver, until the solid rock is reached. The slow process of drilling in the solid rock is then commenced. At the depth of 160 feet, after passing through a slate rock, the first sand rock is reached. This is about 30 feet thick. After passing through a soap rock some 120 feet thick, comes the second sand rock, which varies from 10 to 25 feet in thickness. Passing through another soap and slate rock, comes the third sand rock, at a depth of about 430 feet. In this rock the oil is found in the largest quantities. Some small wells have been obtained in the second sand rock. After the well is down to the depth of 460 feet, it is tubed with two-inch gas-pipe, and, if it does not flow spontaneously, pumped to see if there be oil in it. The depths at which the three sandstone rocks are found vary according to the dip of the strata.

The machinery used in drilling the first oil-wells in Pennsylvania was of the rudest description; but well-boring has now become a recognized branch of industry, firms and even organized companies existing who will contract to "put down" a well to any required depth at so much per foot.

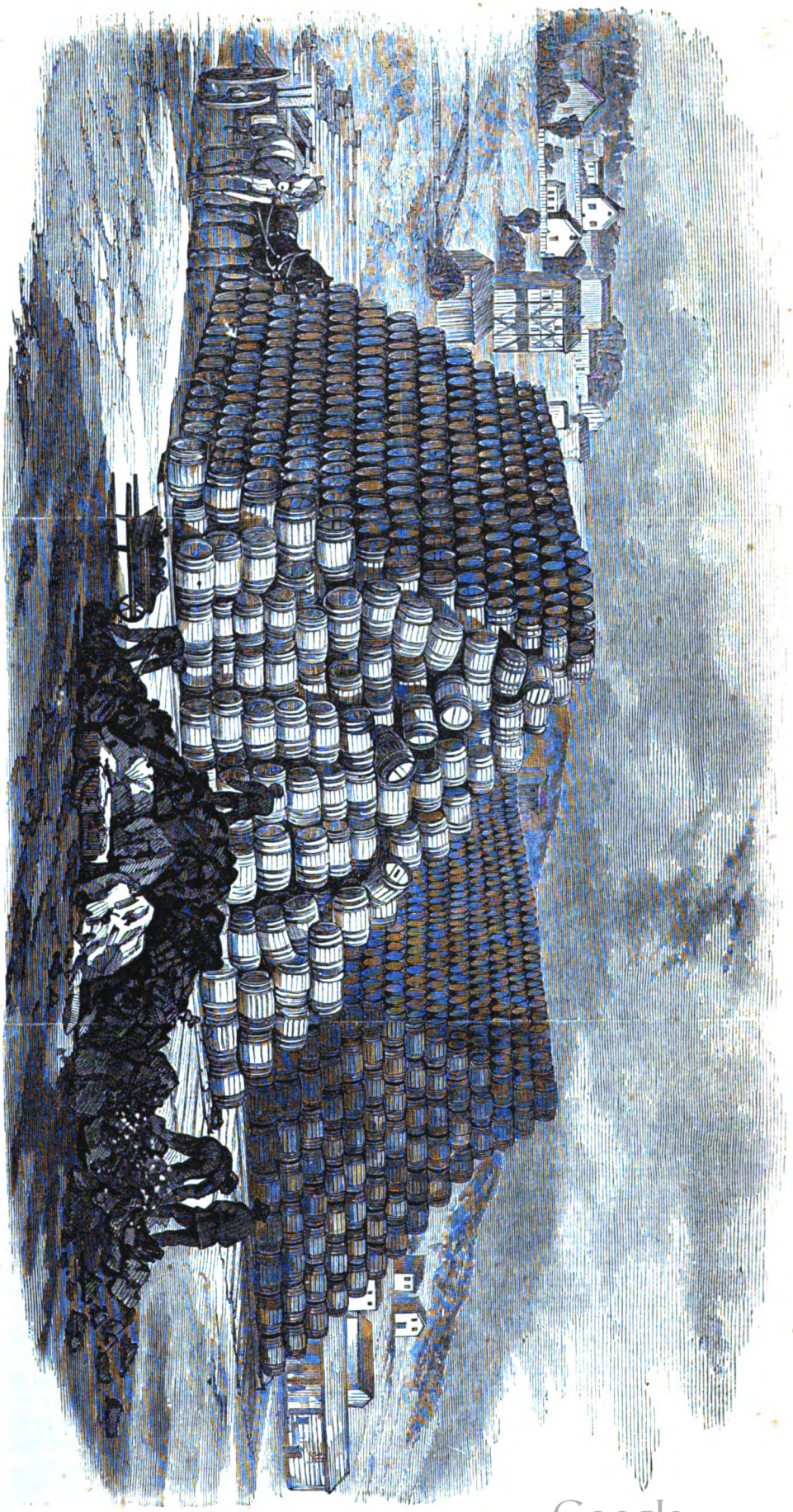
The methods now employed differ slightly in various localities, but the plan most frequently pursued is the following: Directly over the site of the proposed well a wooden derrick or open tower is erected, 10 or 12 feet square at the base and about 30 feet high, the four corner-posts converging so as to form a square at the top 2½ feet in diameter, upon which rests a heavy framework for the reception of the pulley over which the drill-rope is to play. Near the bottom of the derrick, and in range with the band of the wheel from which the power is derived, is a shaft of timber 6 or 8 feet long, and



FILLING BARRELS FROM THE TANK.

Digitized by Google

about 8 inches in diameter, mounted on journals, and resembling the common hoisting windlass. Upon each end of this shaft is a wheel, called the bull-wheel, and between these, upon the main-shaft, is coiled the drill rope, the outer end of which is passed over the pulley on the top of the derrick and attached to the drilling tools. When the rock is some distance below the surface a heavy cast-iron pipe called the drive-pipe, 6 or 8 inches in diameter and an inch thick, is driven down by the use of heavy weights and guideways until it reaches the stratum of rock to be penetrated by the drill. This pipe is driven in sections of 10 feet, and serves as a guide for the drilling tools, great care being taken to prevent its becoming bent or deflected. The steam-engines used to work the drills range from six to twenty horse-power, one of eight horse-power being sufficient to bore a well 900 feet deep. The engine is placed with its drive or balance-wheel about 20 or 25 feet from the centre of the derrick, and at one-half this distance is planted the Sampson post, a heavy hewn timber from 12 to 15 inches square and 12 feet high, the top of which is fitted to receive the working beam, which transmits and applies the power to the drills. This beam is of wood 8 or 10 inches square, and communicates by a connecting rod with a crank attached to the shaft of the drive wheel. By the revolution of this crank, which has a radius of about 20 inches, a reciprocating movement is given to the further end of the working beam; on this is bolted an iron joint, to which may be attached the temper screw when drilling, or the sucker-rods when



PYRAMIDS OF OIL-BARRELS NEAR A THRIVING WELL.

Digitized by Google

pumping. The drilling tools comprise centre-bits, reamers, an auger-stem, jar, and sinker-bar, with a socket for attaching the last to the drill rope. The centre-bit is of 2½ inch wrought iron, 3½ ft. long, with wedge-shaped cutting edge of steel, 3½ to 4 inches on the face. The reamer, which follows this and serves to trim out and enlarge the hole, is similar in shape; the average weight of each is 75 lbs. The auger-stem, into which bits, reamers, and dislodging tools are screwed, is a wrought iron bar about 20 feet long. The sinker-bar, a heavy rod of iron 10 feet long, serves to increase the force of the blow; it is separated from the auger-stem by an ingenious contrivance called a jar, consisting of two links or loops of iron or steel, which slide in upon each other when the drill strikes bottom, thus, by a quick blow upon the top of the auger-stem, increasing the effect of the fall, while on the upward movement the sudden jerk or jar serves to loosen the tools, in case they become wedged. When connected these tools weigh from 800 to 1,600 pounds, as the hardness of the rock requires. The drill rope is attached to the working beam by means of a temper screw, suspended from it and made fast to the rope by a screw clamp. At the lower end of this screw is a wheel, by which it is let down after each stroke, whereby the tension is regulated and the drill properly guided. The tools are lifted and dropped by the rocking motion of the working beam, and lowered or withdrawn by using the bull-wheel and shaft. The sand pump, which is a heavy metal tube, a little smaller than the well bore, and about 6 feet long, with the lower end closed by a simple valve opening upwards, is used to remove the sand and battered rock. The pump is used after each drilling of 6 to 12 feet; it is lowered and withdrawn by the drill rope, and an examination of its contents shows the progress and prospects of the work.

The tubing of a well consists in driving down a heavy iron pipe in sections, the joints of which are flush both inside and out. At the lower end of the first section driven down is a simple ball valve pump, the piston of which is connected with the working beam by metal rods. When it is desired to exclude all water from above a given point, it is effected by binding around the tubing a leather bag of flaxseed before driving it down; the swelling of this closes the space between the main wall and the tube.

Accidents frequently happen in the boring, from the breaking of the drills or their becoming detached from the auger-stem, and the loss of the sand-pump or the whole boring gear by the breaking of the drill-rope. Sometimes the drill enters a "mud vein," a thin stratum of mud or quicksand, which flows in so rapidly as to inclose and bury the drilling tools. Many ingenious contrivances are employed for the removal of these obstructions, including implements for removing detached or broken pipe or rods, and detached drills or reamers. When the yield of oil from a well begins to fail, an increase in the flow is often effected by the use of the Roberts torpedo. This is a thin water-tight cylinder of metal or paper, 4 to 6 feet long and 2 to 3 inches in diameter, charged with powder, gun-cotton, or nitro-glycerine. It is lowered to the bottom of the well, which is then flooded, and the charge exploded either by a cap or with electricity. By this means wells yielding but five barrels per day have been increased to seventy-five or one hundred barrels.



GENERAL VIEW OF AN OIL WELL.

Petroleum is usually of a greenish or yellowish-brown in color, but oils obtained from different localities vary considerably in hue, as well as in specific gravity, by which their value is estimated. The oils of Northern Italy are light, clear, and of a reddish tinge. At Baku, on the Caspian, an oil is produced as pure and clear as if distilled, and of a pale yellow tint, resembling Sauterne wine. The oils of Southern California are leek-green when first raised from their rocky reservoirs, but on exposure to the air soon change to earth-brown or black. The Canadian oils are all black, but those of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Rangoon, and most other localities, except those previously designated, are of the ordinary color.

The brief history of the Pennsylvania oil regions has placed upon record the names of a score of cities that rose,

Digitized by Google



STREET SCENE AT TITUSVILLE IN 1864.

Digitized by Google

like Aladdin's palace, in a single night, and not a few of them vanished with equal celerity.

The point of newest interest just now is the town of Warren, in Warren county, a venerable borough hitherto chiefly identified with tanneries and iron foundries. From this region, with its daily yield of some 24,000 barrels, comes three-fourths of all the petroleum in the markets of the world. Five thousand steam-engines pump and drill; four railroads carry out the product, and workmen have commenced laying pipes to run to Philadelphia and Baltimore, through which a river of oil is perpetually to flow. The feasibility of the plan is hardly questionable, although there are some practical difficulties to be surmounted, aside from that of cost.



WAITING FOR A CHINAMAN.

The innumerable derricks, the picturesqueness of the surrounding country, the all-pervading smell of petroleum, the occasional conflagrations—all these are but a few of the elements that make the entire oil region so individual and interesting a part of the country.

Titusville, the chief city of the Oil Creek Valley, is pleasantly located, notwithstanding the hasty way in which it was built, and the domestic architecture is by no means displeasing. The inhabitants, rich and poor, seem prosperous, and each has his neat and freshly-painted house, and his little patch of garden. A couple of newspapers minister to the intellectual, and twelve churches to the spiritual, wants of the well-to-do and thrifty population. In 1859 this city had only 300 inhabitants, and its growth has been as wonderful as that of its smaller neighbor, Oil City. The latter had no existence sixteen years ago, and in its short career it has suffered all sorts of mishaps. In 1865 a flood (it stands at the junction of Oil Creek and the Alleghany River) destroyed it; and the very next year, when it had pretty much regained its prosperity, a fire swept over $1,000,000 out of existence. To-day the township has 5,000 inhabitants, and the borough 2,500. Four railroads terminate in the place, which is thus able to boast of eleven churches and a daily paper, the latter bearing the appropriate name of *The Daily Derrick*.

Oil City is really the petroleum headquarters, although Titusville much surpasses it in size; and the tourist needs to go but a little way to see all the business, from boring the well to shipping the oil, which is carried to cars and steamboats by long lines of pipe. The town has its business quarter and its aristocratic hill, a steep bluff crowding the former pretty closely on the banks of the river. The peculiar contour of the place was the cause of the damage done by the serious flood of 1865.

Oleopolis must not be confounded with Oil City; it is a much smaller place. The term "city" is a favorite one with the settlers of these new regions; and so we have, besides those already mentioned, a Greece City, a Modoc City, and a Pithole City. The history of the latter town is unprecedented in the universe, and is only comparable to that of a comet or sky-rocket. In 1864 the United States Well was opened here, and from it were taken more than 7,000 barrels a day. Throngs of people rushed thither, after the 1859 fashion; and six months' time turned a "howling wilderness" into a city of 15,000 inhabitants, with all the luxuries and necessities of civilization, including a daily paper, a couple of theatres, an "academy of music," and numberless billiard-saloons. A vast hotel was built, at the cost of $31,000; but in 1874 it was sold for $100. Nine or ten families are the sole occupants of the once flourishing town, to which the last census gave but 237 inhabitants.

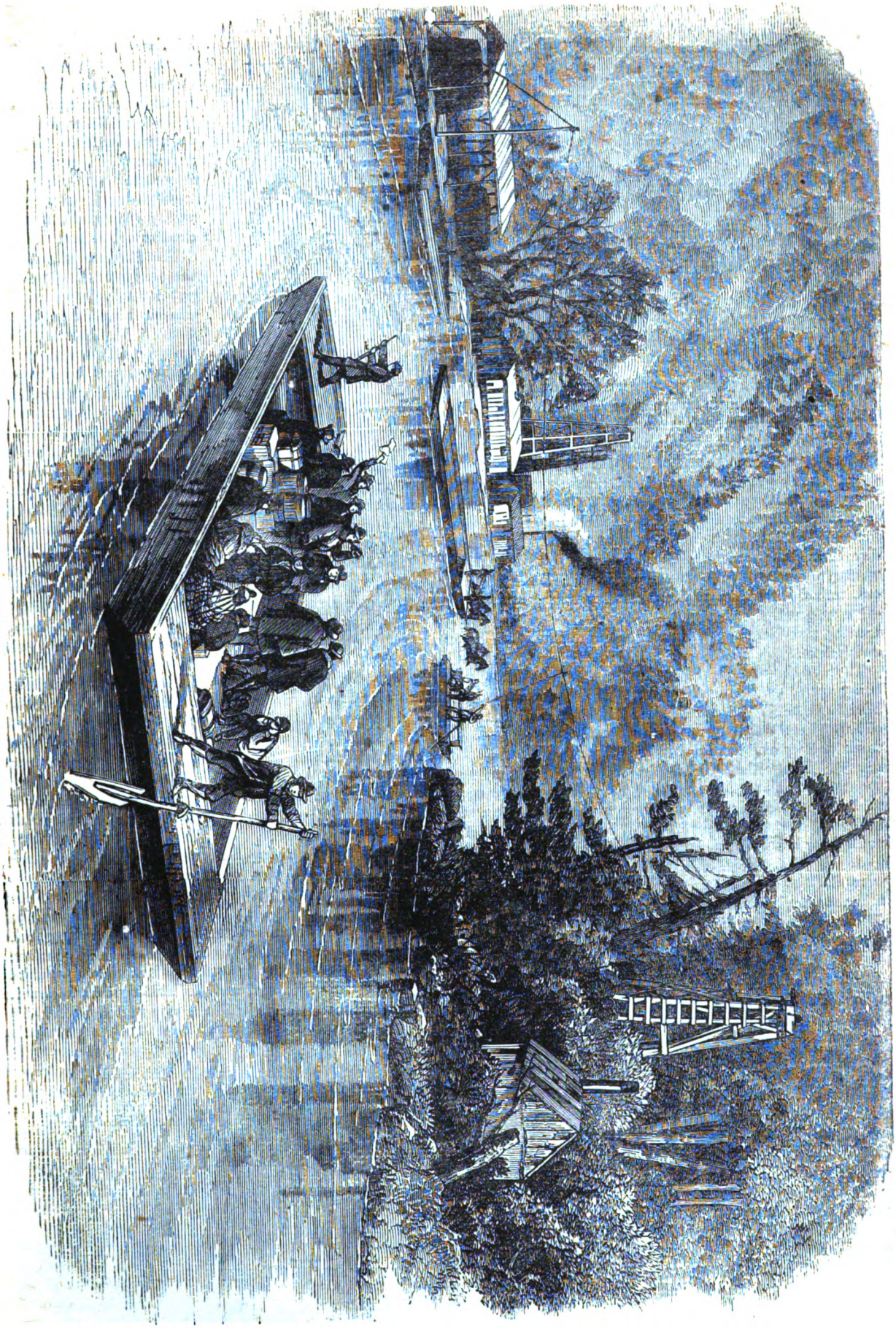
The city of Corry has been more lucky. Fifteen years ago its site was a forest. Then a couple of railroads intersected, and a cheap board station was put up at the crossing. The same year a Boston firm started an oil refinery, and called the place Corry, in honor of a land-owner near by. In 1870 it had 7,000 inhabitants, and the usual number of churches, banks, and schools. But the industries of the place have not depended directly on the fertility or barrenness of any particular cordon of wells.



"PUT OUT YOUR PIPES, GENTLEMEN!"

Throughout the entire oil-bearing territory the productive wells vary greatly in depth. In some cases abundant supplies of oil have been obtained at a depth of 60 or 70 feet, and in others at greater depths, ranging to 1,000 feet. The greater quantity of the oil, however, has been produced from wells exceeding 180 feet in depth. Flowing-wells, so greatly desired by the oleomaniacs, are not nearly so frequent as in the first years of the industry, but they are still to be found, and there is no reason to doubt that with the development of new "belts" of oil-bearing territory the scenes of 1859–63 will be repeated, and "oil" again become the paramount object of speculation and excitement.

Digitized by Google



A FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER PACKET ON OIL CREEK IN 1864.

Digitized by Google



TEAMING ON OIL CREEK.

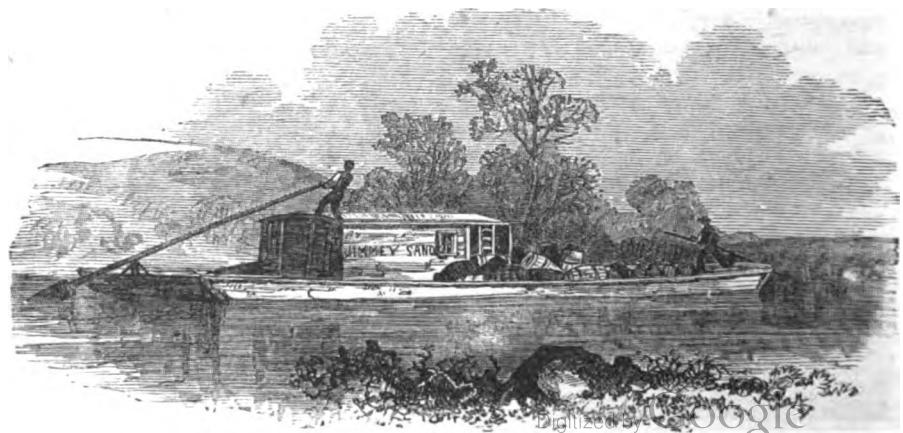
The first flowing-well ever struck was on the McElhenny or Funk farm, and was known as the Funk well. Funk was a poor man when the well was sunk. Oil was struck in June, 1861, and commenced flowing, to the astonishment of all the oil-borers in the neighborhood, at the rate of 250 barrels a day. Such a prodigious supply of grease upset all calculations, but it was confidently predicted that the flow would soon cease. It was an "Oil Creek humbug," and those who had no direct interest in the prosperity of the well looked day after day to see the stream stop. But like the old woman who sat down by the river-side to let the water run out, that she might cross dryshod, they waited in vain. The oil continued flowing, with little variation, for fifteen months, and then stopped; but not before Funk had become a rich man.

The well, however, had long before ceased to be a wonder, being quite overshadowed by newer sensations. On the Tarr farm, the Phillips well burst forth with a steady stream of 2,000 barrels daily. Not to be overdone by the territory down the creek, the McElhenny farm produced another marvel. The "Empire" well, close to the Funk, suddenly spouted *four thousand barrels a day!* The owners were bewildered. It was decidedly too much of a good thing. The true value of petroleum had not yet been discovered, and the market for it was limited. Foreigners would have nothing to do with the greasy, combustible stuff. Our own people were divided in opinion. Some thought it a dangerous thing, to be handled at arm's-length, while others set it down as a humbug, of which the community should keep as shy as possible. The supply was already in advance of the demand, and the sudden addition of four thousand barrels a day demoralized the market. The price fell to twenty cents a barrel, then to fifteen, then to ten. Coopers would sell barrels for cash only, and refused to take their pay in oil, or in drafts on oil shipments. Finally it became impossible to obtain barrels on any terms, for all the coopers in the surrounding country could not make barrels as fast as the Empire could fill them. The owners were in despair and tried to choke off their confounded well, but it would not be choked off. They then built a dam around it, and covered the soil with grease but the oil refused to be dammed, and rushed into the stream, making Oil Creek literally worthy its name. Finally means were found for controlling the flow of the oil, huge tanks were built, and the precious fluid stored up, until barrels could be obtained in sufficient quantities to hold the daily yield of this tremendous fountain of petroleum. The "Empire" flowed for nearly a year, and then dropped to a pumping-well, yielding about one hundred barrels a day.

The Sherman well, which was the next great flowing well, was put down in the year 1862. It was sunk under great difficulties. J. W. Sherman, who was the original owner, commenced sinking it on the Foster farm, next above the McElhenny, with limited means, his wife furnishing most of the money. Soon it became necessary to procure an engine, and there was no money to make the purchase; two men who were in possession of the desired article were thereupon admitted to a share for the engine. Soon after, when the drill had almost penetrated the "third sandstone," the funds were exhausted. A sixteenth interest was offered for $100, but no buyer could be found. Ultimately it was sold for $60 and an old shot-gun. A horse became necessary during the work, and a share was bargained for the animal. At last, when all the means that could be raised by borrowing or selling were about exhausted, oil was struck, and flowed at the rate of 1,500 barrels a day. The flow continued at this rate for several months, when it declined to 700 barrels. The well continued flowing for twenty-three months, and then stopped, but yielded 30 or 40 barrels a day by pumping. For the first year, the proprietors made but little, owing to the low price of oil, and the difficulty of getting it to market, but during the second year the market improved and an immense fortune was made.

The "Coquette" well, the property of the Maple Shade Company, known at one time as "the glory of the oil region," manifested a surprising peculiarity. After flowing 600 barrels a day for several months, it suddenly increased its yield with great rapidity and at one period reached 2,000 barrels per day. The rush of the oil could be heard at several rods distance, and on approaching the tank the noise became quite loud, the oil bursting from the tube with a rattle and a roar, accompanied by volumes of gas that rendered the atmosphere almost insupportable.

The "United States" well, to which we have previously referred in connection with the rise and downfall of "Pithole City," was situated on Pithole Creek, about four miles



FLATBOAT WITH CARGO OF OIL FOR PITTSBURGH, PA.

Digitized by Google

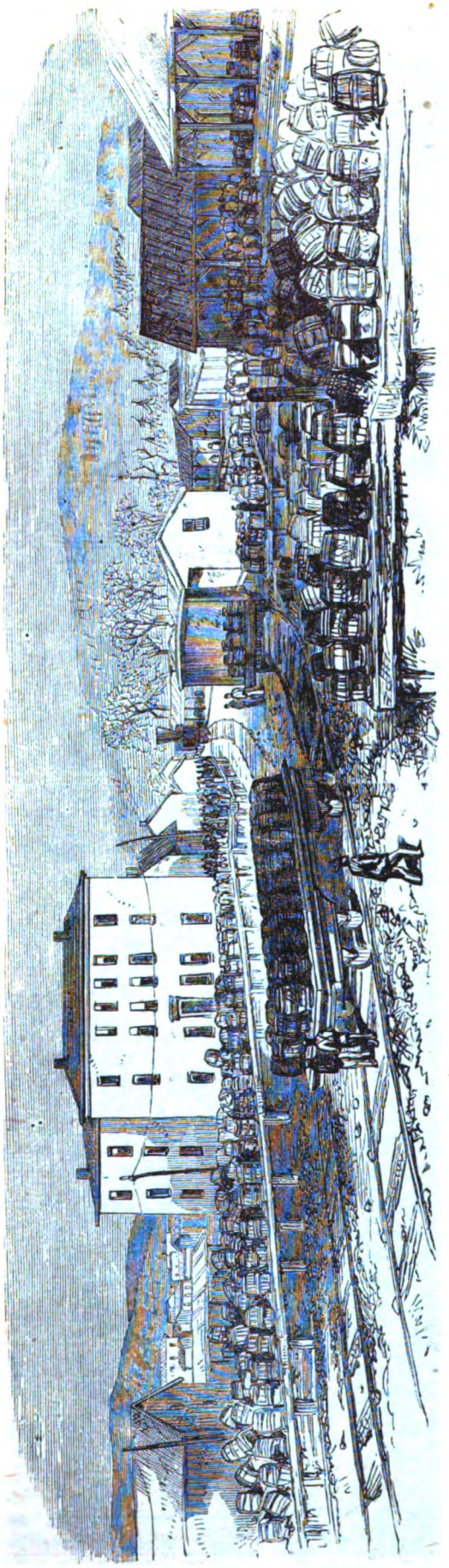
northeast of Plummer. This well completely upset the theories of the wise men in regard to oil localities. The oil was struck just where, according to all rule and precedent, it should not have been found. The opinion prevailed that wells should be sunk at the base of some lofty and precipitous hill, on the lines of violent upheavals and rocky distortions. Nothing of the kind was found at this site. At the side of a little brawling run or brook, with gently sloping banks, the spot for the derrick was chosen, probably more by chance than by calculation. The well was sunk through four distinct strata of sandstone rock, instead of three, as customary in other localities. The first sandstone was reached at 115 feet; the second, at 345 feet; the third, at 480 feet; the fourth, at 600 feet; and the oil itself at 615 feet. The well was pumped for a day or two, when it began flowing, and, with the sucker rods still in the bore, so that only so much oil found vent as could pass through the valves, yielded 225 barrels a day. This quantity subsequently increased upon the removal of the pumping machinery to the astounding maximum of *seven thousand barrels daily*, an amount unequaled in the whole history of petroleum.

All flowing wells do not flow continuously. Throughout the oil region there are and have been many presenting remarkable peculiarities. The "Yankee" well, sunk in July, 1864, found oil at the depth of 660 feet. After being pumped two weeks, it yielded, by pumping, from 10 to 30 barrels a day. Shortly after, just as the workmen had commenced removing the tubing for the purpose of improv-



OIL TANK OF A FLOWING WELL.

Digitized by Google



DEPOT OF OIL CREEK RAILWAY AT TITUSVILLE.

ing it, oil began to flow without pumping, at the rate of 35 barrels, increasing at last to 50 barrels daily. The flow was spasmodic, lasting from five to seven minutes, then ceasing for about twenty minutes. The "Gruninger" well, 600 ft. deep, commenced to pump, on September 1st, 1864, 50 barrels a day. It subsequently began flowing, without the aid of a pump, from 50 to 60 barrels, increasing gradually to 150 barrels a day. The flow was spasmodic, from three to five minutes' duration, commencing every twelve minutes. The "Baker" well flowed once every half-hour, continuing for a few minutes only, its yield ranging from 50 to 120 barrels daily.

Perhaps the most eccentric of all oil-wells was the "Agitator," on the Rynd farm. Under the persuasive influence of a pump, applied once every half-hour, it would arouse to a coquettish demonstration which soon subsided. The "Sunday" well, a near neighbor of the "Agitator," after remaining dormant all the week, would flow one or two barrels on the Sabbath. These are only a few of the eccentric characteristics of oil-wells.

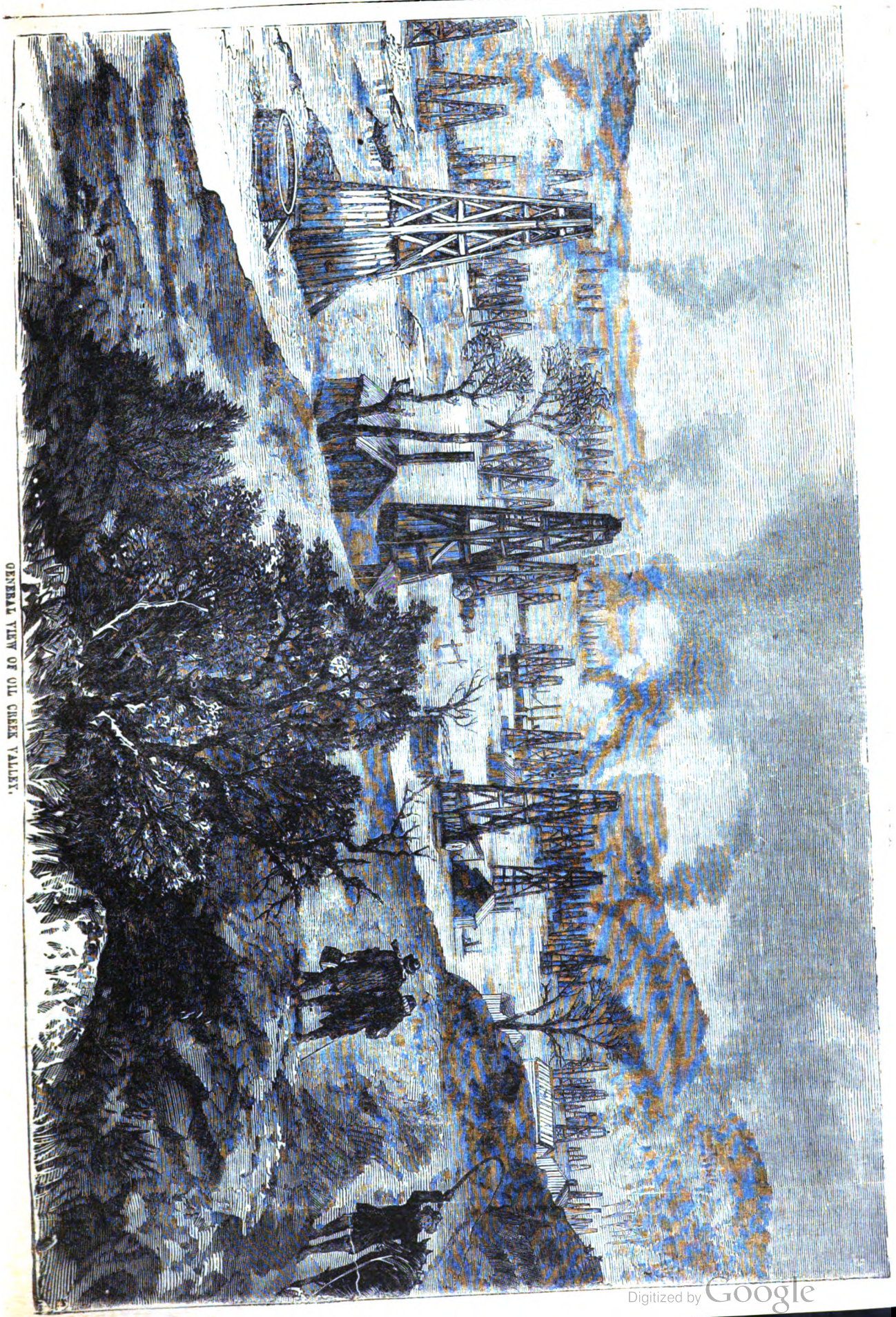
More than once, in spite of all precaution, a flowing well has taken fire, and roared and burned like a volcano. Then pump-works, engine-houses, stores, and boats, the soil, and even the river into which it pours its flame, spread their common conflagration over day and night. In the Autumn of 1861 a well on Oil Creek was set on fire by the carelessness of a visitor smoking a cigar. Thirty or forty people were standing around it at the time, of whom fifteen were killed instantly by the explosion of the gas, and thirteen severely injured. A column of fire, with its head rising from thirty to fifty feet, continued to burn for weeks.

The Little and Merrick well had reached a depth of 330 feet on April 17th, 1861, when suddenly a stream of oil and gas rushed up with such violence that its spray reached far beyond the top of the derrick. The air became an atmosphere of deadly gas. The sickened workmen abandoned their boring tools and fled, leaving the oil to waste itself into the creek. The engine firemen put out their fires. Soon a great crowd collected and surrounded the well, watching the spouting oil, when suddenly two simultaneous flashes, and a terrific report that shook the ground, inaugurated a general conflagration. A scene of indescribable terror and confusion ensued. A number of the bystanders were burned to charcoal where they stood; many others died of their wounds, and numbers more were scarred for life. In the dead of night the burning well afforded a magnificent spectacle—a fountain of flame more than 100 feet in height, the jet of pure oil shooting forth with a ceaseless, unintermittent rush, like the steady blowing off of a steam-boiler, rolling clouds of black and massive smoke up over the tops of the surrounding hills, with a constant surf-like roar.

In the Autumn of 1862 the tanks of the Filkins well caught fire, and the space burned over soon embraced from eighteen to twenty acres, on which 150 oil tanks, full of a three months' supply, were standing close together, interspersed with engine-houses, offices, etc. Seven flowing and three pumping wells, with 30,000 barrels of oil, took fire in quick succession, and the entire valley was black with dense smoke that nearly stifled the heroic men who fought the flames. Men stood bravely on tanks of oil as dangerous as so many powder magazines. Oil Creek, of course, took fire, and increased the grandeur of the scene. There were no explosions during this conflagration; and, indeed, crude petroleum is not explosive, that quality being peculiar to the gas that invariably escapes from the earth with the oil itself.

Water has no effect on burning petroleum, and only seems to increase the vigor of the flames. To extinguish a burning well, the only effective means is to play on it with steam from the boiler of a neighboring engine, or to heap the mouth of the hole with dirt. To accomplish the latter is a

Digitized by Google



GENERAL VIEW OF OIL CREEK VALLEY.

Digitized by Google

work of great difficulty and danger, for the heat thrown out by burning petroleum is intense. For this reason a flowing well that takes fire frequently burns for many days before it can be extinguished.

The salient aspects of an oil-well are a derrick, an engine-house, and many big tanks—all very brown and oily, and all emitting an odor which, at first repulsive, is aft rward endurable, and at last rather pleasant than otherwise. If the well is a pumping-well, the rattle of the engine and machinery drowns all other sounds; but if a flowing well, the ear of the listener is entranced with the luscious spontaneous flow of the oil. An iron pipe, trained from the derrick to the tank near by, conducts and delivers the precious product. Out of this pipe, with a sound like the "blowing" of a whale, pulsating in greater or lesser volume according to the spasmodic force of the gas below, the brown, rich fluid rushes into tank after tank, plashing the surface of the reservoir into yellow foam, filling the atmosphere with gas—night and day unceasing—a constant tribute of wealth to its owners, though they toil not, nor spin. Every precaution is taken against fire, the enemy most dreaded by the oil men, and the ominous warning, "Put out your pipes," is shouted at the careless visitor in tones more peremptory than persuasive.

The tankage of the wells varies, according to their yield, from a few hundred to many thousand barrels. As the tanks are filled the oil is drawn off in barrels and shipped. The manner of filling barrels is shown on page 516, and an illustration on the same page exhibits another method of shipment, that of running the oil directly from the tanks into oil-tight flatboats, which are floated down the river to Pittsburgh. The railroads centring in the oil regions use hundreds of oil-cars, consisting of ordinary freight-trucks on which are mounted large iron tanks, In these the oil is conveyed in bulk to distant refineries or ports of shipment for foreign countries. The "pipe lines" now connect most of the producing wells with the central points from which the oil is shipped, and the proposed extension of this system to the seacoast will afford a cheap and easy means of transportation that will probably supersede all other methods.

In the early days of the oil business the difficulties of transportation were almost insurmountable. The condition of the roads may be inferred from the illustration on page 520. In this instance the teamster, although in rather a tight fix, was able to look at his misfortune philosophically, for, on being asked by the artist, who had hurriedly sketched the rapidly disappearing turnout, "Is that your team?" he responded: "Yes, durn 'em, they're mine; an' I'm a-waitin' fur a Chinyman to strike a bargain with, agin they git through to his side."

Of course the natural water communications were eagerly taken advantage of, both for transporting the oil and conveying the numerous "oil pilgrims" who journeyed to and fro in search of the oleaginous "richness." Huge scows were employed, and the downward journey made without trouble, no other propelling power being necessary than the force of the current. The trip up-stream was attended with many difficulties, until some inventive genius hit upon the method we have illustrated. The water being shallow, and the creek-bed of rock and nearly level, afforded a far better roadway than any that could be constructed in the greasy mud that formed its banks. The teamsters also availed themselves of this watery roadway, and the spectacle thus presented was decidedly novel to the stranger in Petrolia.

The scene in any of the oil towns during the Winter of 1864–5, a period of the wildest speculation, was bizarre and exciting in the extreme. The hotels were crowded with a strange multitude, resembling no other ever assembled on the face of the earth. The representatives of millions of greenbacks and thousands of acres of oil-land jostled in company with teamsters, stage-drivers, carpenters, workers at wells, penniless adventurers, adventurers with small capital, nabobs from afar, come to see what "all the row was about," speculators of every class, including that genial fraternity who operate upon the turn of the cards or the fall of the dice; in short, a heterogeneous conglomeration of sharps and flats, animated by a common impulse, the search for oily millions. Conversation among these gentry, once started, soon got into a jumble:

"Heerd o' that new well?" "Hard Pan Company gone up;" "big thing for the New Yorkers;" "struck the third sand rock;" "sold for eighty thousand;" "Rip-Rap stopped flowing yesterday;" tools stuck;" "engine coming down to-morrow;" worth his millions;" "hundred barrels a day;" "played out;" "no transportation;" "can't get enough barrels;" "boring on the bluff;" "wish I had his chance;" "land ain't worth it;" "wouldn't give a copper;" "made a hundred and fifty thousand;" "didn't know how to spend it;" "new company on Pithole;" "best farm on the creek;" "oil;" "dollars:" "wells;" "companies;" "land;" "derricks;" "tanks;" "lucky;" "bigger fool;" and heaven knows what else.

The humors of Oildom are many. A story is told of the owner of a barren farm who was advised by a shrewd neighbor to "plant it" with oil. He took the hint, purchased a quantity of crude petroleum and poured it on the surface of the streams and springs upon his land. The report soon spread abroad of surface indications on the land, and an army of oil-hunters descended upon the proprietor. He sold his land at a fabulous figure, retaining a royalty of one-eighth of the oil. The fortunate landowner thought he had a pretty good joke on the speculators, but as it turned out they had a better one on him. They put up their derrick, sent down their drill, and struck a flowing-well yielding over one hundred barrels a day.

The origin of petroleum was a never-ending topic of discussion among the oil men. A theory advanced by an old whaling captain—and, by-the-way, the number of veteran "blubber-hunters" who have engaged in the petroleum business is somewhat remarkable—is worthy of record. He explained the deposit of oil by the hypothesis, that a large shoal of whales were stranded in Western Pennsylvania at the time of the subsidence of the flood, and that the oil-borers were simply tapping the blubber. His theory was, however, not generally accepted save among brother-whalers.

In 1865 the petroleum fever was at its height, and the rumor of vast riches open to any one who chose to invest in oil stock soon created a crowd of brokers eager to assist the outside public. The organization of a Petroleum Board in New York soon followed, the first meeting taking place October 31, 1865, at 16 Broad Street. Samuel B. Hard was elected president, and Edmund C. Stedman, the poet-broker, secretary. Gradually, under the clever manipulation of operators, the Board grew into a distinct feature of "the street." The further the oil-fever spread, and the wilder the stories of the profits in certain shares, the greater the interest evinced by outsiders. Half the promoters of companies had such faith in their stock as to hold it with blind pertinacity, and this very confidence was an additional lure to the public at large. The brokers made large commissions. Orders came in from all quarters; the operations were marked by all the peculiarities of the regular Exchange, and for more than a year the rooms were the scene of genuine excitement.

There was a fine exaggeration and a beautiful disregard of ordinary notions regarding what constitutes proprietorship, in the creation of not a few of the corporations which appeared on the list. To buy land for $2,000 and then issue shares for $600,000 would be a conservative process compared to some of the antics of these imaginative speculators Magnificent bubbles were blown into prismatic and profitable

Digitized by Google

radiance with nothing more substantial than borrowed phials of oil, and deeds of property whose only value consisted in the durable nature of the parchment and the abundant stamps wherewith they were adorned. The Napoleon Oil Company was a notable example of this class. It claimed to have ownership of extensive lands in Kentucky, and by the versatile combinations of operators a corner was effected, carrying the shares from $2 up to $32. Men who had agreed to deliver 10,000 shares for $30,000 at buyer's option could make their contracts good only by paying $320,000 to the controlling clique. Many brokers were on the verge of ruin.

A few appealed to the courts, and, on investigation, it was proven that the Company had no real estate, no oil wells, nothing but an office, a small quantity of petroleum in handsome glass cans, and a boundless supply of audacity, to which, of course, no mercantile value could be affixed.

By similar astute devices, the outside operators were used up until, by the Summer of 1867, the business of the Petroleum Board had dwindled to very small dimensions. Since that period speculation in petroleum has been confined mainly to the oil itself, most operators preferring something more tangible than the beautifully-printed certificates of wildcat oil companies.

When we come to consider the uses of petroleum, we find them so multifarious as to be simply bewildering. For several years after the discovery of petroleum, the only product considered of value was kerosene. The light and heavy products were either used as fuel or thrown away. When the profits of the business became lessened from extensive competition, attempts were made to utilize these products. Useful application has now been found for at least ten articles derived from the crude oil, and some of them are produced in enormous quantities. The chief articles of commercial importance which science has found means to extract from the crude petroleum are rhigolene, gasolene, three grades of naphtha, kerosene, mineral sperm-oil, neutral lubricating oil, paraffine lubricating oil, paraffine-wax, and residuum. Rhigolene is used for producing local anæsthesia in surgical operations; kerosene and gasolene, for illuminating purposes; naptha, for mixing paints and varnishes and dissolving resins and other gums; mineral sperm-oil, for illuminating; it is not explosive and will not take fire at any temperature below 300 deg. Fahrenheit, these qualities making it very valuable for use on railways and steamers. Neutral lubricating oil is of a light straw color, and has but little more taste or smell than sweet oil of almonds; it is by far the most valuable lubricating oil yet prepared from any mineral source. Paraffine lubricating oils are much used for heavy machinery; paraffine-wax is used in making candles, matches, and stoppers to acid bottles; for coating paper for photographic use, for preserving meat, to coat pills, to refine alcohol and spirits, to preserve fruit, to prevent the oxidation of metals, to render fabrics waterproof, as a disinfectant, and a varnish for leather, and in the manufacture of sugar.

From residuum have been produced at least four new colors used for silk goods, ribbons, etc., viz.: a bright and fixed cerulean blue, called the Humboldt color, "Azuriena," a light blue, the ever-popular "Magenta," and a light cherry tint called "Rosina."

Among other products of petroleum may be mentioned ammonia, the uses of which are manifold, and benzine, used to clean woolen and other cloths, kid gloves, etc. A fine toilet soap has been made from petroleum, and one versatile genius in New York claimed to have invented a process by which to manufacture candy, perfumery, and champagne from this wonderful oil.

Petroleum has been used to some extent for the manufacture of illuminating gas, and there can be no doubt that this industry will eventually consume large quantities of the crude oil.

The medicinal properties of petroleum were known long before its commercial value was discovered. The so-called "Harlaem Oil," made at Harlaem in North Holland as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, and which is even yet sold as a remedy for rheumatism and similar ailments, was nothing more than a preparation of petroleum, the crude oil being gathered and sent to Holland by the Dutch settlers in this country. Petroleum, no doubt, possesses some virtue as an outward application for diseases of the skin, rheumatism, chilblains, etc. Taken internally, in doses of 30 to 60 drops, it acts as a sudorific and stimulating anti-spasmodic. It has been recommended for pulmonary diseases and for tapeworm.

Its use for illuminating purposes will unquestionably become yearly of still greater importance, and its application to the mechanic arts more widely extended, until the waste products of its manufacture yield an infinite variety of useful articles.

From an eminence in the heart of the oil region one can see before him, with the help of a little imagination, what imagination would struggle to see in any other locality. The myriad derricks mark the flow of inconceivable riches—the precious "blood of the persecuted earth." Transporting hence, illumining the world, it has crept round the globe in place of the moon—a light from the antipodes. The rays of its burning naphtha fall upon revels and feasts afar in lands deserted by the sun. Along the streets of Italian cities it sheds a picturesque gleam athwart the costumes of maskers making night joyful with laughter and song. In the halls of palaces in Russia it strikes a glittering glow of colors and jewels upon the robes of noble guests. The Swiss cottager, smoking beside his petroleum lamp in the long Winter evenings, rejoices in something better than a taper whereby to watch the faces of his wife and children. The German student studies by its clear, even light; or, gathered with his comrades, drinks more madly, sings louder, under its radiant influence. British epicures enjoy its soft rays falling from the chandeliers above their dinner-tables. In the curtained boudoirs of Spain it gleams blushingly; even out of the sacred avenues of Jerusalem its rays are lifted, illuminating the mists of the night. And in delightful Paris, to which it once proved the very besom of destruction, the naphtha gleams and glitters from café and casino, along each bright boulevard, flinging its brilliant light alike over prince and peer, gamin and grisette. Across the sea, from the summit of cliffs, it shines, a beacon seen and blest of mariners in storms. And on the great Western Continent at night its glow leaps like magic from coast to coast—illuminating cities, villages, farmhouses; the rushing train and the swiftly-gliding steamer—a golden web woven over all the land.

ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

THE temerity of mountaineers in all countries is constantly shown in the fearlessness with which they confront unnumbered dangers for the sake of an advantage which consists mainly in the evidence which it affords of their prowess.

Our engraving is devoted to the illustration of a daring feat which frequently finds its parallel on the windy cliffs of the Orkney Islands, and which was performed, a few years since, by a lad in one of those stormy islets.

An eagle had constructed its eyrie on the jutting ledge of a cliff, immediately facing the sea, and here its brood had been reared without molestation during many seasons.

Animated, however, with the love of adventure, and with a hope of securing a reward, a party of the daring lads of the countryside determined to rob the nest during the absence of the parent-bird. The gnarled and twisted trunk of a mountain-ash opportunely overhung the lonely eyrie; and

Digitized by Google

to this the fearless urchins fastened a rope, by which one of them was lowered down to the hitherto untrodden ledge.

The eaglets were secured, and the triumphant lad was on the point of reascending, when a shrill scream resounded from the seaward, and the mother-bird, with fury in her eyes and rage in the convulsive curvings of her talons, swept through the air towards him. In another moment his face would have been lacerated by the murderous beak, when he dropped one of the unfledged eaglets. The lads at the summit of the cliff meanwhile redoubled their exertions, and in the swoop which the mother made to recover her falling young one, the daring invader of her eyrie was safely hauled to the top. His prize was carried home in triumph and carefully nurtured till full-grown.



ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.—SEE PAGE 527.

Digitized by Google



PERILOUS PLAY.—"SPRINGING UP, HE UTTERED SHOUT AFTER SHOUT, LIKE ONE DEMENTED. FORTUNATELY, THE STORM HAD LULLED A LITTLE, AND THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER HEARD THEM AND ANSWERED."

PERILOUS PLAY.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"If some one does not propose a new and interesting amusement I shall die of *ennui*," said pretty Belle Daventry, in a tone of despair. "I have read all my books, used up all my Berlin wools, and it's too warm to go to town for more. No one can go sailing yet, as the tide is out; we are all nearly tired to death of cards, croquet, and gossip, so what shall we do to while away this endless afternoon? Dr. Meredith, I command you to invent and propose a new game in five minutes."

"To hear is to obey," replied the young man, who lay in the grass at her feet, as he submissively slapped his forehead and fell a-thinking with all his might.

Holding up her finger to preserve silence, Belle pulled out her watch, and waited with an expectant smile. The rest of the young party, who were indolently scattered about under the elms, drew nearer, and brightened visibly, for Dr. Meredith's inventive powers were well-known, and something refreshingly novel might be expected from him.

One gentleman did not stir, but, then, he lay within earshot, and merely turned his fine eyes from the sea to the group before him. His glance rested a moment on Belle's piquant figure, for she looked very pretty with her bright hair blowing in the wind, one plump, white hand extended to keep order, and one little foot, in a distracting slipper, just visible below the voluminous folds of her dress.

Then the glance passed to another figure, sitting somewhat apart in a cloud of white muslin, for an airy burnoose floated from head and shoulders, showing only a singularly charming face. Pale, and yet brilliant, for the Southern eyes were mangnificent, and clear olive cheeks contrasted with darkest hair; lips like a pomegranate flower, and delicate, straight brows, as mobile as the lips. A cluster of crimson flowers, half falling from the loose black braids, and a golden bracelet of Arabian coins on the slender wrist, were the only ornaments she wore, and became her better than the fashionable frippery of her companions.

A book lay on her lap, but her eyes, full of a passionate melancholy, were fixed on the sea, which glittered round an island green and flowery as a Summer paradise. Rose St. Just was as beautiful as her Spanish mother, but had inherited the pride and reserve of her English father; and this pride was the thorn which repelled lovers from the human flower.

Mark Done sighed as he looked, and, as if the sigh, low as it was, roused her from her reverie, Rose flashed a quick glance at him, took up her book, and went on reading the legend of "The Lotus Eaters."

"Time is up now, doctor," cried Belle, pocketing her watch with a flourish.

"Ready to report," answered Meredith, sitting up, and producing a little box of tortoise-shell and gold.

"How mysterious! What is it? Let me see, first!" And Belle removed the cover, looking like an inquisitive child. "Only bonbons; how stupid! That won't do, sir. We don't want to be fed with sugar-plums. We demand to be amused."

"Eat six of these despised bonbons, and you *will* be amused in a new, delicious, and wonderful manner," said the young doctor, laying half-a-dozen on a green leaf, and offering them to her.

"Why, what are they?" she asked, looking at them askance.

"Hasheesh; did you never hear of it?"

"Oh, yes; it's that Indian stuff which brings one fantastic visions, isn't it? I've always wanted to see and taste it, and now I will," cried Belle, nibbling at one of the bean-shaped comfits with its green heart.

"I advise you not to try it. People do all sorts of queer

Digitized by Google

things when they take it. I wouldn't for the world," said a prudent young lady, warningly, as all examined the box and its contents.

"Six can do no harm, I give you my word. I take twenty before I can enjoy myself, and some people even more. I've tried many experiments, both on the sick and the well, and nothing ever happened amiss, though the demonstrations were immensely interesting," said Meredith, eating his sugar-plums with a tranquil air, which was very convincing to others.

"How shall I feel?" asked Belle, beginning on her second comfit.

"A heavenly dreaminess comes over one, in which they move as if on air. Everything is calm and lovely to them; no pain, no care, no fear of anything, and while it lasts one feels like an angel half asleep."

"But if one takes too much, how then?" said a deep voice behind the doctor.

"Hum! Well, that's not so pleasant, unless one likes phantoms, frenzies, and a touch of nightmare, which seems to last a thousand years. Ever try it, Done?" replied Meredith, turning toward the speaker, who was now leaning on his arm, and looking interested.

"Never. I'm not a good subject for experiments. Too nervous a temperament to play pranks with."

"I should say ten would be about your number. Less than that seldom affects men. Ladies go off sooner, and don't need so many. Miss St. Just, may I offer you a taste of Elysium? I owe my success to you," said the doctor, approaching her deferentially.

"To me! And how?" she asked, lifting her large eyes with a slight smile.

"I was in the depths of despair when my eye caught the title of your book, and I was saved. For I remembered that I had hasheesh in my pocket."

"Are you a lotus-eater?" she said, permitting him to lay the six charmed bonbons on the page.

"My faith, no! I use it for my patients. It is very efficacious in nervous disorders, and is getting to be quite a pet remedy with us."

"I do not want to forget the past, but to read the future. Will hasheesh help me to do that?" asked Rose, with an eager look, which made the young man flush, wondering if he bore any part in her hopes of that vailed future.

"Alas, no. I wish it could, for I, too, long to know my fate," he answered, very low, as he looked into the lovely face before him.

The soft glance changed to one of cool indifference, and Rose gently brushed the hasheesh off her book, saying, with a little gesture of dismissal:

"Then I have no desire to taste Elysium."

The white morsels dropped into the grass at her feet; but Dr. Meredith let them lie, and turning sharply, went back to sun himself in Belle's smiles.

"I've eaten all mine, and so has Evelyn. Mr. Norton will see goblins, I know, for he has taken quantities. I'm glad of it, for he don't believe in it, and I want to have him convinced by making a spectacle of himself for our amusement," said Belle, in great spirits at the new plan.

"When does the trance come on?" asked Evelyn, a shy girl already rather alarmed at what she had done.

"About three hours after you take your dose, though the time varies with different people. Your pulse will rise, heart beat quickly, eyes darken and dilate, and an uplifted sensation will pervade you generally. Then these symptoms change, and the bliss begins. I've seen people sit or lie in one position for hours, rapt in a delicious dream, and wake from it as tranquil as if they had not a nerve in their bodies."

"How charming! I'll take some every time I'm worried. Let me see. It's now four, so our trances will come about seven, and we will devote the evening to manifestations," said Belle.

"Come, Done, try it. We are all going in for the fun. Here's your dose," and Meredith tossed him a dozen bonbons, twisted up in a bit of paper.

"No, thank you; I know myself too well to risk it. If you are all going to turn hasheesh-eaters, you'll need some one to take care of you, so I'll keep sober," tossing the little parcel back.

It fell short, and the doctor, too lazy to pick it up, let it lie, merely saying, with a laugh:

"Well, I advise any bashful man to take hasheesh when he wants to offer his heart to any fair lady, for it will give him the courage of a hero, the eloquence of a poet, and the ardor of an Italian. Remember that, gentlemen, and come to me when the crisis approaches."

"Does it conquer the pride, rouse the pity, and soften the hard hearts of the fair sex?" asked Done.

"I dare say now is your time to settle the fact, for here are two ladies who have imbibed, and in three hours will be in such a seraphic state of mind that 'No' will be an impossibility to them."

"Oh, mercy on us; what *have* we done? If that's the case, I shall shut myself up till my foolish fit is over. Rose, you haven't taken any; I beg you to mount guard over me, and see that I don't disgrace myself by any nonsense. Promise me you will," cried Bell, in half real, half feigned alarm at the consequences of her prank.

"I promise, said Rose, and floated down the green path as noiselessly as a white cloud, with a curious smile on her lips.

"Don't tell any of the rest what we have done, but after tea let us go into the grove and compare notes," said Norton, as Done strolled away to the beach, and the voices of approaching friends broke the Summer quiet.

At tea, the initiated glanced covertly at one another, and saw, or fancied they saw, the effects of the hasheesh, in a certain suppressed excitement of manner, and unusually brilliant eyes. Belle laughed often, a silvery ringing laugh, pleasant to hear; but when complimented on her good spirits, she looked distressed, and said she could not help her merriment; Meredith was quite calm, but rather dreamy; Evelyn was pale, and her next neighbor heard her heart beat; Norton talked incessantly, but as he talked uncommonly well, no one suspected anything. Done and Miss St. Just watched the others with interest, and were very quiet, especially Rose, who scarcely spoke, but smiled her sweetest, and looked very lovely.

The moon rose early, and the experimenters slipped away to the grove, leaving the outsiders on the lawn as usual. Some bold spirit asked Rose to sing, and she at once complied, pouring out Spanish airs in a voice that melted the hearts of her audience, so full of fiery sweetness or tragic pathos was it. Done seemed quite carried away, and lay with his face in the grass, to hide the tears that would come; till, afraid of openly disgracing himself, he started up and hurried down to the little wharf, where he sat alone, listening to the music with a countenance which plainly revealed to the stars the passion which possessed him. The sound of loud laughter from the grove, followed by entire silence, caused him to wonder what demonstrations were taking place, and half resolved to go and see. But that enchanting voice held him captive, even when a boat put off mysteriously from a point near by, and sailed away like a phantom through the twilight.

Half an hour afterward, a white figure came down the path, and Rose's voice broke in on his midsummer night's dream. The moon shone clearly now, and showed him the anxiety in her face as she said, hurriedly: "Where is Belle?"

Digitized by Google

"Gone sailing, I believe."

"How could you let her go? She was not fit to take care of herself?"

"I forgot that."

"So did I; but I promised to watch over her, and I must. Which way did they go?" demanded Rose, wrapping the white mantle about her, and running her eye over the little boats moored below.

"You will follow her?"

"Yes."

"I'll be your guide, then. They went toward the light-house; it is too far to row; I am at your service. Oh, say yes," cried Done, leaping into his own skiff, and offering his hand persuasively.

She hesitated an instant and looked at him. He was always pale, and the moonlight seemed to increase this pallor, but his hat-brim hid his eyes, and his voice was very quiet. A loud peal of laughter floated over the water, and, as if the sound decided her, she gave him her hand and entered the boat. Done smiled triumphantly as he shook out the sail, which caught the freshening wind, and sent the boat dancing along a path of light.

How lovely it was! All the indescribable allurements of a perfect Summer night surrounded them; balmy airs, enchanting moonlight, distant music, and, close at hand, the delicious atmosphere of love, which made itself felt in the eloquent silences that fell between them. Rose seemed to yield to the subtle charm, and leaned back on the cushioned seat, with her beautiful head uncovered, her face full of dreamy softness, and her hands lying loosely clasped before her. She seldom spoke, showed no further anxiety for Belle, and seemed to forget the object of her search, so absorbed was she in some delicious thought which wrapped her in its peace.

Done sat opposite, flushed now, restless, and excited, for his eyes glittered; the hand on the rudder shook, and his voice sounded intense and passionate, even in the utterance of the simplest words. He talked continually and with unusual brilliancy, for, though a man of many accomplishments, he was too indolent or too fastidious to exert himself, except among his peers. Rose seemed to look without seeing, to listen without hearing, and, though she smiled blissfully, the smiles were evidently not for him.

On they sailed, scarcely heeding the bank of black cloud piled up in the horizon, the rising wind, or the silence which proved their solitude. Rose moved once or twice, and lifted her hand as if to speak, but sank back mutely, and the hand fell again, as if it had not energy enough to enforce her wish. A cloud sweeping over the moon, a distant growl of thunder, and the slight gust that struck the sail, seemed to rouse her. Done was singing now like one inspired, his hat at his feet, hair in disorder, and a strangely rapturous expression in his eyes, which were fixed on her. She started, shivered, and seemed to recover herself with an effort.

"Where are they?" she asked, looking vainly for the island heights and the other boat.

"They have gone to the beach, I fancy, but we will follow." As Done leaned forward to speak, she saw his face, and shrank back with a sudden flush, for in it she read clearly what she had felt, yet doubted until now. He saw the tell-tale blush and gesture, and said impetuously: "You know it now; you cannot deceive me longer, nor daunt me with your pride! Rose, I love you, and dare tell you so to-night!"

"Not now—not here—I will not listen. Turn back, and be silent, I entreat you, Mr. Done," she said, hurriedly.

He laughed a defiant laugh, and took her hand in his, which was burning and throbbing with the rapid heat of his pulse.

"No, I *will* have my answer here, and now, and never turn back till you give it; you have been a thorny Rose, and given me many wounds. I'll be paid for my heartache with sweet words, tender looks, and frank confessions of love, for, proud as you are, you do love me, and dare not deny it."

Something in his tone terrified her; she snatched her hand away, and drew beyond his reach, trying to speak calmly, and to meet coldly the ardent glances of the eyes which were strangely darkened and dilated with uncontrollable emotion.

"You forget yourself. I shall give no answer to an avowal made in such terms. Take me home instantly," she said in a tone of command.

"Confess you love me, Rose."

"Never!"

"Ah! I'll have a kinder answer, or——" Done half rose and put out his hand to grasp and draw her to him, but the cry she uttered seemed to arrest him with a sort of shock. He dropped into his seat, passed his hand over his eyes, and shivered nervously, as he muttered in an altered tone: "I meant nothing; it's the moonlight; sit down, I'll control myself—upon my soul I will!"

"If you do not, I shall go overboard. Are you mad, sir?" cried Rose, trembling with indignation.

"Then, I shall follow you, for I *am* mad, Rose, with love—hasheesh!"

His voice sank to a whisper, but the last word thrilled along her nerves, as no sound of fear had ever done before. An instant she regarded him with a look which took in every sign of unnatural excitement, then she clasped her hands with an imploring gesture, saying, in a tone of despair:

"Why did I come! How will it end? Oh, Mark, take me home before it is too late!"

"Hush! Be calm; don't thwart me, or I may get wild again. My thoughts are not clear, but I understand you. There, take my knife, and if I forget myself, kill me. Don't go overboard; you are too beautiful to die, my Rose!"

He threw her the slender hunting-knife he wore, looked at her a moment with a far-off look, and trimmed the sail like one moving in a dream. Rose took the weapon, wrapped her cloak closely about her, and, crouching as far away as possible, kept her eye on him, with a face in which watchful terror contended with some secret trouble and bewilderment more powerful than her fear.

The boat moved round, and began to beat up against wind and tide; spray flew from her bow, the sail bent and strained in the gusts that struck it with perilous fitfulness. The moon was nearly hidden by scudding clouds, and one-half the sky was black with the gathering storm. Rose looked from threatening heavens to treacherous sea, and tried to be ready for any danger, but her calm had been sadly broken, and she could not recover it. Done sat motionless, uttering no word of encouragement, though the frequent flaws almost tore the rope from his hand, and the water often dashed over him.

"Are we in any danger?" asked Rose, at last, unable to bear the silence, for he looked like a ghostly helmsman, seen by the fitful night, pale now, wild-eyed, and speechless.

"Yes, great danger."

"I thought you were a skillful boatman."

"I am when I am myself; now I am rapidly losing the control of my will, and the strange quiet is coming over me. If I had been alone I should have given up sooner, but for your sake I kept on."

"Can't you work the boat?" asked Rose, terror-struck by the changed tone of his voice, the slow, uncertain movements of his hands.

"No; I see everything through a thick cloud; your voice sounds far away, and my desire is to lay my head down and sleep."

Digitized by Google

"Let me steer—I can, I must!" she cried, springing toward him, and laying her hand on the rudder.

He smiled, and kissed the little hand, saying, dreamily:

"You could not hold it a minute; sit by me, love; let us turn the boat again, and drift away together—anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

"Oh, Heaven, what will become of us!" and Rose wrung her hands in real despair. "Mr. Done—Mark—dear Mark, rouse yourself and listen to me. Turn, as you say, for it is certain death to go on so. Turn, and let us drift to the lighthouse; they will hear and help us. Quick, take down the sail, get out the oars, and let us try to reach there before the storm breaks."

As Rose spoke, he obeyed her like a dumb animal; love for her was stronger even than the instinct of self-preservation, and for her sake he fought against the treacherous lethargy which was swiftly overpowering him. The sail was lowered, the boat brought round, and, with little help from the ill-pulled oars, it drifted rapidly out to sea with the ebbing tide.

As she caught her breath after this dangerous manœuvre was accomplished, Rose asked, in a quiet tone, she vainly tried to render natural: "How much hasheesh did you take?"

"All that Meredith threw me. Too much; but I was possessed to do it, so I hid the roll and tried it," he answered, peering at her with a weird laugh.

"Let us talk; our safety lies in keeping awake, and I dare not let you sleep," continued Rose, dashing water on her own hot forehead with a sort of desperation.

"Say you love me; that would wake me up from my last sleep, I think. I have hoped and feared, waited and suffered so long. Be pitiful, and answer, Rose."



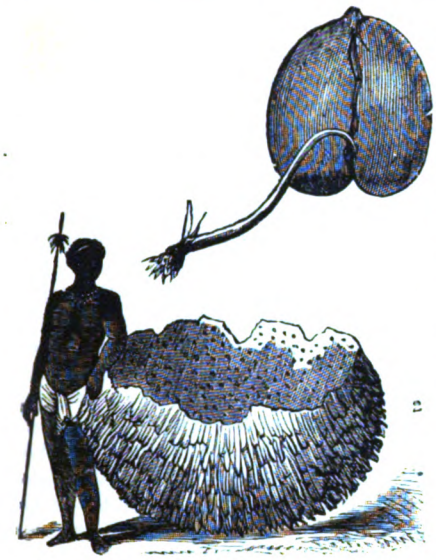
PEASANT GIRLS OF NOVARA, ITALY.—SEE PAGE 536.

"I do; but I should not own it now."

So low was the soft reply, he scarcely heard it, but he felt it, and made a strong effort to break from the hateful spell that bound him. Leaning forward, he tried to read her face in a ray of moonlight breaking through the clouds; he saw a new and tender warmth in it, for all the pride was gone, and no fear marred the eloquence of those soft, Southern eyes.

"Kiss me, Rose, then I shall believe it. I feel lost in a dream, and you, so changed, so kind, may be only a fair phantom. Kiss me, love, and make it real."

Digitized by Google



1. GERMINATING FRUIT OF DOUBLE COCOANUT
2. BOWL-LIKE PORTION OF ROOT.

As if swayed by a power more potent than her will, Rose bent to meet his lips. But the ardent pressure seemed to startle her from a momentary oblivion of everything but love. She covered up her face, and sank down, as if overwhelmed with shame, sobbing through her passionate tears.

"Ah, what am I doing? I am mad, for I, too, nave taken hasheesh," she exclaimed vehemently.

What he answered she never heard, for a rattling peal of thunder drowned his voice, and then the storm broke loose. Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew fiercely, sky and sea were black as ink, and the boat tossed from wave to wave almost at their mercy.

Giving herself up for lost, Rose crept to her lover's side and clung there, conscious only that they would bide together through the perils their own folly brought them. Done's excitement was quite gone now; he sat like a statue, shielding the frail creature whom he loved, with a smile on his face, which looked awfully emotionless when the lightning gave her glimpses of its white immobility.

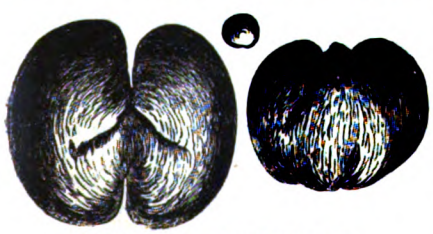
Drenched, exhausted, and half senseless with danger, fear, and exposure, Rose saw at last a welcome glimmer through the gloom, and roused herself to cry for help.

"Mark, wake and help me! Shout, for God's sake—shout and call them, for we are lost if we drift by!" she cried, lifting his head from his breast, and forcing him to see the brilliant beacons streaming far across the troubled waters.

He understood her, and, springing up, uttered shout after shout, like one demented. Fortunately, the storm had lulled a little; the lighthouse keeper heard and answered. Rose seized the helm, Done the oars, and, with one frantic effort, guided the boat into quieter waters, where it was met by the keeper, who towed it to the rocky nook which served as a harbor.

The moment a strong, steady face met her eyes, and a gruff, cheery voice hailed her, Rose gave way, and was carried up to the house, looking more like a beautiful drowned Ophelia than a living woman.

"Here, Sally, see to the poor thing; she's had a rough time on't. I'll take care of her sweetheart—and a nice job I'll have, I reckon, for if he ain't mad or drunk, he's had a stroke of lightnin', and looks as if he wouldn't get his hearin' in a hurry," said the old man, as he housed his unexpected guests, and stood staring at Done, who looked about him like one dazed. 'You jest turn in yonder and sleep it off, mate. We'll see to the lady, and right your boat in the morning," the old man added.



COCO DE MER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Be kind to Rose. I frightened her. I'll not forget you. Yes, let me sleep and get over this cursed folly as soon as possible," muttered this strange visitor.

Done threw himself down on the rough couch and tried to sleep, but every nerve was over-strained, every pulse beating like a trip-hammer, and everything about him was intensified and exaggerated with awful power. The thunder-shower seemed a wild hurricane, the quaint room a wilderness peopled with tormenting phantoms, and all the events of his life passed before him in an endless procession, which nearly maddened him. The old man looked weird and gigantic, his own voice sounded shrill and discordant, and the ceaseless murmur of Rose's incoherent wanderings haunted him like parts of a grotesque but dreadful dream.



DOUBLE COCOA-NUT TREE.

All night he lay motionless, with staring eyes, feverish lips, and a mind on the rack, for the delicate machinery which had been tampered with, revenged the wrong by torturing the foolish experimenter. All night Rose wept and sung, talked and cried for help in a piteous state of nervous excitement, for with her the trance came first, and the after-agitation was increased by the events of the evening. She slept at last, lulled by the old woman's motherly care, and Done was spared one tormenting fear, for he dreaded the consequences of this folly on her, more than upon himself.

As day dawned he rose, haggard and faint, and staggered out. At the door he met the keeper, who stopped him to report that the boat was in order, and a fair day coming. Seeing doubt and perplexity in the old man's eye, Done told him the truth, and added that he was going to the beach for a plunge, hoping by that simple tonic to restore his unstrung nerves.

He came back feeling like himself again, except a dull headache, and a heavy sense of remorse weighing on his spirits, for he distinctly recollected all the events of the night. The old woman made him eat and drink, and in an hour he felt ready for the homeward trip.

Rose slept late, and when she woke, soon recovered herself, for her dose had been a small one. When she had breakfasted and made a hasty toilet, she professed herself anxious to return at once. She dreaded, yet longed, to see Done, and when the time came, armed herself with pride, feeling all a woman's shame at what had passed, and resolving to feign forgetfulness of the incidents of the previous night.

Pale and cold as a statue she met him; but the moment he began to say, humbly, "Forgive me, Rose," she silenced him with an imperious gesture and the command:

Digitized by Google

"Don't speak of it; I only remember that it was very horrible, and wish to forget it all as soon as possible."

"All, Rose?" he asked, significantly.

"Yes, *all!* No one would care to recall the follies of a hasheesh dream," she answered, turning hastily to hide the scarlet flush that would rise, and the eyes that would fall before his own.

"*I* never can forget, but I will be silent if you bid me."

"I do. Let us go. What will they think at the island? Mr. Done, give me your promise to tell no one, now or ever, that I tried that dangerous experiment. I will guard your secret also."

She spoke eagerly, and looked up imploringly.

"I promise;" and he gave her his hand, holding her own with a wistful glance, till she drew it away, and begged him to take her home.

Leaving hearty thanks and a generous token of their gratitude, they sailed away with a fair wind, finding in the freshness of the morning a speedy cure for tired bodies and excited minds.

They said little, but it was impossible for Rose to preserve her coldness. The memory of the past night broke down her pride, and Done's tender glances touched her heart. She half hid her face behind her hand, and tried to compose herself for the scene to come, for, as she approached the island, she saw Belle and her party waiting for them on the shore.

"Oh, Mr. Done, screen me from their eyes and questions as much as you can! I'm so worn out and nervous, I shall betray myself. You will help me?" and she turned to him with a confiding look, strangely at variance with her usual calm self-possession.

"I'll shield you with my life, if you will tell me why you took the hasheesh," he said, bent on knowing his fate.

"I hoped it would make me soft and lovable, like other women. I'm tired of being a lonely statue," she faltered, as if the truth was wrung from her by a power stronger than her will.

"And I took it to gain courage to tell my love. Rose, we have been near death together, let us share life together, and neither of us be any more lonely or afraid?"

He stretched his hand to her with his heart in his face, and she gave him hers with a look of tender submission, as he said, ardently:

"Heaven bless hasheesh, if its dreams end like this!"

THE COCO DE MER OF THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.

In the Indian Ocean, to the northeast of Madagascar, lie three small, rocky islands, Praslin, Curiese, and l'isle Ronde. They were discovered in 1743. Upon Praslin and Curiese grows a lofty palm, which frequently attains a hundred feet in height, crowned at the summit with a graceful spray of fan-like leaves of from ten to twelve feet wide, and including the petiole or leaf stalk, twenty feet. So strong and flexible is the leaf stalk, that a man may sit upon its extremity, and sway up and down as if upon a bar of finely tempered steel.

In no other part of the world, so far as human research has yet reached, is this singular tree to be found. It is called the double cocoa-nut tree, a name given it on account of the similitude of the fruit to two cocoa-nuts united laterally, though they sometimes occur in a triple, and even quadruple form. These fruits are about the size of three ordinary cocoa-nuts, including the husk, and weighs some forty or fifty pounds.

Before the discovery of the islands in question the most marvelous stories were told of these nuts, which were sometimes found floating on the ocean. The Malay and Chinese sailors maintain that they were the fruit of a submarine tree, while the negro priests affirmed that it grew near the island of Java, where its leaves and branches rose above the water, and in which the monstrous griffin had its habitation. The greatest curiosity connected with this palm is the peculiarity of its root, which is shown in the engraving. It would seem that the trunk is actually seated in a naturally formed bowl. The pericarp, or outer covering of the seed or nut, is of a hard, horny consistence, similar to the shell of the common cocoa-nut. From the middle of this nut, between the two lobes, the embryo protrudes through a small hole in the shell, corresponding to one of the three holes which every one has noticed in the true cocoa-nut shell. A long cotyledonary process is then given off, gradually getting thicker toward the end, where an enlarged mass forms, composed apparently of fibre and cellular tissue; from this the radicle, or young root, starts downward, while the bud, or future stem, bursts upward. It is this mass, from the interior of which the young bud bursts, that eventually forms the bowl, or cup-like process, in which the root is seated.

From its fibrous nature, it gradually changes, by slow growth and length of years, into a hard, horny substance, of a somewhat similar nature to the shell, developing itself into a perfectly hemispherical, or pure bell shape, and perforated with holes, which give the inside the appearance of a huge colander, while on the outside those holes are continued by tubes bristling out in a downward direction, through which the roots pass into the ground. It is certain that this cup, or bowl, must go on growing for some considerable time at the same ratio as the trunk it contains, when we look to their great size, frequently two or three feet across, and nearly the same in depth, but whether it ceases any vital connection with the trunk at any period during the life of the tree, is a question at present unsolved.

ANECDOTES OF THE PEASANTS OF NOVARA.

The town of Novara, in Piedmont, does not alone attract the attention of travelers from its antiquity, its fifteen thousand inhabitants, its citadel, or its bishopric. It is hallowed by two great military traditions—the defeat of La Trémouille by the Swiss during the reign of Louis XII., in 1513, and the great disaster to King Charles Albert in 1849.

It owes much of its interest also, doubtless to the grace and beauty of its inhabitants, and the picturesqueness of their costumes, of which a good idea may be formed by our readers from the accompanying engraving drawn from life.

We give also a couple of anecdotes of the last war, which are illustrative of the character of the peasants of Novara, of the trickiness of the men and the tender hearts of the women.

At the time that the town was occupied by the Austrians, two German peddlers, worn out by fatigue, passed, on the high road near the town, a peasant mounted on a fine horse, but apparently in a state of intoxication.

"Well, my good fellow," exclaimed one of the peddlers with a laugh, "it would be a mercy to buy your horse, for he seems likely to break your neck."

"Good, I am willing," replied the inebriate, slipping off the animal: "if he pleases you, I will sell him for five hundred scudi."

The Germans took him at his word, although they had spoken in jest at first, and paid his price, the smallness of which they considered due to his intoxication. They both then mounted the animal and rode off laughing, while the inebriate pocketed his money and wished them a pleasant journey, watching them nevertheless as they rode away. When, however, they had gone a certain distance, he placed

Digitized by Google

his fingers to his mouth and gave a shrill whistle. The horse, recognizing his master's call, reared up, and throwing his riders, hastened to join his first owner, who suddenly became sober, jumped into the saddle, and, with loud laughter, galloped away.

Fear had induced him to feign intoxication, and the peculiar cunning of his race had accomplished the rest—that is to say, the "annexation" of the five hundred scudi.

A convoy of Croatian prisoners entered Novara. They soon found themselves surrounded by a group of gentle, innocent peasant girls, like those represented in our engraving, when a little boy—the one in our cut—made his way into their midst, and after looking earnestly at the soldiers, bowed profoundly to them.

A colonel among the prisoners, who had shortly before been grossly insulted by the men, was astonished and flattered by this mark of deference from so young a child. He took him in his arms, and inquired in the best Italian he could command:

"Why did you salute us, my little enemy?"

"Because," the child replied, "my mother told me you were very unhappy."

"Alas! yes, my child," said the colonel, deeply moved and bursting into tears, "and it is very noble in you and your mother thus to respect misfortune. If I possessed anything that I could give you in return for the sympathy which you have afforded me, I would offer it to you; as it is, I can only give you an embrace; shall I do so?"

The child held up his rosy mouth to the prisoner, who kissed him with the utmost tenderness, while the spectators of this simple and touching scene were deeply moved.

The story adds, that while this kiss of pardon and of peace was exchanged between the Italian child and the German colonel, the mother, sisters, and friends of the little one shared their scanty meal with their soldier-enemies.

TOMB OF QUEEN ANN JAGELLON, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CRACOW.

Few tombs are grander than that of Queen Ann Jagellon, a queen whose dynasty not only, but whose kingdom, is of the past. It is in the chapel of the Kings Sigismund. Above the chapel-door are three ancient paintings. The central one represents Sigismund I.; the other two are portraits of Ann Jagellon, as queen-regnant and as a widow. The tomb has a recumbent statue of the queen in her royal attire, exceedingly well cut in red granite. Behind the tomb is a marble throne, above which two angels of gilt bronze support the crown of Poland. An altar stands in front in an arch rich with basso-relievos, two massive candlesticks facing it almost on a line with the head of the tomb.

The queen thus royally reposing was a niece of Casimir III., and wife of the Great Jagellon, Ladislaus V., who died in 1434.

The sixteen chapels around the church all contain monuments of personages illustrious in Polish annals: Casimir Jagellon, Count Potocki, King Sigismund, and King Sigismund Jagellon, beneath a ceiling of gilded copper; King John Albert, and Casimir the Great, the founder of Cracow; as well as of the conqueror of the Turks, John Sobiesky III.; the great astronomer, Copernicus, and our own Revolutionary hero, Thaddeus Kosciusko. In the centre of the nave stands the gorgeous shrine of St. Stanislaus, Martyr, the patron of Poland. The coffin, which is upheld by four angels, and the altar, with the candlesticks and statues, are all of solid silver.

Cracow was, from 1815 till 1846, the capital of a little republic, the last vestige of Polish nationality, but it was then absorbed by Austria.

THE WEE THING.

By Hector Macneil.

"Saw ye my wee thing? sa ye my ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree?

"Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white:
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee;
Red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flow'rs the haw-tree.

"Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue of her saft-rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!"

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
It was na my true love ye met by the tree;
Proud is her leal heart! and modest her nature!
She never loed onie till ance she loed me.

"Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
Oft hae she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;
Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young braggart, she ne'er would give kisses to thee!"

"It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
It was, then, your true love I met by the tree:
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me."

Sair gloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek grew—
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!
"Ye'se rue, sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie!"

"Awa wi' beguiling!" cried the youth, smiling;
Off went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom showing—
Fair stood the maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

"Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
Is it my true love here that I see?"
"O, Jamie, forgive me; your heart's constant to me:
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

THE CHOICE HE MADE.

By Etta W. Pierce.



I KNOW the story, for I am the housekeeper at Penhallow. The work of that dreadful year I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, and nobody, barring my mistress, has it more by heart.

She was a Virginian, was Mrs. Penhallow, descended from some famous old colonial family. She was stiff-necked, high-featured, and she loved nothing under the canopy but her boy. A hard woman, born to rule, whose dependents were to her like so many cattle, to be fed and housed, and nothing more. A widow at the time I went to live with her in her great old country house, with an only son and heir—Master Felix.

Heaven above! how she doted on that bold, insolent boy! I used to think when I saw her hanging on his every word and look, adoring him with her eyes and her heart, of what the Bible says about taking to ourselves idols. But Mrs. Penhallow was not the woman to trouble herself about that

Book, especially as most of the common people have it. Master Felix was sixteen when he left home for college, and I, for one, was glad to be rid of him. A purse-proud, tyrannical young tempest he was, handsome enough for a girl, but with a temper even hotter than his mother's.

For a few years, peace and quiet reigned at Penhallow, always excepting the time of such visits as its young lord and master was pleased to make us. And after his college days were over, he was betrothed to his cousin, and sent abroad on his travels.

His mother pined sorely at this separation. She spent whole hours before his portraits, which confronted one everywhere—in hall and drawing-room and chamber. She shut herself up, like a love-sick girl, to pore over his letters, and one night, in the second year of his absence, when I had found her walking the hall, trailing her satin gown, in black glittering waves, after her, she broke out, wringing her hands:

"Venner, every month of our parting is as a nail in my coffin! I can bear this great, gloomy house no longer. I shall start for New York in the morning, to bring his betrothed wife back with me."

"I am glad of that, ma'am," said I. "She will naturally seem the next nearest now; and it is dull for you here."



THE WEE THING.—"IS IT MY TRUE LOVE HERE THAT I SEE?"—SEE POEM ON PAGE 535.

The next morning, sure enough, she went, and, from some boarding-school, brought Miss Raymond back with her.

It was a cold, rainy Spring night, and I lighted fires on every hearth, and gathered all the servants into the hall to welcome them, because I knew Mrs. Penhallow liked such customs. They were all in their Sunday-best, and Molly, the mistress's vain little waiting-maid, wore pink roses in her beautiful flaxen hair.

We heard the carriage crunching the gravel of the drive; the hall-door opened; I heard Mrs. Penhallow say, "This is my daughter, Venner," and, lo! there by the hand she held Mr. Felix's betrothed!

Oh! a lovely young creature she was, with a face like a lily, and brown curls falling, and brown eyes, proud but tender, and all those lady airs and graces that seem bred in the very bone.

When the mistress called her "daughter," she grew rosy red, and spoke so sweetly to us all, that we were ready to go down on our knees to her; and then the two went away to rest a little, and to dress for their late dinner.

"It will be a happy day when *she* is mistress here," said the servants that night, in the kitchen.

As for Mrs. Penhallow, she seemed extravagantly fond of her son's betrothed, and with good reason, too, for everybody knew it was she who had arranged the match. She always called her daughter. She refurnished half the house in her favorite colors, and loaded her with endearments, and shared Felix's letters with her, and those long doting hours before his portraits.

Being a born lady and a great heiress, Miss Raymond just suited Felix's mother.

She had been at Penhallow a month or more, when the young lord thereof put in his appearance also, very sudden and unexpected.

It was one evening when the mistress and Miss Raymond had gone out riding together, and there was not a servant left in the house but Molly and I. Suddenly we heard a great knocking at the hall-door.

"Whoever can that be?" I said, for it was too late for callers. "Run, Molly, and see."

It seemed as if the little simpleton would never get the key turned, and when she did, in pranced a magnificent six-foot figure, in a dusty traveling garb—a glowing nut-brown figure, as beautiful as a young god.

"Hallo!" he cried, gayly, "who is this?" and caught Molly straightway in his arms, and kissed her plump upon cheek and mouth.

Digitized by Google

The little ninny turned from red to white, and from white



THE CHOICE HE MADE.—"HIS ARM WAS AROUND HER AS THEY WALKED; HE LEANED OVER HER, AND TALKED TO HER IN A LOW, MURMURING, LOVER-LIKE TONE."—SEE PAGE 535.

to red. She was marvelously pretty, and so long as the world stands, men will admire pretty faces, I suppose, whether they belong to princess or beggar.

"I am Mrs. Penhallow's maid," she answered, with more spirit than I would have given her credit for. "And you, I suppose, are her son."

"Quite right," said he, and stared and laughed; and then I ran out straightway to meet him, and immediately pushed Molly away.

"How d'ye do, Venner?" he cried, assuming his own lordly air at once. "Where are my mother and Miss Raymond? Have you a groom to send over to the station for my luggage? and is there anything to eat in the house? I assure you I am quite famished."

"Gracious heaven!" said I, "it never can be you, Mr. Felix, so tall and bearded! Who ever would have known you? The ladies are out driving, and won't be back till dark, but the groom is in the stable, and the larder is full, as it always is in this house."

I called Molly to help me, and we served him with the best we had. He was very gay and nonchalant, and he looked askant at her, and talked incessantly to me, and asked me untold questions about his mother and the estates. Molly seemed very shy and uncomfortable under his bold, knowing eyes.

"Well," said I, "Master Felix, right glad am I that you've come back to marry and settle down here."

"By which I judge that you quite approve of my future wife, Venner?" said he.

"Oh, a sweet, beautiful lady she is indeed!" cried I. "Everybody at Penhallow loves her already."

"Then, in duty bound, I must do the same," said he, with a whimsical laugh, and drew out a cigar; and as he stood scratching a match against the marble mantel, I heard him humming to himself these lines:

> 'Oh, I loved in my youth a lady fair,
> For her azure eyes and her golden hair;
> Oh, truly! oh, truly, I loved her then,
> And naught shall I ever so love again."

"I think I will go out and meet them, Venner."

And he went off down the walk, and came upon the carriage just as it was turning into the gate.

I heard their voices for a long time out among the trees, and finally saw them sauntering back together, Mrs. Penhallow looking quite dazed with happiness, and Miss Raymond hanging upon his arm, with a sort of shy grace, her lily-face covered with smiles and blushes, and with that in it, and in

Digitized by Google

her air, which made me sure she had found her master. Dear heart! Yes, she loved him in that wild, worshipful way that a woman delights in, and that no man ever deserved yet, or ever will, till the pattern is altered.

As I was going up to bed that night, I met the mistress on the landing, and she looked as radiant as a bride.

"Give me joy, Venner!" she cried. "This the happiest night of my life. He has come back to me—to wed one of his own kin—to be with me evermore while I live. Ah, yes, Venner, one might well envy me to-night!"

"Well, I am glad, ma'am," said I, "right glad!" and, indeed, I was, for it seemed to me, as it did to her, that pleasant times were coming to the old house.

I kept thinking it over after I had gone to bed. It was a Summer night, and the moonlight streamed into the chamber where I slept, and filled it with a great white light. Outside, the wind made a moaning sound among the trees. Inside, of a sudden, I heard something go "tick, tick, tick" in the wall.

I will own that the sound, coming as it did when I was full of such pleasant thoughts, gave me a most uncomfortable feeling. I never yet heard a death-watch without a creeping of the flesh—without feeling deep down in my soul that somebody's time was near at hand.

I rose up in bed and listened. It came from that portion of the wall nearest the staircase. Distinct and regular as the strokes of a pendulum, I heard it, over and over again—tick, tick, tick.

I got out of bed and put my hand on the panel. There was a momentary silence; then it broke out anew in the floor under my feet. Back to the panel, and from the panel to the ceiling, and from the ceiling to the window, I chased the hateful sound about till I was both chilled and exhausted. In a closet off my chamber, Molly lay sleeping, as youth and health only can sleep. I was tempted to rouse her, but she looked so calm and pretty, with her flaxen hair tossed about the pillow, and her lips half apart, that I hadn't the heart to do it. So I crept back to bed, and, for half the night, never so much as closed my eyes, because of the dreary "tick, tick" that death-watch kept up in the wall.

I told Mrs. Penhallow about it the next morning.

"Ma'am," said I, "there'll be a death in this house soon."

She lifted her heavy gray brows at me.

"Venner, I am astonished! Nobody but very ignorant people believe in such things. Never mention such a matter to me again."

And out she went, to breakfast with her son and Miss Raymond among the flowers and greenery of the lawn.

Miss Raymond that morning was in white cashmere and pink ribbons, I remember, and with her streaming curls, and proud, sweet eyes and lily face, she looked as the Sleeping Beauty might have done when the prince first awakened her. And *her* prince had come, sure enough, but his manner toward her one couldn't quite approve. It was too careless and light—too much like a grand seignior, who has only to throw the handkerchief.

"Well," thought I, "he's seen a host of handsome faces, no doubt, and so got indifferent to beauty, perhaps, for he's one of those men that all women admire, and many a heart he's made to ache, I'll warrant."

A week or two went by, and I saw that in his own lordly, careless fashion, he was devoting himself to Miss Raymond. He used to spend whole hours lolling beside her chair, and they sang a great many love-songs together, and rode and walked a great deal about the country, and seemed uncommonly happy.

Day in and day out, there was nothing but fêtes, and garden parties, and excursions, and balls, and festivities, both at Penhallow and among the neighboring gentry; and Molly's eyes grew heavy with waiting up so late at night for the ladies, and Miss Raymond, I heard, was the belle of all these gatherings, and every son and brother for miles around was madly envious of Mister Felix, who only shrugged his lordly shoulders and smiled languidly. Too much love is bad for men, I have noticed, and Miss Raymond loved Felix Penhallow altogether too much.

All this while, night after night, I heard that death-watch ticking in the wall.

I remember well the time when I began to suspect something wrong. One evening the mistress was ill, and Miss Raymond went to sit in her chamber. It was an August night, with a full moon in the sky, and no wind stirring. So close and sultry it seemed indoors, that I was fain to walk out as far as the entrance gate for a breath of fresh air. The grounds were full of intricate windings, and black and thick with shrubbery. I strolled as far as the high-road, then turned about, and, half way back to the house, stumbled upon two figures—man and woman—walking together under some linden-trees.

I was a little startled, and I stopped short and looked at them. There was no mistaking the splendid head and shoulders of the man; I felt and knew he could be no other than Felix Penhallow. As for his companion, she was not Miss Raymond, but more I could not say, for she wore a hat and a mantle, and kept persistently in the shadow. I only saw that she was slight, and I guessed her to be young.

His arm was around her as they walked; he leaned over her, talked to her in a low, murmuring, love-like tone, and once lifted her head in his two hands, and kissed her passionately.

I stood rooted to the earth, staring at them through the dense shrubbery. I could hardly believe my eyes. Miss Raymond within, watching with the mistress, and her handsome, nonchalant lover without, wandering through the moonlight and making love to another under the rose! It seemed as if I must be dreaming. But they turned suddenly and came toward me, and as it was plain that discovery would be awkward for all parties, I hastened to give them one last look, in which I saw that he had gathered the slight figure up to him, and was holding her head to his heart, and then I fled breathlessly through the shrubbery, and back to the house.

I got as far as the kitchen, and there sat down, quite overcome. The maids were all out, and it was a custom of mine to sit up always till they came in for the night. The last who appeared was Molly.

I don't know what made me eye the girl so closely on this particular occasion, unless it was her unusual pallor. She was a pretty little thing, as I have said before, round and plump and blue-eyed, like a Dutch shepherdess, and vain of her white skin and flaxen hair.

"Where have you been, Molly?" said I, cross enough.

She colored, and stammered, and dropped her eyes, in a way people have to whom lying is new.

"Down to the village, ma'am."

"With some follower, I suppose. Mrs. Penhallow's bell has been rung for you. I must watch you, miss. There's enough that's sly and secret going on about this house already."

She gave me a quick, odd look, and then went away without another word, to answer the bell.

The "tick, tick" in the panel that night sounded louder than ever; it awakened that simpleton, Moll. She rose up in bed, and peered out into my chamber.

"Oh, Venner, what is that?" she quavered.

"A death-watch," said I crossly. "Lie down, and go to sleep."

"Then some one is going to die!" she cried, for she had been bred in the same superstitions that I had.

Digitized by Google

"Well," said I, "I am pretty sure it's not you, Molly."

But she began to sob and cry piteously.

"Oh, Venner, I'm a wretched girl!" said she. "I would rather it would be me than some others. Let me come into your bed; I'm afraid."

And she wouldn't be appeased, but nestled down with me, and went on for a long time in a way quite broken-hearted, and without speaking a word.

The next morning Miss Raymond, in descending the staircase, met with an accident—slipped on its slippery edge, and fell, striking her temple against some projecting bit of carving. Mr. Felix and his mother were in the drawing-room at the time, and both rushed to help her, calling for me. When I reached them, he was kneeling on the floor, with Miss Raymond's head on his knee, her pale face upturned, and her brown hair overflowing him.

As we bent to loose her dress and give her air, from a chain in her bosom dropped out his portrait—a handsome shadow of his handsome face. Mr. Felix looked up at his mother in a dark, strange, remorseful way.

"Why did you ever bring her here?" he muttered. "Why did you ever meddle with either of us?" and he dropped her into Mrs. Penhallow's arms, and rose up and walked out of the room. The mistress looked quite dazed.

"What did he say, Venner?" she asked, with her hand to her forehead.

"I'm sure I didn't understand, ma'am," said I, and no, I didn't.

But that night Felix Penhallow was walking in the shrubbery again with one who was not Miss Raymond.

I kept my own counsel for a few days, and then I went to the mistress.

"Ma'am," said I, I'm quite at a loss about Molly. She's out till midnight sometimes—where, or in what company, I'm sure I don't know. She's but a young thing, ma'am, and it's time, I think, that somebody looked to the matter."

"Indeed," said the mistress, "I have noticed something odd about the girl of late. I will speak to her presently."

The very next morning, as Molly was flitting past the breakfast-room door, her mistress called her, sharply. I had been summoned in also to receive some orders for the day, and was standing by Mrs. Penhallow's chair, as Molly, a little pale and frightened, entered. Haughty, and stiff, and stern looked the mistress, and in the window near by, with her lap full of roses, sat Miss Raymond, very sweet and lovely, talking with Felix Penhallow.

"Molly, come here!" said Mrs. Penhallow, sharply.

The girl, with downcast eyes, stepped forward.

"Where did you go last night?" demanded the mistress, before us all.

Molly grew red, then pale.

"Not beyond the gates, ma'am," she faltered, looking so pretty in her confusion that I pitied her.

"Do you presume to tell me, girl, that you were out in these grounds till midnight *alone?*" said Mrs. Penhallow.

The girl did not answer—only stood staring at the floor. Mrs. Penhallow took hold of her arm somewhat roughly.

"What!" she bristled; "you have a follower—when I have utterly forbidden it, too!"

Molly shivered in her hold, but remained dumb.

"Why do you not answer?" cried Mrs. Penhallow, her hot temper rising fast. "You have been keeping scandalous hours of late, and you have grown very pert and insolent in your manner. I am certain you have a lover. Speak, and tell me this moment—who is he?"

Suddenly, and with all the coolness in life, Mr. Felix lifted his languid, handsome shape from leaning against Miss Raymond's chair, and stepped forward.

"My dear mother," he said, in a clear, measured voice, "you frighten her with your violence. Let *me* explain. She was not alone in the grounds last night, for I was with her."

"*You?*" echoed Mrs. Penhallow, rising slowly.

"I!" repeated he, and went straight up to Molly and flung his arm around her.

Never in his life had he looked so handsome, so kingly, as at that moment.

"Mother, you mistake the situation," he cried. "She has no 'follower,' but a husband. I am he. She has been my wife for three entire weeks. It is time, high time, that you knew all about it!"

With his arms around that girl, there he stood before us all, and pronounced those words. Till my dying day, I shall never forget the scream that broke from the lips of my mistress. As for Miss Raymond, she started up, with her hand to her heart, and then dropped to the floor in a dead faint. I ran to her, but Mrs. Penhallow stood stark and stiff, and confronted her son.

"It is a lie!" she shrieked—"say it is a lie, Felix!"

"No," he answered, coolly, "it is no lie, mother. I loved her, and I have married her."

Terrible, indeed, was the face that she turned upon him.

"You have married her!" she hissed; "your mother's servant! You have disgraced a name that never knew disgrace before. You have broken my heart and Eloise's—you, the son I bore—the son I have loved better than my own life, I curse you for it! I pray God to curse you, now and forever!"

Of course she was beside herself, or she never would have said those dreadful words. It made my blood run cold to hear her. She uplifted her jeweled hands in fierce denunciation.

"Go!" she screamed. "Take her out of my sight! Never let me set eyes on either of you more! I will throw my wealth to the winds—give it to the off-scourings of the earth, sink it in the sea, but not a penny shall the beggar you have chosen ever have! I curse her! I curse you both! I pray Heaven to register it!"

Well, such a terrible scene I never before witnessed. I went so far as to throw myself between them, in my terror. He had a temper, too, and there were some frightful things said on both sides; and then he ordered the carriage, and, haughty and defiant to the last, took his wife by the hand, and led her away. He was very tender with her; I have always remembered that, and honored him in my heart for it. He embraced her repeatedly, and kept saying, in a tender, protecting way:

"You have nothing to fear, dear child—nothing!"

I saw him place her in the carriage himself, and then he hesitated a moment, and turned and came back as far as the hall-door.

"Farewell, my mother!" he called, in a voice that seemed singularly calm and sweet to me; but my mistress was bending over Miss Raymond, who still lay in a deep swoon, and she lifted her head, like a Medusa, and answered back:

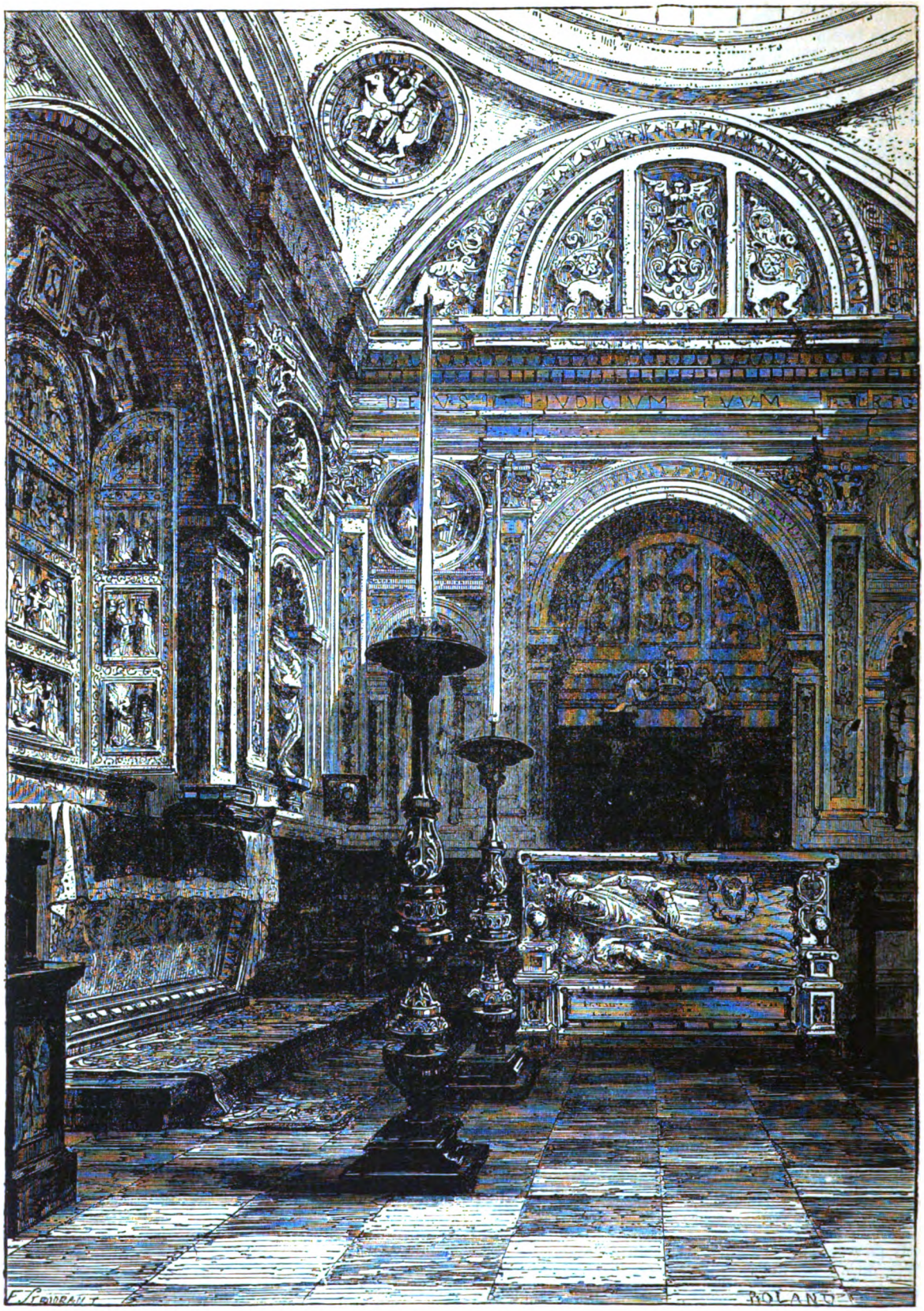
"From this hour I have no son!"

And so they parted.

We knew afterward that Mr. Felix took his wife directly to the village inn, not more than a mile distant from Penhallow.

As soon as she recovered, Miss Raymond begged piteously to be allowed to start at once for New York. She could not abide the place longer, poor lady! and no wonder. So the groom drove her away to the station in Mrs. Penhallow's close carriage, and the great grand house was left quite desolate.

Mrs. Penhallow passed the rest of the day in her own room, thinking. Heaven only knows what thoughts. She ordered dinner to be served at the usual hour, and called me to help her dress, as if nothing had happened, though all the



THE TOMB OF QUEEN ANNE JAGELLON IN THE CATHEDRAL AT CRACOW, POLAND.— SEE PAGE 535.

time she was shaking like a woman with the palsy. But she had a spirit, as I have said, and a temper, and she could not bear that even her servants should see how she suffered.

All alone she sat down at her sumptuous table in her great dark dining-hall. The house seemed like a tomb that night. Summer was waning, and the dark fell early. The trees outside tapped with a lonesome sound against the windows. The shadows in the corners, and the deep silence, seemed unutterably dreary. My mistress felt it, for she asked me to wait by her chair—for company, I think.

Digitized by Google

It was the mere mockery of a meal; yet she would go through with every course. Just as the lights were brought in, she gave a sudden start, and turned to me.

"Hark, Venner! What is that?" she said.

"The wind, ma'am, most likely," I answered. "There's a storm brooding."

"No," she cried, seizing my arm. "Hark, I say! Don't you hear it now?"

And, sure enough, as she spoke, the clatter of hoofs, loud and heavy, rose up in the drive outside.

"Go and look, Venner," said my mistress, in a queer, strained voice.

I ran to the window, and saw standing in the wild, windy twilight, close up to the door, with his head thrown high, and his nostrils dilated, a horse, saddled, bridled, and riderless.

"Ma'am," said I, "it's a beast that's thrown his rider, I should say; leastwise, the saddle's empty."

She rose up, white as death, and came and looked, and saw the horse snorting and stamping out there. Then she rushed for the bell, all her weakness gone in a moment, gave it one fearful peal, and was out before I could stop her—out in the drive, flying down it wildly, with the wind in her satin drapery and gray hair.

I started after her, waiting for nothing. My heart was in my throat. As I gained the road I saw her before me—a black shadow whirling away into the night. I called, but she heeded me no more than the wind. Down the hill I ran in her footsteps, and along a little intervale, and up another hill, where there was an old sand-pit, with a bit of treacherous ledge overhanging it.

I saw her go up to this and stop on its verge, and look over, and then throw up her arms, with a frightful scream, toward heaven. And then up the ascent I, too, tore, and stopped, too, and peered down the sandy, sliding abyss, side by side with that proud, proud woman who had driven her son but a few hours before, with curses, from her doors, and with her saw him lying down there far below us, in a heavy, bloody heap, stiff and dead—a sight so distressing that I became almost overpowered.

"The brute must have shied suddenly when he came to the pit," one of the men-servants said. "Master Felix was always a careless rider. He had a way of dropping his rein when he was thinking, and letting the horse take his own course."

They carried him back to Penhallow, and his mother followed him, neither weeping nor wailing, but calling him by every tender name she had used in his babyhood, and wiping the blood-stains from his face with her own gray hair. They had just laid him down in the great hall, when there came a footstep in the walk without, and a white figure, with flying hair, darted in through the open door, and ran up to the dead man and his mother. It was Molly.

"And you killed him!" she screamed, pointing to my mistress, who writhed and shuddered, and flung out her hands before her face. "You cursed him, and you killed him! He could not bear your anger; he was on his way this night to beg your forgiveness. His heart was tenderer, by far, than yours. And now look at him! You hated me because I was your servant. Do you like death better? Is the grave a fairer wife for him than I? You have murdered him. It is all your work!"



ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.—"I LOOKED UP. SUCH A VISAGE AS MET MY GAZE MAY I NEVER SEE IN MY LIFE AGAIN. 'LET GO!' HE CRIED. 'CURSE UPON YOU, LET GO! YOU WILL BREAK MY ARM! I CAN HOLD ON NO LONGER, AND SHALL BE DASHED TO PIECES.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

And she went on raving like this, with such a look and such gestures as I never saw before, and my mistress stood like a stone, and answered not a word to her, till none of us could bear it longer, and we carried her, by main force, away.

After his burial, Penhallow was closed to everybody for many a long day. Only I and two or three of the old servants remained, and with us the mistress lived on, shut up from all the world, aged and broken-hearted.

Molly had gone back to her own people, but one day Mrs. Penhallow came to me, looking very strange.

"Venner," she cried, "I have heard great news!"

"Indeed, ma'am," said I.

Digitized by Google

"That girl—Felix's wife—has a child—a son, Venner, and I never knew it till to-day!"

She trembled and shook, and her face was quite white and her hands worked oddly, and she bade me get on my bonnet and shawl at once, and make ready to go with her; and that night she brought home Felix's widow and her child.

So Molly walks the old rooms to-day, bearing herself like any lady born and bred, and she has been wise in her way, and acquired, with uncommon quickness, the airs and graces of her station. And her boy is the heir here, and the idol of the mistress, and a fine, bold, handsome fellow he is—a true Penhallow.

As I watch him, sometimes, it seems to me that God has forgiven my mistress the curse she once asked Him to register, and restored the son again to the mother, so like this Felix is, in his rich nut-brown beauty, to that other Felix who hung about the same knee twenty years ago.

ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.

A GYMNAST'S ADVENTURE.

I HAD among my fellow-students a special renown for my skill in every kind of gymnastics. Athletic exercise, in the widest sense of the term, was to me a pleasure to which I had surrendered myself, body and soul, and in consequence of which I possessed, although not tall and strong, some muscle and a high degree of confidence, while I had acquired, in perilous situations, presence of mind—all of which qualities form even now a considerable portion of my character. When at last my studies were ended, and I had obtained a situation as pastor in western Germany, I did not give up my old inclination for gymnastics, and there was considerable talk one fine day over the circumstance that the young clergyman of the Church of St. Blasius had been seen hanging in his garden by his legs, and in this headlong position, caressing his little son, who was crawling under him on the ground. I possessed such an article of humanity, since, on my accession to the pastorate, I had steered into the harbor of matrimony.

But my favorite diversion, when I had a few leisure hours, and the sun was not too scorching, consisted in climbing to a narrow projection on the lofty church roof, and walking about there while I smoked my cigar.

What a magnificent place this old church roof was! Quite another world than that which lay far below me—a region of rock and stone, without vegetation or water, except when it rained, and the gutters were filled, in which case this special realm presented little attraction. It was a world where I had often indulged in star-gazing.

I regarded this airy region as my special province, where I reigned in solitary majesty over my subjects, consisting of daws and swallows—often very noisy and intolerable ones. It excited in me a merry, perhaps somewhat boyish feeling, as I thought what a look my superintendent would put on when he heard of my excursions in the narrow, gloomy towers, between great grinning stone-heads, fat cherubs, scaly dragons, and gutters of zinc, or on the pinnacles of the towers, from which was presented a wide prospect over a picturesque landscape.

Sometimes I climbed down in the broad gutter in the middle of the roof, from which nothing was to be seen above but the blue heavens and the swarming swallows, and below, the broad, paved church-square, on which, a hundred and twenty feet beneath, the people crept about like ants

It was during one of these excursions that the event occurred which I will relate, and which thoroughly cured me for several months of my desire for roof-climbing.

I must first inform you that, around the outside of the cathedral, just where the roof terminated, ran a smooth projecting edge, about a foot wide. Under this, considerably lower, just above the great entrance gate, was a huge stone projection, which formerly supported a colossal figure of St. Peter, holding a great iron lantern. The statue had long ago disappeared, and half of the lantern was broken off, so that what was left had the appearance of an arm-chair without legs.

Standing on the stone eaves one day, above this relic of past centuries, the thought suddenly seized me that it would be an amusement of a new and original kind to swing myself down and enjoy my cigar in this fantastic arm-chair.

Without hesitating a moment, I turned around, kneeled down, seized the eaves with convulsive grasp, and the next instant was dangling in mid-air over the abyss, more than a hundred feet from the earth.

As I looked, in this situation, under me at the defective lantern, I found that I was not directly over it—indeed, it was two feet further from the wall than I had thought.

This circumstance, however, caused me little anxiety. Giving myself a swing, by which I easily pressed one foot against the building, I sprang safely into my resting-place in the broken lantern.

Here I sat a long time, smoking my cigar, drumming with my heels on the wall, and complacently enjoying the cool of evening and the magnificent prospect.

The sun was setting before I thought of undertaking my return, which I was especially induced to do by the sight of one or two persons, who were standing below and gazing up at me.

It was not three minutes before quite a crowd of people had gathered about them to enjoy the spectacle of a man sitting in St. Peter's lantern.

"Halloo!" thought I, "it is now time to return! Some one will find out who I am, and then there will be a pretty gossip in the place." But I suddenly became aware that return was not so easy.

My seat was so constructed that I could not rise in the usual way. The sides of the lantern were of smooth iron, and so high that I could get no hold. There was nothing left me but to press my hands upon the seat behind me, raise myself so, and draw my legs after me until they could rest between my hands upon the lantern. Then I could rise to my full height, and turn around on my own axis.

This way of raising yourself every gymnast knows and practices, but every one knows, too, what an exertion of muscular strength in hands and arms is necessary in this procedure, and that any mistake would occasion a failure—perhaps, too, a fall below.

Now, there is a vast difference between a bar erected on level ground, and an iron lantern on the wall of a church a hundred feet high, from which a fall upon the rough pavement must have an absolutely fatal effect.

The more I considered my situation, the less it pleased me, and there I sat and smiled feebly at the multitude below, which increased every moment, ashamed to cry for help, or make known my fear.

"Well," said I to myself, "if I sit here any longer I shall lose every favorable chance to escape. It is ludicrous to become bewildered, like a child that has gone astray in climbing, quite aside from the astonishment that the story must cause, if it comes to the ears of my parishioners and supporters. Up, then! I will close my eyes, and act as if I were performing on the soft turf of my garden."

In the space of a minute I stood on my legs in the lantern, and wondered at my foolish weakness, when I observed,

Digitized by Google

to my terror, that I still had the most difficult part of my undertaking to perform. Raising my hands above my head to seize the smooth stone eaves, I became aware that they were at least a foot and a half beyond my reach. In vain did I rise on my tip-toes, and stretch out my arms convulsively; it seemed highly probable that I should have to spend the night in this situation.

This was truly no agreeable consideration; for the seat was only just large enough for me to sit upright in it, and if I fell asleep, which was possible, I should be precipitated headlong upon the pavement. Then they could collect my bones the next morning.

At this critical moment I was rejoiced by the appearance of the sexton on the eaves. He had missed me, and had come to seek me.

"Silbermann," I cried, interrupting his exclamations of astonishment, "I am, as you see, in a peculiar dilemma, since I cannot reach the eaves. You must help me. It is no use to bring a rope, since you would not have room to brace yourself. If you bend down, however, and reach me your hand, you can exert your entire strength, and raise me. You are a powerful man, and I am not particularly heavy."

"Oh, sir, I am sure that I cannot lift you!" he replied.

"My good man, you must!" I asserted. "I cannot indeed pass the whole night in this situation, and, moreover, I might pack up my bundle to-morrow immediately, when this stupid story became known. Do not be foolish, therefore, and give me your hand."

In reply the sexton crouched down unwillingly, and stretched out his hand, which I firmly seized with both mine by the wrist, while I swung myself out into mid-air. I felt one or two convulsive jerks, and was drawn up about half a foot, but then at once let down again. He could not raise me.

I looked up. Such a visage as met my gaze, may I never in my life see again! It was pale as death; the protruding eyes stared with the expression of measureless terror into the abyss beneath us, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead. "Let go!" he cried. "Curse upon you, let go! You will break my arm! I can hold on no longer, and shall be dashed in pieces!"

He wailed like a child, at this moment of extreme peril. My hair rose—my brain reeled. I expected myself every instant to plunge below. My desperation gave me coolness, and I was surprised at the clearness and consistency with which I spoke.

"Silbermann," I said, "listen to me, and cease this unreasonable clamor. I can feel that you are gaining the counterpoise more and more every successive second. If I let go of you I shall perish; if not, we both will, and I assure you that I shall not let go, as long as I can hold on. You had better, therefore, draw me up at once."

I saw that he set his teeth together, and closed his eyes. Then followed a terrible exertion of strength, and I was kneeling upon the eaves. The sexton lay beside me in a deep swoon. I now bore him carefully through the trap-door to the vestry, and gave him water, so that he soon recovered consciousness; but neither of us has ever forgotten that perilous adventure upon the eaves of the church-roof.

As for myself, three months passed by before I again trod this almost fatal place, and you can easily imagine that I avoided St. Peter's lantern like fire.

The sexton kept the secret, assuring inquisitive questioners that an eccentric Englishman, traveling through the country, had taken his seat in the lantern, and this version of the story was currently believed.

Although the gymnastic mania was not entirely frightened out of me by this adventure, it only remained in a modified form, and I have since confined my athletic exploits to places less perilous than the scene of those moments of terror.

THE CENTURY PLANT (AGAVE AMERICANA).

THE American aloe, commonly called century plant, from the mistaken idea that it flowers only once in a century, has a short stem terminating in a cluster of hard, fleshy, spiny, sharp-pointed bluish-green leaves, which last for years. According to the climate and other circumstances, it attains maturity in from ten to seventy years.

On one and the same day, in the Summer of 1844, each of two plants in the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, was seen to produce a flowering-stem, which resembled a gigantic head of asparagus, and grew at first at the astonishing rate of two feet in the twenty-four hours, till they attained the height of forty feet. So precisely did the twin plants keep pace with each other, that at the very time it was found necessary to make an aperture in the glass roof of the house for the emission of one panicle of flowers (twenty-six feet from the ground), a similar release was needed by the other. The rate of growth then most sensibly diminished; still, in two months, the flower-stalks had attained a height of thirty-six feet! The greenish-yellow flowers were innumerable on the great panicles or cylinders, of perfect symmetry; they produced no seed, but were succeeded by thousands of young plants, springing from the topmost branches; and these continued growing while attached to the stem for a long while after the death of the parent-plants, both of which perished, apparently from exhaustion; the plant always dying as soon as it has flowered.

The native Mexicans make paper, rope, and twine out of the fibre of this tree, and obtain a sugary syrup from the stems, and an oily juice from the leaves, which they use as soap. Baron Humboldt saw a bridge in South America, 131 feet in span, of which the main ropes were made of this fibre.

THREE FAMOUS STANDARDS.

NO ONE can question the power of a standard. The ensign under which men march has an influence that cannot be explained or measured. Whether the Eagle of Cæsar or of Napoleon, the Crescent of Mohammed, the Raven of the Northmen, the Sunburst of the Irish, or the Blacksmith's Apron of the Persian kings, its very sight has roused men to energy and victory.

We group three standards of world-wide fame: the Labarum of Constantine, the Oriflamme of France, and the standard of Joan of Arc.

The Labarum, or standard of Constantine, was a long pike, intersected by a transverse, with a Greek cross at the top, studded with jewels. This bore on it the X P, the first Greek letters in the name of Christ. These two letters combined appeared also on the purple flag that hung beneath, rough with gold and jewels that glittered in the sun.

This flag was adopted after the apparition of a cross to the emperor. Under this standard he marched to encounter the yet formidable Maxentius. At Saxa Rubra, nine miles from Rome, the two armies met. Constantine, with his wonted rashness, headed his own cavalry in the furious charge which decided the fortune of the day. The cavalry of Maxentius was routed, the infantry of the legions dispersed or annihilated.

The standard of the cross being thus eminently successful, was, of course, to be henceforth the standard of the empire. In the second civil war, Licinius felt and dreaded the power of this consecrated banner, the sight of which, in the distress of battle, animated the soldiers of Constantine with an invincible enthusiasm, and scattered terror and dismay through the ranks of the advancing legions.

The Labarum continued to be displayed in the imperial arms until the emperors ceased to lead them in person. It

Digitized by Google



THREE FAMOUS STANDARDS.—SEE PAGE 543.

was then deposited as a venerable relic in the palace at Constantinople, where it probably met destruction and desecration at the hands of the soldiers of Mohammed II.

Constantine made choice of fifty men who excelled in strength of body, courage of mind, and exemplariness of piety, and to them he confided the sacred standard. These men were not only distinguished by the honor attaching to their office, but received advantages in respect of rank and emoluments above their comrades.

THE ORIFLAMME.

The Oriflamme (*auri flamme*) was already more than four hundred years old when it became the royal banner of France. King Dagobert, in A. D. 630, gave a flag to the Abbot and Convent of St. Denis. The spear which bore the flag was covered over with gold, or copper-gilt, and the flag itself was without device, long and narrow, ending in three swallow-tails, and of a bright scarlet color. The color typified the blood of the martyrs, especially of St. Denis.

This was the Oriflamme, the distinguishing flag of the Abbots of St. Denis, who, as *ex-officio* Barons of Vexin, caused it to be borne at the head of their vassals when rendering military service in the field.

When Louis le Gros became possessed of the Barony of Vexin, he promised the abbot to adopt the Oriflamme for the royal standard. It first appeared at the head of the French armies in 1124. In 1147 Louis VII. took it from its resting-place over the altar of St. Denis, for the purpose of leading with it his army, about to set forth on the Second Crusade.

On its return from war, the Oriflamme was always restored to its place over the high altar of St. Denis, where it had been first placed by Louis le Gros. Between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries it was carried at the head of the royal armies, although the king was not always present in person. The last time mention is made of it as the Oriflamme is in the history of the battle of Agincourt.

Before leaving Paris, Charles attended solemn mass at the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, and implored a blessing on the French arms. He received from its custodians the sacred banner, and gave it with much ceremony to Guillaume Martel, Sieur de Bacqueville, commending it very earnestly to his safe-keeping.

Among the heaps of the best French chivalry who "larded the plain" was Guillaume Martel, the Oriflamme-bearer. The chronicles give no account of the manner of his death, but it may be safely concluded that he died like a most valiant gentleman, in defense of his most sacred trust.

Since that eventful day the Oriflamme ceased to be borne in the French armies. It remained in the Tower of London till the year 1841, when it was unfortunately burnt in the fire which consumed so many of the national trophies of England.

JOAN OF ARC'S BANNER.

Joan of Arc, after succeeding in persuading the French Council of the truth of her appointment by Heaven, had a banner prepared under her own special direction, the design having been communicated to her, as she declared, by her "Voices," the same which had commanded her to set forth on her extraordinary mission. On a white ground, strewed with *fleurs-de-lis*, was figured the Saviour of mankind, seated on His tribunal in the clouds and holding the world in His hands, while two angels knelt in adoration before Him. The inscription underneath was "Jhesus, Maria."

This banner "the Maid" carried in her own hand whenever she could, saying that though she loved her sword, she preferred her standard forty times before it.

Joan made her first appearance in arms among the French troops assembled at Blois, and immediately entered on her wonderful career. She accompanied the escort of a convoy under the command of Dunois and La Hire as far as Orleans, and was mainly instrumental in throwing supplies into the town. Dunois, resolving to go back to Blois for another convoy, urgently requested "the Maid" to enter Orleans.

Taking with her two hundred lances and the rough but brave La Hire, she embarked close to the English redoubts, and reached the town at night without molestation. The joy and excitement of the Orleannais was unbounded at the sight of their promised deliverer. They pressed round her as she rode in complete armor, on her white charger, through the streets, hoping to touch her armor, her standard, or even her horse, in the belief that they drew blessings from the contact. In this press her banner was like to have met with serious accident. A man with a torch, anxious to be touched by the banner, got so close to the Sire d'Aulon, who was carrying it, that the flame of his torch set fire to the corner of it. Joan, who was riding immediately behind, saw what had occurred, and, spurring forward, seized her precious banner, and extinguished the fire before any great damage had been done.

The fourth day after Joan's entry into Orleans the second convoy from Blois arrived. This day was the first on which "the Maid" and her standard saw actual warfare. Joan having assisted in getting the convoy into the town, retired to her lodgings to rest.

The French captains, jealous of her interference, and doubtful of her powers, omitted to inform her of their intention to attack the English bastile of St. Loup; and when the sally was made, sent her no tidings of it. One of her "Voices" awakened her from sleep, and bade her march out at once against the English. Rapidly arming herself, and loudly reproaching her attendants for not waking her, she ran downstairs and mounted her charger.

In her hurry she forgot her banner, and, being mounted, she sent her page into the house for it.



THE CENTURY PLANT.—SEE PAGE 543.

Digitized by Google

The boy being longer on his errand than suited her impatience, she called out to him to hand the standard to her out from the window, which was done; and away Joan rode through the streets of Orleans, till she came to the scene of action near the Porte Bourgogne.

Waving her white banner and calling aloud to her countrymen, she exhorted them to follow her in making a second onset. The sight of the heroine revived their courage, and they rallied round her sacred banner with all the energy of devotees. For three hours the battle raged round the



REVENGE AND REMORSE.—"A MAD, FIERCE PANG SHOT THROUGH MY HEART-STRINGS, AS I SAW THEM ALONE IN THE ENTRANCE HALL."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

The French, under such leaders as Dunois and La Hire, had made a gallant attack on the English works, but had been as gallantly met, and at the time of Joan's coming up were getting disheartened and beginning to fall back.

bastile, fiercely and doubtfully, when a furious assault by the French, headed by Joan herself, proved successful. The place was carried, and almost all its defenders were put to the sword.

Digitized by Google

At Jargeau, at Patay, at Troyes, the holy banner was conspicuous, and always crowned with victory. At Troyes there were not people wanting to affirm that they saw swarms of white butterflies fluttering about it as it floated from Joan's place in the royal camp.

The next occasion on which the white banner was conspicuous was the coronation of Charles VII. in the Cathedral of Rheims. The king had found little or no resistance after the surrender of Troyes, and in many towns the inhabitants of themselves expelled the hostile garrisons, and tendered their allegiance to their king.

Rheims, the ancient city where the French kings, from Clovis downward, had wont to be crowned, vibrated with the acclamations of a changeable but enthusiastic people, as the king and the "king-maker" passed down the streets. The brilliant throng which filled the cathedral saw with wonder, not unmixed with fear, the fulfillment of the prophecy of the peasant girl of Domremy. She, in a complete suit of knight's armor, excepting as to her head, which was bare, stood by the king's side at the high altar. In her hand was the holy standard, unfurled. Before her were the ministers of the God in whose name she had armed; beside her was the king for whom she had fought; and around her were the representatives of the nation which she had delivered. The holy oil sent down from heaven to Clovis was poured on the head of Charles; the crown was imposed on him; and, with eyes streaming with tears, "the Maid" declared to him that her mission was accomplished.

REVENGE AND REMORSE.

CHAPTER I.

TO be jealous is to be possessed of a devil, and there is now no pitying Christ in this wicked world to cast out the demon.

Oh, Philosophy, Science, Mankind, States, Legislators! you are ever building asylums for the insane and the inebriate; why do you not build them for the hapless victims of jealousy? Has it not as many as all other insane passions, and are they not just as worthy of your curative restraint and philanthropic efforts at reform? Yet they are passed by unheeded, with no tender pity, but only passing comment or unmerited censure.

I was returning from a two years' tour of travel and study, finished off by a course of medical lectures in Paris. There were but two of us—my sister and myself—and I had hastened home to attend her marriage to an old college friend.

We were early left orphans, in the care of a widowed, childless aunt, who had taken the place of mother in our home and breasts.

The steamer arrived on Saturday, and on Monday I found myself approaching my ancestral home. It was a lovely evening in June, and I leaned from the carriage window to gaze upon the dear familiar scene that was so bright and pleasant a picture.

The sun was slowly sinking amid mountains of purple and golden clouds; the smooth lawn stretched away, like a green velvet carpet, to an abrupt cliff at the river's bank, around which an ornamented rustic fence had been constructed; the water below glittered in the shimmering sunbeams, while the leaves of the grand old linden trees shading the carriage-road rustled musically overhead.

Every detail of that scene is before me now; it was a paradise of love and peace. One moment more, the carriage stopped, and I was clasped in my sister's arms, while there were murmured welcomes.

"Brother—dear brother!"

"Lila! darling sister!"

And then my aunt's voice:

"Frederick, my dear boy! Thank God, you are safely home again!"

These glad greetings over, we turned to ascend the steps of the portico, on one side of which there was a large bay-window that lighted the library. Looking up, I saw, for the first time, framed in the drooping vines that clung around the window, the loveliest picture that man ever gazed upon out of Eden.

Standing upon a low footstool, there was a slender, graceful girl, dressed in deepest mourning, with one arm extended to catch a rich cluster of the purple wistaria that hung over her head. A perfect halo of golden hair fell in loose ringlets over her shoulders, and were tossed back from the uplifted face. Such a face! I held my breath for a moment to look at it. No artist's dream was ever more perfect; it was a living poem, a study for an angel—fair, pure, almost childlike; with the classic outline of a Greek statue, and just a slight flush of the cheeks to brighten the almost transparent complexion. The rare grace of her slender form, the perfect outline of the delicate white arm—there was something almost angelic in the picture she made, like the child Christ of Carlo Dolce. That is the only face I have ever seen that resembled hers.

I stopped involuntarily, caught my sister's arm, and whispered:

"Who is she?"

Lila smiled, and exclaimed, in a low voice:

"Stella Stanley. You've heard auntie speak of her; she is Uncle Frank's niece."

"Yes, I remember now; but when did she come here? Tell me all about it."

"I hadn't time to write; it was just before the time for you to sail. Her mother died; she is an orphan now, like us, Fred. She was left to auntie's care, and has just come from school. You'll like her, she's so lovely."

This was rapidly explained as we entered the house, and then the bay-windowed room, to meet its occupant. She advanced to meet us, as Lila, in her impulsive, girlish fashion led me forward, and exclaimed:

"Stella, this is brother Fred. I have talked so much about him, you know him already; and Stella says we must take her for a sister. I'm willing—arn't you!"

I don't know what I said, but my thought was—she should be Lila's sister if I could make her so in another way. She welcomed me with cordial words rippling from her rosebud mouth, and put the daintiest little mite of a hand in mine, lifting to my face such soft, wonderful brown eyes—they mesmerised me in a moment. We chatted awhile, and then my aunt came to me smiling, and, pointing through the door, said:

"Your luggage has been carried up; it's time to get ready for dinner, Fred, and that French *valet* you have imported is throwing my sober servants into paroxysms of amusement."

That night we sat on the portico in the moonlight, and I drank deep draughts of a new and intoxicating delight from Stella Stanley's exquisite lips and eyes. She was well named, Stella, a star.

The two weeks intervening, before the day for the wedding, passed quickly; we were all so happy—it was like a dream of Utopia.

> "I knew, I knew, it could not last;
> 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past."

My own heart's wishes deluded me; and I had already began to fancy that I saw the germ of a timid love springing into being at my looks, words, or touch. Lila had men-

Digitized by Google

tioned they expected a cousin of Stella's to be our guest during the wedding festivities, but I had been too self-abstracted to pay more than passing attention to the announcement. Friends and relatives had gathered until the old house, ample as it was, had been filled.

On the day preceding the one fixed for Lila's marriage, this cousin was to arrive by the evening boat; the carriage had been sent for him, and we were gathered in the library waiting for our expectant visitor, and for dinner. Stella was on a low seat near the bay-window, while I leaned against the casement, looking down into her face. Suddenly it struck me there was an abstraction, an excitement, a half-repressed eagerness in the gaze of her brown eyes that were fixed on the road leading up the avenue to the house.

Her manner had lost its exquisite repose, there was a flutter, a restlessness, altogether unaccountable and unusual. I had hardly taken note of this when the carriage rolled up to the door, and she started from her seat, while a vivid flush dyed the pure pale cheeks, and even sent a rose tint over her fair brow.

She flew from the room with the speed and grace of a fawn, while I followed to meet and welcome him—the man I recognized instinctively to be my rival.

A mad, fierce pang shot through my heart-strings, a furious fiend seemed rending me, as I saw them for one moment alone in the entrance hall, and she was clasped in his arms; there was one quick, passionate kiss, and they turned to meet me, hand-in-hand. I could have murdered him on the spot, and drank his life-blood like a tiger. But I mastered myself then, and went through the conventional greeting with passable cordiality. Her face was all aglow as, with inimitable grace, she said:

"This is my cousin, Charley Forrester;" then turning to me, "and this is Mr. Ridgeley. Then added, laughing, "He is teaching me to call him, as Lila does, 'Fred,' for short."

As she spoke, I made a full survey of the man; he was tall and slight in figure, with a pale and, what women would call, "interesting" face; there was no force of power in it, except a fine pair of dark-gray eyes, and a broad, intellectual forehead, from which the thin, soft brown hair receded already.

They had told me he was a theological student preparing for the ministry—one of those perambulating advertisements of Christianity, labeled with patent virtues, I contemptuously thought.

That evening, and the next day, I was in a worse trance than Dante's "Inferno." Sudden and passionate as had been my dream of love, so was this terrible downfall of my hopes. Every nerve ached with the dull, dreary anguish; every vein was on fire with the fell torture of jealousy. With all the fiery passions of my deep, silent heart, centred on this girl; to see the looks and smiles I hungered for given to another; to lose the one strong love of my life; to know the woman I coveted with the ardent avarice of jealous worship had been won by another; that the joys I thirsted for were given to a rival I hated with all the bitter hate a man feels for the spoiler who has robbed him of his treasure—human words, so weak even when strongest to picture human woe, can never express the agony I suffered.

All that day Stella flitted like a bird or a sunbeam about the house, arranging lights and flowers, and ever near, or at her side, was the pale-browed student.

At last night came, guests arrived in crowds, the old homestead glowed with happy faces.

I had completed my toilet, when Gustave, my valet, came in with a package containing the bridal present for my sister's *corbeille*. It had been delayed accidentally. I hastened to her room; the attendant bridesmaids had not yet entered, but were completing their toilets elsewhere. She was alone with her aunt, and Stella glided in as I entered.

How exquisite she was in the gossamer robes of white that floated around her graceful form like a silver mist—all, except the golden hair! Lila looked up, exclaiming:

"Oh, Stella, how lovely you are!"

"So are you, *ma mignon*. Isn't she, Fred?"

My sister *was* superb in her white satin and lace, with the diamond ornaments given by her lord-elect; but, dearly as I loved Lila, my looks were fascinated by the girl near her.

She held a jewel-case in her hand, and, opening it, displayed a superb pair of bracelets. Stooping to kiss Lila, she said:

"This is my present to you, sister *mia*, with all the love I have," she added, in a low whisper; but I caught the words, "except for Charlie."

I felt as if a dagger had struck me, but I endured the pang silently.

Then she tossed back her floating hair, and laughed, exclaiming:

"Lila, don't I look absurd with my locks hanging down in this Madge Wildfire fashion? But Charlie wouldn't let me curl or braid it; just gave orders it should be 'fancy-free' to-night."

"Charlie! Charlie! curse him," I mentally muttered; but I only laid the jewel-case from my hand on my sister's lap, who opened it, exclaiming at the beauty of a circlet of pearls reposing on its rich velvet bed; then, turning to Stella, I said:

"Wear them for me to-night, they will keep those willful locks in order."

She smiled, and allowed me to fasten the circlet around her head, looking like Undine in her fresh and dewy beauty.

But enough of such scenes; we were soon in the great drawing-room, where the ceremony was performed. Stella stood with me by Lila's request, but she scarcely yielded to the claims of conventional courtesy, and soon glided away to her lover's side, seeking the admiring approval of his glance, the low-murmured words of fond admiration, that I felt *he* bestowed. It maddened me; and, amid the bright lights and bright faces, my heart was black in its seething rage of furious jealousy and bitter hatred.

My duties as host absorbed me considerably for a time, and at last, in moving through the rooms, I noticed that Forrester and Stella had disappeared.

It was a lovely June night, but somewhat sultry, and I stepped out on the portico, and looked beyond into the weird, misty moonlight.

At this moment some one glided with cat-like motion to my side; it was my *valet*, Gustave. There was a baleful gleam in his small dark eyes, a subtle devilishness in his *suave* manner. (The fellow was devoted to me; I had saved his life, and kept him from the galleys while in Paris.) He spoke, in a low tone:

"Monsieur seeks Mademoiselle Stella." He pointed toward the path leading to the summer-house on the cliff above the river. "She is there with *le blond* Monsieur Forrester." Then he muttered, "*Vous êtes sacrifié, il est heureux.*" "I was sacrificed, he was happy;" the Frenchman's words were like oil to a flame.

As I hurried down the gravel-walk, Gustave swiftly followed, keeping, I vaguely noticed, in the shadow of the trees. Within a few paces of the summer-house, I stopped in the black shadow of a tall evergreen, and looked at the pair who were seated on the rustic bench, with the moonlight gathering like a halo around them.

Yes, I looked, as the devil looked into Eden, as Lucifer may have gazed back at the Heaven he had lost. The "serpent nature," that slumbers in us all, rose strong within me. As I gazed, my heart was a very hell of demoniac passions. The silvery moonlight shimmered on her uplifted face that rested on his bosom, and sparkled in the soft eyes that

Digitized by Google

poured their liquid light into his as he looked into their depths. One arm was around his neck as he held her pressed closely to his heart; he bent his lips to her brow, and twined his fingers in the thick, silky locks of her hair. A low sigh—love's tenderest interpreter—parted her lips, and I heard him whisper:

"Will you love me always, *like this*, Stella, darling; never less tenderly, never less warmly?"

"Charlie, dearest, never! My love is changeless, eternal; indifference, coldness, will *never* come!"

"My love! my darling! Would to God you were mine now; every moment we are parted is a waste of love and happiness."

"What can part us, dear? No power on earth. We love so well, if Death takes one he will strike the other."

"Hush!" he whispered, with a shudder; "don't talk of death; we will live for joy and happiness."

I could not have endured the scene longer—hatred, rage, fury, mastered my self-control; when, at this moment, voices and footsteps sounded on the walk approaching.

They rose from the seat, and turned to look on the river, standing side by side; he glanced down, and leaned forward to look at some object in the dark pool beneath the cliff, as I bounded up the steps, and, catching my foot, stumbled, falling with the full weight of my powerful frame against him. The railing was slight and insecure, it gave way under our united weight, and he fell.

There was a crash, a rattle of loose stones, the crackle of broken bushes, a fierce clutch of the hands as he grasped a small cedar whose roots clung around the rocks, and, for a breathless moment, hung suspended between life and death!

I had grasped a pillar supporting the roof, and caught Stella as, with one wild shriek, she fell fainting to the floor.

In less time than it has taken to tell it, I had recovered myself, and found Gustave at my side.

He pointed down, hissing through his set teeth, "See there! your rival will save himself!"

Placing Stella in his arms, I bent over and looked down.

There he was, still clinging tenaciously to the little tree, supporting himself with one foot on a jutting point of rock; his slight frame, active, agile, muscular as a chamois, a cool head, and strong nerves enabled him to keep the perilous position for a moment; though, unless aid was rendered, it could not be long before he must go to destruction.

At a glance I comprehended all; there was a dumb, agonizing appeal in the pale, set face, and horror-struck eyes, the clinched jaw, and strained nerves.

It was but a breathless instant that his eyes looked up into mine, and he read in them the glare of a horrible hate, the fire of an unquenched vengeance.

Nero, Caligula, Juan the Terrible, may have looked as I did, with merciless cruelty on their tortured victims. All that I have described had passed in a moment—one of those moments that hold the fate of a lifetime—when I was roused by a rush of footsteps.

Stella's shriek was bringing them to the spot; he would be rescued; the tenacious grasp had not yet yielded.

I felt something hard and heavy quickly placed in my hand; and the remorseless Frenchman muttered distinctly in his harsh, hissing voice:

"Strike!"

And I—*struck!*

The stone hurtled down, doing its death-work well. Right in the broad, pale forehead, that gleamed like ivory in the moonlight, it struck with a dull thud. There was a gasp—a convulsive quiver, the hands relaxed, and the body fell, a limp, nerveless heap, down with a dull plash into the deep pool under the cliff.

Again my wily Mephistopheles aided me with his fiendish promptings.

"Scale the cliff over there; it's low; you swim, bring him out; the *ruse* will take."

I bounded over the railing on one side, and rushed down; then catching by small trees and rocks, swung myself over where the cliff was low, and reached the river's brink. My light dress-shoes were no encumbrance. I had thrown off my coat as I ran, and plunged recklessly into the deep water, scarcely thinking what I did, but rather obeying some involuntary instinct.

The chill touch of the black waves that closed a moment over my head roused me to intense consciousness. The tide was rising, and the waves dashed angrily against the rock. A faint shriek echoed from the cliff; the moon suddenly shone out from among the drifting clouds, and I saw the phosphorescent light in the deepest, blackest part of the shadowed pool, break into curves of fire that for an instant encircled a dark object, and I knew—*he* was there.

With a few powerful strokes I reached the spot, and grasped the body as it rose, for the last time, above the surface. The strength of ten men had seemed to possess me until now, but there was something in the thing I clutched that paralyzed me. My arms grew nerveless, the tide was strong and menacing; every yard I gained seemed bought with a year of life.

The struggle was fearful, desperate; but at last I neared the shore, where the waves were breaking with sullen exultation. A few more faint, convulsive strokes, and I had caught a rock and dragged myself to the narrow beach, desperately clinching my now lifeless burden.

Strength and consciousness—even life itself—had been spent for a time. There came a sullen, roaring sound in my ears, and, with one cry that echoed on the sobbing night-wind, I sank, exhausted, unconscious, on the sand.



EXPERIMENTS OF AN EARLY TELEGRAPHER.—SEE PAGE 551.

Digitized by Google

Chapter II.

With a pang of intense physical suffering and a shuddering sense of some undefined horror, consciousness at last returned. Wearily my eyelids unclosed, and a glance around revealed to my mind all that had transpired.

They had borne me to the house, and I was lying on a sofa in the library—the room where I had first seen Stella. My aunt and a physician were bending over me, applying restoratives, while beyond them there was a group gathered, with frightened faces, around a low couch near the broad bay window. The lights burned dimly, and seemed to flicker in a weird, ghostly fashion, mingled with the moonlight that streamed through the open window, shedding a horrible pallor over the form extended on that couch. There was a ghastly gash across the brow, and blood-spots on the white, fixed face; the eyes had refused to close, and I fancied the glassy pupils were staring stonily at me.



MIRABEAU AT VERSAILLES.—SEE PAGE 551.

Crouching on the floor by his side, her trailing white robes heaped like a snow-drift around, one slender arm thrown over him, her bright head, with its halo of hair, resting on his breast, was Stella Stanley. The long, silken tresses were tossed in streaming masses, half-concealing his form. Lila bent over the prostrate girl, her young husband's arm supporting her trembling form. Others were near; men and women, with pale faces and dilated eyes, gazing helplessly at the group. Every one seemed paralyzed with terror but my evil genius, Gustave, He was there, too, suggesting restoratives, bringing stimulants—wine, cologne, ice-water, fans, pillows—everything, indeed, that could be thought of or needed. He was ubiquitous, he was invaluable; while, in the same suave, oily tones he knew so well how to assume, he was pouring out admirable explanations of the accident, in mingled volleys of French and English, rolling up his eyes, and gesticulating vehemently all the while.

"*Mon Dieu!*" it was *tres malheureux*—terrible, dreadful! Monsieur Frederick was *un grande hero*—so rash, trying to save *le pauvre* Monsieur Forrester; *mais, mon Dieu, son tête* struck the rock; *pauvre enfant*, it was horrible," etc.

Gustave's elegant assertions were undeniably overwhelmingly convincing.

The physician held brandy to my lips, which I swallowed mechanically; then whispered something to my aunt, and, crossing the room, spoke in low tones to my sister, looking toward Stella:

"We must try to remove her; the body must be examined."

Then, bending down, he took her disengaged hand tenderly in his, and spoke with gentle persuasion:

"Dear child, he is dead; you must leave him to me awhile; it's necessary."

She did not move, or seem to hear what was said; so, laying his hand on her bowed head, he spoke again, more distinctly:

"Stella, my poor child, you *must* leave him now; he is dead."

Then my sister called her name, and a horrible fear that she, too, was dead, for a moment made the faces around blanche still whiter. But the familiar voice seemed to rouse her at last; she lifted her head slowly, and looked up at them. Oh, God! what dumb agony there was in that face; the mute appeal in her great brown eyes was inexpressibly pitiful. Then she spoke, in a shuddering whisper.

"Oh, doctor, don't tell me—he is dead!" and, again bending down to gaze into the rigid face, she murmured, in broken sentences:

"Charlie, dear, it's me—Stella—don't you know me—it's my arms around you, yet—I said I would be yours. My darling, I *am* yours still.' There was a long pause, and she added; "Yes; even in death."

Digitized by Google

There was a gasp, a gurgling sound. Lila shrieked as the doctor lifted Stella's slight form from the floor; blood was gushing from the lips in a dark crimson stream over the white dress, staining the floating hair already damp with his life-tide. They bore her rapidly from the room; a terrible convulsion seized me; and I remember no more of that fearful night of murder and misery.

For awhile life and death fought a fierce battle over me; but, in the end, life conquered. Gustave nursed me with untiring assiduity, winning the confidence and regard of my relatives as well as that of the attendant physician; but I shuddered at his presence, and hated the sight of his hypocritical face. Though the fellow was unprincipled and unscrupulous, I had won all the good feeling that remained in his perverted nature; and he had no doubt supposed I would be as reckless and remorseless as a time-hardened conscience made him. My rival put out of the way, the girl I loved might be won, and the devilish deed forgotten. Gustave adopted the agreeable logic that "the end justified the means," and expected me to do likewise; but my conscience was neither blunted nor yet dead.

My importunate inquiries forced them to tell me that Stella was ill. The shock, the horror, the agony of that fearful night, had resulted in fever and inflammation of the lungs; for weeks her life hung upon a thread. As my strength returned, I would go and sit by her bedside and watch her, though the sight almost drove me mad.

She lay there with her beautiful brown eyes wide open, without sense or thought; only a dull burning glare in the strained eyeballs; her fair brow knit with pain; her cheeks burning with the deep, dangerous fever flush; her long golden hair tossed wildly over the pillows, wet with the ice laid on her temples; her mind all gone into a dull, voiceless unconsciousness, with but one tie linking her to life and reason—the name she murmured faint, low, lovingly still:

"Charlie, Charlie, come back."

Youth and science grappled with the death that hung over her couch, and at last won the victory; the brow grew calm, the flush pallid, the dark lashes drooped wearily upon her cheek, the voice ceased its piteous plaint, her breathing became gentle and even; and at last—she slept.

The doctor, who had been watching every symptom anxiously, turned to the other anxious watchers and spoke softly:

"She will live now."

I involuntarily whispered, "Thank God!" but the words died on my lips—it seemed blasphemy; for between her face and mine there rose another, with a deep, cruel gash across the broad, white brow, its dull, stony eyes staring with menace into mine. That horrible head haunted me day and night; that phantom grew into the semblance of reality; and whenever I approached her it was more strangely startling. Then it would shake its gory locks, while its eyes glared defiance; and sometimes, from the mist surrounding it, a hand came out with its phantom fingers pointing straight toward me.

The thing fixed itself before me; it was a living, voiceless horror—always there; even when I closed my aching eyelids to shut out the sight, it was there still, distinctly as ever.

Revenge was sweet, but remorse worked out its terrible retribution. At night, in my wretched, restless sleep, that fearful face was before me in its pallid, horrible reality; it seemed to bring a legion of devils in its train, trooping in under cover of the darkness. I would dream dreadful dreams of every species of terror, sickness, death, tossing on wild, angry waves, sinking with shipwrecked barks, torn by mad, rushing trains, or rent by wild beasts; and all mingled in a tangled maze of indescribable horror.

It is useless to dwell upon such details—the picture is sufficiently portrayed.

My but partly restored strength gave way; the doctors called the disease by some scientific name, talked of "nervous prostration," and advised change of scene, travel, especially a sea voyage; and I resolved to go, for I longed to put space and distance—even the vast ocean—between me and the place where my crime had infected the very air. Nothing but Stella's illness had chained me here so long. I shrunk from entering the library—the sight of the summer-house on the cliff was a palpable, sickening terror.

Men did not suspect me, for Gustave's *ruse* had taken well; they credited me with trying to save him; no one had a suspicion of the deadly animosity rankling within. He had been there so little; while, in the absorbing excitement of the wedding festival, my love for Stella had not been discerned.

Only the "All-seeing" eye looked under the vail, and tortured me into agonizing consciousness that the "Cain-mark" was upon my brow.

But I resolved that Stella should go, too; and, to this end, readily persuaded my aunt that she equally needed the trip, in which the physician's advice sustained me. And so it was arranged; my sister and her husband, with our good aunt, and the invalid girl, decided to accompany me abroad.

We may change the sky, but the mind will be the same; we may "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth," but our devil (if we are possessed with one) follows and finds us, anywhere, everywhere the unfortunate victim may roam.

But neither sea voyage, nor change, nor tenderest care brought back the lost light of Stella's beautiful eyes, or the health-flush to her pale cheek; the flame of life only flickered for a while—frail, broken, and imperfect. It was added agony to me to see her for whom I had dyed my hands in blood, and blackened my soul with crime, fading, withering slowly away from me. I would have given my miserable life for hers, though sometimes, in mad, reckless defiance of the Deity, I felt I could have snatched her out of Heaven to my arms.

Sad, gentle, patient, uncomplaining, it was pathetic, and pitiful beyond expression, to watch the wan smile that just hovered round her lips in response to some tender token of our love and care; and always, if asked how she felt, the reply would be: "I will be better soon."

The "far-away look" was ever in her eyes, that grew more unearthly each day in their hectic brightness.

To me she was ever kind; my speechless, untiring devotion sometimes winning a word of thanks; but when I dared to touch her, I fancied there was an instinctive shiver; she involuntarily shrank from me even when I braved the horrible menace of the phantom face for one clasp of her hand.

Death dealt gently with her; and one evening, in the softened radiance of an Italian sunset, she *went home with the angels*. Her face was transfigured into unearthly beauty, and, with the last quivering breath, she whispered:

"Bury me—by—Charlie."

I neither wept nor raved, but bore my heartbreak in voiceless agony. They returned home, taking all that was left of her with them; I could not, would not, dared not go.

There was no rest for me this side of the grave; and I wondered sometimes if spirits ever rest, even in eternity.

In Paris I shook off so much of my fate as I could, paying Gustave a liberal sum to leave me; though he earnestly, affectionately pleaded to remain, for he *was* attached to me.

I never saw him afterward, for he did not dog my steps in the style of the conventional villain of stories.

Then I wandered aimlessly, purposelessly everywhere, reckless of life and health, till at last, in the Campagna, I breathed the malarious poison that brought the fatal fever I longed for; and that has laid me here.

Digitized by Google

The good priest had listened to the dying man's confession, and looked down upon him with infinite pity and a kindly face.

What a wreck of magnificent manhood lay there on that lowly couch; pinched and sharpened though the face might be, it had once been perfect in classic outline and rich coloring. In spite of the ghastly pallor of the cheek, the colorless lips, the sunken temples, the meagre waist of a splendid form, the shrunken limbs still showed what had been their power. The thin hands were once firm and shapely. The great, black eyes, that now glared ghastly from their hollow orbits, with a feverish, despairing, horrified stare, had once flashed superbly in pride, or melted in tenderness. He must have been gloriously beautiful.

And this wreck had been wrought by jealousy, revenge, and remorse—the pitiless fiends that drive so many to misery and destruction.

The look that ached in the dying man's eyes was one of feverish intensity, of agonized longing, of passionate, anxious inquiry; and suddenly raising his hand, he pointed with one thin finger to a corner of the room, and muttered:

"And that Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

The good, pitying priest sunk on his knees beside the deathbed, and prayed long and earnestly; then rising, he made the sign of the cross, and held a crucifix before the dying man's eyes; then touched it on his lips, and said:

"My son, thy fate was most miserable, thy lot bitter; but thy punishment was sent thee on earth. May Heaven reward thy sufferings and thy penitence!" and then, extending his hands in the attitude of blessing, he bowed his head and repeated the absolution:

"*In nomine Patri, Fille et Sancti Spiritu, absolvo te!*"

He ceased; the wild, questioning gaze of the dark eyes softened, and changed to one of great joy, and sparkled for a moment with the last fire of life; the man's lips parted in a momentary smile, and, with a sigh that seemed to lift a great burden from his heart, his soul was released from its mortal prison, and soared to the Great White Throne.

EXPERIMENTS OF AN EARLY TELEGRAPHER.

The electric telegraph has so completely met, and even surpassed, the most sanguine desires of man for the purpose of communicating with his fellow-man, when separated by wide distance of land or water, that all other plans have been abandoned.

Yet there are means of communication—such as speaking-tubes—in large houses, factories, and the like, which still remain in use. The inventor of the speaking-tube was a Cistercian monk, Dom Gauthey.

On the first of June, 1782, he was introduced to the Academy of Science, then sitting in the Louvre. His commanding stature, his mild and winning countenance, his monastic dress, produced an effect which was heightened by his learning and eloquence. He explained his plan of transmitting sound through pipes to any distance, aided by occasional stations for repeating.

To convince all of the feasibility of the plan, he made experiments with the water-pipes just laid from the Chaillot pump. These pipes extended for a distance of eight hundred yards, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Messages repeated at one end were distinctly heard, and strokes on the metal at one end reverberated the whole distance throughout.

The French Government, its resources severely taxed by the recent war with England, recoiled from the expense of laying the pipe, and private subscriptions failed to raise sufficient to establish one of these telegraphs as a private undertaking.

Finding his discovery disregarded in France, he resolved to visit the land of Franklin, and, in 1783, came to America. Here he made known his discovery, and published a prospectus at Philadelphia, inviting subscriptions; but of his future career there seems no trace. It is well to remember that we owe this modern convenience, the speaking-tube, to the forgotten Dom Gauthey.

MIRABEAU.

A SENSATION DRAMA.



MIRABEAU represented the intellect, as Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and their associates did the brute force of the Revolution. He was a Titan among the Satyrs, a *Soul* amongst the Yahoos. Had he lived a few years longer, Napoleon's star might never have risen. The incarnate force would have been dangerously rivaled by the incarnate intellect. Nature created him a commander of men. She gifted him with a power of fascination that none, man or woman, who came within its influence could resist. His courage was indomitable—no terror could appal it; it bore him scathless among the surging, howling masses; through the black, polluted stream of the blood-craving mob, who had marked out the very *lanterne* on which he was to expiate the crime of daring to oppose its brutal fury. It saved him from the then unfleshed but ravening tigers of the Jacobin Club, whom he bearded in their very lair, and gave him the power to depart, free and unharmed, amidst the tumultuous acclamations of the very men who hated, had denounced, and foredoomed him.

It is objected that his greatness was theatrical; so was the greatness of Napoleon; so has been, is, and will be, the greatness of all Frenchmen, what *we* more sober-minded men call theatrical. But did Nature create us the epitome, the standard of all human excellence? Is an admixture of dullness an essential ingredient in the composition of greatness? There can be excellence and excellence; great men and great men. Dark sins and vices stained his life, as they have the lives of all great leaders of men who have arisen in the dark and turbulent periods of history. But through a mountain of flesh burst forth rays from a great soul within. The genius of Mirabeau was gigantic, so were his vices; he was not of the common herd; their virtues were not his virtues, and if he were akin to them in their vices, it was on a vaster scale. Therefore it is hard to judge him by the standard of other men. As well bring the laws that govern the vegetation of a northern wood to measure the gigantic growths of a tropical forest. His nature was a tropical soil, producing the brightest flowers and the grossest weeds; luscious, healthful fruits and deadly miasmata. Can we blame the soil, for that the fiery sun thus breeds beauty and corruption side by side; the fiery sun, that it looks not down upon the plains of India with the same mild, attempered face that it gazes upon the green fields of England? Thus hath a mysterious Wisdom willed it; and thus did a mysterious Wisdom form the nature of this man, that he

Digitized by Google

might become a mighty power to effect a mighty work. This is no sophistry, no plausible excuse for vice, no vail thrown down enticingly for some weak sinner to pounce upon and wrap himself in its folds. A Mirabeau appears but once in ages, and though to him such a vail *may* be shadowy, to all others it is transparent as an Indian gauze.

This daring fearlessness, this bearding of power, these resistless, volcanic passions, had been transmitted to him in the blood of a long line of ancestors—in the blood of the Riquettis or Arrighettis, who were exiled from Florence, their home, about the year 1267, for some Guelph or Ghibelline feud—in the blood of the Riquetti who, in performance of some vow, chained together two mountains of the Basses Alps of Provence—in the blood of men who had dared to beard the Grand Monarque himself—in the blood of women, fierce and intractable as their lords.

Think of all these fiery bloods boiling in the veins of one man, and then fancy repressing this ebullient liquid within the freezing proprieties of every-day life! The Riquettis, after their expulsion from Florence, settled in Provence, and founded the castle of Mirabeau.

The father of our Mirabeau dwelt on his estates at Bignon, between Sens and Nemours. He was a harsh, pedantic man, the author of certain philosophical works and theories of Political Economy, which obtained for him the title of the 'Friend of man.' He wrote Liberalism and acted Despotism—a common case. He had a Procrustean system into which he desired to fit all men, great or little, cold or hot. Wholly possessed by this idea, he saw in Gabriel from his cradle, not a living entity gifted with free will and independent brain, but so much clay to be molded into the form the paternal will chose to select, and so much intelligence was to be breathed into this clay as he chose to emit from his all-comprehending mind. But no twisting and torturing, pulling or squeezing, could make his inductile, compressionless issue fit this inelastic system. Consequently he regarded him as some intractable machine that would not work according to certain preconceived principles, and must therefore be hammered and bent, and, if necessary, broken up as useless lumber unfit to exist. From this incompatibility of ideas between father and son, arose those cruel persecutions that blasted the whole life of the latter.

With this brief prologue I will raise the curtain upon the first act of the drama.

Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Count de Mirabeau, was born at Bignon in the year 1749. He came into the world with a deformed foot, tongue-tied, two teeth cut, and a head of prodigious size. Nature from the first stamped him an abnormal being. At three years old he was attacked by smallpox, and in consequence of some quack ointment applied by his mother, his face was scarred, furrowed, seamed by the hideous disease. From his earliest childhood the marquis seldom spoke of him, save in terms of bitterness and degradation; every childish fault was magnified into a heinous sin. Of kindness he received none, his tutor and all who approached him were instructed to apply only rigor and harshness. And yet every one loved him.

But this father was not wholly insensible of the talents of his son. The following passages extracted from his correspondence with the Bailli of Mirabeau, his brother, are remarkable as the grudging evidence of a hostile witness.

"Vices have infinitely less room in him than the virtues. . . . At the bottom, here was perhaps in all France the man least capable of deliberate wickedness. . . . You cannot speak to him reproachfully, but his eyes, his lips, his color testify that all is giving away; on the other hand, the smallest word of tenderness will make him burst into tears, and he would fling himself into the fire for you. . . . A spirit cross-grained, iracund, fantastic, incompatible, tending toward evil before knowing or being capable of it. An intellect, a memory, a capacity that strike, astonish, and frighten you."

While Gabriel was yet a youth, his father and mother separated, in consequence of a woman named De Pailly, with whom the former contracted an illicit connection, and whom he at length brought beneath his own roof. This occasioned a lawsuit between husband and wife, which extended over several years, and ended in the defeat of the marquis. At the age of fifteen the boy quitted the wholesome atmosphere of this moral nourishing home and entered the military school at Paris, under the sobriquet of Peter Buffière (Buffière was the name of a family estate), not being permitted to retain even his ancestral cognomen. Here he became an "Admirable Crichton," mastering Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, Spanish, music, etc., and excelling in all manly sports. We next find him a volunteer in the Marquis de Lambert's regiment. He loses forty louis at play, and successfully rivals his captain in the affections of an archer's daughter at Saintes. Caricatures of his ugliness, and all kinds of petty tyranny, are the penalties of his amorous success. He flies to Paris, takes shelter with his brother-in-law, M. de Saillant, who hands him over to the military authorities; there is a trial by court-martial, and the delinquent is sentenced to a short confinement.

So far he has done nothing more than hundreds, nay, thousands, of young men, who afterward became respectable fathers of families and members of society, have done, are doing, and always will do while the world revolves. But the marquis proceeds to act as though he has leaped beyond the confines of human laws. By a *lettre de cachet* he consigns him to the prison of the Isle of Rhé, while he revolves in his paternal mind the expediency of shipping him off to Surinam, and trusting to a pestilential climate to destroy the incubus. To this he is urged by Madame de Pailly, who is destined through life to be Mirabeau's evil genius. A little time, and he has won the heart of the governor of the prison to such an extent that he becomes a warm interceder with the marquis for his son's pardon. Thanks to such friendly offices, he is released and presented with a sub-lieutenancy in the Legion of Lorraine, sees active service in Corsica, fighting, much against his will, against Paoli and the patriots. He writes a history of the war, his first effort in literature. Upon his return to France he receives permission to visit his uncle, the Bailli of Mirabeau. The impression he produces upon this pre-hostile relative is best described in the following extracts from the Bailli's letters to the marquis:

"I found him ugly, but he has not a bad physiognomy; and he has behind the ravages of smallpox, and features which are much changed, something graceful, intellectual, and noble. . . . He appears to have a sensitive heart, and as for wit, the devil has not so much. I repeat to you, either he is the most consummate humbug in the universe, or else he will be the best subject in Europe for a naval or military commander, for a minister, a chancellor, the Pope; in short, anything he pleases. You were something at twenty-one, but not half what he is. . . . We have found in him some vivacity and fire, but not one word that did not denote uprightness of heart, elevation of soul, power of genius, all, perhaps somewhat exuberant."

The marquis's only answer was to bid "the wolf cub" read the "Économiques" and "Éphémérides" (his own works). But Gabriel had a supreme contempt for his father's books and theories, which may account for some of the parental dislike.

He remains with his uncle six months, during which, says the latter, "he used up my eight months' stock of paper in as many weeks." But the Bailli never ceases importuning until the father consents to a conciliatory interview with the refractory machine. Now comes a transient gleam of happi-

ness. Gabriel is permitted to assume the name of Mirabeau, and, during the Winter, is the lion of Paris; is admitted to the first circles, and fascinates *la monde*, old and young, male and female. Even the old marquis is proud of his triumphs.

In the midst of this intoxicating period occurs one of the noblest episodes of his life. There is a dearth on the estates, the peasants are famishing; he forsakes for a time the gay world, and throws himself heart and soul into plans for their relief—he prevails upon his father to employ the starving people; he works with them, cheers them on to exertion, and even partakes of their coarse fare.



MIRABEAU.—"GO, TELL YOUR MASTER THAT WE ARE HERE BY THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE, AND NOTHING BUT THE FORCE OF BAYONETS SHALL DRIVE US HENCE."

Digitized by Google

In the year 1772 he marries the daughter of the Marquis de Marignan. Their joint income is £475 (the wife's £125, the husband's £250), and Gabriel's debts £3,000! Upon this £475 they commenced housekeeping at Aix—not a very considerable sum for the offshoots of two marquises to live upon. More debts accumulate, and they retire to the castle of Mirabeau to economise; but the old place is not habitable for a lady, and fresh expenses are incurred to render it so. Creditors pressing hard, Gabriel importunes his father for money; the "Friend of Man" answers his importunities by a *lettre de cachet*, which banishes the troublesome pauper to the small town of Manosque. Here he writes his celebrated "Essay on Despotism," and here his wife thinks fit to commence a flirtation with a cousin. A challenge follows; but the cousin's father pleads for his son's life, urging that he has been sufficiently punished for his love-making, as it has caused an eligible match to be broken off.

On hearing this, all Gabriel's anger vanishes, and sympathy takes its place. Regardless of his sentence of banishment, he gallops off to the parents of the lady, and exerting his old fascination, pleads so successfully for the offender, that he succeeds in putting the arrangement upon its old footing. Riding back, he encounters the Baron de Villeneuve-Moans, who, a short time previously, insulted his sister, Madame de Cabris; he demands satisfaction, is refused, and settles the matter by horsewhipping the baron. Another *lettre de cachet* for having violated his sentence of exile, buries him a prisoner in the Château d'If, tearing him from the wife and child he will never again behold upon earth. Very little cares the wife for this separation; he begs her to share his captivity, but she prefers enjoying freedom at Aix.

The old story—the governor of the château became his friend, and interceded with the marquis for his freedom. "Since Monsieur le Comte de Mirabeau has been detained at the Château d'If," he wrote, "he has never given any one the least cause of complaint, but has always conducted himself extremely well; he has sustained, with the utmost possible moderation, the endeavors that I have several times made to try his temper; and he will carry away with him the esteem, the friendship, and the respect of all in the place."

Unfortunately, an amour with the wife of a cantinier gave an excuse for his removal from If to the Château de Joux, a fortress situated upon the summit of one of the Jura Mountains, amidst eternal snows and mists. To render such a situation more unendurable, "The Friend of Man" reduced his allowance from two hundred and fifty to fifty pounds a year.

"Let me pray you to relieve me from this terrible state of fermentation," he wrote to his uncle from this mountain prison. "That energy which can accomplish all things becomes turbulent, falls back upon itself, and may become dangerous when it has neither object nor employment. Do they wish to drive me into madness or frenzy? I feel my health sinking. The more I try to calm my whirling brain the more I suffer."

And upon this passionate wail let me drop the curtain and end the first act.

As the gates of the gloomy Alpine prison close behind him, so do they shut him out forever from the herd of men—henceforth *respectability* shall shun him as plague-spotted, and even the easy-going folks of the world look askant upon him. When he reappears upon the stage it will be as an outcast, a branded man.

The second act opens with one of the saddest of romances.

The curtain rises upon the town of Pontarlier. It is a high holiday, and the stage is crowded with the orthodox, joyous peasantry; the bells are ringing merrily, and all to celebrate no less an event than the coronation of Louis XVI. M. St. Mauris, the Governor of Jouz, is chief director of these festivities, and being a man of some vanity, he is anxious that France shall know something of them. Mirabeau being a literary man, and at this time on parole, is selected as the only available person capable of holding Mr. Governor up to the admiring eyes of the nation.

Every festive day of this last reign of the *ancien régime* was marked by some fatalism, some boding shadow. Most terrible of all that death-dealing marriage day. Most singular of all, that in a remote corner of the kingdom there should be imprisoned a man who, through the rejoicings upon that coronation day, should drift into an act destined to thrust him into a perpetual war with society—a war never to end until he had subverted that society and overturned the very throne the advent of whose last possessor he was called upon to celebrate. Here is a chain of fatality wider and more inscrutable than poet ever dreamed.

It was at this festival that Mirabeau first met Sophie Monnier. Her history previous to this day was a sad but common one. Her parents, the De Ruffeys, were stern ascetics, who gave her at eighteen the choice between a convent and a marriage with the Marquis de Monnier, a man of seventy-one years old. She chose the Marquis, and had been married four years, a wife only in name, when she first met Mirabeau at Pontarlier on that fatal coronation day. They were introduced, and Mirabeau afterwards became a constant visitor at the Marquis's house. She was young, beautiful, passionate, and imaginative; he—ardent, poetical, terribly ugly, yet fascinating beyond all men on record. She—the unhappy subject of a forced unnatural marriage, united to a man she loathed; he—coupled with a woman who had refused to share his captivity, and between himself and whom there existed no bond of sympathy. Both immured in that desolate Alpine region, cankers eating into their hearts—cankers fed by brooding and solitude, the hapless pair became desperately enamoured of one another. Sophie saw not the ugliness of the outward husk, but adored the soul that looked out of the eyes. After all, it is not so much beauty of form that enthrals a woman's heart as some real or imaginary point of sympathy—a something to reverence, a something apart from the prosy level of everyday life, for commonplaces are hateful to women in *love;* your brainless, pretty men can fascinate only giggling, bread-and-butter-eating girls.

Mirabeau soon perceived the precipice to which both were hastening; he did not yield to the temptation, *but fled from it.* One thing alone could save him—the presence of his wife. To her he wrote a wild, passionate letter—*nothing concealing,* and imploring her, in the name of Heaven, to come to him and save him from himself. And within the castle walls, never once seeking Pontarlier, did he await the answer. At last it came—a few freezing lines, simply stating that *she regarded such a request as madness!* Renounced by father and wife, no friend in the wide world, and only one heart that beat for him, in his solitude, his misery, his bitterness of soul, to that heart he fled; and sin and destruction abode there side by side with love.

"If it was a crime not to have resisted so powerful a seduction," he says, "it was not the crime of my will. I regarded from the first with affright the passion that fermented in my bosom. I forced myself to resist the temptation." M. de Monnier seems to have been unsuspicious, probably on account of his guest's ugliness, until he was cautioned by St. Mauris, a senile admirer of Sophie's, who, it seems, had himself once entertained secret, although perfectly unfounded, hopes. Finding a copy of the "Essay on Despotism" in some goods that had been sent to Mirabeau, and finding that he had issued a promissory note, which, being a prisoner, he had no right to do, he withdrew his parole, and ordered him to return from Pontarlier with the

Digitized by Google

intention of confining him in the tower of Grammont, a part of the castle noted for its horrors. Mirabeau refused to return, and contrived to escape into Switzerland. But a few days afterwards, under the cover of night, he stole back to the town and obtained secret interviews with his beloved. They were discovered. Sophie fled to her parents; Mirabeau followed her, was arrested and cast into prison by the order of the De Ruffeys, who then sent their daughter back to him who was called her husband.

Another governor won over by this bewitcher of man and woman, an escape connived at, and he is free once more. With his heart full of one thought, one object, he recrosses the Alps—the great St. Bernard, for Sophie has written to him thus passionately:—"Hear me, *my husband*, I can no longer endure this state of suffering. Let us unite ourselves, or let me die. To live separate from thee is to die a thousand deaths daily. After what we have done we cannot recede; let us hasten, therefore, to render ourselves happy. Thyself is all I ask; all destinies will seem sweet to me if I but share thy fate and quit thee never."

One dark night, disguised in male attire, she leaps over the garden wall, and they fly together; and, after being hunted like wolves by the De Ruffey and the "Friend of Man" myrmidons, at last take shelter in Holland. Writing of this event thereafter, he says:—"Madame de Monnier had only myself for a resource, she was compromised and laid open to ruin by my fault. Should I have abandoned when I could defend her? After leading her to the very edge of the abyss, should I have precipitated her into it? I had been then a prodigy of cowardice, a monster of ingratitude; in that case I should have merited my fate, I should have been the vilest of men. The bare idea makes me shudder. She claimed my assistance and the performance of my oaths. I flew, I ran, I traversed the Alps, and she came then and delivered herself up, undoubting, to my honor and my truth."

The deed was a sinful breaking of God's laws, a defiance of a great commandment; but were Mirabeau and Sophie the only sinners? What of the father who had forgotten his paternal duty, the wife who had forgotten the vows she made at the altar? But, above all, what of the mercenary parents who had sold their child, sold her as vilely as ever Circassian slave was sold, laid perjury upon her soul by compelling her to vows that had no response in her heart, and who blasphemed God by asking blessings upon what was accursed? What of those who had bartered for gold youth, beauty, and soul to driveling, lewd old age?

For nine months they resided at Amsterdam, Mirabeau writing hard for the booksellers; she sewing and doing household work. If ever romance existed in a garret, it was there. In the meantime, the Bailiwick of Pontarlier had, in his absence, indicted Mirabeau of abduction and robbery, beheaded him in effigy, condemned him to pay forty thousand livres, and doomed Madame de Monnier to perpetual imprisonment. The "Friend of Man" and the De Ruffeys now made common cause, and joined together in the man-hunt. Negotiations with the Dutch Government terminated in the arrest of Mirabeau, and his consignment to the prison of Vincennes, while Sophie was confined in St. Pélagie. Ah, what a cruel parting that was! What burning tears, what agonized clinging, what heartrending, what a world of misery!

Three years and a half was Mirabeau imprisoned in Vincennes. Wild, passionate, burning epistles passed between the sundered lovers. It was a new Abelard and Heloïse. Reams of entreating letters did he write to the "Friend of Man," but all remained unanswered. No allowance was made him; even within the prison walls was he compelled to labor with his pen for mere bread—and the labor brought him scarcely that. Want, raggedness, and disease crowned the marquis's good work; and yet, *never during all this unprecedented cruelty and oppression did one harsh word against his father fall from his lips or rise in his heart!* Filial honor and respect he never failed in. There was something of the SPIRIT of Christianity in this wild debauchee, after all.

At length, wearied out by importunities, the marquis consented to his son's release. Abelard flew at once to Heloïse, but in this case absence had not made the heart grow fonder; jealousy had been at work with both. They met, but to quarrel, and to part forever. In the year 1786, when Mirabeau was swaying the destiny of France, Sophie was lying dead—poisoned by the fumes of charcoal—a suicide! After her husband's death she had been liberated from the convent in which he had placed her. In the course of time she was betrothed to a gentleman who had fallen deeply in love with her. On their marriage-eve he died; and then, worn out with sorrow and tribulation, she ended all!

But to resume. On his release from Vincennes, instead of guarding his precious liberty, Mirabeau, with the most consummate daring, gave himself up a prisoner to the Bailiwick of Pontarlier, in order to procure a reversal of the sentence pronounced against himself and Madame de Monnier. After long and eloquent pleading, the bailiwick offered to cancel that portion of the sentence which appertained to himself alone. This he scornfully rejected, resolved to free the partner of his error equally with himself. A few months more of imprisonment and fiery speech-making, and he was victorious. *At this time he and Sophie had parted forever*, consequently the labor and sacrifice were purely magnanimous.

This task was no sooner accomplished than our never-tiring Hercules rushed, vigorous as ever, upon a new labor—the recovery of his wife. The lady, preferring wealth, comfort, and lovers to penury, hardship, and a husband, refused to return to her lord, and in this determination was supported by the all-powerful influence of her family, who took every precaution to prevent a meeting between them, wrote the answers to his appealing letters, and at last returned them unopened. Baffled in entreaty, he appealed to law. The cause was tried at Aix; and France discovered that a hitherto unknown genius was in the land. Day after day did he plead with a wondrous eloquence, the echoes of which reverberated through the length and breadth of the kingdom. Day after day was the court-house crowded with lords and ladies, peers and peasants; multitudes, unable to obtain admission, gathered upon the roof, others scaled the walls and smashed the windows, in the hope that some sound, though ever so low and meaningless, of that whirlwind oratory might reach their ears. But Mirabeau was defeated. Court influence was too powerful to be uprooted even by such a sirocco of words.

Still he was not silenced. Taking with him a child of two years old, thereafter to be celebrated as his *fils-adoptif* and biographer, whom he had adopted, probably for cogent reasons, he repaired to Paris and appealed to the Court of Cassation to reverse the Aix decree. The appeal was rejected. This was the last effort that he made to regain his marital rights.

This admirable wife survived her husband several years. After his death she grew sentimental over his memory; was ever reciting his praises; weeping over his souvenirs; passed her time playing his favorite airs, and ended by dying in the same room and on the same bed upon which he had expired!

Fiercely indignant at the rejection of his appeal, he wrote a virulent pamphlet against the Keeper of the Seals. An order was issued for his arrest; to avoid which he fled the country, and took refuge in England. It was during this sojourn in Paris that he first met Henrietta Amelia Van Haren, a beautiful girl of nineteen; she fell passionately in

Digitized by Google

love with this extraordinary being, and was the faithful companion of his wanderings, privations, and misfortunes during several years. "She was full of grace and modesty," says Dumont, "and would have been an ornament to virtue had she never seen Mirabeau; and no one, perhaps, was ever more deserving of indulgence and commiseration."

He seems to have been greatly impressed by English scenery, English laws, and English people. He took up his abode in Hatton Garden, and was soon received upon friendly terms by Samuel Romilly, Lord Peterborough, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the distinguished members of the Liberal party. His most ardent desire was to see the French possessed of a constitution modeled upon that of England; and his grand, all-comprehending mind grasped all the advantages that would accrue to both countries from a close alliance, a policy that he strenuously advocated to Talleyrand even upon his death-bed.

At the end of nine months he returns to Paris. No sooner arrived than his irrepressible pen involves him in new turmoils and troubles. He attacks stock-jobbing in a fierce pamphlet against the Bank of Discount, and other powerful bodies in an article upon the Water Companies of Paris. In a little time he is compelled to retire once again—this time to Berlin. He is well received by the Great Frederick. But in a few months he is back in Paris. Then, thanks to the good offices of Talleyrand, he returns to Prussia accredited with a secret mission. After a time his pride rebels against his equivocal position; he demands a more avowed one; the demand not being complied with, he throws up the appointment in disgust, and with his usual fierce impetuousness, and with much wrongheadedness, publishes the entire correspondence under the title of "The Secret History of Berlin," the most dishonorable act recorded against him. Justly incensed, Talleyrand never forgave this disgraceful breach of confidence until Mirabeau lay upon his death-bed.

The news of the convocation of the Notables brought him back to Paris, with the hope of obtaining the appointment of secretary; but this hope was disappointed. More denunciation of stock-jobbing, then back to Prussia. Upon hearing that the edict for the assembling of the States-General had gone forth, he returned to his native land—never again to quit it.

About this time the Government seems to have made overtures to him to use his pen in its defence, but only in a secret and subaltern way. Mirabeau, who perceived that his hour was approaching, although at the time in a state of positive destitution, refused these offers. "Leave me in my obscurity," he said. "I say in my obscurity, because my design is to remain there invariably until there follows to the tumult wherein we now are a regular order of things: and until some great revolution—be it good or be it evil—commands a good citizen always accountable for his vote, and even for his talents, to elevate his voice. *That revolution cannot tarry.*"

The time came at last. The Notables, his own order, rejected him. Then he appealed to France as a candidate for the *tiers état*. Two towns, Aix and Marseilles, simultaneously elected him; he accepted Aix. His reception in each town was tremendous. Men formed themselves into a voluntary body-guard; the acclamations of thousands attended his steps; every house was illuminated; and, yet grander proof of his power over men's minds, he at the same time quelled a bread riot by the mere force of his eloquence.

And so let me drop the curtain upon the second act of this marvelous drama.

The third and last act opens with a grand sensation scene—the place, Paris—the time, the 4th of May, 1789—the characters upon the stage, the members of the States-General marching from the Church of St. Louis to the Chamber of Legislature. Ringing of bells, crowds of citizens, joyous acclamations, and here is Mirabeau as he appeared to the brilliant authoress of "Corinne." "Considerably above the height of Frenchmen, that height was rendered doubly striking by the colossal formation of every limb, and his chest and shoulders were widely expanded, and, indeed, unnaturally broad. His head was immense, and from it there hung in wild profusion a forest of black hair. His eye, large and rolling, beamed with the fire of passion and genius; his face borrowed new expression from its very ugliness; his whole person gave you the idea of an irregular power, but a power such as you would figure in a tribune of the people."

For a time his colleagues treated him with insult and disdain; when the list of deputies was read, his name was received with hootings; when he attempted to speak, loud murmurs silenced him. His revenge was to issue, in a journal entitled "The States-General," a lampoon, in which he compared the deputies to an assembly of school-boys giving way to servile and indecent mirth; to wild asses, who had obtained from nature no other faculty than that of kicking and biting. "In a week, my dear friend, you shall see me more powerful than ever," he said to Dumont. "They must come to me, when they find themselves about to be overwhelmed by the tempest they have themselves raised."

These prognostics were speedily verified. The decree of the National Assembly was annulled, and the deputies, expelled from the Palais de Justice, adjourned to the famous *Jeu-de-Paume*, or Tennis Court, and swore never to separate until they had obtained a Constitution. Mirabeau spoke so energetically upon the occasion that even his greatest enemies began to regard him as a giant whose strength had now become necessary to them.

But this was only the beginning of his triumph. A message was brought down from the king ordering the Assembly to dissolve. There was a dead silence; no one spoke, but each man, pale and dismayed, looked into his neighbor's face and saw there the reflection of his own fears. Another moment and the Revolution would have been indefinitely postponed, when Mirabeau sprang to his feet: "Go tell your master," he cried, to the bearer of the king's message, "that we are here by the power of the people, and nothing but the force of bayonets shall drive us hence!" Then, in a "speech of fire," he reminded the deputies of their oath. The effect was electrical. Despondency gave place to the wildest enthusiasm. It was the turning-point of the Revolution, and henceforth Mirabeau was its king.

Yet he never desired to overthrow the monarchy; he was a reformer but not a destroyer, the champion of moderation, the enemy of excess. He opposed the States-General assuming the title of the National Assembly without the sanction of the king. "For myself, gentlemen," he said in his speech upon the veto, "I consider the sanction of the king so indispensable, that I would much rather reside at Constantinople than in France if it did not exist. I declare I know nothing more terrible than an aristocracy of six hundred self-constituted men, who to-morrow would declare themselves permanent by engulfing all things."

Three days before the fall of the Bastille there died at Argenteuil the old Marquis of Mirabeau. In his last days a revelation of the great genius of his son seems to have been vouchsafed to him. With no memory of past wrongs dwelling in his heart, that son tended his last days with truly filial tenderness. Prejudiced writers have attributed the destruction of the Bastille to Mirabeau's machinations; but this could scarcely be, for several days before that event he was at Argenteuil, and on the day of the fall he was superintending his father's funeral. Dumont, by no means a prejudiced partisan of his, also distinctly and emphatically acquits him of any share in the previous disturbances.

His popularity soon became prodigious. The *Poissardes*,

Digitized by Google

who thrust themselves into the Assembly, would scarcely listen to any other speaker. "Make that babbler hold his tongue," they cried. "Let our little mother, Mirabeau, speak; we should like to hear him." But Mirabeau never



MIRABEAU.—THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

pandered to popularity on such occasions, never forgot his dignity. All Europe was filled with his fame. At the Assembly every eye was directed in search of him amongst his colleagues; each was happy at having heard him speak, and

his most familiar expressions were treasured as apophthegms. In eloquence he had no rival; his speech was a torrent that bore down all before it, sweeping away men's minds whithersoever it listed. When he rose in the tribune, and the sublime tones of his voice rang through the hall, the greatest there sank into insignificance, into nothingness. His activity and powers of mind were prodigious. "Had any one offered him the elements of Chinese grammar," Dumont

Digitized by Google

says, "he would no doubt have attempted a treatise on the Chinese language. I am confident he would have undertaken even to write an encyclopædia." He studied a subject whilst he was writing upon it. Nothing was lost to him; he was ever collecting anecdotes, conversations, notes, information—all to be treasured for future use.

"Had I not lived with Mirabeau," to again quote Dumont, "I should never have known all that could be done in a single day, or rather in an interval of twelve hours. A day was of more value to him than a week or a month to others. The business which he carried on simultaneously was prodigious; from the conception of a project to its execution there was no time lost. To-morrow was not to him the same impostor as to most other men. Conversation alone could seduce him from his occupations, and even that he converted into a means of work; for it was always at the end of some conversation that active labor was begun and writings prepared." "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that blockhead of a word in my presence."

He was the most delightful of companions; his powers of fascination have been before commented upon. No one could maintain coldness or reserve toward him; with the utmost freedom and disregard of social forms he was yet, however, the most perfectly polite and well-bred of aristocrats. Society was still a little shy of him—a few months later he was its god. The affair of Sophie Monnier had shocked its prejudices. That is to say, the *elopement*. Had the unhappy pair stopped short of that act, they might have been as adulterous as they pleased, and society would merely have shrugged its shoulders and smiled. But to *run away* with a man's wife—oh, that was shocking!

But Mirabeau was not insensible to the dark stains with which his youthful sins had tarnished the brightness of his life. "There were moments," says Dumont, "when he would have consented to pass seven times through the heated furnace to purify the name of Mirabeau. I have seen him weep with grief, and heard him say, with almost suffocating sobs, 'I am cruelly expiating the errors of my youth.'"

He had an instinctive enthusiasm for all that was great and noble, which he never suffered to be obscured by his vices. His discrimination was marvelous. His luminous thoughts and fiery eloquence imparted a splendor to whatever subject he spoke or wrote upon. He knew, as it were intuitively, the feelings of the people whom he addressed. When in the tribune no insult, no turmoil, no interruption could move him; he was always dignified, always master of himself and of the situation. His foresight was amazing, prophetic; there seemed to exist no political enigma which he could not solve. His prophecies, and they were many, always came to pass. He needed no spies to watch the movements of his enemies, his own sagacity ever divined them; and it was said that there was not a man in the Assembly the sum of whose conduct did not correspond with the dictum which Mirabeau had pronounced upon him.

The Jacobins, jealous of his genius and his fame, were always his foes. They voted for his appointment to the Presidency to silence him—the President could not speak from the tribune—and to cast him into the shadow. Never were hopes more falsified. The new position developed in him new talents. He introduced into the proceedings of the Assembly an order and a clearness undreamed of before. He simplified all forms, and could by a few words render clear the obscurest points or put down the stormiest commotion, while his strict impartiality gained him the respect of all parties. Thus he converted the snare of his enemies into a chaplet of glory.

But soon in the confusion of the Assembly, and in the growing power of the Clubs, he perceived that that which had promised national freedom now threatened only anarchy; that the time had come to support constituted authority.

When the question was discussed as to whether the power of declaring war should rest with the king or be transferred to the Assembly, Mirabeau strenuously advocated the former proposition. Upon which the demagogues wrote pamphlets upon "the treason of Count Mirabeau," and sent hawkers to cry them through the streets; after which were heard mutterings of "*A la lanterne!*" He mounted the tribune the next day, grim, resolute; murmuring aside to his friends that spoke of danger, "I know it. I must come home either in triumph, or else torn in fragments"; and it was in triumph that he came.

"I should be loath," he writes, "to enter upon a new part in this time of partialities and confusions, if I were not convinced that the re-establishment of the legitimate authority is the greatest want of France, and the only means of saving her. But I see clearly that we are in anarchy, and that we are floundering therein deeper day by day; I am indignant at the bare idea that I should have only contributed to a vast demolition; and the fear of beholding another than the king at the head of the State is so insupportable to me, that I feel myself imperiously called to action."

One Summer evening the Queen of France and the King of the Revolution met at St. Cloud. What a dramatic scene must that have been! But of the dialogue, heard only by the dumb trees and flowers, nothing was or ever will be known, save that, as he bade her adieu, he knelt at her feet, kissed her hand, and exclaimed, "Madame, the monarchy is saved!" And had life been vouchsafed him he would have saved it, and have saved France from that foulest of stains, the Reign of Terror. But he would have insisted upon a constitution similar to that of England, and never have sanctioned any plan of which national representation did not constitute the basis.

From this time he was in regular communication with the Court. The king paid his debts, amounting to three thousand two hundred pounds, and allowed him a pension of two hundred and fifty pounds monthly; this, however, was very irregularly paid, and the greater part was expended in the royal service. Inimical historians assert that he was in the pay of Orléans, and designed to place that prince upon the throne. This charge was examined before the National Assembly during his lifetime, and was pronounced even by the Abbé Maury, his foe, to be utterly groundless. But the testimony of M. Thiers, in his "Histoire de la Révolution," is, I think, sufficiently conclusive without producing further argument. I subjoin the passage:

"Many inconsiderate expressions have caused him to be frequently accused of being of the Duc d'Orléans' party; although he really never was. His pecuniary distresses, his indiscreet language, his familiarity with Orléans, although he was on the same terms with everyone else, his proposition in regard to the Spanish succession, and finally his opposition to the departure of the duke, all naturally excited suspicion; yet it is nevertheless true that Mirabeau was without any party, and even without any other object than the extinction of arbitrary rule. Mirabeau was at that time obliged to borrow the most paltry sums, which would certainly not have been the case had he been the agent of a prince so immensely rich, and who is supposed to have been nearly ruined by his partisans."

"It may be admitted that he was not overscrupulous in money matters, but he was too proud to be dishonest, and he would have thrown out of the window anyone who dared make him a humiliating proposal. If Spain and England really did bribe him" (another of the accusations brought against him), "what became of the sums paid to him? How

Digitized by Google

happens it that he died insolvent? Although the expenses of his establishment were considerable, yet he did not live above the style of a man of ordinary opulence. And if he distributed for the king's service the moneys he received, he can no longer be accused of cupidity, for in that case he was nothing more than the king's banker."

He never assumed the title of Marquis, to which, with the estates—a somewhat barren and encumbered heritage—he had now succeeded; indeed, all titles were by this time abolished, although he was still Monsieur le Comte, not only to his friends and servants, but even to the people. Could there be a greater proof of his vast popularity?

His health began to fail. "If I believed in slow poisons," he said to a friend, "I should think myself poisoned. For I feel that I am dying by slow degrees—that I am being consumed in a slow fire."

From seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night he lived in one continuous excitement of business, conversation, writing, receptions, added to which were the wear and tear of a life of terrible debauchery. "I shall die at the stake, my dear friend," he said to Dumont, when they parted for the last time. "Perhaps we shall never meet again. When I am gone my value will be appreciated. Misfortunes to which I put a stop were overwhelming France in every direction; but that base faction which I now overawe will be again let loose upon the country. I have none but direful anticipations. Ah, my friend, how right were we when, in the beginning, we tried to prevent the commons from being declared a National Assembly! This is the origin of the evil. Since they have carried that point, they have not ceased to show that they are unworthy of confidence They wanted to govern the king instead of being governed by him; but soon neither they nor he shall govern; a vile faction will rule the country, and debase it by the most atrocious crimes."

He seldom goes to the Jacobins now; when he does he overwhelms its ghouls and vampires with scorn; he is the beast-tamer of these filthy hyenas. But day by day they wax stronger. One night, after having silenced and beaten down Robespierre and Lameth in the Assembly, he resolves to beard his foes in their den. Duport is fiercely denouncing the enemies of the people. "Some are not far distant," he cries, glancing at Mirabeau as he enters the hall. A burst of applause follows the insinuation. As the speaker descends from the rostrum Mirabeau mounts it, and facing with dauntless mien the savage scowls and murmurs of hundreds of enemies, casts scorn, defiance, and ridicule in their teeth. A roar like that of wolves or famished tigers resounds through the gloomy hall. A smile of contempt is his response. Up springs Alexander Lameth to denounce him in a torrent of accusation and invective. The yells grow fiercer, the hyenas slaver their jaws in anticipation of blood. Surely he is a doomed man; they will rend him piecemeal, devour him. What will he do? Amidst the wildest uproar he again ascends the tribune, and above the hell clamor rises his grand sonorous voice; its tones are a spell that exorcises discord; yells grow fainter, sink into murmurs, murmurs die away into a deep silence of upturned faces. He has them fast now. With eyes aflame, and every nerve of the rugged face quivering with passionate earnestness, he denounces his accusers, until they shrink and writhe like flesh before a fierce fire. Murmurs once more rise out of the silence, but they are murmurs of approval. With a peroration of thunder he descends, and, amidst frantic plaudits, with proud step and disdainful air, passes out of the hall and is seen no more. It is his last triumph. Never again will his voice be heard within those walls. All will soon be over now. One day when fondling a beautiful little girl of his beloved sister's, Madame du Saillant, he says, with a sigh, "It is Death embracing Spring!"

Day by day his strength grows fainter and fainter. It fails at last, and now he is stretched suffering, almost helpless, upon the bed from which he shall never rise again. A hush of consternation thrills through France at the news that Mirabeau, the mighty colossus, he to whom all men look for a solution of the sphinx-like riddles of the time, he who alone can untwist the Gordian knot of the nation's destiny, is dying. Bulletins of his health are issued several times during each day, and distributed over Paris. The Court sends messengers twice a day to his house, and await in anxious silence for the report, for they know that on his life hang their fates; dense crowds gather in anxious, mournful silence about his door and about the approaches to the street, and seize upon all who come forth, and demand with eager and trembling lips how he does, for on his life hang their fates also.

It is the 2d of April, 1791; he is lying facing the open window, enjoying the fragrance of the sweet Spring flowers just bursting into bloom; he has always been a passionate lover of flowers; he is gazing upon the bright sun as it rises higher and higher in the heavens: "If that is not God, it is His cousin german," he cries at last, with a burst of enthusiasm. Then turning to his attendants, he says, "I shall die to-day. At such a time there remains but one thing to do—to perfume me, crown me with flowers, environ me with music, so that I may enter sweetly into that sleep from which there is no awakening."

The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) comes to pay him a visit. For three hours they are closeted together. Of vast importance is that conference, for Mirabeau confides to his visitor all his hopes and plans. "I carry in my heart the dirge of the monarchy," cries the dying man, sadly; "the ruins whereof will now be the prey of the factions."

In those last hours he endures terrible agonies; they give him opium, and he lies in a state of insensibility. Suddenly the boom of distant cannon hurtles through the air. He awakes and whispers, "Are those already for the funeral of Achilles?" Those are his last words—he sinks back into insensibility. As the clock chimes half-past eight, he opens his eyes once more—and expires.

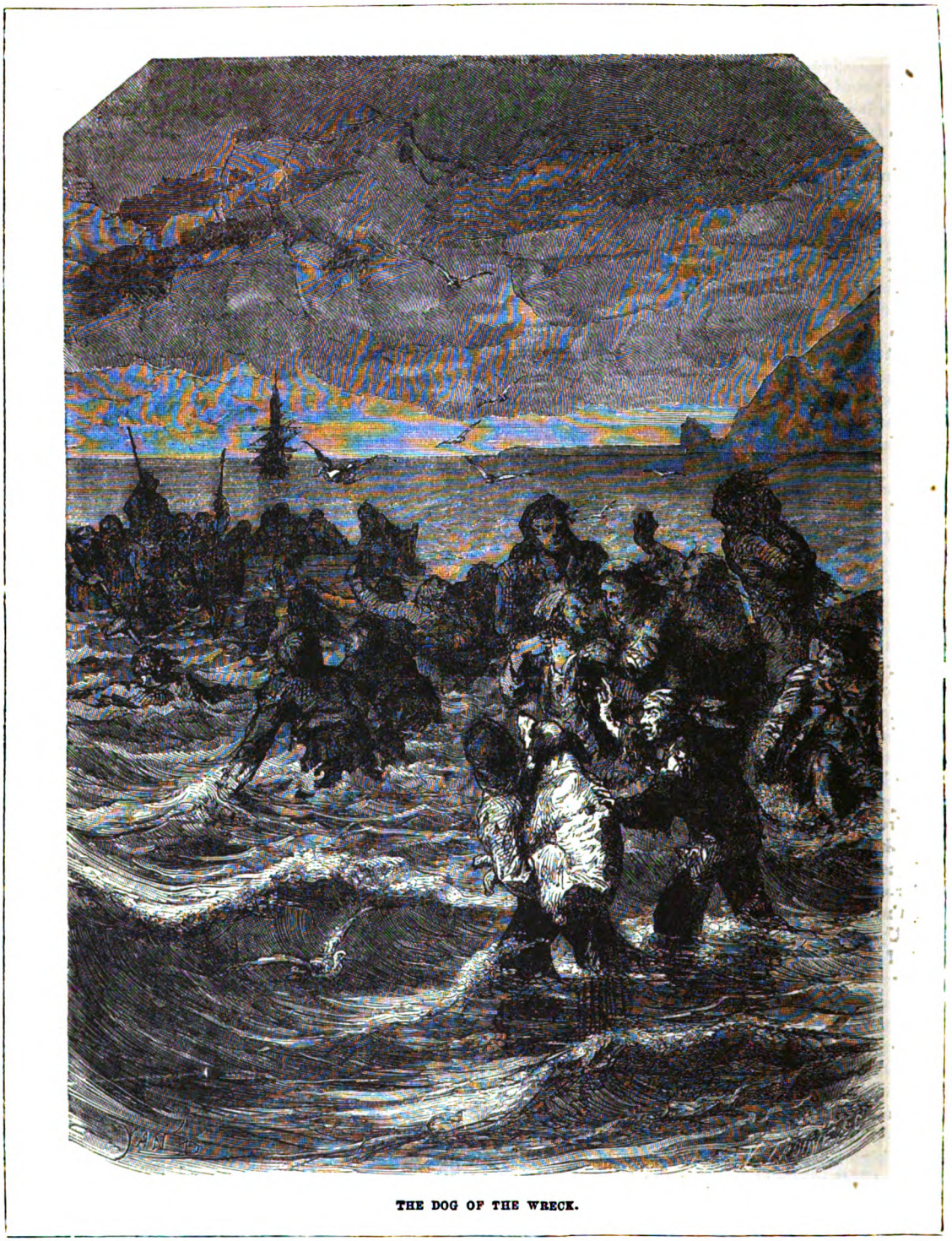
France is not insensible to the magnitude of her loss. When at last the fatal word, *dead*, is passed from mouth to mouth, all Paris is filled with lamentation, such lamentation as never before has been heard for one individual man. His funeral procession extends over four miles, amidst the sobs and groans of 500,000 people of all grades, from the noblest to the lowest. A salute of 20,000 muskets is fired over his body. It is midnight when they reach the church of St. Geneviève and lay him beside Descartes. Whole departments are in mourning. Every place of amusement is closed, all private festivities are suspended; and where this is not observed, the people take summary vengeance upon the offenders.

And so passed away the grandest genius of which France can boast. Of his virtues and his errors the world will ever hold diverse opinions. That he was made up of good and evil in larger proportions than other men is indisputable; as to the predominance of either, each man will form his own judgment. To the awfully respectable, who measure their fellow-beings by the number of the square inches of the *orthodox* virtues they *assume*, be must ever be a *bête noir* accursed with a Satanic genius, never to be thought of without a shudder and pharisaical thanksgiving that Heaven had not formed them in such a mould. But to the man of more extended vision, who can discover the existence of good, and much good, beyond the limits of conventionality, he is a grand yet shadowed form, illumined by the illustrious yet fitful gleams of many virtues, shadowed by the dark hovering images of many sins, but with the effulgent impress of Heaven's hand stamped upon his rugged but majestic brow.

Digitized by Google

THE DOG OF THE WRECK.

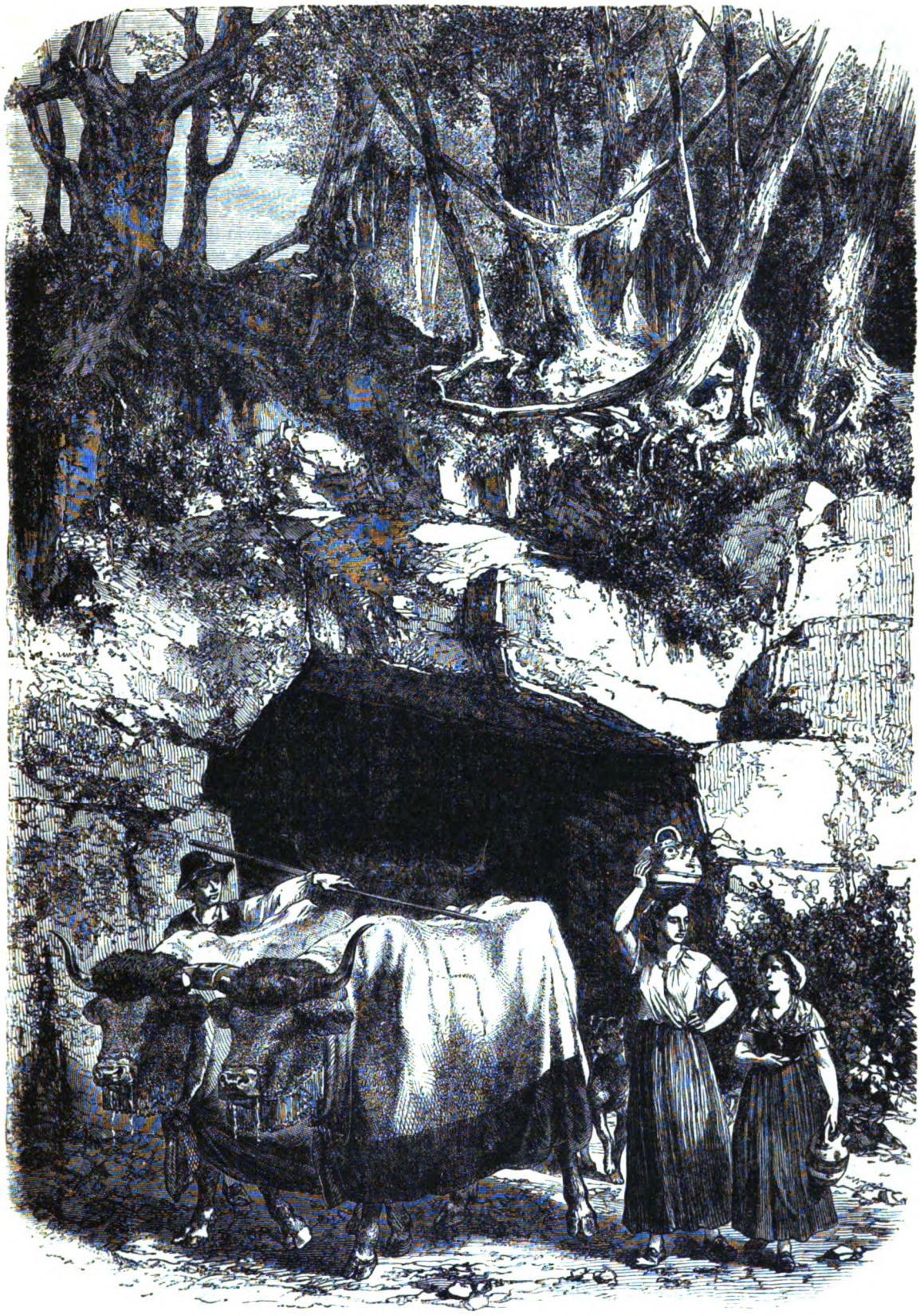
In 1817, the *Young Sophie*, a brig, sailed from Havre for Mauritius, with a crew of fifteen men and eleven passengers, including two ladies, and Count d'Amerval, the owner of the vessel and its cargo. Soon after crossing the line, they discovered, to their horror, that the ship was on fire, a carboy of vitriol carelessly packed having led to this disaster. They battened down the hatches, and in every way tried to smother the fire, hoping to reach Rio Janeiro; and so sanguine were they of success, that they passed unheeded the desert isle Trinidad, off the coast of Brazil. But as the danger increased, they sought to return to it. This was now doubly difficult, but at last they anchored near it, and got some ashore; before the rest could follow, the wretched cables gave way, and the *Young Sophie* was driven on the rocks. Those still on board took to the boat, just in time, for they were only a few strokes distant when the vessel was wrapped in flames. After two terrible nights and days amid a thousand dangers, the boat reached shore with its starving passengers.



THE DOG OF THE WRECK.

A hut was erected, and their position examined. They

Digitized by Google



THE NATURAL TUNNEL OF LANGON.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

had saved scarcely anything from the ship; but there were evidently means of living for a time on the island. The provisions were then carefully laid up, and the captain, with the count and one other, started in the boat on the dangerous attempt to reach Rio.

Soon after, one Tuesday, the hearts of all were elated by the arrival of a fine spaniel that came bounding in among them. This seemed to prove that there were inhabitants on the island; and though this proved unfounded, they found ruins of houses that had been destroyed probably by an

Digitized by Google

earthquake or volcanic eruption. The gardens, overgrown as they were, gave them some vegetables; and the dog, named Tuesday, from the day of his being seen, enabled them to track the wild goats and peccaries, which they killed with rude spears which they manufactured, as well as to find the nests of sea-birds. He was so useful that all became attached to this sole survivor of some previous wreck. And when, in September, the *Mary Eliza*, of Salem, on her way to Sumatra, seeing the signals they kept hoisted, anchored to ascertain the cause, they could not part with their companion in misfortune, which showed every anxiety to accompany them.

Captain Joseph Beald, with great kindness, took all on board, and landed them at the Cape of Good Hope, where they found a French vessel which had touched there on its way to France.

Those in the boat, meanwhile, had fared hardly. After much suffering, they were relieved by an English ship, which gave them food, and thus succeeded in reaching Rio. Here John VI. received them most kindly, and a vessel with every necessary was sent to Trinidad, but only to find a bottle, with the tidings of their departure through the kindness of our worthy Salem captain.

THE NATURAL TUNNEL OF LANGON.

I HAD one morning taken the six o'clock train from Bordeaux, and was whirling away towards Langon, when at Barsac Station, the tenth on my route, the fancy seized me to get out and make the rest of the way afoot. A Bordeaux neighbor, who was traveling in the same compartment, offered to see to my baggage, and have it sent to the Cheval Blanc Hotel, where I intended to put up.

The locomotive would have taken me to Langon in twenty-five minutes. I calculated that I should accomplish it in three hours, and expected to reach my destination at noon. So I did, but it was noon of the following day. But I did not long follow the highway that ran parallel to the railroad.

I had not counted on the heat, which even at that early hour became intense, and I sighed as I thought of my umbrella. But, plucking up courage, I looked about me, and saw beyond the vineyards a bit of woodland that suggested shade and coolness.

It was a good walk to reach it, but there was no shelter nearer—the scattered houses along my way being all closed.

On reaching it I paused, to cool off gradually, and then took my seat at the foot of an oak.

Without knowing it, I was over the natural bridge—or tunnel, rather—near Langon.

The woods covered two hills separated by a deep natural cut, in which a road wound, evidently well worn by use; then a mass of rock joined the two hills above, covered at the top by earth enough to continue the wood by bearing sturdy trees; while the road passed beneath the rocky bridge through a natural tunnel some hundred paces in length.

Unconscious of this, I sat by my old oak, fast yielding to the sleepy sensation produced by heat and exercise, when I was aroused by voices that seemed to come from under me.

Leaning over, I saw the mouth of the tunnel, and two women there, spinning with the old-time distaff, and talking, evidently of home troubles.

"Ah," said one, "my boy drives the foundry oxen for the last time to-day—he has given notice to the foreman, and is bent on enlisting. So Jacquemin will leave me to-morrow, if not to-day."

"Well," said the other, "your case is hard; but boys are boys, and can take care of themselves; while here's my Mignarde going to service at Saint Morillon farm, where the mistress is the hardest in all France, and in a year poor Mignarde will be old and broken-down!"

"But why let her go? Mignarde has always been so gentle and obedient."

"What can I do? Can I keep her, when she tells me, 'I can't live long, mother. Would you rather see me die before your eyes?"

"Oh, the crazy children! How they do make themselves and all around them unhappy. Jacquemin says that if I don't let him go, I will see him crushed under the ox-cart with its load of stone, over in the tunnel there."

"Now, I will tell you the reason of it all," said the girl's mother. "My niece, Veronica, told me to-day all about it. Mignarde is going to kill herself with hard work, because she dare not trust your son. You know he was a pretty hard boy."

"Well, he has reformed. He has not quarreled or got drunk for more than a year, and he has had temptation enough, mercy knows!"

"Wait a moment. Jacquemin is going off because Mignarde will not speak to him. Now, Veronica has learned this from both, and she has just taken Mignarde to the spring in the wood, and will keep her near the mouth of the tunnel till Jacquemin comes back with his load of ore for the foundry. She has arranged with him the sign whether Mignarde has forgiven him. If, like Veronica, she carries her water-jar on her head, it is to be a sign that she cannot trust your son, and will not forgive him; but if she carries it in her hand, then Jacquemin will know that, when work is done, he can come and ask my daughter's hand."

"You will see me at your house to-night," said Jacquemin's mother.

The other shook her head.

"I wish it were so; but I do not believe it. Mignarde is good, but hard to move when she has made up her mind."

Just then I saw a cloud of dust rise in the road, and increase as it approached the tunnel.

The two women crept out of sight to watch unseen, as the young man drove his team in.

"Oh, how I wish I knew what the result will be!" said one. "If I could, I would climb over and see!"

I had become so interested, that, without thinking, I called out:

"Wait! I will tell you in a minute how Mignarde acts!"

Without minding their cry of astonishment as I rose up above them, I ran across the natural bridge, and there, on the other side, were the two girls. One was arguing, reasoning; the other standing in a sort of sullen obstinacy.

I had no difficulty in identifying Mignarde—"good, but hard to move."

Beside each was her water-jar.

Out of the tunnel came the ox-driver's dog, barking with joy, and then turned to wait for his master.

The oxen were not yet out. The two cousins rose. Each put her water-jar on her head.

"He is too good for you!" I heard Veronica say, distinctly.

The oxen appeared—massive, stalwart fellows, with the peculiar cloth or blanket used in those parts. Jacquemin was goading them on.

Again I turned to look at the girls.

Veronica stood as before, with her jar aloft; but Mignarde's had yielded. Hers was held in her hand!

Not a word was said; but Jacquemin tossed up his hat, and with unclouded brow went on. The two girls remained talking, and I hurried back to announce the result to the two mothers.

On their invitation, I went to the village. Jacquemin's mother insisted on my staying till her son came home.

Digitized by Google

He came, with his two heavy wains, each drawn by three pair of oxen, all with gay branches tied to their horns, while a bunch of ribbons fluttered from his hat.

I witnessed the asking for Mignarde's hand, was at the engagement supper, and left them next day under a solemn promise to be back at the wedding.

And this is how I came to see the natural tunnel at Langon, and lost a day in my journey.

THE SOAP MINES OF CALIFORNIA.

The rock soap mine is situated in the lower mountains or foothills of the coast range in Ventura County, five miles from the city of the same name. It was discovered by A. F. Hubbard while prospecting for coal. He accidentally dislodged some that fell into water and dissolved. It being a new experience to see rocks dissolve, he gave it his attention, found it soapy, took it home to experiment with, and soon learned its virtues; yet, strange to tell, his family used it for nearly a year before it was given to the public.

It is accessible only through a cañon leading to and opening upon the beach. The coast line stage-road passes the mouth of this cañon three miles below the mine. This cañon, or ravine, penetrates one of the wildest possible volcanic regions. A little stream follows its course, an almost "lost cause" in Summer, but in Winter a raging, rushing torrent, which, after draining immense heights and many a rugged mountain side, finds its way to the ocean, often bearing along in its fearful strength huge boulders and entire trees. Along the side of this ravine, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes high up in its precipitous banks, winds a little trail leading to the soap mine, traveled only by the safe pack-mule and hardy miner.

The rock resembles chalk or lime. At the southern extremity is an exhaustive deposit, veined, marbled, and parti-colored, resembling castile soap. The ledge at its opening is fifteen to twenty feet wide, and crops out for 2,000 feet, to an unknown depth. The lode is well defined, with wall rocks of hard slate stone, and has, in common with slate and sandstone strata about it, been thrown up from the depths and turned completely on edge. In its vicinity is a mountain of gypsum, also turned up on edge; indeed, the whole country bears evidence of fearful convulsions, also of some time having lain peacefully at the bottom of the ocean; for on the highest mountain-tops can be found nearly perfect seashells and various specimens of marine matter.

MUSIC IN SPEECH.

There is no faculty with which mankind is gifted more capable of being tuned to the expression of feelings and sentiments than the power of speech. The human voice resembles in its structure the musical instruments wrought by the hands of man. And the tones it is capable of producing are marvelous in their effects upon the mind and heart. As they express, so do they awaken every emotion of which the soul is capable.

"There are keynotes in the human voice," writes Lord Lytton, "which, simply uttered, can heat the heart, rouse the passions, lull rampant multitudes, strike into dust the thrones of guarded monarchs, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the most artificial chorus or the deftest quill." This is true; but all nations do not seem to feel it.

There is no country in the world where men speak more in public than America, but more than half of the force of their language is neutralized by their inability to vary their tones.

An ordinary orator, who has studied to adapt his voice to his subject, will exercise a far more potent influence than the man who is master in logic and fluency of language.

The Greeks and the Romans, and in modern times the English, largely availed themselves in their harangues of modulation. From the days of Cicero to those of Burke and Sheridan, audiences have been more moved by the musical cadences of the voice, varied according to circumstances, than by the arguments and illustrations employed to command "the applause of listening senates." The cause of liberty, the sufferings of the oppressed, the interests of religion and virtue, the welfare of the human race in every civilized community, are under the weightiest obligations to the orator, the preacher, and the lecturer, who has found and employed the key to the human heart.

A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE REGION OF THE EQUATOR.

BY A RECENT TRAVELER.

Don Montero having invited me to a humming-bird hunt, in which his daughters at once proposed to join, I could not resist the attraction of such game and such field companions.

A ride, difficult from the ground rather than its length, brought us to the mountain-woods. Could man penetrate the maze? There it stood waving in the morning breeze, gigantic trees filling the whole horizon. It was a confusion of verdure. The sea alone can give an idea of the picture. As the mountain-breeze swept over, you had nothing but billows of foliage. Ferns of monstrous size, palms, cactuses of every form and dimension here replaced the brush and brambles of less favored lands.

After pausing to admire the scene, we descended a slope, and entered a narrow path, beaten by the wild beasts, and leading through the maze.

After following a trail for a time, Don Montero halted and said:

"Take my daughters with you, put them a hundred paces apart, load your sarbacane, and look out. The Indians will strike into the woods to rouse up the birds."

I followed my instructions. I emptied half a glass of water into my sarbacane; I primed it by blowing gently inside, and was ready for the strange sport.

The silence was profound; there was but the slightest rustle of air. A shrill cry burst forth. Another answered. This was the Indians imitating the cry of nocturnal birds. The falcons answered. Then I could follow the chase by sound. It moved through the wood promptly and suddenly, but came steadily toward us. Don Montero motioned me to be on the alert. For another second the green verdure of the cactus alone met my eye. Then, suddenly, with lightning celerity, a ruby and sapphire appeared in the air, as sparkling and radiant as two sparks. Before I could use my weapon, my neighbor—one of the young ladies—had blown her tube, and the Chinese picked up the two insensible birds, and placed them in a cage, to die.

I had not recovered from my first surprise, when little groups of two, three, and five humming-birds began to cross the path. I began to blow my tube, and kept filling and emptying it, the Chinese bringing in the captives. Suddenly the cries became more shrill. A perfect cloud of humming-birds obscured the air. I shall never forget the prodigious spectacle; it was phosphorus, diamonds, flowers, rays confounded in one dazzling mass; it was the mines of Golconda, the treasures of the "Arabian Nights," taking life and wings under some fairy impulse. I stood motionless at the sight.

A cry of alarm recalled me. It was uttered by the tapir who attended us—a fine, large specimen—bearing in his ears

Digitized by Google

rings at least three inches in diameter, glittering plates flashing with glass ornaments, a reward for former exploits. His flexible and delicate trunk was made a deadly weapon by a steel tube with sharp points, and his body covered with a sort of blanket, with bells attached. I was now to see why this strange companion had attended us.

While the tapir showed every sign of anger, the enormous ferns moved and swayed as if something was slowly crawling through. It paused at times, and all was still. The tapir stood fiercely on the alert, and I was in a quiver of excitement.

Suddenly the flattened head of a serpent appeared. An enormous bluish-black serpent, speckled with yellow, about eight feet long, glided into the path, while I stood rooted with horror.

Seeing the tapir, the snake half reared itself to spring, waving its head, as if in cadence, darting forth its forked tongue; then it bounded like an arrow. But the tapir had foreseen the shock, for with an activity not to be expected in so unwieldy a creature, it leaped aside, and, with its strong weapon, struck the reptile in the neck.

The hummingbirds were still flying overhead. The air was filled with the most graceful of God's creatures; on the earth, the most repulsive. It was the contrast of day and night—primeval innocence and Satanic malice.

A fearful hissing told the extent of the wound, and the serpent, circling round, endeavored to reach its foe. But the tapir sprang upon it, and again its steel was reddened with the serpent's blood. But this time the snake succeeded in enveloping the tapir in its sinewy folds. I seized a club, and was about to rush to the rescue, but our Chinese held me back. I looked again. Amid a cloud of dust, all that you could see and hear was a dark mass rolling, leaves and branches flying, fearful hisses and furious snorts.

This desperate contest lasted, perhaps, a minute. It seemed an age. Then all grew calm. Cry and combat ceased. The tapir stood in an attitude of victory over the body of the serpent, whose head still hung defiant, clinging to the body by a strip of skin, soiled with blood and mire.



A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE REGION OF THE EQUATOR.—"FERNS OF MONSTROUS SIZE, PALMS, CACTUSES OF EVERY FORM AND DIMENSION, HERE REPLACED THE BRUSH AND BRAMBLES OF LESS FAVORED LANDS."—SEE PAGE 563.

The heavens, till then a transparent blue, became vailed with a reddish vapor, giving all objects a strange, copper hue. A sulphurous odor, pungent with perfumes, pervaded the air; the mountain-tops were wrapped in mist; the tree-tops bent beneath sudden gusts; the earth heaved, and as it shook I could scarcely keep my feet, though the young ladies laughed at the bewilderment into which this rapid succession of strange sights and sounds and emotions had thrown me.

It was a passing earthquake—a mere trifle in that land.

The birds were now placed in cages; the Chinese called in his falcons, the snake was thrown into the wagon, for the tapir's dinner, we mounted our mules, and the young ladies their horses, riding, according to the custom of that part of the world, in the same style as gentlemen. We reached the house, after a smart gallop, before the coming storm.

The humming-bird will not live caged. Why hunt it, then? The dress of the young ladies that evening would tell you, as they danced beneath the orange-trees, their white muslin dresses embroidered with arabesques made of the delicate feathers, while the opaline wings formed the large and more brilliant figures.

Digitized by Google

A SOUTHERN HEROINE.

Anna Elliott.

Anna, the wife of Charles Elliott, was a patriot by inheritance, being the daughter of Thomas Ferguson, one of the bravest and most zealous among the friends of liberty. It was said of her that she "appeared to consecrate every thought and every hour of existence to the interest of America."

She received under her hospitable roof the sick and wounded, and gave them her personal attention and sympathy; she divided of her substance among those who needed aid; she was the advocate and friend of such as were unjustly persecuted. The prisoners she visited at regular intervals received hope and strength from her presence, and were beguiled into forgetfulness of their sufferings by her conversation. To the afflicted she was indeed an angel of blessing; and even the enemies of her country were influenced by the remarkable power of fascination she possessed, which few, even the most harsh and unbending, could resist. This was acknowledged in the most satisfactory way—the granting of privileges and favors by many British officers. What she would not have condescended to ask for herself, she solicited for the benefit of her countrymen.



HUMMING-BIRDS.—SEE PAGE 563.

Major Garden says: "I do not know an officer who did not owe to her some essential increase of comfort."

Yet her efforts in the cause of justice and clemency were not always successful. She is said to have drawn up the petition addressed to Lord Rawdon, and signed by the ladies of Charleston, in behalf of the gallant and unfortunate Colonel Isaac Hayne. The following anecdote of Mrs. Elliott has been mentioned:

An officer of the royal army, noted for his cruelty and relentless persecution of those opposed to his political views, was one day walking with her in a garden where was a great variety of flowers.

"What is this, madame?" he asked, pointing to the chamomile.

"The rebel flower," she replied.

"And why is it called the rebel flower?" asked the officer.

"Because," answered Mrs. Elliott, "it always flourishes most when trampled upon."

One day an officer, in the house of Mrs. Elliott, in Charleston, pointed out to her a young French officer of the legion of Pulaski, passing by.

"There, Mrs. Elliott," he cried, "is one of your illustrious allies! He has a fine form and martial appearance. What a pity the hero is minus his *sword!*"

She answered promptly, and with spirit:

"Had two thousand such men been here to aid in the defense of our city, I should not at this moment, sir, have been subjected to the insolence of your observation."

Her impulsive and feeling nature is shown by another anecdote. When her father was arrested and put on board a transport ship to be sent into exile, Mrs. Elliott, who had received the intelligence in the country, hastened to Charleston and solicited permission to bid him farewell. Her request was



A HUMMING-BIRD HUNT IN THE CENTRE OF THE EQUATOR.—"BY THIS TIME THE SNAKE SUCCEEDED IN ENVELOPING THE TAPIR IN ITS SINEWY FOLDS."—SEE PAGE 563.

Digitized by Google

granted. She went on board the vessel in which he was a prisoner, but had scarcely entered the cabin, when, oppressed with grief, she fainted, and was laid upon a couch. The captain, in alarm, recommended a variety of remedies, and at last said:

"A cordial would revive her; we have some fine French liqueur."

On hearing this, Mrs. Elliott sprang from her couch in sudden excitement.

"The French!" she exclaimed; "who speaks of the French? God bless the nation!"

Then turning to her father, she strove by her touching eloquence to sustain him under his misfortunes, and inspire him with hope for the future. "Let not oppression shake your fortitude," she said, "nor the hope of gentler treatment cause you for a moment to swerve from strict duty. Better times are in store for us; the bravery of the Americans and the friendly aid of France will yet achieve the deliverance of our country from oppression. We shall meet again, my father, and meet with joy."

THE SECRET CRIME.

Chapter I.

WHO would have thought it of Mr. Danforth? so punctual at church, so exemplary a man!"—the world in general took up the cry—"to think of his disappearing with some fifty thousand dollars! Who can be trusted, if Mr. Danforth could not? What could have led to such a fall?"

In her chamber, the deserted wife sat and wept, with her worse than orphaned little daughter at her knee, her heart bowed like a reed before the agony of the shock. What should they do? how should she get bread for her little ones?

She had never been strong, and her grief bore heavily upon her fragile frame, bringing on a second attack of the long, slow fever, from which she had just recovered. Life held but little for her now. It is not to be wondered at that she should begin to feel its pulses day by day run lower without murmur; but one thought pressed upon her—her child—what would become of her?

It was just before her decease, a few days only intervening, that this question was settled by the appearance of Mrs. Hawley, the wife of the gentleman who had been her husband's late partner.

The sick woman was too low to feel much agitated at the unexpected visit, though a painful blush did stain her hollow cheek as she murmured a few words of welcome, while the lady took the vacant chair at her bedside.

This was their first meeting since the discovery of Mr. Danforth's disappearance.

Mrs. Hawley was the first to break the pause: glancing at the little three years old girl, who was taking a quiet nap on the cushions of the lounge opposite her mother's bed, she said:

"You have a beautiful child, Mrs. Danforth."

The visitor's voice was moved; the picture of sickness and death made her silent to those commonplaces which come up naturally in most sick chambers.

Mrs. Danforth sighed as her eyes followed to the picture—the full, round face, rosy in sleep, the bright masses of brown hair, the red, smiling mouth, and daintily molded features.

"My poor little Constance," she murmured, half aloud, "it is a great trial to me, Mrs. Hawley, to leave her to the coldness of strangers."

"Let me take her," said the lady, her features warming, "if you should not recover."

"You! What would Mr. Hawley say?"

The sick woman half raised herself on her elbow—a feverish glow shot over her face.

"It was at his desire, Mrs. Danforth, that I came here today; my errand indeed was at his suggestion."

How very kind! How noble! Why was it that Mrs. Danforth's heart froze with a sudden chill at the generous offer? that the fresh words of denial started involuntarily to her lips? She forced them back. Why should she dislike the man because her husband had wronged him? Tears started to her eyes.

"This is too kind of you, Mrs. Hawley!" she exclaimed.

"No, Mrs. Danforth; I have no little one of my own, as you know, to divide my care. You need not fear but that I will prove a kind friend to her."

The woman of fashion spoke for once with sincerity; however coldly she had come, at her husband's command, upon her errand, her heart was touched by the scene before her; the pallid face on the pillows appealed to the sympathies which lay somewhere hidden in it.

This was not just the teacher Mary Danforth would have chosen for her little Constance; she had a vague idea of it, but she let the thought go.

"I thank you," she said, reaching for the warm hand which, glistening with rings, lay over the arm of the chair; "God will reward you for your charity."

"I do not need thanks," said Mrs. Hawley, rising and drawing her furs around her. "We will consider, then, that the subject is settled. I shall come to see you again—perhaps to-morrow."

She bent over her, touched her lips with a gentle pressure to her forehead, threw a thoughtful glance at the sleeping child, and glided noiselessly out.

A great load should have been lifted from Mrs. Danforth's heart; but, strange to say, it remained with an increased pressure.

She thought of her child's father, as her hot tears wet her pillow; her cruelly deserting husband—how could he abandon his feeble wife and helpless child, and quit them without a word? She thought of the unusual fervency of his kiss at their last parting; the still Autumn night, the roses outside the window, the heavy thoughts which seemed to hang upon the hearts of both; and how she had passed to the window to catch the last glimpse of his tall figure as he disappeared down the winding street. Not one jarring word had passed between them in the four years of their wedded life. Oh, how could he leave her thus?

Nearly a week passed before Mrs. Hawley repeated her call; and then it was at an earnest summons, which brought her husband with her to the sick-chamber.

Mr. Hawley came unwillingly—perhaps it was natural, under the circumstances; but no denial could be framed to the earnest prayer for his presence.

Mrs. Danforth lay dying; a strange light beamed from her eyes; her voice came with a harsh distinctness as she greeted them.

"I have one more favor to ask of you, sir," she said, addressing Mr. Hawley, while she feebly pressed his wife's hand.

Mrs. Hawley, by a womanly instinct, had approached closer to her pillow.

"You have promised to adopt my child—let her bear your name, and be brought up to regard you both as her real parents."

Mr. Hawley hesitated. He had grown very pale since he had stepped over the threshold. His emotion, in the eyes of the old nurse standing by, did honor to his feelings.

"It is hard for me to frame such a wish," replied Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Danforth; but I do not want my child's first years clouded by a knowledge of her orphan condition. When she comes of age, or marries, if she lives to attain womanhood, let her know the whole story, but not earlier."

Mrs. Hawley looked at her husband—she had no objections to offer.

"We will do as you ask," said Mr. Hawley, still preserving his strange distance from the deathbed, which an invisible hand seemed to hold him from approaching.

"She is so young," resumed Mrs. Danforth, a glow of satisfaction breaking rapidly over her whitening face, "she will soon forget. God bless and prosper you both for your kindness to me."

What dark picture was it which, swinging suddenly out of the past, made the blessing sound upon the ear of one of the listeners like the hollow murmur of a curse?

"If Edward comes," muttered the dying woman, turning her eyes, with their fast-failing sight, toward the friend who still grasped her hand, "tell him I left him my love."

There was a little pause, a faintly drawn breath, too gentle for a sigh; the eyes closed as if under the soft pressure of invisible fingers.

"She is gone!" said the nurse, stooping over the pillow. "How easy she passed away—like an infant! But, ma'am, what an expression! How beautiful!"

Mr. Hawley turned involuntarily toward the bed from which his eyes had been averted; an angelic beauty seemed to rest over the dead face, an expression of joy as if some sudden discovery had dawned upon the departing spirit.

What had she seen?

He felt faint, and staggered down into a chair by the window. The nurse came round and threw open the sash; a few cold snow-flakes drifted in, for a Winter storm raged outside. Mrs. Hawley turned from the bed with wet eyes.

"Where is the child?" she asked. "We will take it away with us."

"Downstairs, ma'am; Mrs. Danforth sent her out of the room this morning."

"I will go down. Come, John, you will feel better out in the air.

She had hardly looked at her husband—the words seemed to come out mechanically at sight of his paleness, her own frame shivered from head to foot. It was natural—death was new to her.

She put her hand upon his arm with a gesture for support as they went downstairs.

The little girl was playing on the parlor carpet by herself, her doll hugged in her little arms, her cheeks red with the freshest of roses, her blue eyes beaming wonder on the gentleman and lady who stopped on the threshold.

"Come, Conie," said Mrs. Hawley, holding out her hand, "you are going home with me. Can you tell me where I can find your hood and cloak?"

"Up in mamma's closet," said the little one, starting up at the strange face, and plainly not making up her mind to be attracted. "Does mamma know?"

"Yes; and you may take dolly, too; it will be a nice ride. Do you see how the pretty flakes are falling out of doors?"

The child sprang up eagerly, won by the promised pleasure.

Mrs. Hawley turned to a woman who stepped out of the opposite room at the moment, in the act of descending the stairs, and addressed to her some request. She went up, and came back in a few moments with the hood and cloak.

Constance allowed herself to be wrapped in them, and held out one of her hands with a shy smile to Mrs. Hawley as her new friend took the other.

The gentleman drew back without appearing to notice it, and hurried out to loosen his horse from the post, at which he stood stamping impatiently in the frozen ice and snow.

"I forgot to bid mamma good-by," said the little one, struggling in Mrs. Hawley's lap as Mr. Hawley gathered up the reins.

"It is just as well," said her new mother, gently. "When I came out your mamma was asleep."

Chapter II.

What vision was it which sent over the face of the dying woman that glow of ineffable joy? Did the cruelly deserting, the criminal husband, for whom her tears had flown so bitterly, meet her on the threshold of that new life as true as when they parted with such heavy forebodings on that Autumn eve, three months before?

Hawley believed so; no wonder that his brain—strong man as he was—should stagger under the pressure of such a scene; he alone knew that the reputed "fraudulent absentee" lay in a bloody grave, in the cellar under his own counting-room.

It was a terrible secret to carry about in a guilty bosom! No wonder that the last few weeks had seen his brown locks begin to thread with silver, and new lines graven on his still youthful brow.

He had excuses to offer to himself, efficient and strong as any man can well have who on the spur of the moment lifts a murderous hand against his brother. Hawley had unhappily conceived an attachment to and married out of his own sphere of life a gay, extravagant girl, a distant relative of a rich family, in which she had been adopted to fill the place of a daughter.

Her friends had opposed the match, but the mutual affection of the lovers persevered; and when Hawley received the offer of a partnership in a promising firm, no further objections could be offered.

Here his first step was a most unwise one; he purchased and fitted up an elegant establishment, which swallowed up the whole of the bride's portion, and, besides, drew heavily on his own credit.

A round of costly entertainments followed; the young wife was wholly ignorant of the extent of her husband's resources; she was even unaware of the fact that he had had no money of his own to bring into the newly-settled firm, but had been received by his partner solely on account of his acknowledged business capacity.

She had brought him a dower which Hawley, in his understanding of women, well knew that it looked larger in her eyes than its nominal value; and he shrank from the mortifying explanation, which might be received in a passion of tears, and lead in the end to recriminations and dislikes.

He weakly chose rather to take advantage of his partner's confidence by a series of false entries in his ledger, trusting to Mr. Danforth's general carelessness in business matters to escape detection, and was favored in this scheme by a prolonged and unavoidable absence of his head clerk. Perhaps he overrated his partner's carelessness or his trust in himself, one or the two; for Mr. Danforth, one day at the close of their labors, desired him to give him a few moments privately in their counting-room. His heart failed him at the sudden request, but his quick, upward glance could detect no unusual emotion on his partner's smooth face.

No one had heard the appointment, for they were alone. He went out, moodily, unable in his excitement to trace his steps towards his home, where his wife was waiting his appearance.

It was a lonely walk, down by the wharves, that Hawley took; and as he looked off on the smooth sheet of water, he thought what a chill shroud it would make. It was long past the hour fixed for their meeting when he came back, and touching the door, which yielded freely to his hand, he, guided by the light which glimmered across the floor,

Digitized by Google

stepped over to the little room which he had never crossed before with such a beating heart.

His partner and friend—in whom his first glance now detected an enemy—sat at the desk, the ledger lying open before him; his eyes turned expectantly to the door.

Both were men of high passions, and a stormy interview naturally came about. Hawley was reckless with the certainty of his ruin, and in an uncontrolled moment, stung by some bitter taunt of ingratitude, whose point lay in its truth, aimed a blow at the excited man before him, which fell with stunning weight upon his temples.

He fell forward upon the desk before which he still stood, extinguishing the light, which on going out left all the room in darkness.

Hawley never remembered how he came out of the stupor which followed that awful moment; his first insane thought was to rush out and call a policeman; his second, that it was possible his victim was only stunned. His last thought led him to rekindle the light, and then after an examination of the lifeless body, he sat down to consider.

He thought of his young wife, of his own blighted character, and all that must follow if his crime should come to light; by-and-by it nerved him to concealment, and he set himself with many a shudder to the execution of his bitter task.

There was more to follow; a plausible story must be framed of his victim's disappearance, and by-and-by a false account given of his stock in the partnership. In all this, as we have seen, he had succeeded—succeeded beyond his hopes. Not a suspicion of the truth crossed the mind of the murdered man's widow; she accepted the story, and even received in silence the announcement, which of course must follow the circumstances, that nothing was due her from her husband's part of the funds invested in the firm.

Hawley had managed this with his usual adroitness; he had discovered first that she knew actually nothing of her late husband's business matters, and if he had made assertions to others as to the amount of property in the partnership, of what worth was the word of a felon, where no one felt interested to search out the case?

"I cannot do otherwise," he said to his own conscience, "to escape suspicion. But I will be a kind friend to the poor woman; she and her orphan child shall want for nothing; I will give them freely out of their own."

How did he know that his own strong life might not be cut off in the very first hour of this public restitution?

Mrs. Danforth was dying; it was well for the poor heart-broken wife; but friends asked, with murmurs of pity, what would become of her little orphan child? A hard struggle followed in Mr. Hawley's mind; but it was over at length—he would accept this opportunity of restitution which a benignant Providence seemed to have placed in his way—he would adopt the child, win over his wife to his purpose, and she should hold the same place in his home and kindness as if she had been his own. This last plan, the first sight of her innocent face showed him it would be out of his power to fulfill; the living likeness of her dead father to his eyes, sight and contact thrilled him with a vague repulsion which he was powerless to resist.

"Heaven would not accept this kind of atonement," he thought, "but at least she shall find in me a kind friend."



A SOUTHERN HEROINE.—ANNA ELLIOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE PAGE 565.

What peace does that man ever know who bears in secret the red brand of Cain, though outward honors, the hollow homage of the world, and troops of friends surround him?

From the day of his partner's disappearance, a great change came over Mr. Hawley. The frank smile quitted his lips, his clear blue eyes shunned those of his fellow-men, and carried in their depths doubt and suspicion; even in his own home he forgot to lay aside his cold exterior, and his wife felt that a barrier, against which all her patience and tenderness were powerless, had suddenly come between them.

"I had no idea Marion had married so well," said an intimate friend of the young wife's family in conversation with her adopted mother. "I had supposed Mr. Hawley was a struggling young man of small means."

"Oh, no!" said the gratified parent. "Marion was always our own child by affection, and we should never have allowed her to marry beneath her station. Mr. Hawley is a man of fine business talents, as well as some property, and promises already to become one of our merchant princes."

The prophecy proved true; everything which the young merchant's hand touched seemed to prosper. Fortune showered her rich gifts upon him with a liberal hand. Ten years from the date of his marriage-day he occupied a palatial mansion, and Mrs. Hawley filled with grace and ease her place in the highest circles of fashionable life.

Digitized by Google

Not one child of the first three born to them in the first years of their union lived to bless their marriage; but the mother's heart, at least, gave to the adopted daughter, who knew them only as her real parents, a wealth of affection little short of what she would have bestowed on her own. True, she had nothing besides to love; her husband, in the first short year of their marriage, had grown strangely cold and indifferent, and she was one of those whose affections are too warm to be absorbed wholly in fashion and admiration. She had a vague idea, deep hidden in her own heart, that this little child, whom she had so solemnly taken at her mother's death-bed, had more than once saved her, like some interposing angel, from that dark path into which so many thoughtless and unguarded women turn.

Chapter III.

"Mamma, Mr. Herkimer wishes to see papa this evening."

They were in Mrs. Hawley's dressing-room, when Constance, with many blushes, had whispered her first girlish secret, and now clung with fond arms around the neck of the kind friend who bent upon her such loving and thoughtful glances.

"I hoped to have kept you with me longer, my dear," said Mrs. Hawley, speaking in a voice of some emotion. "This is new to me, too. Are you sure, my child, that this fancy is not a little sudden on your part?"

Constance hung her head. "I only know, mamma, that I prefer him to all the rest of the world."

Mrs. Hawley sighed. Perhaps she thought of her own love-match, which had turned out to be very little of a love-match after all.

"I suppose Mr. Herkimer to be a gentleman of good prospects," she said, gravely, after a pause. "He is well



THE SECRET CRIME.—THE FATAL INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PARTNERS.—SEE PAGE 566.



THE SECRET CRIME.—IN HER CHAMBER THE DESERTED WIFE AND DAUGHTER WEPT.—SEE PAGE 566.

received in society. No doubt he has opened to you his circumstances?"

"No," said Constance, softly, "he will talk with papa."

Mrs. Hawley sighed again, this time with a fresh recollection. The story of Constance's birth must be told on the eve of her marriage—would it diminish anything of her love for herself?

It was a selfish question, but it came up naturally enough.

"She is only eighteen," she mused; "I might have hoped to have kept her with me a year or two longer; but if the young man is deserving, I must not wish to cross her happiness."

The bell rang for visitors; Constance broke away from her mother's embrace, and the servant came up presently to summon the lady to the drawing-room. The visitors proved to be family connections, whose stay was prolonged through the day, and she had no opportunity to obtain a few moments' conversation with her husband.

It might prove twice as well, she thought—the lover might introduce the subject more skillfully than herself, and she much doubted if his errand would prove as unwelcome to Mr. Hawley as its announcement had to her.

As Mr. Hawley had never evinced much fondness for his adopted daughter, even in her pretty childhood, it was not to be expected that he would feel any very strong regrets at this mutual parting.

The bell rang; Mr. Hawley was told that a gentleman begged a few moments' conference with him; the gentleman's card was handed to him, and he got up to go into his library.

Constance was at the piano in the midst of a difficult piece of music. She played on resolutely, but the chords ceased to send out any harmony. Her mother bent over her, and turned to a lively Scotch song; both recalled the incident afterward, trifling as it seemed.

Digitized by Google

"Try this, my love," she said, in a voice designed to cover the young girl's agitation. "You have struck a false note, and that deep Italian melody sounds like a dirge."

A tall, handsome young man rose up from his chair opposite the glowing fire as Mr. Hawley stepped into the library.

The first look made him pause upon the threshold with a painful start. Recovering from that, he came forward, and greeted his visitor with a formal bow. What a fool he was to catch in every new face a likeness to poor Danforth!

"Your name, sir, I think, is Mr. Herkimer?" he said, politely consulting his card.

Mr. Herkimer bowed. "I am a stranger to you, sir," he said, stammering, "but I can furnish you with the best possible references of character. I have begged this interview on an important errand. I come to lay before you my proposal for the hand of your daughter, Miss Constance."

Now that he had come to the purpose of his mission, his voice lost its confusion and sounded clear and musically distinct.

Hawley shook with a quick, nervous shudder; where had he heard those tones before? Certainly the man seated before him bore a terrible likeness, in face, voice, and bearing, to Edward Danforth. He controlled the nervous emotion, and leaned his head upon his hand, "Constance is young," he said—"too youngfor such thoughts at present."

"Time flies," said the young man with a scarcely perceptible smile, "to you, sir, immersed in your business cares, more unconsciously than to us."

"You have her approval of your suit?" asked her father, absently; "perhaps you are already engaged?"

"I spoke with her yesterday, sir," said the young man, flushing; "I came here with her permission."

"Had the matter gone so far?" Mr. Hawley felt as if he had little to add.

"You have not spoken of your prospects, Mr. Herkimer," he said, for the first time directly facing his visitor. "Constance, as you are supposed to know, will not be portionless, and I cannot consent to her marrying short of a fortune."

The young man's eyes fell. "I am not rich, sir; I fear not sufficiently to meet your expectations; I have some property which was left to me by my mother on condition of my assuming her maiden name, and be ides my father has a good property invested in some mines, to which I may expect to be heir, but nothing to equal the wealth of a millionaire."

"You have a profession, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, that of the law."

"What is your father's name, permit me to ask?"

"William Danforth, sir."

"It was well that Mr. Herkimer's eyes were cast down, or he might have been startled by the sudden paleness which mantled his host's face, leaving him for a moment ghastly white.

"I cannot consent to your marriage with Constance," he said rising, and speaking in a changed voice; "I am sensible of the honor you seek to do us in this connection, but I must desire all further steps to be cut short. If you please, we will consider the matter ended."

"But the young lady?" said Mr. Herkimer, aghast at the unexpected conclusion.

"Pooh! she will soon get over her fancy, and you, young gentleman, will do the same. I have company waiting in the drawing-room. Will you join us?"

Herkimer declined the invitation, which seemed put in mockery, and rose to go.

He heard Constance's clear voice at the piano as he stepped out into the hall. A bitter sigh rose up with a choking sensation in his throat. Poor Constance, how little she dreamed of the blow about to fall on her.

He stepped out into the fast falling snow of a Winter night. His heart was heavy, oppressed with a numbing pain; an hour ago he had exulted in his new happiness as he breasted the storm—now!

He found his father at his hotel; he had arrived in town the day before, and had been trusted with his son's confidence. The latter's depressed appearance revealed at first sight the secret of his refusal. Mr. Danforth, listened with sympathetic attention to the particulars; if his pride was wounded at the cavalier treatment his son had received, he had the prudence to keep down the feeling.

"We will not give the matter up at once, my boy," he said, cheerfully. "I will see Mr. Hawley myself to-morrow; you did not state your position plainly enough; you should have come out with the facts, when he invited the relation of your circumstances; an income of a thousand a year, with a profession promising to be lucrative by-and-by, are no trifles; and I should not mind settling the heirship of the mines upon you to help to bring about the marriage. Cheer up, Edward; I see no reason for desponding. The old gentleman at first sight has taken you for an adventurer."

The young man smiled, a little sorrowfully.

"You do not know, sir, you did not hear him speak. Constance will never marry against her father's wishes, neither ought I to ask her."

Chapter IV.



MR. DANFORTH did call upon Mr. Hawley on the morrow, a most painful and unlooked-for meeting to one at least. Mr. Hawley was in his counting-room immersed in business when the gentleman walked into his office. The pen he held had slipped from his fingers, leaving a long dark stain on the paper before him, and his change of color was too sudden to escape observation.

"We have certainly met before," said Mr. Danforth, grasping his unwilling hand. "Why, bless me! Mr. Hawley, my poor brother Edward's partner! I never thought of greeting in you an old friend, though I remembered the name."

He stopped; the associations suddenly called up were not of the most agreeable character.

"Take a chair, Danforth," said Hawley, recovering himself. "May I ask your errand this morning? You see I am surrounded with business."

His manner was cold; Danforth took the designated seat in silence. He had thought to find his task an easy one; but this recognition sent a singular chill over his spirits. The aged and changed appearance of the man before him struck him disagreeably.

"I called on my son's business," he began abruptly. "Edward saw you last night. From what I gathered from him, he seems to have blundered in his explanation."

"I gave him his answer," said Mr. Hawley, rustling the papers beneath his hand uneasily; "it is not my wish that Constance should think of marriage at present; she is still young."

"Edward," observed his father, "misunderstood you; he supposed the objection to arise on the score of property."

"That was also considered," observed Mr. Hawley, coldly; "Constance has too large a fortune in prospective, not to lay her suitors open to the suspicion of being adventurers—unless their own income were too ample to admit of such a doubt.

"Edward will have a good estate at my decease," said Mr. Danforth; "at present he has a thousand a year and a profession."

Digitized by Google

"Next to nothing, sir," suggested his companion, "when needed to support a wife brought up with Constance's expensive habits. A thousand a year would not fill her jewel-case."

"We were both young once," said Mr. Danforth, smiling; "you yourself married into a wealthy family while yet a comparatively poor man. I venture to believe that Mrs. Hawley never regretted her choice. Edward has entered upon a lucrative profession; why should he not be as fortunate?"

The same waxen paleness that had shot over Hawley's face at the entrance of his visitor mantled it again. "I do not know," he said, sharply, "but I am little accustomed to leave anything to chance."

"In a word, then, you have really set your heart against the match?"

"I am sorry to say so, sir; sorry to decline the honor."

Mr. Danforth rose; the reply was too pointed to admit of further negotiation.

"I am sorry for both the young people," he said. "I confess, Mr. Hawley, I cannot see the reasonableness of this resolution."

"You look only on your own side of the matter," said the gentleman, blandly. "If I had other daughters to dispose of in marriage, I might be more lenient."

"How Hawley has changed!" thought Mr. Danforth, as he went out; "I did not seem to breathe freely in his presence. Well, my errand was indeed hopeless; poor Edward! I must take him away from here. I wonder if my brother's wife is still living; strange that none of my letters to her have received an answer; I may as well go to C——— at once; the change will be a slight difference to Edward. How the sight of Hawley brought up those old, old days—my poor brother! Who would have thought such a thing of him!—he was always so honest, so true in the smallest things. I wonder if he is living still, traveling the hard path of crime; it must have been a frightful temptation to throw him from his course. Poor, poor Edward! it all seems like a dream. How can a man be so blind as to dash out all his prospects in life by one throw?"

Mr. Danforth's kind plan on his son's part was defeated by that young gentleman's engagement in a lawsuit just coming on, and he found himself obliged to take up his projected journey alone.

It was but a short journey to C———, some forty miles, the whole dis ance being traversed by railway—a very great change from the days of his youth, when the slow stage-coach had rattled on day after day over the turnpike roads.

Everything wore a changed aspect as he got out at the station; new buildings met his eyes; the new wall of a towering steam factory, with its long smoke-chimney; crowds of strange faces; but the last he was prepared for.

It seemed like a dream, that this far-off boyhood and the first eventful years of his manhood had been passed in this then quiet spot.

The short Winter day was near its close, and he proceeded at once to the nearest hotel, which proved to be only a few yards distant from the station. Somewhat to his surprise, and much to his satisfaction, he recalled an old friend in the landlord's ruddy face, and saw at once that the objects of his visit might be speedily fulfilled.

Mr. Scranton failed to recognize him until he had made his self-introduction, and then his greeting was cordial and hearty.

"Where have you been all these long years, sir?" he inquired. "I thought you were dead long ago!"

"Seeking my fortune for the last ten years."

"And prospered, I suppose? come back a rich man?"

"A tolerable competence," returned Danforth, modestly; "money never kept very long in my hands, as you know. I was quite unlike poor Edward; but that brings me to the object of my coming here, to make some inquiries for his wife and family, if he has any."

"His wife—bless me! Don't you know she has been dead these dozen years? She didn't live six months after he ran off—excuse me—his little daughter found a good home with his partner, Mr. Hawley. A strange freak that!"

"You don't tell me so!" exclaimed Mr. Danforth, in his turn astonished. "Can Constance, then, be my brother's child? I remember that was her mother's name, and Edward wrote that he had given it to his baby!"

"They have no other child, I believe," said the landlord, rather curiously. "I heard from them a year ago through one of our town's people. He went into Mr. Hawley's office, but the gentleman could not remember him. They are at the top of fortune—the Hawleys—and vain of their good luck, too."

"It is very singular," said Mr. Danforth, aloud, "this adoption. What were the circumstances in which Mary was left the time of her husband's disappearance?"

"Utter poverty, I believe. There was nothing coming to her from the firm, of course."

"What could have led poor Edward into such a step? a gambling affair? anything of that sort?"

"I never heard anything of that kind. Something was said about his getting involved, but nobody knew where the story came from."

"A bad affair," said Danforth, sighing, "Edward was the last man I should have picked out of the world to fall into ruin; there never was a better brother or friend."

A call came for the landlord; Scranton went out, and Danforth drew his chair up to the fire, and fell into a fit of meditation. Slowly out of the glowing coals before him a singular picture began to shape itself—a long procession, at the end of which stood a gallows, on the scaffold the outline of a man kneeling, with his face covered in his hands. The profile was distinct; it bore a singular likeness to some one he had seen but the day before.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed, starting up. "I may as well go to my chamber and try to sleep off this hallucination. I feel as though just escaping from the grasp of a nightmare."

But sleep was not to be wooed for his pillow that night; his thoughts rested intently on the discovery of the evening—Constance's adoption, coupled with the singular agitation of his brother's former partner. He rose in the morning unrefreshed, and thought he would take a short walk before breakfast, after which he decided to leave in the noon train.

New streets had been built—a broad piece of waste land turned into a green square, fenced by a neat iron railing, and bordered by fast-growing elms; the house where his own short, unquiet days of married life had passed still stood, the old evergreens shading the entrance, the snow lying thick over what had been the garden; it struck him as the only place left unchanged by the wear of twenty years.

Several workmen were busy with their spades in enlarging a cellar for some new building, as he retraced his steps by an opposite way to that from which he had come. Just as he neared them, one of the number dropped his pickax, with a loud exclamation, and the others stood as if transfixed.

"A skeleton, Marks, and no mistake! There's been some foul work here!"

Danforth stepped up and looked over. It was the head of a skeleton, which the removal of the brown mold had uncovered.

"What building stood here?" he asked, breathlessly.

"An office, sir. It has just been torn down."

Digitized by Google

Chapter V.

Mr. Herkimer sat in his office reading over his brief for the morrow. The old cheerful look of a mind at peace with its surroundings and happy in itself had quite gone out of the young man's face, leaving in its stead the painful lines of suffering and a gloom which might not soon pass away.

At his elbow, thrust away under a heap of lawyer-like parchments, lay a daintily-written note, which bore Mrs. Hawley's signature. Constance had received his letter, but it was the last which must pass between them; her husband had given his orders to that effect, and she felt sure that Mr. Herkimer would respect their mutual wishes, and see that the matter was at an end.

It was very cruel, he felt so with his whole heart; they loved each other, and there was no real obstacle of a grain's weight to come between them.

The law is a slow profession—save in the rarest cases—but Herkimer had never realized the fact until this night.

A rap came at his door, a late visitor, and he got up, but not in time to give admission to his father.

"Why, father!" he exclaimed, arrested by his pallid appearance, "what has happened? Are you ill? You have just come from C——?"

"I have just left the station," said Mr. Danforth, trying to speak in his natural tone, but his voice had the brokenness of agitation. "I have made a most terrible discovery; it relates to Hawley."

Herkimer dropped the brief he had held in his hand, and looked earnestly at his father.

"I have told you of your uncle's disappearance; of the fraud he was said to have perpetrated—it turns out that he was murdered!"

The young man turned white, and sat down, leaning his face upon his hand.

His father took the chair opposite, and went on, in a lower voice:

"In my visit to Mr. Hawley I recognized him at first



THE CHINCHILLA.—SEE PAGE 574.

Digitized by Google



THE BILL OF FARE.

sight as my brother's former partner; his agitation on seeing me was singular and unaccountable."

He paused.

"On my visit to C———, I learned that this young lady to whom you have been paying your attentions is only his daughter by adoption, and her real name Constance Danforth."

At any other time this announcement would have excited extreme surprise, but now the young man held his breath in suspense for the terrible finale which was approaching.

"This morning, in my walk through C———, I came upon some workmen enlarging a cellar in preparation for a new building; before my eyes they unearthed a skeleton. It was your uncle's former warehouse which covered this spot, the threshold of which he crossed, and, according to my belief, was never again seen in life."

Digitized by Google

"The proofs!" said Edward, huskily; "it may be the remains of some other man, and how do you know that this person was murdered?"

"The marks of violence above the temple show the manner in which he met his death. Your uncle, I discover upon investigation, at the time of his death was not a poor man, yet nothing remains to show his right to property, or the faintest proof that he had taken to vicious courses. Had I been here at the time, these discoveries would have been made in the week following his disappearance, but there was none interested save his sick wife and unconscious infant. I shall have him arrested," said Danforth, savagely; "the picture I saw in the coals last night was a supernatural vision; it shall come true!"

"No!" exclaimed his son, starting; "hear me, my dear father, for Constance's sake—God avenges the deepest wrongs in his own time; let Hawley know of your discovery, but do not visit vengeance on his innocent family on account of his guilt."

Danforth shook his head.

"What! let him go on in his prosperity after he has taken my brother's life? Edward, I never thought this of you."

"What good will it do, sir, to bring him to the bar? I have seen the man. He never premeditated that crime. It was done under the influence of passion. If we could read his heart, I believe we would see he has never known a moment's peace since. That, though, is the confession of all criminals."

Danforth sat silent.

The haggard, wretched face of the guilty man rose up before him. No wonder at its restlessness, with such a secret gnawing beneath!

"You argue well, Edward," he said, after a lengthened pause; "but where is the clearing of your uncle's good name?"

"That, sir, is of less value than the peace of the living," answered Edward.

Mr. Danforth had not yet decided, but wavered; and finally resolved that circumstances should settle his course.

Early in the morning he presented himself, now accompanied by his son, at Mr. Hawley's counting-house. The gentleman was not in, and the clerk said he was at home, seriously ill.

Thither Mr. Danforth proceeded, and pitilessly presented himself, sending in with his card a message that his business was urgent, and would admit of no delay. He was ushered into the sick-chamber, where Mr. Hawley, in bed, received him with anxiety and suspicion.

What followed in that long interview those two alone knew; but when Mrs. Hawley entered, upon the strange visitor's departure, she found her husband exhausted, and able to articulate with difficulty.

"I have revoked my decision in regard to Mr. Herkimer," he said to her in a whisper, as she still sat by his pillow an hour later; "when I recover, we shall have the marriage take place."

"When he recovered"—Mrs. Hawley soon saw that was not to be. He never rose from his sick-bed; soon his mind began to wander, and he murmured of strange things. Mrs. Hawley wept; by-and-by a new light began to dawn upon her; she sent out the nurse, and chose to take the weary watching and attendance upon herself. Even Constance was denied her share, but that might be because her presence seemed to arouse the invalid into a state of almost nervous frenzy. Then came a few moments of peace before he passed away; and then he uttered words—plain to one, but strange to the other who wept by his deathbed.

"God has led me by a hard path, but He has been merciful, very merciful at the last."

"Poor papa!" said Constance, "how I wish he would let us love him and make his life happier."

She did not dream, poor innocent child, that his one secret crime had closed his life to every avenue of happiness. A year from that sorrowful day she became Mr. Herkimer's wife, and on her marriage morning was tenderly told all that her mother had desired her to know.

"No mother could be dearer," was her fond reply, encircling the friend of her girlhood in a warm embrace; "but for mamma's desire, I should never have wished to know this. And that was why papa never loved me! Poor papa!"

It was well that the murderer's secret slept with him.

There was some curiosity expressed, when, a few months later, a white slab rose beside that which marked the grave of the deserted wife in the graveyard at C———, with the simple inscription, "Edward Danforth;" but the interest soon died away, and no one dreamed that a handful of dust and a heap of moldering bones were all which had been reverently laid in the quiet spot.

THE CHINCHILLA.

THE earliest account of this valuable little animal is to be found in a translation published in London, England, in 1604, of Father Joseph Acosta's "Natural and Moral History of the East and West Indies." This interesting work was originally published in Spanish, in 1591, at Barcelona, and says:

"The chinchilla is another kind of small beast like squirrels; they have a wonderfully smooth and soft skin, which the natives wear as a healthful thing to comfort the stomach and these parts that have need of a moderate heat."

Sir John Hawkins thus mentions this curious animal: "Among others, they have little beasts like unto a squirrel, but that he is gray. His skin is the most delicate, soft, and curious fur that I have seen, and has much estimation, as is reason, in Peru. Few of them come into Spain, because difficult to be come by, for that the princes and nobles lay in wait for them. They call this beast chinchilla, and of them they have great abundance."

Molina states that it lives in burrows under ground in the open country of the northern part of Chili, and is very fond of being in company with others of its own species. It feeds upon the roots of various bulbous plants, which grow abundantly in those parts, and produces twice a year five or six young ones. It is so docile and mild in temper, that it neither bites nor tries to escape, but seems to take a pleasure in being caressed,

The length of the body of this beautiful little creature is nine inches, and the tail nearly five inches. Its proportions are close set, and its limbs rather short, the posterior being considerably longer than the anterior. The fur is long, thick, close, woolly, somewhat crisped and entangled together, grayish or ash-colored above, and paler beneath. The form of the head resembles that of the rabbit—the eyes are full, large, and black, and the ears broad, naked, rounded at the tips, and nearly as long as the head. The mustaches are plentiful and very long, the longest being twice the length of the head, some of them black, some white. The tail is about half the length of the body, and covered with long, bushy hairs.

Although an extensive trade has been long carried on in the skins of this animal, it is only lately that they have been brought alive to England, where some are now in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. We are not aware that any have ever yet been seen alive in America.

Digitized by Google

MARIUS AT MINTURNÆ.

THE classic school, so popular in Europe in the last century, drew its inspiration from the exciting annals of Grecian and Roman history. Scenes familiar to our thoughts from boyhood, but which never lose their majestic grandeur—never become trivial—are indeed well suited to the sphere of art.

The principal scene in this illustration is from a work of the French painter, Drousis, and depicts the scene between Marius and the Cimbric soldier.

Caius Marius, a Roman general and statesman, of plebeian origin, won distinction as a soldier under the second Scipio Africanus; and, 119, B. C., was chosen tribune of the people. Other offices soon fell to the aspiring commoner, and, marrying Julia, aunt of Julius Cæsar, he obtained family influence.

While lieutenant under Metellus, in the Jugurthine war, he was elected consul, 107 B. C. He put an end to that war, defeated the Teutones and Ambrones, German tribes, at Aix, and on the 30th of July, 101, annihilated the Cimbri, at Vercelli. Though repeatedly re-elected consul, his popularity declined, and Sylla became his rival, and he was at last forced to fly from Rome.

To escape immediate pursuit, he and his company were forced to swim to two merchant galleys, the crews of which, with a spirit characteristic of sailors, refused to give them up, but afterward made them land at the mouth of the Liris. Here, while concealed in a marsh, Marius was surrounded and captured. A Cimbric soldier was ordered to dispatch him, but lost courage, so affected was he by the majesty of the old man's appearance and language, and declared that he could not kill Caius Marius.

This is the moment seized upon by the artist to produce the effective picture.

Behind it are shown two other fine classical paintings, "The Oath of the Horatii," by David, and an "Offering to Esculapius," by Guerin.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

THE splendid remains of this once vast monastery are quite sufficient to show the scale of grandeur on which it was built. They have lately been restored, and promise to last as long as they have hitherto stood.

The site of this magnificent building is at the southeast angle of the city of Canterbury, in the county of Kent, famous in history for the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, and in poetry by Chaucer's celebrated poem of the "Canterbury Tales."

The earliest record of St. Augustine is that it was designed by King Ethelbert as a royal cemetery, and for that purpose he assisted that famous saint in building it. At its first opening it was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. In the year 978, when it had been enlarged, St. Dunstan dedicated it afresh, not only to St. Peter and St. Paul, but to St. Augustine.

So splendid was this place, that at the Reformation Henry VIII. appropriated it as a royal palace. In 1573, Queen Elizabeth, making a tour of her kingdom, kept her court here. Fire and vandalism have, however, much reduced the ancient dimensions of this magnificent superstructure, and even the antiquary cannot trace with certainty the wide circuit of its original walls. In several places they have been knocked down to admit the view of modern buildings; in other places they have been cleared away to make room for houses.

In 1655, when Dugdale's "Monasticon" was published, the apartments were of a truly regal magnificence, and the area covered sixteen acres of land. But the most rapid decline of this splendid relic of the past has taken place during the last hundred years; and so far had the desecration been carried at the commencement of the century, that part of the building was converted into a brewery and a dependent public-house.

The great room over the archway of the principal gate was a cockpit, another ancient room was a taproom, and the sound of skittle-playing, quoits, and jolly songs were heard where once rose the joyous swell of *Jubilate* and the mournful cadence of the *Miserere*.

But a change was destined to come over the shadow of this disgraceful dream, and eighty years ago Mr. Hope, father of Anastasius Hope, restored the great gateway, and built within the walls a college for the education of Church of England missionaries.

The profanities of brewery, public-house, fives-courts, and skittles were swept away, and the destroyed monastery was restored, and an image of past magnificence rose on the site of the old original.

The gate looks now as well as it did in its pristine splendor, and the quadrangle, into which you enter on passing through the gate, is exceedingly fine, as, indeed, are chapel, hall, and library. The cloisters are eminently picturesque and gloomy, and carry the spectator into the feudal times as if by a stroke of magic.

The corridors are lined and roofed throughout with solid oak, narrow and very long, which has a most powerful and romantic effect. In the chapel, the hall—indeed, in every part, the greatest attention has been paid to detail, and the sculptured ornaments will bear a comparison with the greatest triumphs of the Middle Ages.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

THE burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance.

The French entered the city, September 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his Winter quarters. On that very day several fires broke out, but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the 18th the whole city appeared as a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000.

The Russians at the time, in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the order of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were kindled by the order of the Governor, Rostoptchin, acting, beyond all doubt, under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the Governor would venture such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the Winter. Ample preparations had been taken to insure the entire destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city.

In burning the French out of their proposed Winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames.

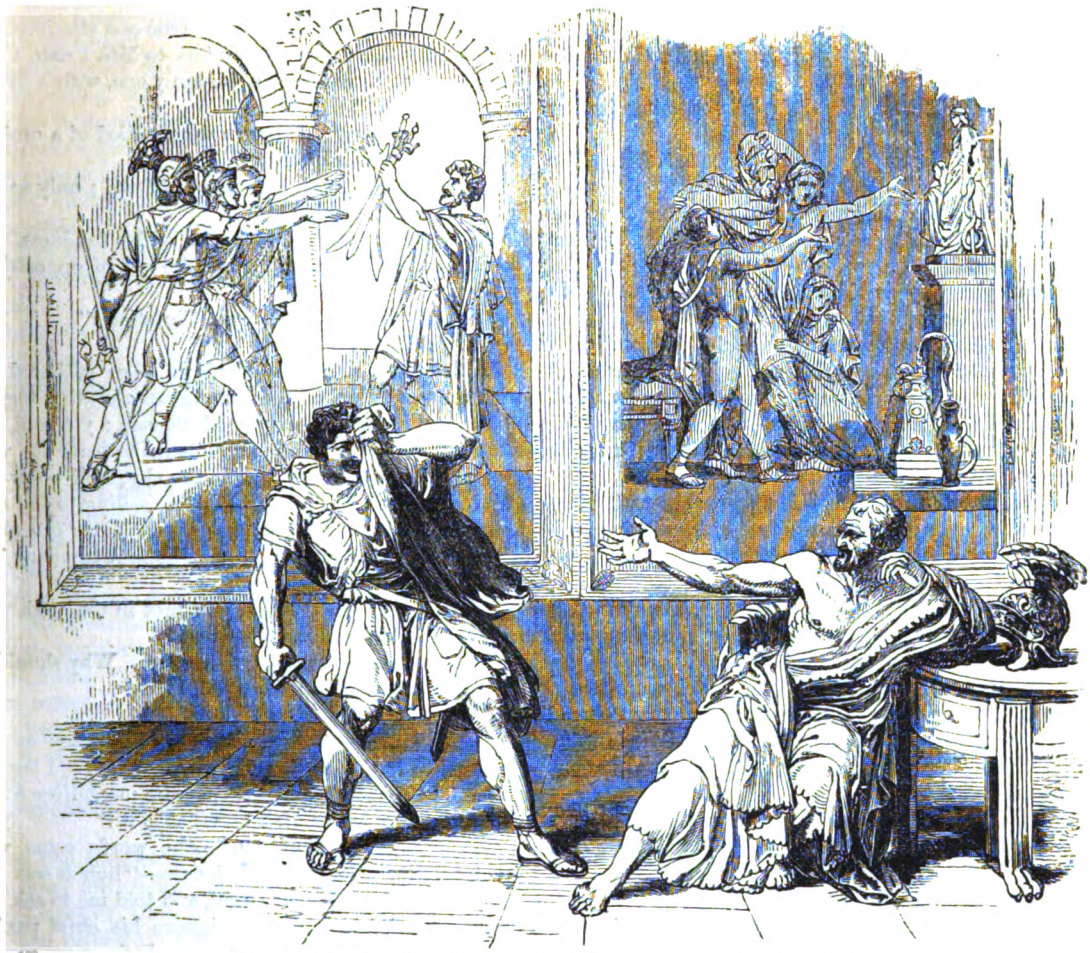
The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000, and beyond this it in the end involved the retreat in the dead of Winter, and the almost complete annihilation, of the great French army.

Digitized by Google



THE BROKEN STRAP.— DRAWN BY SIR JOHN GILBERT.

Digitized by Google



MARIUS AT MINTURNÆ.—FROM A PAINTING BY DROUSIS.—SEE PAGE 575.

REST AFTER SORROW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAGDALEN'S LEGACY," "COULD AUGHT ATONE?" ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TWILIGHT is gathering; the flowers are closing their petals; the birds are seeking their nests; a sweet calm, as of the Sabbath, rests over all.

It is growing dusk in Castleford Parsonage. Through the small oriel windows of the study, with their narrow bordering panes of rich stained glass, the fading light of day comes but dimly—so dimly that a gentleman who has been reading there, without interruption, for hours, closes his book, and, rising from his seat, walks toward the window overlooking the quaint, old-fashioned garden.

He stands there for a time, in evident enjoyment of the evening and the scene his eyes rest upon; for the garden is pleasant, though it is old-fashioned. A broad alley runs straight through it. On each side grow pear and apple trees with great, gnarled, moss-covered trunks, and mistletoe growing amidst the arching boughs. Rose-trees are planted between, and nearer the house there is a smooth lawn dotted with beds of gay, fragrant flowers. The light grows dimmer, yet still the man retains his position. The early June day has been hot and oppressive, and the cool breeze that has sprung up with the twilight is refreshing and grateful.

The man's form is tall and strongly built, yet not devoid of a certain air of grace and refinement, which extends itself to his face—a face that is pleasant to look upon, every feature being firm and reliable, telling of earnestness and nobility of character. The hair is chestnut; the eyes, appearing almost black at times, are, in reality, dark blue.

Calm and sweet and still is the evening, with a stillness that has in it something of solemnity; but by-and-by the room is filled with the sound of softly-pealing bells borne on the breeze from the little church hard by.

The Castleford bells have chimed the hours of five and eight from time immemorial. The sound disturbs the man from the reverie into which he has fallen.

"Eight o'clock," he murmurs, half aloud, half to himself—"eight o'clock, and Pearl has not been yet."

Then he walks away slowly to the other window, the one commanding the principal approach to the parsonage. Not so pleasant is the lookout from this window as from the other. A broad gravel-path leading down to a gate, a narrow strip of lawn interspersed with flower-beds, a narrow belting of shrubbery, and a few tall elm-trees, shutting in the house from the road—that is all.

The door opens slowly, and a lady looks in; even in the dim light may be traced the strong likeness she bears to the occupant of the room. They are brother and sister, beyond a doubt. There is the same tall form, hers, however, being slighter and suppler; there is the same broad, white forehead, crowned with rippling chestnut hair; there are the same dark-blue eyes, out of the depths of which look purity and truth; the same lips, the curves of which speak of firmness and sweetness of disposition admirably blended; and over all is the same air of dignity and refinement.

"Christian," she says, still standing in the doorway, "may I come in? Have you done with your books for this evening?"

"Come in, Nell," he tells her, with a pleasant smile of

Digitized by Google

welcome. "The light is too dim for me to see to read any longer."

They are pleasant voices, both of them—refined and cultivated.

"Shall I ring for lights?" the lady asks, coming farther into the room.

"Not unless you desire them for yourself, Nellie. The gloaming is too pleasant to be lost."

But it is evident the lady does not desire them, for she moves across to where her brother stands, and links her arm within his.

"You have had a very easy day, Christian?"

"Very, Nellie," he replies.

"You have not been out even for a walk, Christian."

"There are but few sick people just now in Castleford," he says, avoiding a direct answer; "and you know, Nell, how averse I am to visiting just for the sake of visiting."

A little cloud passed over Nellie Graham's face; it may be seen even in the shadowy room.

"Don't you think, Christian"—Nellie speaks with more than her usual gentleness—"that there is just a bare possibility of your carrying that prejudice too far?"

"No, Nellie."

He speaks with prompt decision. But it is a matter that has troubled Nellie Graham for many a day; she will pursue the subject now it has once been broached.

"You know best, of course, Christian; but I cannot help thinking that, if you would tear yourself from your beloved books, and go out amongst your parishioners a little more frequently, it would be better for yourself, and would afford them greater satisfaction."

"I trust no one charges me with neglect of duty, Nellie?"

There is something akin to wounded feeling in the tones. Nell detects it in the slightly quickened utterance.

"No one could do that, Christian."

"A breach of politeness and common kindliness—is that it?"

But the girl is some minutes before she replies, and even then her words seem to bear but little direct reference to the question her brother has asked.

"I have been out for such a pleasant walk," she begins, with some little hesitation, and lingering over the words, "through the Banner Cross Woods, Christian. The trees are all out in full leaf now, you know."

"Well?" the brother interrogates, as the girl again pauses.

"On coming back through Banner Cross Park, I met the whole party from the House."

"Pearl—was Pearl with them, Nell?"

"Pearl and Mr. Frith and a gentleman whom I have never seen before—a gentleman whom at the first glance one might be tempted to think a foreigner."

"And young Woodford and Squire Reynolds and the usual set of ladies—were they all there, Nell?"

"There were more than usual, Christian. They were laughing and chatting, and seeming very gay."

"Pearl has not been to-day, Nell. The fresh shoal of visitors accounts for it."

"I often wonder how she keeps up the habit of coming at all, Christian, and wonder still more often now, amidst the gayety and fast life of the House, she still retains her childish simplicity and innocence."

"She is just like her mother was, Nell. I remember, when I was a boy, how she used to come in the same manner every day."

"The love between her and our mother was rare, Christian."

"As rare as it was warm and tender. I have seen our mother restless, and almost unhappy—she could never be quite that, you know—if Mrs. Frith did not come all day. It is seldom that school-girls' friendship outlasts marriage, but theirs never wavered—it was true and steadfast."

"It must have been a comfort to Mrs. Frith, Christian; her life must have been an unhappy one, with a husband so unsympathetic."

"Most unhappy. If ever a woman died of a broken heart it was little Pearl's mother."

"And yet Mr. Frith is so fond of Pearl; only see how he indulges her in everything!"

"Yes; he is fond of her with a selfish fondness. I do not think that his love would stand the test of opposition to his wishes."

"Shall I ring for lights now, Christian?"

"No, Nell, not yet."

In the little study the shadows have gathered thickly; with the exception of the two figures standing together, no object can be plainly discerned therein; yet still the gentleman manifests a strange reluctance to leave the window.

"Watch the stars lighting in the sky, Nell—how beautiful it is! Presently the moon will come sailing in the calm blue heavens. Who is it, dear, that says, 'Never one star shines alone; there is always another to keep it company'?"

"I do not remember."

"And so the party whom you met in the park were very gay, Nell—Pearl amongst the rest?"

"Pearl amongst the rest, Christian. Why should she not be—young and rich and beautiful?"

"Ay—why not, indeed?"

"Christian"—and again the slow hesitation as before is perceptible in the lady's voice and manner—"I have not yet delivered the message Mr. Frith bade me deliver to you."

"A message to me, Nell! What is it?"

"He asked me, Christian"—the words came with still greater deliberation and gentleness—"how it was that they never saw you at Banner Cross, and told me to ask if it was part of a minister's duty to ignore his chief parishioners because their mode of living was a little more gay than his own."

"And you, Nell—what did you say?"

"That your poorer parishioners took up so much of your time, and that they had few to pay them any little attention; while he had so many always ready and anxious to serve him. I gave him, in addition, your own reason, that you disliked visiting merely for the sake of paying a visit."

"What followed, Nell?"

"He laughed at me, good-humoredly enough, but said that it was a poor, paltry excuse. 'Tell him,' he cried, 'that it's pride that keeps him away. He's poor and proud! The Castleford people say that he makes as much fuss of himself as though he were a king!'"

The lady's cheeks are burning fiercely before she has completed her sentence.

"He never sent such a message as that," Christian Graham begins, hotly; then he pauses, and presently adds, with a slight laugh, "But I don't know why anything he said should astonish me."

"I did not know that Mr. Frith deemed us poor, Christian."

"It matters little in what estimation he holds us, Nell. I know that I count myself rich indeed in comparison with Mr. Frith. Did Pearl hear the precious message?"

"She took no notice of it, if she did; but I saw the bright color flush her face, and she gave the short, gay laugh she always gives when anything annoys her."

"Christian," the lady says again, presently, after a silence of some minutes, "I really wish that you would go out a little more than you do."

"Why, Nell?"

"It would be good for you, and——"

"And," her brother interposes, "your sisterly pride and

Digitized by Google

affection take alarm when the good people of Castleford tax me with undue pride."

But as he speaks there comes the sound of an opening gate, then quick, light footsteps pass up the walk and through the hall, and then a sweet, winsome face peeps into the room, and a fresh, girlish voice calls out:

"May I come in?"

"Pearl!" Christian Graham cries, pleasurable eagerness very perceptible in his tones. "How late you are!"

"We had given over expecting you," Nellie says, taking both the girl's hands in her own; "it is growing quite late, dear child."

"It is not yet nine, Nell; your rooms are dimly lighted. I am not too late to be welcome, I hope?"

"As though that could ever be!" Nell tells her.

"Nellie knew that you had company at the House," Christian says, "and we concluded that that would keep you away."

"We have not had a quiet day by any means. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and the Woodfords came this morning, but they went away nearly an hour ago. Since then papa has honored me by taking me into his confidence. Did you notice the gentleman walking with papa," the girl continues, some of the freshness fading out of her tones—"the one who was so very dark, Nell?"

"I did, Pearl. I wondered who he could be; I have not seen him before."

"No; you have never seen him before, Nell. He is the eldest son of my father's only brother. Deighton Frith is his name. He is the heir-apparent to Banner Cross."

"Heir-apparent to Banner Cross!" Nell repeats, wonderingly.

"Have you forgotten, Nellie? Banner Cross is strictly entailed upon male heirs—and papa has no son. You cannot have forgotten, Christian?"

"No," he replies; "but I rarely give a thought to the matter. You have not been upon very intimate terms with this young man, Pearl."

"No. There had been some unpleasantness between papa and uncle for many years before my uncle's death, and there never was a reconciliation; but last Winter, while we were in London, we met Deighton, and papa took quite a fancy to him. Where are you going?" she adds, abruptly, as Nellie Graham rises from her chair.

"Only to ring for lights."

"Then don't do it yet," she begs. "This quiet room, with its 'dim, religious light'—is that a correct quotation, Christian?—is a relief after the glare and gayety of the day. And, besides, I am come to tell you something which I think will be better 'told by the moonlight alone' than by any artificial light—and we shall have a splendid moon presently."

She seats herself upon a low ottoman at Nellie's feet, and rests her head upon Nellie's lap. Rarely lovely she must be, seen by the full light of day; even in the shadowy room her beauty is apparent. Her hair and eyes must be black, and, if her face is not perfect, and almost devoid of color, it appears so now.

"I often think," she begins, dreamily, "what a comfort it must have been to my mother to know that she was always welcome to come here, when she could escape from the constant noise and gayety of her own home. It was no greater comfort and blessing, though, to her than it has been to her daughter."

"Christian has just been saying," Nell puts in softly, "that the comfort was mutual in the case of our mothers. I know that it is in the case of their children."

"Did Nellie deliver the message papa gave her for you?" the girl asks, turning her face to Christian, but repaying Nellie's speech with a little gentle hand-pressure.

"About my neglect in visiting him? Yes, she did."

"It pained me to hear him, Christian. But what could I say? To think of sending such a message to you, and by your own sister!"

"It hurt neither Nellie nor me, Pearl."

"He speaks so of everybody who adopts a profession, Christian; you know that he does. Oh, I wish that he would not!"

"I always esteem myself fortunate in having such a profession—in being thought worthy to succeed my father, not only in his home, but in his church. Your father's words cannot take from me my sense of pride and satisfaction, Pearl."

"But you said that you had something to tell us," Nell interposes, gently. "Suppose, dear, that you let us hear what it is."

Nellie Graham feels a shiver run through Pearl Frith's slight form. She looks down upon the face lying in her lap; the moon has just sailed into the dark blue heavens, and the beams fall upon the young girl's features. Nell Graham fancies that their expression is sad and weary, and that they are paler than they are wont to be.

"What is it, Pearl?" she asks, with quick sympathy.

"This afternoon papa called you poor," the girl says, very quietly; "but he forgot to add that his only child is very little better than a beggar."

Neither brother nor sister speaks—both utterly fail to comprehend the girl's meaning.

"He called me into the library, after they had all gone away—all except Cousin Deighton—his visit will doubtless extend over an indefinite period," Pearl continues—"and while there he told me that his affairs were in a most embarrassed state, and that if he died to-morrow I should be left penniless."

"But your mother's fortune—that was large? I have heard mine say so many times. Surely he can settle that upon you?"

"It all went, Christian, long ago. I have known that for some time past. Just for one minute consider the gay life and reckless extravagance that have always been the rule at Banner Cross."

"It is shameful! And you, his only child!" Nellie cries, indignantly, "to leave your future wholly unprovided for!"

"But he has provided for it," she observes, with quiet bitterness. "I am to become my cousin's wife; he is good enough to say that he will take me, portionless though I am."

"Pearl!"

"Oh, it's quite true, Nell! Papa read me quite a homily upon the gratitude I ought to feel toward him, and taxed me with all the cardinal sins—stupidity being the predominant one—because I manifested some little reluctance and hesitation to accept at once the future he has marked out for me."

"But, my dear child, what will you do?"

"I do not know what I shall do. I have asked for a few days to consider the matter."

"And, if you refuse?" interrogated Miss Graham.

"As if I dared, Nell! No, there is but one course open to me."

"And that?"

"Is, of course, to make a martyr of myself—a martyr not greatly to be commiserated, many would think."

"Do you think you can love him in time? I judge you do not now, from your manner."

It is Christian who speaks; but his tones have lost their pleasantness—they are hard and forced. Involuntarily Pearl lifts her head from Nellie's lap, and turns toward him, striving to peer through the gloom and shadows. But the moonbeams are friendly. They play at his feet; they kiss

Digitized by Google

Pearl's cheeks and braided tresses, and rich evening dress; they pour a stream of refulgent light upon Nellie's pure, earnest face; but they serve only to throw Christian more entirely into the darkness—they tell no tales of eyes that reflect great mental pain, of cheeks from which every vestige of color has departed, of firmly closed lips, and hands tightly clenched within each other.

"What did you ask, Christian?"

"This man, Pearl, whom your father elects for your future husband—do you love him?"

"Love him!" she echoes. "What an old-fashioned question! What an old-fashioned thing to talk about!"

"Nevertheless marriage cannot be happy without it."

"And who will care if I am happy or wretched?" the girl cries, with a sudden outburst of passion. "I shall marry this man, and become in due course the mistress of Banner Cross, and my father will be more than satisfied; he will never ask if I love or am loved. I shall be rich, and my friends will deem it a fortunate thing for me that my cousin condescended from his high estate to marry a portionless girl, and think that, if I am not more than content, I must indeed be hard to please."

"Hush, hush, dear!" Nellie says, touching the girl's hair with gentle caressing fingers. "Christian and I always care for your happiness."

"I am unjust to-night, I think," the girl responds, falling back upon her old quietness, "tired, and a little out of spirits too. It seems just at first a little hard to be so summarily disposed of, without one's tastes or inclinations being once consulted; but doubtless it is all for the best. If I were left to exercise my own plebeian tastes and pigmy judgment, I might elope with one of the servants, or do some other thing equally commendable."

"That is a new mood that possesses you to-night," Nell says; "I have never heard you talk so recklessly before, dear child."

"No!" Pearl cries, half indifferently, half interrogatively.

"I scarcely seem to recognize my little Pearl."

"Good-night," Pearl responds, starting up suddenly, away from Nell's caressing fingers—"Good-night, Nell."

"Must you go, dear? Then I shall come with you to the park gates."

"Thanks. Good-night, Christian."

The gentleman takes the extended hand in his own, and retains it for a few moments in a close, lingering clasp. He notes that it is hot and feverish; he can see by the moonbeams that the expression the girl's face wears is one of pain and careless defiance strangely mingled.

"Good-night," he says; and then he adds, an irresistible impulse seeming to urge him on, "Do not marry this man if you do not love him, Pearl."

"What?" she exclaims, even more reckless than before. "A minister counselling disobedience to parents! I never expected it from you, Christian."

Her tone jars upon his ear, her light, bantering manner wounds him, yet he shows no sign that such is the case.

"But you do not love him?"

"What a persistent questioner you are, Christian. Good-night. Come, Nellie."

The gentleman rises from his seat, and stands by the window to watch the receding figures; then the moonbeams show his face very plainly. It is pale still, but a look of hopeful decision struggles with the pain that it wore but a few moments back.

"My poor little wounded darling!" he murmurs, and into his face comes an expression of infinite tenderness. "How can her father treat her like a piece of merchandise? Either she must marry the man whom he has selected, or her future will be entirely unprovided for. If I only knew! If I could only read what is in her heart?"

Chapter II.



LONG the road, and through the great meadows fragrant with clover, the two girls walk in silence. The lodge at the entrance to the park is reached, and yet no word has been spoken. Nellie halts here.

"I must go back now, Pearl," she says; "you do not fear to go the rest of the way alone?"

"Afraid!" Pearl returns. "Why should I be afraid? No one will harm me. I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross."

She tries to give a little, short, gay laugh, but she fails utterly; there comes instead a passionate burst of tears.

They startle Nellie Graham, but she does not speak—does not attempt to check them. Silently she leads the girl on within the park, and seats her upon one of the many seats placed under the grand oaks and elm-trees; then she draws the hot, aching head on to her shoulder, and takes in her own the burning, feverish hands.

"What is it, Pearl?"

"I am so wretched, Nell! I declare that many a time I have wished that I were dead! And now comes this fresh addition to the burden I have to bear. Not that it grieves me to know that I am penniless—that knowledge could not give me a moment's sorrow—it is the cool way in which papa disposes of me that pains me.'

"You evaded replying to Christian's question, Pearl; but you will answer me. I do not, of course, suppose that you love your cousin now, but do you imagine it possible that you may in time?"

"Never, Nell! I disliked him from the first moment I saw him—I shall dislike him as long as I live."

"Then do not marry him, Pearl."

"Easy advice, Nell; but you don't know papa. I dare not oppose him—he will have his way whether I will or not."

Yes, Mr. Frith will brook no opposition to his wishes; Nellie Graham knows that, and the knowledge keeps her silent.

"If papa had ever loved me as some parents love their children," the girl cries again, the sobs shaking her slight form, "and he had asked me to do this thing for his sake, I think I could have assented cheerfully; but to be treated as though I had neither sense nor feeling—Nell, it drives me nearly wild when I think of it!"

A little closer pressure of the hand, the sudden laying of Nell Graham's face upon her own, assures the girl of her listener's sympathy.

"And then I wonder how it will all end," she continues—"wonder if I shall develop gradually into one of those dashing, heartless, flirting women papa admires so much, but at whom I shudder—or shall I be like my mother, and die beneath the hardening process? Nell, sometimes I think I could be content to live lacking every luxury, so that my life were spent with some one who would love and care for me."

"My poor child!"

"Who cares for me beside yourself, Nell? Even Christian this evening—how cool and indifferent he was to my pain and sorrow! What shall I do in the years to come, when I am for away, and cannot see your face or hear your voice? For I am very sure that Deighton Frith will never allow his wife to choose her own associates. What shall I do then? I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross, whose father has been gay and improvident, and altogether disreputable, and no one cares to say to his daughter, 'I love you.' They may admire her—they may not object to a little flirtation—

Digitized by Google

but no good, true, honest man would ever say to her, 'Will you be my honored, cherished wife?' or, I tell you, Nell, I should be tempted to set my father's commands at defiance and to regard his authority lightly. But no, I shall marry Deighton Frith, and my future fate—Heaven only knows what that will be?"

Nell Graham longs with an intense longing to find fitting words with which to comfort the girl she has known and loved from earliest childhood; but she can find none—she can only hold her in a yet closer embrace, and kiss the flushed face and quivering lips.

Presently the barking of a dog reaches them, the sound drawing each moment nearer and nearer.

"That is papa and Lion," Pearl says, starting to her feet; "Deighton too, in all probability. We shall just have time to avoid meeting them, Nell. For my sake you must not expose yourself to further insult. Good-night, dear."

In another moment she has darted down into a narrow path branching off from the main one, sheltered from observation for some distance by thick trees, and Nell Graham is retracing her steps homeward.

"If ever my heart ached for another's sorrow, it has to-night for that poor child," Nell says, a few minutes later, as she rejoins her brother in the quiet study. "Can we do nothing for her, Christian?"

"What can we do, Nell?" he returns, answering her question with another. "Any attempt at interference from us she might consider impertinent."

"I shall never forget her face and voice as I have seen and heard them to-night, Christian—the wistful, longing face, the yearning, sorrowing voice. 'I am Miss Frith, of Banner Cross, but no true, good man will ever come to me and say, "I love you; I would have and hold you forever as my honored, my cherished wife," or I should be tempted to set my father's commands at defiance.' She spoke some such words as those, and her look and tone conveyed more than her lips gave utterance to. Dear, had you seen and heard her, you could not speak so coldly. But I am sometimes tempted to think that you do not give Pearl full credit for the loving, clinging, sensitive nature she possesses."

Speak coldly! Why, the man's pulses are throbbing wildly, and the blood bounds through his veins with accelerated speed as he listens!

Speak coldly! Why, every quick heart-beat, every tender, passionate thought, is because of her or for her! His poor, sorrowing darling, longing for honest affection, and he eager to pour at her feet, a free-will offering, all the strong, deep love of his earnest nature! His sister's words are as new life to him.

"I believe her to be everything that is pure and womanly," he says, rather hurriedly.

"But—pardon me, Christian—your manner does not express your belief. Only this evening it was cold, constrained, and unsympathetic. I am sure Pearl was pained by it. I feel sure that some words of yours wounded and grieved her."

"I will be more careful in future," Christian Graham says; but he feels no sorrow as he listens to his sister's words—rather does a new, tender, bewildering, delicious joy take possession of him. "but I did not think, Nell," he explains, "that Pearl cared enough for any words of mine to feel either pain or pleasure at them."

"As though she cared half as much for the words of anybody else!" Nell cries, reproachfully. "Do not let your manner be cold and your words unsympathetic again, Christian. Pearl is sensitive and affectionate in the extreme; and she has no one to care for her save you and me."

"It shall never occur again, Nell."

"Never again! Never again!" Christian Graham mentally repeats many times, as he tosses restlessly upon his sleep-deserted pillow. "My manner cold and unsympathetic, wounding the girl for whom I would gladly lay down my life, if laying it down would insure her happiness! Values my words! I will save her from the fate which she regards with dread and aversion. She shall not be tied for life to a drinking, swearing, dissipated fop—as no doubt this cousin is. Her young, bright life shall not be fretted into the grave. I will go to her father, and tell him how unhappy the prospect of this marriage makes her; and then I will tell him how I love her. He must listen—he must, at last, yield. He cannot be so destitute of love for his only child that he would willingly consign her to a life-long misery, for the sole reason that he objects that any other woman but the one who calls him 'father' shall call Banner Cross 'home.' Then I will go to her, and I will woo her so gently, so tenderly, that she needs must lend a gracious ear. My little, shy, beautiful, dainty love, whose life should be cloudless, unbroken sunshine! She may not love me now, but I will win her; and some bright, golden day she will steal softly to me, and, laying her head upon my breast, she will sweetly whisper, 'Christian, my husband, I love you!' Is the dream but a fond delusion—the hope too bright ever to be realized? Little Pearl—my love, my queen, my darling!—shall I ever hold you close to my beating heart, and call you by that sweetest of all sweet names—wife?"

The morning light flushes the eastern sky with purple and rosy streaks of dawn before Christian Graham's eyes closed in sleep, before he sinks into dreamy slumber; and then golden, halcyon visions gladden his loving heart, and bright dreams of days to come crowd thickly upon him.

And at the great house at Banner Cross the young girl, Pearl Frith, sits beside one of the windows of a grand, lonely chamber, with tear-laden eyes that see nothing of the fair scene without—the terraced flower-gardens lying bathed in the silvery, shimmering radiance of the moonbeams, or the rippling waters of the lake, or the blossom-decked orchards and meadows beyond, skirted by the thick dark woods—sits with tiny hands clenched almost to pain, and with a face from which the joyousness of youth and its sweet hopefulness seem to have faded away—to have died out.

"It is all over," she thinks, with bitter sadness, the pale light of the moon shining upon the quivering lips; "I can never deceive myself with that dream again. How could I ever have imagined that he loved me—me, whom he must hold as light, and vain, and frivolous, and worldly? But I did think it; and the thought was infinitely sweet. Oh, if it had been so—if the dream had been not all a dream, but a living reality—I would gladly have borne the loss of fortune—I would willingly have set at naught papa's wishes and commands! But of what avail would it be now? Poor and friendless, where could I go? What could I do? And this will be the end—I shall obey papa and marry Deighton Frith, and settle down to a life of splendid misery; and perhaps some day, before I grow very old, Heaven will be kind, and send Death to release me from the burden of an unloved, unloving wedded life."

Chapter III.

Through the fragrant clover-meadows, and through the park, with its great, grand shadowy elms and oaks and sycamores, along the very path which Pearl, Frith, and Nell Graham had taken the evening before, walks Christian. There is a hopeful look in his eyes, and the happy dreaminess of his face is very pleasant to look upon. The southerly breezes play amidst his crisp chestnut curls, and bring to his cheek a bright, soft color; a smile plays about his lips; the blood bounds through his veins with strong,

Digitized by Google

glad life; his heart thrills and throbs as it has never thrilled and throbbed before. He is going to Banner Cross to try his fate, and, although not a vain man, he does not doubt of success.

"She will come to gladden my home and glorify my life," he tells himself.

"I will win her, my love, my queen!"

Christian Graham will never during his life forget his walk on this morning, nor the hopes that keep him such sweet company—it is a bright, glowing, gladsome, June morning, and the fond, precious hopes which fill his breast are even more bright and glowing and gladsome. And he dreams his brilliant dreams and rears his splendid, unsubstantial castles in the air even as he follows the pompous footman through the hall and up the grand staircase of Banner Cross House, until he stands in the presence of the man whom his love calls by the name of "father."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," that gentleman says, lazily stretching out his hand in greeting; "but I suppose your sister delivered the message I gave her. By Jove, Graham, what a deucedly fine girl she is! I had no idea that she had grown so handsome. It was so long since I had seen her."

"She has not been away from Castleford," Christian observes, pleasantly, looking upon the man before him, with his coarse, handsome, sensual face, and thinking how little—how very little—his daughter resembles him in appearance. And, ah, how glad he is to remember that she resembles him quite as little in mind and manners!

"You two people hold yourself so much aloof from our worldly set—make yourself so confoundedly scarce—that I never get a sight of you. Afraid of contamination, I suppose—eh?"

"You are so often away from Banner Cross yourself, Mr. Frith," Christian responds, gently, evading a direct reply.

"Well, I am. The old place is dull at the best. There is no place in the world like London, Graham, to my mind."

"Miss Frith is attached to Banner Cross, I think," Christian remarks, his cheeks flushing at the mention of her name.

"I think she is," allows Mr. Frith; "she is young and sentimental. I hate sentiment; but time will cure her of that, and give her common sense in its place. She dotes on flowers and trees and birds, and all the rest of such stuff. She is fond of horses, too; but that I can tolerate. I like to see a woman who knows how to ride; and, by Jove, sir, there is not one in the whole county can sit a horse as my daughter can!"

"She certainly rides admirably," Christian says, with a little smile, which he cannot repress, at Mr. Frith's burst of enthusiasm.

"It seems to me, Graham," Mr. Frith goes on to remark, "that you must see a great deal of my little girl. She appears to have adopted her mother's custom of walking over to Castleford Parsonage every day when she is at home."

"The days on which we do not see her are dull ones both to Nell and myself, Mr. Frith."

"Oh, I don't object to her coming, by any means! It keeps her out of mischief, if nothing else."

Then there ensues a silence between the two men who have not one taste or thought in common—a silence which Mr. Frith improves by whistling over some bars of a hunting song, and Christian Graham by considering how he can best broach the object of his visit.

"Awfully hot!" Mr. Frith remarks at last.

"Very," Christian coincides, with a thoughtful lingering over the word.

"Good for haymaking, I should suppose," Mr. Frith pursues, resolutely.

"Excellent!"

"I wonder where Deighton can be?" says Mr. Frith, rising from his seat. "You don't know him, I think?"

"I have not that pleasure."

"Then you shall have it. There are worse fellows in the world than Deighton Frith, Graham. He will be master of Banner Cross after me, you know. Confounded shame that I have no son, and that my daughter cannot inherit, isn't it, now?"

"It would certainly be more agreeable to you, Mr. Frith."

"My nephew Deighton is a fine, handsome fellow enough, and he will marry Pearl, although I have no fortune to give her. The young gypsy ought to be thankful. I dare say they are together now somewhere. I will send for them."

"Mr. Frith," says Christian, rising and laying a detaining hand upon the gentleman's arm, "grant me a few moments, I have something to say to you,"

"Oh, very well!" Mr. Frith responds, good-humoredly, resuming his chair. "What is it, Graham?"

Christian Graham stands before the man whose daughter is so dear to him. His heart beats so quick and loud that its pulsations, he fancies, must be heard in the still room; his breath comes thick and fast. But there is no shadow of embarrassment upon the earnest face—he is as brave and noble a gentleman as ever the sunlight streamed upon. And as he stands there comes faintly to them the sound of a voice—a girl's voice, ringing and clear:

"Cease, fond heart, no longer grieve thee;
Why this oft-repeated sigh?
Let not hope forever leave thee,
Or 'twere better far to die!"

There comes the sound of light footsteps running down the stairs and crossing the hall, and then the two gentlemen hear the opening and closing of a room-door. The soft crimson flush rises again to Christian Graham's face as he listens.

"That is Pearl, I believe," Mr. Frith remarks.

"Mr. Frith," says Christian, his voice grave and earnest, "your daughter is inexpressibly dear to me. I never thought to love a woman as I love her. I have come to Banner Cross this morning to beg that you will permit me to try to win her for my dear, my cherished wife."

Surprise is the predominant expression upon Mr. Frith's face. For a moment it keeps him silent—but only for a moment.

"Win Pearl for your wife!" he cries. "What do you mean, Graham?"

"The very words you have just spoken, Mr. Frith. Permit me to try to win Pearl."

"You must be mad, or dreaming, or both!" Mr. Frith breaks out, angrily. "You have just heard me say that she is to marry her cousin."

"But—pardon me—Pearl does not love him. Surely you would not wish your only child to become the wife of a man whom she regards with aversion?"

"Who says she regards him with aversion? Who says so, Mr. Graham?"

"Herself. She told my sister so."

"She did? The impudent baggage! Who, I should like to know, cares for her likes or dislikes?"

"But, Mr. Frith, you would not force her into a loveless marriage? You would never——"

"Loveless marriage!" cries the father of the girl, anger in his tones, anger flashing from his eyes. "Who talks of love in these days? Not people of sense or position. Her mother never made any pretension of love for me, and yet there never was a more dutiful wife or a better one in all England. We jogged on as comfortably as most people. I declare, Graham," he adds, more quietly, "you have made me quite angry with your nonsense. Go home to your quiet, prosy

parsonage, and marry Miss Lucas, the solicitor's pretty, brown-eyed daughter, or Miss Smith, the blonde sister of the young doctor; but, for heaven's sake, man, get over your infatuation for my girl! Even if this marriage were not arranged, Miss Frith, of Banner Cross House, could never be joined to a poor country parson!"

There is no change in the expression of Christian Graham's face. A little spot of deep red burns upon either cheek, there is a little firmer compression of the lips, but his voice, as he makes reply, is as calm as it was before.

"I am not poor," he says, very quietly; "and even you, sir, must acknowledge my family to be in no respect—except, perhaps, in that of presumed wealth—inferior to your own."

"That makes no difference," Mr. Frith returns, doggedly. "My daughter Pearl will marry her cousin Deighton, and no other man."

"But her happiness, Mr. Frith? Surely——"

"She will be happy enough, I warrant," Mr. Frith interrupts, with angry impatience. "By marrying her cousin she will secure wealth and position—everything to which she has been accustomed. And permit me to tell you, Mr. Graham, that wealth and some amount of state, and unlimited gayety and admiration, are things essential to her. Pearl Frith was not born to be buried alive in a country parsonage."

The crimson spots upon Christian Graham's cheeks glow with a yet deeper color, the lips are even more firmly compressed, but he gives no words in return for the coarse, taunting ones dealt out to him.

And Mr. Frith, in evident perturbation, rises hastily from his chair and paces backward and forward, his muffled footsteps the only sound that breaks the stillness of the gladsome June morning.

Presently his face clears a little, and bright gleams of crafty intelligence spring to his eyes.

"Look here, Graham," he says at length, standing directly before the man whom he addresses, "this is a confoundedly unpleasant piece of business. I'm sorry for you—'pon my honor I am! But what's a fellow to do? If Pearl does not marry Deighton Frith, there's nothing but trouble before the pair of us; for—I don't mind telling you—I am under considerable obligations to Deighton Frith. He has set his mind upon marrying Pearl—and he is not one to be easily diverted from his purpose. You have not spoken to Pearl, I suppose?"

"No; I would not do so until I had your permission."

"Then don't for another week. I will depend upon you. But how came you to imagine that she would care for you?"

Christian Graham hesitates. How can he tell this man of the new-born hope which has sprung up within him, and for which he cannot account—the subtle instinct which, without word or look of encouragement from Pearl, whispers to him that, if she does not love, his wooing would yet not be distasteful to her? How can he tell this? It is there, nestling in his heart, this blessed hope—living and breathing; but he cannot find words to explain why, how, or by what agency it blossomed into joyous, glorious life.

"You say she does not like her cousin," Mr. Frith pursues; "very likely you may share the same fate. She appears a little capricious."

A smile comes to Christian's lips. The hope has taken root; it is strong and enduring; the winds of doubt and distrust cannot chill or shake it; it will neither droop nor die, though exposed to the storms of opposition.

"My love longs for tender, protecting affection," his heart keeps repeating—and he is glad indeed to listen to its whisperings. "She will listen to me; I will win her; I shall win her!"

But before he can make any reply the room-door suddenly opens and a gentleman enters.

"I beg pardon if I am intruding," he says, easily, "but I am in want of a pocket-book, which I believe I left here last night."

"Come in," Mr. Frith cries, with an expression of relief; "I should like you to make the acquaintance of Mr. Graham, Vicar of Castleford. You saw his sister in the park yesterday."

"Yes, and you never introduced me—too bad, 'pon my word! How in the world do you contrive to exist in this out-of-the-way place, Mr. Graham?"

The gentleman is slight and dark, and in height is rather under the average. Nell Graham has described him as foreign-looking, and her description is an accurate one. Before he hears Mr. Frith's words of introduction, Christian Graham instinctively knows that this is the man whom Pearl's father has destined to call her "wife"—knows it, and can scarcely repress a shudder at the thought. Pearl, in the freshness and pure beauty of her young life, to be given into the keeping of Deighton Frith, with the cold, hard, glittering eyes, the cruelly resolute, firm mouth, and the sensual chin! Why, the whole face tells tales of a life of recklessness and dissipation.

"What is Pearl doing with herself this morning, I wonder?" Mr. Deighton Frith grumbles. "I have never caught sight of her."

"She went singing across the hall a few minutes since," his uncle replies. "I thought, of course, that you had been together. Are you going?" he adds, as Christian rises. "Take my advice—dismiss all such impracticable nonsense from your mind."

"I cannot promise to follow your advice, Mr. Frith."

Christian's voice is low and grave, but there is no wavering or shadow of change of purpose. His face, too, is grave, but it is firm and resolute.

"You can at least give me your promise to say nothing for another week upon the subject we have discussed—or until you have seen me again, Graham."

"You may depend upon me so far," Christian assures him.

Mr. Frith's conduct puzzles the vicar not a little, as he retraces his steps homeward. He can form no idea as to whether the father will ultimately be brought over to give Pearl to him. To say the least, the interview has been decidedly unsatisfactory. But Love is strong, and Hope whispers a flattering tale to Christian Graham; and through the long Summer evening he sits in the shadowy room looking on to the old-fashioned garden, picturing to himself visions of the future.

No writer, however ready with his pen, has ever depicted scenes so glowing as those his dreamy brain conjures up; no poet has ever imagined and put into burning words an idyl so sweet, so tender as the one his fancy portrays.

Chapter IV.

"You appear to have had some weighty matter under discussion with Mr. Graham this morning," Mr. Deighton Frith remarks, when the door closes behind Christian.

"Weighty enough," his uncle responds.

"I thought the gentleman seemed terribly grave. Has he been preaching you a sermon upon your shortcomings, uncle?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Then he has been begging heavy subscriptions from you toward defraying the expenses of the Dorcas Society, or toward founding a benevolent society in aid of superannuated washerwomen, or he has requested you to take the chair at the next tea-fight."

Digitized by Google

"What stuff!" Mr. Frith cries, angrily. "Well, Pearl," he adds, more loudly still, as a slight, girlish figure passes slowly along by the door, which stands a little ajar, "where are you off to now?"

"Only to the Parsonage, papa," the girl's fresh, clear voice responds. "I promised Nell Graham that I would go this morning."

"Wonderfully attractive place this Parsonage must be," Deighton Frith says, with a very perceptible sneer. "Suppose I accompany you, Pearl?"

"I prefer to go alone," the girl tells him, with great resolution; "the charm of the walk and of the calm rooms would vanish if a stranger shared it."

"Then you shall not go!" her father cries, with sudden anger. "I do not choose that my daughter should be tramping down to that confounded Parsonage on every possible occasion."

"But, papa," the girl begins, "Nellie will be expecting me."

"Then I say you shall not go, though all Castleford expects you!" he roars.

Pearl regards her father with some surprise. Hard and exacting she has known him to be, given to sudden outbursts of passion; but this appears so entirely uncalled for. However, she will not remonstrate.

"It must be that Deighton objects to my going without him," she thinks, as she turns slowly away. "Papa has never interfered with my going before; and this is only the beginning of the life of bondage which must be mine, of the daily round of mortified desires which await me as Deighton Frith's wife. Well, I can bear it—human hearts don't break in these days. Perhaps even the time may come when I shall look back and wonder with a smile at the pain I experienced because I was denied a walk along a gravel path under some great old trees, and through a few stupid clover meadows, and along a dusty, vulgar high-road, leading to a quaint, prim country-house, set in an old-time garden. Perhaps I may even grow hardened and callous enough to ridicule the true, fond hearts that always greet me with such sweet words of welcome, and regard them as unfashionable and antiquated in their views. Who can say what change may come to me if I am to be cut off from the influence which alone has kept me a little different from the ladies papa delights to gather around him? Well!"

But it is a bitter "Well!" ending in a dreary, yearning, longing sigh, and almost choked by a dry, hard sob.

"Pearl was evidently disappointed," Deighton Frith remarks. "This forbidding her visits to her friends at the Parsonage appears a new idea with you."

"I do not intend that she shall go again," Mr. Frith says, with more coolness than he has displayed to Pearl; "she has been there too much."

"Ah!" Mr. Deighton Frith ejaculates, with languid indifference.

"The fact is, Deighton, Graham has fallen in love with Pearl."

"In love with Pearl!" Deighton repeats, his affected languor suddenly vanishing.

"He came here to tell me so this morning, Deighton."

"How dared he, the insolent, priggish parson! Why did you not have him turned out?"

"He is a gentleman, Deighton. His family is as good as our own," replies the elder man.

"But what did you say? What did you tell him?"

"That Pearl's future was settled—that she was your promised wife."

"Well?" interrogates Deighton Frith, restlessly.

"It appears that Pearl has been telling Miss Graham, his sister, that the arrangement is not altogether agreeable to her."

"Well, why don't you go on?" Deighton cries, as his uncle pauses. The speaker's voice is impatient and hoarse, as though with restrained anger, and his face is clouded with black sullen gloom.

"I told him that the arrangement would be carried out, even if Pearl did not like it."

"And you did right!" Deighton interposes. "I am determined that Pearl shall become my wife—not because I entertain for her a ridiculously sentimental passion, but because I have set my mind upon it. There will be few women in England more lovely than Pearl in two or three years. Her beauty is of a rare, exquisite order, her manner graceful and charming; she will look well either in a drawing-room, or at the head of a table, or scouring the country on horseback. I desire a wife who will be admired and copied and sought after—and Pearl will be all that. The arrangement suits both you and me, and, if her capricious ladyship makes me a good wife, I shall be to her a good husband—but that she shall become Mrs. Deighton Frith I am determined."

"I told Graham that you were—I did, upon my honor!"

"But I remember that you told him to come again in a week; what did you mean by that?" Deighton cries, passionately. "As I live, if I thought for one moment that you gave him the least encouragement, I would beggar you! You know that I could do it!"

"Don't be so excitable," Mr. Frith pleads, quietly. "You go flying off into a towering passion and never give one time to explain. Graham came to me, like an honorable man, without saying a word to Pearl, and——"

"How do you know that he has not spoken to Pearl?" Deighton interrupts.

"Because he said so—and I can believe him. He has heard, he told me, of the understood relationship between Pearl and yourself."

"And yet he tries to win her for himself—very honorable conduct truly!"

"He spoke of her aversion to the arrangement, urged that the very thought made her unhappy, and——"

"He did?" Deighton cries, furiously. "And I have shaken hands with him! The canting, mean hypocrite, I only wish that he were standing before me now!"

"I could not decide upon what to say to him, Deighton. It would not do to deliberately insult him—ring for a servant to show him out, and so forth."

"Why not? I would have done it had I known."

"It would have been bad policy."

"How so?" demands the younger man.

"It would certainly have reached Pearl; and then—— The fact is, Deighton, I have been making a great mistake all these years in allowing the intimacy; but I never dreamt of danger in that quarter. By temporizing I have obtained his promise—and I can rely upon him—not to attempt to interfere with Pearl for a week. It would be a pity if we could not devise some effectual means of keeping them apart in a week."

The cloud clears from Deighton Frith's face, and a gleam of intelligence sparkles in his eyes.

"I begin to understand you," he says, drawing nearer to his uncle.

"Then sit down, and reason the matter over quietly," proposes Mr. Frith.

Chapter V.

The days and hours drag slowly along to Christian Graham—slowly, but not unhappily, not drearily; sweet thoughts keep him company, glad hopes nestle in his breast. Oh, what hope could be more gladsome, what thought more sweet, than that of one day calling Pearl "wife"?

Digitized by Google

He has not seen her since the night when she sat in the moonlight and told of the future her father had marked out for her; he has never once looked upon the dainty, fragile form, and the exquisite, rare pale face of his love; but the thought gives him not a moment's uneasiness.

more he will try his fate. He will go to his darling, and tell his story, and pour all his love at her feet. If she will listen, oh, the blessed happiness that her gracious listening will confer upon him! If she should turn away—— Well, that cannot change him or alienate his love from her. Love with



GOETHE'S CHARLOTTE.—FROM A PICTURE BY KAULBACH.

Nell went from home, in obedience to a sudden summons from a friend a few miles away, on the very day of his interview with Mr. Frith; and doubtless Pearl knows of the meeting.

The week of probation is nearly at an end; and then once

him will be life-long; having once loved her, he must love her to the end! Better, far better, to have had the joy of seeing and loving her, even though it should be to him, for all time, but a source of pain, than never to have seen—never to have loved.

Digitized by Google

It is the evening of the sixth day, and Christian Graham is slowly wending his way homeward from visiting a sick parishioner. Looking upon the grave, earnest face, with its expression of calm restfulness, no one would imagine how every pulse is tingling and throbbing with the thought of what the morrow may bring, how his heart is thrilling and bounding with the dreams his busy imagination pictures. "Only a few hours more," hope whispers, "and then—and then——"

Very slowly he passed through the gate and up the path leading to the house—very slowly he passes through the hall and enters his study. From the room on the other side proceed the clatter of china and the aroma of tea; but he does not turn his steps in that direction; for a few minutes more he will enjoy the sweet, cheering thoughts that have been with him on his homeward walk, uninterrupted by voice or words of others.

He lays aside his hat, and moves across the room to the open window looking over the garden, the slanting beams of the setting sun bathing it with golden light—not more golden they than the hopes which are so infinitely precious. The birds are singing their final thanksgiving before they seek repose in their mossy, leafy homes for the night. Very gladsome are their notes, but not more gladsome than the changes that go ringing through his heart. "To-morrow—to-morrow!"

Oh, how beautiful it is, this golden, radiant, gladsome June evening! Was ever breath of Summer-flowers so fragrant, or were ever breezes so balmy? Why, even in the low of cattle in the fields hard by, and the drowsy hum of insects, and the chirp, chirp, chirp of the grasshopper, Christian Graham discovers music!

A quiet rap at the door passes all unheeded; and presently a voice breaks upon the stillness.

"I do wish, Mr. Christian, that you would have your tea; it's been served this quarter of an hour, and is almost cold."

He turns then with a little flush upon his cheeks, and such a light in his eyes that the woman who has spoken bursts into an involuntary exclamation of pleasure.

"How well you do look, Mr. Christian! I never saw you look so well in all your life."

She is a favored servant—one who has tended and cared for Christian from his cradle upwards, suffering no other, even now, to attend to his wants but herself, and almost inclined to regard his sister with a jealous eye, from fear that the day may come when she may be preferred before her.

"I am well, Judith," Christian says, with a smile that gladdens the woman's heart; "and I am quite ready for my tea. Suppose you come and pour out for me this evening."

He knows how much Judith's pride will be gratified by this invitation.

"When does Miss Nell return?" the woman asks, as she pours out the fragrant tea. "There is a letter from her this morning, I saw."

"In a few days, Judith."

"Hope she'll think you've been well looked after. Try one of these queen cakes, Mr. Christian; they were made only this morning—and I pride myself upon making queen cakes as well as anybody. Miss Nell could never have made them like she does if I hadn't taught her."

A smile quivers upon Christian Graham's lips, and the old servant continues gossiping while he takes his tea.

"Has Sarah brought any news back with her?" Christian inquires, with the object of changing the current of conversation.

Full of the news of the neighborhood, Judith informs him that the housemaid has returned with some tale about the Friths having gone away on the day preceding.

"The Friths gone away from Banner Cross!" Christian ejaculates, almost unconsciously.

"It seems from what Sarah said—but I did not pay much attention—that Mr. Frith made up his mind in a great hurry like, never saying a word to anybody, and that they started for some foreign place—I forget the name—yesterday evening; Mr. Frith and Miss Pearl and that young man whom people do say Miss Pearl is to marry. It seems a sudden move. Have you heard anything about it, Mr. Christian?"

But there comes no response from Christian. He sits outwardly calm and unmoved; but surely no barbed arrow, aimed by a true, unfaltering hand, ever wounded more cruelly, ever inflicted a more poignant pang.

Gone away—gone abroad! Ah, there must be some mistake! To-morrow he has to meet Mr. Frith; to-morrow he is to be absolved from the promise that gentleman extorted from him; to-morrow he is to tell the story of his love to Pearl. Ah, yes, it is all wrong! Judith must have misunderstood the housemaid's words. The momentary pain dies out; he is once more hopeful.

"A good riddance, I should say, only for Miss Pearl," Judith continues, presently, finding that her question remains unanswered. "Castleford can well afford to spare Mr. Frith and the gay, rackety set he seems to delight in having about him. He is over head and ears in debt all over the town, I am told. Promises in plenty the tradesmen can get, but a settlement of the accounts he owes them never. But Miss Pearl's just like her poor dear mother—as nice a young lady as ever lived. We shall miss her sweet young face peeping in at the doors and windows, sha'n't we, Mr. Christian? Many's the time that the sight has been like a gleam of sunshine to me."

Like a gleam of sunshine to the old servant! Then what has it been to him? Miss her! Miss her! Why, the man feels as if the burden of life would be intolerable to him, cut off from all chance of communion with her—deprived of the joy of her gracious presence. But there must be some mistake.

"Are you sure, Judith, that you are correct?"

He puts the question eagerly, wistfully. Wistfully and eagerly he awaits Judith's reply.

"I only know what Sarah said, Mr. Christian. The gardener told her that the family had gone in a great hurry—quite unexpected—and the servants had no idea when they might be expected back. It seems queer, though, if it is the truth, that Miss Pearl never came to bid you good-by. But she knew Miss Nell was away—perhaps that was the reason," the woman concludes, looking up into the face from which every vestige of color has faded.

But her failing sight does not perceive this, nor the lips so firmly compressed, nor the expression of pain in the dark-blue eyes. But she notices that the cup of tea she has just handed him, and a new cake he has taken, remain untouched when he rises abruptly from the table, and moves away in the direction of the door.

"You have not finished your tea, Mr. Christian, surely?" she exclaims.

"I do not want any more," he tells her, his manner abrupt, his tones so stern that Judith looks after his retreating figure in dismay.

Christian walks hastily into the study and snatches up his hat. Across the hall, along the graveled path, through the gate out on the dusty high-road, through the clover meadows, on he goes, hastily, eagerly, until he stands in sight of the gate of Banner Cross Park. He cannot breathe in the quiet calm of the Parsonage—he cannot rest or sleep until he has ascertained beyond doubt or question whether the report which has reached him is true.

A man and woman stand just within the porch of the pretty lodge. The man holds in his arms a fat, fair, rosy baby, clad in a little white nightdress. The gloaming is coming on apace, but baby will take no harm, although so

Digitized by Google

thinly arrayed, for the air is dry and warm. The twilight shadows are gathering, but the light is bright enough to enable Christian to discern the happy eyes of the mother as she watches the father playing with his little child, as she listens to the cooing, crowing sounds that reward each fond caress. It is sweet rest after the burden and heat of the day. In the bright, glowing, golden fancies of the past week Christian has fondly imagined a similar scene, wherein Pearl and he have been principal actors.

So, some day, has he hoped to hold in his arms and fondle with eager kisses a little child to whom he and Pearl would have an equal right; so has he hoped to have standing beside him, with the glad, shy love-light shining in the depths of her dark eyes, with the same expression of restful, joyful contentment upon her sweet face, Pearl, his love, his queen, the light of his life, his honored, cherished, idolized wife.

The remembrance of the thoughts which have cheered and gladdened his heart the week through, comes to him now with a rush of bitter feeling. What if they should all prove so barren, so vain, so delusive, so idle, as he fears? He checks his hasty steps, and stops to speak to the young couple before passing through into the park.

"Baby grows a fine, stout little fellow, Mrs. Allen," he says, gently. "You will soon have him running about by your side."

"He does get on, that's certain," the proud, happy mother responds; "and he's wonderfully forward on his feet."

"That's well," Christian remarks, with kind, cordial sympathy; "I hope he will grow up to be a comfort to you."

"Thank you, sir," both parents exclaim simultaneously.

"I am a late visitor," Christian says, still maintaining the same kindliness of manner and voice, "but I have rather urgent business with Mr. Frith."

Husband and wife look at each other in mute surprise for a moment, and then the man speaks to Christian.

"Didn't you know, sir, that they went away yesterday morning?"

"I have heard it," Christian replies, growing white in his mental pain, but still speaking out clearly and frankly, "but I hoped there was some mistake. Mr. Frith made an appointment with me which I was desirous should be kept."

"They're gone, sir, sure enough. Master must have made up his mind in a great hurry like, for they took scarce nothing with them. Wilson, the valet, and Miss Pearl's maid have followed with the luggage this afternoon—and a fine scuffle they've had to get through with the packing. They set sail to-morrow morning from Liverpool, for some foreign place with a precious queer name, I'm told; and Thurston, the coachman, did say that he'd heard the master intends staying abroad for a good while—a year or more."

It is all too true then—the story told him by Judith. With difficulty Christian commands himself sufficiently to reply to the man in his usual manner—ever kind and courteous to his humbler parishioners—and then he turns away hastily, and his voice is husky and a little unsteady as he bids the young happy couple good-night.

The stars are beginning to peep out one by one; a pale, fair moon sails into the calm, unbroken blue of the darkening skies; and the faint, sparkling light of the one and the pure, silvery, shimmering radiance of the other, shines down upon a strong man in mental pain amounting almost to agony.

Christian Graham will never forget his homeward walk on that night—all his bright hopes and gladsome fancies vanished and fled away forever, all his fair, noble castles lying in ruins around him, crumbling and falling into premature decay, destroyed by one fell, cruel, sudden blow.

Life can never again press to his lips a draught more bitter; never again can come to him an hour more fraught with anguish of soul. And mingling with the pain comes a strong stinging sense of humiliation. Surely never has man, trusting to the honor of another, been more befooled and duped!

"I might have known that he would not keep faith with me," he thinks, bitterly, "that he was only laughing at me, and mocking me. There never yet was a Frith who kept a promise. I am glad Nell is away," he tells himself. "I could not quite hide my pain from her keen eyes. If I had only gone to my darling and told her of my love, and she had gently, quietly, and regretfully answered that hers could never gladden me in return, I could have borne it. But to be deprived by fraud and crafty deceit of a chance of knowing if she would listen graciously to my words, to be shut out from the hope of pleading my own cause, to know that before I can see her again she may be induced to enter into a marriage utterly repugnant to her—a union unholy because loveless—this seems more than I can bear!"

* * * * * * *

"You have had a bad, restless night, Mr. Christian," Judith exclaims, as her master descends to the room where breakfast waits. "I heard you walking backwards and forwards in your room every now and then. Bless me, Mr. Christian, how white you are, and how black and heavy you do look about the eyes! You've got one of your bad headaches, I feel sure. Take a strong cup of tea."

Ay, white face, heavy eyes, aching, throbbing head, truly—but all this is as nothing in comparison with the aching, throbbing pain and heaviness at Christian Graham's heart. But he greets the old woman pleasantly. What right has he to trouble others with any of the sorrow welling within him? Why should they have to bear the burden laid upon him?

"Are there any letters?" he asks, as he takes his seat at the breakfast-table.

"Only one, and a newspaper," favored, faithful Judith replies.

He holds out his hand listlessly for them. He satisfies himself that the letter is not from Nell, and then he looks at the writing upon the newspaper. The hand which has addressed the letter has addressed the paper also; the writing on both is strange, but the fact awakens no curiosity within his mind. He lays them down quietly for a time; he can feel no interest in any earthly thing this morning.

But soon he pushes aside his almost untasted breakfast, and takes up the letter again. Human hearts may suffer and break, but the round of daily toil must still go on. There are the sick to visit, the aged to be ministered to, the broken-hearted to comfort; and Christian Graham is not the man to flinch from the performance of his duty, even though his own heart be bleeding—although he himself stand in special need of sympathy and comfort.

Carelessly, listlessly, he breaks the seal of the letter, and runs his eyes hastily over the contents. Then there comes to his face an expression of dazed, bewildered pain, and he turns once more to the commencement, and slowly and deliberately reads the letter through again to the end. Every vestige of color fades from his face and from his lips. Nothing can be more painful to behold than the utter hopelessness that settles upon his face and looks out from his dark eyes. The letter runs:

"Dear Sir—Respecting what you asked me, I promised, I believe, to see you again in the course of a week. I am unable to grant you an interview, but what I have to say will be perhaps quite as well communicated by letter. My daughter Pearl was married this morning to her cousin, Deighton Frith, with my full consent and approval; and I believe she will be as happy as most women.

"To-morrow we start for a foreign tour; and probably we shall not return for a year or more. I hope soon to hear that you have

Digitized by Google

got over your fancied attachment to Pearl, and that you have taken to yourself a wife more suited for you. With best wishes, I am yours truly, MARK E. FRITH.

"P. S.—With great difficulty I managed to get an announcement in an evening paper, and have the pleasure of forwarding you a copy."

It lies before Christian Graham—the taunting, cruel letter, in which every word is a deadly insult. Its every syllable stands out before him as though traced in characters of living fire. Oh, the intense suffering of that moment—the fierce, stinging, raging distress!

He turns to the newspaper, and his shaking, burning fingers tear aside the wrapper. The pages are scanned with breathless, impatient haste—with a haste which seeks assurance, even though the assurance bring deadly sorrow. Ah, there it is! Two little crosses point out the names he seeks; and he reads, every word wounding the faithful, loving heart:

"At St. George's, Hanover Square, Deighton Marmaduke Frith, Esq., of Landsowne Towers, to Esmeralda Frith, only child of Mark E. Frith, Esq., of Banner Cross, Deanshire."

CHAPTER VI.

THE great fruit-trees have yielded their fruit five times; the Summer-roses have blossomed and died through five seasons; the birds have warbled their songs of gladsome joyfulness in their leafy bowers; and the nightingale has told out, year after year, his sweet, plaintive lay of love. Five years have passed since that June day on which Christian took up his burden of pain and sorrow. The five years have not passed without bringing some changes; but the changes have been greater at the Parsonage than at the great house of Banner Cross.

Christian has lost Nell. A little more than four years prior, a neighboring Squire, young and brave, stalwart and handsome, wooed her so ardently, so lovingly, that he won from her her heart, and soon he bore her away from the quiet Parsonage, which had been so peaceful, so restful a home to her from infancy—bore her away to bless him with her calm sweet face and gentle dignity.

A prime favorite with Christian is Frank Verny, Nellie's proud, handsome, loving husband—not a greater favorite with him, though, than with Judith. But even he is eclipsed in that good woman's estimation by the fat, smiling, rosy baby-faced girl, who came to bless the young couple a year after their marriage.

Only six months back there came to Castleford the news that Mark Elton Frith was dead—that he had died suddenly of fever abroad, and was buried there. It gave some little food for gossip to the good people of Castleford. Mark Elton Frith was the first who bore the name to find a foreign resting-place.

Then it was hoped that "Miss Pearl" and her husband would take up their residence at Banner Cross; but the hope died out as the week passed by and there came no sign of their return. Reports sometimes reached the quiet old town of the gay life led by the two in the cities where Deighton Frith delighted to sojourn. London and Paris and Vienna, it was said, had each in turn acknowledged Pearl as the queen of beautiful women; but it was added in hushed whispers, though how the report arose none could say, that the beautiful girl who had been reared among them was most unhappy. Nell Verny had heard it spoken many times, as had Christian Graham.

Is it of this he thinks as he sits one dreary November evening looking dreamily into the bright blazing fire? Is he recalling the days long vanished, and the hopes that made them appear so joyous and gladsome? Is he picturing the sweet face that of yore, glancing into the quiet rooms, filled them as with a gleam of blessed golden sunlight? His head is bent forward upon his breast, and the fire-glow playing upon it shows amid the chestnut curls many a silver thread—shows lines of patient, quiescent suffering about the firm lips, with the curves betokening sensitiveness as acute as in a woman; shows the expression of pain and longing only half subdued in the deep blue eyes. He has sat so for some time—ever since the shadows of the short Winter day began to gather, never moving. He has thought the old pain conquered, the old love subdued, the idol dethroned from its pedestal; ever since the morning when he read that Pearl had gone into the keeping of another he has turned resolutely away from every longing thought, every fond memory. Yes; Christian ever tries to act aright both in thought and deed.

But this evening the battle which he has thought ended has to be fought all over again. This evening memory will return with an infinite longing to the olden days, and the warfare rages fiercely.

"What manner of man am I that I should covet another man's wife? I despise myself. But, oh, my little lost love, whom I lost through fraud and deceit, you are unhappy, and I sorrow for your fate!"

With a mournful, dreary sough the wind goes whistling around the house, and the rain beats fitfully against the window-panes, and the shadows fall deeper and deeper.

There is the sound of carriage-wheels in the distance; they draw nearer and nearer, but the man sitting there in his pain never moves. They stop at the Parsonage gate, but Christian never heeds them.

"Here's the coachman from Mr. Verny's, Mr. Christian," Judith says, entering the room. "I thought you were asleep, sir. I knocked twice, and you never spoke."

"The coachman from Mr. Verny's?" Christian repeats, rousing himself and exhibiting some little surprise.

"He has brought a note for you," Judith continues, handing Christian a dainty little envelope, fragrant with some sweet subtle perfume, "and he said that he expected you'd be going back with him."

In mute wonderment Christian breaks the seal of the letter; his wonderment increases as he reads.

"I wish you would return with Willis," Nell writes; "I cannot come to you, and I cannot in a letter enter into any explanation as to why I am so desirous that you should come. I can only say that I am in urgent need of your presence and advice."

A few moments given to preparations for his journey, and then Christian Graham is being driven along the road, through the gloomy, gusty, dismal November evening, toward Birchfields, the residence of his sister.

It puzzles him not a little as he goes along, this hurried, peremptory summons from Nell. What can it mean? If there were illness—but he has assured himself on that point by questioning Willis; so he must wait patiently a few minutes longer.

Birchfields at last! Outwardly the house is cheerful and goodly to behold; and there, coming into the warm, cozy hall at the sound of carriage-wheels, is Nellie.

One quick, searching glance, and Christian is reassured, his fears are quieted. In its sweet gravity, Nell's face may be a little more serious and thoughtful than is customary; but there is nothing of troubled pain in its expression. She greets her brother with quiet pleasantness, deep underlying affection showing itself in every earnest word and look and tone; and then she leads him into the room that she vacated a few moments before.

Digitized by Google

"You must feel no small amount of curiosity to know why I have sent for you so suddenly," she says.

"I feared that you were ill—or Frank," he states, noticing that they were alone.

"Frank has business in Hallam which called him away early this morning; something connected with a forthcoming grand agricultural and cattle show which his tenants express a strong desire that he should attend; I do not expect him home for some hours. He is very well, Christian."

And then the two, brother and sister, lapse into temporary silence, gazing steadfastly at the crackling, glowing fire. Without the rain falls and the wind shakes the branches of the great trees; but the occupants of the luxurious room hear the dismal sounds but very dimly.

"Christian," Nell says, drawing nearer to him, and speaking in hushed tones, as though fearful any other save himself should hear, "I sent for you because I do not know what to do or how to act. Pearl Frith is here!"

Chapter VII.

"Pearl Frith here!"

Christian Graham echoes his sister's words, in a wonderment that can find no expression in any of his own. Over his face, as he utters them, passes a flash of joy, great and unmistakable, and his eyes light up eagerly. And to Nell Verny there comes as a revelation, in that brief moment, the knowledge that her brother has loved—still loves—Pearl Frith. But the light dies out of his eyes, the joy fades from his face, leaving only surprise and amazement.

"Pearl," he repeats with a slow, lingering on the familiar name—"Pearl Frith here!"

"She came just at mid-day," Nell tells him, with a heart beating more quickly than is its wont, with great, pitying throbs, as she ponders her newly-acquired knowledge, and reflects upon what has occasioned her brother's lonely life. "She came on foot, through the beating rain and piercing wind, with no other protection than a long dark cloak."

"But why, Nell? Why did she come here, and in such a manner?" inquires Christian, surprised.

"I cannot clearly understand. She seems to be laboring under some great mental distress, and talks rather incoherently. From what I can gather, she must be most unhappy."

"Then the reports that have been in circulation were true," Christian cries, a strange mingling of pain and passion in his tones. "Poor little dove!" he moans.

Terms of fanciful endearment are rare indeed from Christian; as these fall from his lips with indescribable pathos, Nell's loving sympathy deepens—"Poor little dove!"

"She appears to be actuated by some strong fear that her child will be removed from her keeping. All the time her cry is "Do not let them rob me of my child.'"

"Her child, Nell! Is there a child?"

"A boy, just a few months younger than my own darling—such a small, delicate, pretty child, Christian. She brought him hidden beneath her cloak. It is strange that we have never heard of his birth."

"How did she come? Did she walk?"

"Yes, from Hallam," replies Nell Verny. "She says that she had no money to bring her farther."

"Walked from Hallam in the pouring rain!" cries Christian. "Nell, it all seems like a dream."

"She was drenched. Her determination to come here must have been taken suddenly, for when I removed her bonnet and cloak, I saw that she was in full evening dress."

"Is it possible?"

"I was standing by the window, and saw a female figure coming up the drive," Nell pursues, ignoring Christian's ejaculatory question. "I could see that, although coming in such a manner and such a plight, she was a lady; and there was something, too, provokingly familiar in her air and bearing. I could not see her face—it was concealed by a thick black vail."

"Well?" Christian interrogates with impatient eagerness, as Nell pauses for a moment.

"Some strange impulse, for which I should have found it difficult to account, seemed to impel me, and I went into the hall, and opened the door myself, before she had had time to ring. She came in," Nellie continues, her soft dark eyes brimming over with tears, "the water dropping from her cloak as she moved; and then suddenly her strength seemed to give way, and she sank on to a chair. I removed the veil from her face, and then I saw who it was. 'Pearl!' I cried; and in my surprised bewilderment I could not utter another word. She put out one hand from amidst the folds of her cloak. Even in that painful moment I noticed that it glittered with valuable rings, and that on her arm was a costly bracelet. Her trembling, burning fingers grasped mine with a convulsive clutch; her black eyes looked at me with a world of yearning misery in their depths. 'They wanted to take my boy from me!' she whispered; and her voice was so hoarse and strained that it seemed to me that another—not the rich, sweet-voiced Pearl of old—must be speaking. 'I could bear it no longer, and so I came to you.' I could find no words in which to express my deep, shocked sympathy—the love I must ever entertain for her. I could only silently weep over and caress her, and endeavor to relieve her of her dripping outer garments. And then I saw the rich dress, so strangely incongruous, and the child tightly pressed to her breast. I started when I saw that; for although she had spoken of her boy, I did not expect to find him there; indeed I had utterly failed to comprehend the full meaning of her words. But I took the little one from her arms, and drew her gently into the room I had left a few moments before. 'Do not let them have my baby!' she kept repeating. 'I shall die if I lose him!'"

"Did any of the servants recognize her?" Christian asks, as Nell pauses for a minute.

"No one saw her come in; but I summoned Royce—I can rely upon her, you know—to assist me in getting her undressed and into bed,"

"Royce is no gossip."

"No; and she knew Pearl in the old days, Christian, when sorrow was a thing unknown to her. We gave her brandy, and she soon sank into a peaceful, restful sleep, her baby beside her. She appears thoroughly exhausted. And then, dear, I sent for you," concludes Nell.

"Is she still sleeping?" asks her brother.

"She was a few minutes ago. It would not be well to awake her, I think."

"By no means," he agrees, and then reiterates, "Nell, it all seems like a dream."

Then the brother and sister relapse into thoughtful, subdued silence, which is broken presently, however, by a gentle rap, followed by the opening of the room-door.

A staid, respectable woman of middle age advances. It is Royce, half maid to Nell Verny, half upper nurse to the pride and darling of the household.

"Well, Royce?" Nell says, interrogatively.

"The lady is awake," Royce replies, speaking carefully, "and has been asking for you."

"How does she seem now?" Christian asks.

"As though her sleep had done her good, sir. She seems rested, and does not talk in such a rambling manner."

"I will go to her," Nell says. "Christian, I shall tell her that you are here; I will come to you again, presently."

It appears an interval of hours to Christian before Nell makes her reappearance. He recalls every word she has told him. Pearl, whom he has loved from his earliest days,

Digitized by Google

and will love through all time—Pearl Frith in sorrow and distress seeking her old friends for protection from some threatened evil! Pearl near to him—soon to be met by him face to face! The minutes lag and appear very long to Christian; and yet in reality but a very brief interval elapses before Nell returns.

"Come," she says, "she is expecting you." And without speaking a word he follows her into a cosy dressing-room.

An easy-chair is drawn up close to a bright fire. Seated in it and wrapped in a comfortable scarlet dressing-gown of Nell's is a woman—Pearl Frith.

A blindness seizes Christian—a mist gathers before his eyes, obscuring his vision; the rebellious heart which he had thought subdued beats and throbs wildly—the old longing arises. But his agitation passes away. He walks up to the loved, remembered figure, half hidden amidst the luxurious cushions; he bends over her and takes her hand in his own; but all in vain does he strive to utter a sound—words fail him,

"Christian," a sweet low voice says, "dear old Christian! I am so glad to see you."

The dear familiar tones, soft and mellow as in the days of yore, not harsh and strained, as Nell has described, move Christian strangely.

"I am so glad to see you," they repeat.

Glad! But the eyes are fixed and smile not, the face is blank and hopeless, the smile that quivers over the lips is very faint. And still the man cannot find one single word of greeting; he can only mutely regard the sad, weary face, and clasp the delicate hand a little more closely.

"Look at my boy," Pearl says, once again breaking the silence. "Nell tells me that you never knew I possessed such a treasure."

He turns then and notices, playing upon the hearthrug with Nell's little girl, a boy, small and delicate, with Pearl's black eyes and hair, and Pearl's pure white complexion and slight form.

"He is not a fine child, I suppose; but to me it seems as though the world never before contained one half so precious. Very likely Nell thinks the same of her little one. Only observe what friends the two are already."

Christian bends over the two children. He kisses softly the innocent baby-faces of both, upraised to him so trustfully; but Pearl's boy he raises in his arms, and holds him so for a few moments, greatly to the indignation of Nell's baby-girl. It is Pearl's baby, with hair and eyes like the mother.

"We never heard that you had a child," he says, speaking at last in the calm, grave, kindly tones Pearl remembers so well. "I am rather surprised that we did not. Your boy resembles you greatly."

"I think he does," assents Pearl.

The mother-love chases away some of the hopelessness from Pearl's face; something akin to pleasure flashes into the dark, sad eyes. Christian tenderly replaces the boy upon the rug beside his young companion. "It is Pearl's child, and that man's; but Heaven bless him with fullest blessings forever!" he utters inwardly.

"It is quite time those little articles were in bed," Nell puts in, striving, but vainly, to speak in a light careless fashion. "Royce, suppose you take them away."

Into Pearl's great sad eyes there creeps an expression of fear. Nell is quick to perceive it.

"Your little Elton will be quite safe," she says, soothingly; "no harm can possibly happen to him. Still, if you wish it, he shall remain with you."

"No—oh, no!" Pearl exclaims. "I am nervous and tired; but I am sure Royce will take care of my boy."

"That she will," Nell tells her, reassuringly; and Royce carries away the children.

Chapter VIII.

"SENT for Christian," Nell commences, as soon as they were alone, "because I knew that it would be late when Frank—my husband, dear—would return, and because I feared that you were going to be very ill, and I did not know how to act."

"How to act?" With vague wonderment Pearl repeats Nell Verny's words.

"I did not know, dear, if it would be right to send to Banner Cross," Nell tells her, gently.

"To Banner Cross!" Pearl cries, starting up as in affright, a look of terror in her eyes. "To Banner Cross! Oh, Nell, surely you would not betray me?"

The momentary strength passes away, and she sinks again into the chair in an agony of weeping.

"Pearl," Christian says, bending over her and speaking with gentle authority, "why are you here?"

"Because they would have taken my little child from me. Ah, Christian, I have borne so much, but I could not bear that!"

"But why, dear?" Nellie interposes, kneeling beside her, and softly caressing the delicate hands. "And who could be so cruel and heartless?"

"Who? Why, Deighton Frith—the man who has marred my life—the man whom English law compels me to call 'husband' and to acknowledge as 'master'! Why? Ah, Nell, that is a very long story."

"Not too long, dear, for us to hear, if the telling will not weary you," returns Nell.

"It will do me good. Even to look upon your face soothes and rests me. Ah me, Nell, in the long, weary years, how I have yearned for a sight of it, if only a brief, passing glimpse!"

Pearl's eyes are not the only ones brimming over with tears now.

"And now not only to see you, but to be near you, and hear your voice speaking to me!" Pearl continues. "Ah, Nell, I fear that I am only dreaming, and that presently I shall awaken to the old life of misery and wretchedness."

"You are not dreaming," Nell whispers. "Dear, I too have feared that I should never see you again."

"I saw the announcement of your marriage in the papers—they could not keep that from me. I was glad for your sake, Nell. In the old happy days I knew Frank Verny—knew him, and always liked him. Nell cannot fail to be happy, I thought. I am sure now—your face tells its own tale."

Yes, Nell's face tells its own tale. Through the tears the glad love-light shines, through the sorrow she feels for Pearl the expression of happiness upon her face is very visible—calm, restful, abiding happiness.

"But your own tale, dear," she says, softly—"tell us that."

"Ah, yes! I will be as brief as I can. You remember how suddenly we went away—papa, Deighton and I. Papa had forbidden me to come to you at the Parsonage, and, as he merely said we were going to London for a day or two, I did not write. 'When I come back I may see Nell,' I thought, 'and then I can explain.' Besides, I had received a note from you, saying that you, too, were going from home."

"I remember," Nell puts in. "One of my cousin Grace Moore's children died, and I went to Hallam to stay with her, until the first keen edge of her sorrow had worn itself away."

"Papa made some excuse for leaving my maid behind,"

Digitized by Google

resumed Pearl. "I soon discovered the real reason, although I have always been a little puzzled why matters should have been so hurried at the last. The very day after our arrival in London I was married to Deighton. You know how much I disliked the idea of becoming his wife, Nell. I begged, I entreated, I implored, but all in vain. It appears that papa had borrowed immense sums of money from Deighton, who threatened him with complete ruin if I did not immediately comply with his wishes. Papa would not allow any opposition. He raved and threatened, he even swore at me; still, I would have borne all that and more if I could have seen in the distance a faint glimmer of hope. But there was none. Ah, Nell," she breaks off to say to her friend, "I know what you would say—that your love was true and steadfast! But, dear, let me go on to the end without interruption. Save for yourself, I was friendless and lonely. None loved me or gave me a kind word or sympathising look; sometimes even I fancied that Christian wearied of seeing so much of me—his manner was often very cold and constrained.

"I was very young when my mother died," Pearl continues—"too young to prize her and appreciate her at her full worth; but one memory of her has ever been very present with me. One evening she knelt beside my little cot and prayed that, if it pleased Heaven to spare me to woman's estate, it would bless me with the love of a good, true, faithful heart—one upon whom I could surely rely, whether the days were sunny or cloudy. She thought me asleep, but I heard every word. I wondered at them then, but, oh, how many times, since I have been of an age to understand the full meaning of the words, have I echoed her prayer! But, as was my mother's fate, so has been mine—the fate of an unloving, unloved wife; only my temperament is different from hers. She was meek and patient, bearing all things, enduring and forgiving every wrong. I have given back taunt for taunt, scorn and disdain for ill-treatment.

"Well, I married Deighton Frith, and had the solitary satisfaction of knowing that papa's mind was at rest. Then we went abroad. I could not write to you, Nell; both papa and Deighton forbade it—and nothing I said or did escaped Deighton's keen eyes. We led a gay life, I assure you. None was more admired or sought after than I. If admiration and flattery could content a woman, I, above all others, ought to have been most happy. But, oh, Nell, the misery of those years! Papa gambled and drank, and so did Deighton; the days and weeks went by in a constant round of gayety and dissipation. Then"—and Pearl's face loses the hardness it has worn while she has been speaking, and her tones fall low and soft upon the ears of her listeners—"my baby was born; and it seemed as though Heaven had looked upon my sorrow, and sent an angel to comfort me."

She sits for some moments in dreamy silence; a silence which neither brother nor sister attempts to break.

"I often wonder why Deighton Frith was so determined upon making me his wife. Perhaps it was because he could not and would not brook at any time or from any person the slightest opposition to his wishes. Certain it is that he never loved me; he has told me so many times. 'I wanted a wife who could take her place in society as a leader second to none, and you promised to become a fine handsome woman,' he would tell me. 'You had a deuce of a temper, too, and I determined to break it. There were many other reasons also, but this one is sufficient for you, that the first moment I looked upon you I resolved that I would marry you.' Papa was proud of the boy, and we named him Mark Elton; but Deighton, I verily believe, hated him—his own child. He would never look at him. I have thought that, although he did not love me, he yet was jealous of the love and tenderness I gave my baby. Many a time I have seen him scowl darkly as I kissed the innocent face; many a time have I heard him mutter a curse between his teeth, and wish that the child was old enough to be sent away to school. He tried hard to induce me to give him up to be nursed by some strange woman here in England. Country air and a good English nurse, he said, would be better for the little fellow than my care. As though any care could be so tender, so watchful as a mother's! But I never would yield, and papa, too, always sided with me. Then papa died, and I was left entirely at Deighton's mercy. Christian," Pearl breaks off from the theme of her own sorrow to inquire, "did poor papa ever do you any wrong?"

Did Mark Elton Frith ever work him any wrong? How the passionate cry goes from Christian's heart, "He robbed my heart of all its joy and hopes; the love which I might have won for my own, he by fraud and stratagem removed far away out of my reach; he took from my life its golden crown of happiness. What wrong could be greater?" But honor seals his lips; not a word of this must he utter. Pearl is another man's wife; he must not forget that. But the question, so direct, for a moment staggers him. Nell innocently comes to the rescue.

"Your father do Christian any wrong?" she says. "No, dear; how came you to imagine such a thing?"

"While he was delirious with fever he was constantly saying that he had used him badly."

"He must have fancied it, dear. There is no notice to be taken of the ravings of the fever-stricken."

"Poor papa! I like to remember how much more kind and gentle than he had ever been before he grew toward me after my baby was born. I missed him sadly, Nell; for after his death Deighton became more cruel than ever, my life daily more miserable and hard to endure. Night after night he used to come home tipsy, and then he was like a madman. Many a time have I fallen on my knees before him, and begged that he would let me take my baby and go away from him, never asking help, only that he would let me go in quietness; and, Nellie, he has answered me with cruel words and cowardly blows."

"Blows! The wretched man!"

The exclamation comes from Christian. The faithful, waiting, longing heart beats angrily; for a moment the hands—the firm, well-shaped hands—are clenched convulsively, as though the impulse to give battle were strong within him.

(To be continued.)

THE ARGUS PHEASANT OF SUMATRA AND BORNEO.

It is a singular fact in geographical distribution that the peacock should not be found in Sumatra or Borneo, while the superb argus, fire-backed and ocellated pheasants of those islands are equally unknown in Java. Exactly parallel is the fact that in Ceylon and Southern India, where the peacock abounds, there are none of the splendid lophophori and other gorgeous pheasants which inhabit Northern India.

Mount Ophir, in the peninsula of Malacca, is, says Wallace, the country of the great argus-pheasant, and we continually heard its cry. On asking an old Malay to try and shoot one for him, he told Wallace that although he had been for twenty years shooting in these forests, he had never yet shot one, and never even seen one except after it had been caught. The bird is so exceedingly shy and wary, and runs along the ground in the densest part of the forest so quickly, that it is impossible to get near it; and its sober colors, and rich, eye-like spots, which are so ornamental when seen in a museum, must harmonize well with the dead leaves among which it dwells, and render it very inconspicuous. All the specimens sold in Malacca are caught in snares, and my informant, though he had shot none, had snared plenty.

Digitized by Google



THE LAST SCENE.

By William Winter.

Here she lieth, white and chill;
Put your hand upon her brow;
Still her heart is—very still,
And she does not know you now.

Ah! the grave's a quiet bed,
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep;
And the tears that you may shed,
Will not wake her—therefore, weep!

Weep! for you have wrought her woe;
Mourn—she mourned and died for you;
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false, and what is true.

THE SCHAFFHAUSEN CROSS AT FREIBURG, BADEN.

The market-crosses are one of the most beautiful class of monuments bequeathed to us by the Middle Ages. Rich with all the fancy which inspired Gothic architecture, they tower in the squares of most European cities, and with their niches and statues, often of exquisite design and execution, compel the Nineteenth Century to respect and preserve them, utilitarian as it is.

The Cathedral of Freiburg is noted as one of the most beautiful and perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in Germany, and this cross attests the taste and skill of the master builders of the place.

Freiburg, with its university dating back to 1454, and its library of one hundred thousand volumes, is a small but beautiful city of the Grand Duchy of Baden, lying on the Dreisam. It has a population of only sixteen thousand souls, but is, nevertheless, a place of no little importance.

The town was repeatedly captured by the French in the wars between France and Germany, and in 1744 the invaders destroyed the fortifications of Freiburg im Breisgau, and agreeable public walks and smiling vineyards now occupy their place. The streets are open and well built, and the city in these later times has become the seat of a Catholic archbishop.

THE ABBOT OF READING.

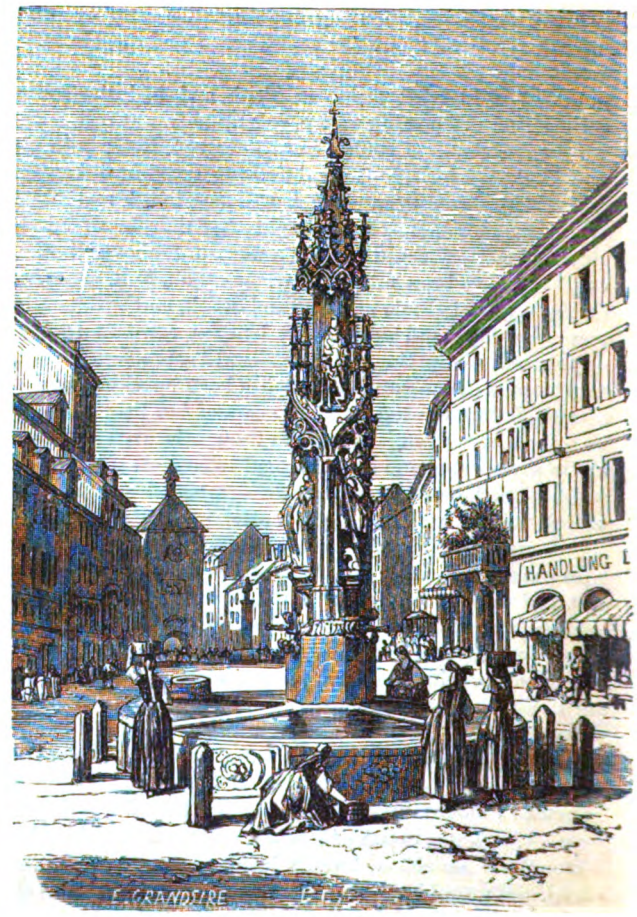
King Henry VIII., as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost or (more probably) willfully losing himself, struck down about dinner-time to the Abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery, to see, unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry); on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place, for whom he was mistaken. "Well fare thy heart," quoth the abbot; "and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace, your master. I would give an hundred pounds, on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and queasy stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken."

The king pleasantly pledged him, heartily thanked him for his good cheer, and after dinner departed, as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure.

At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. I springs King Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behavior.

"My lord," quoth the king, "presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your queasy stomach; and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same."

The abbot down with his dust, and glad he had escaped so, returned to Reading; as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much more merrier in heart, than when he came thence.



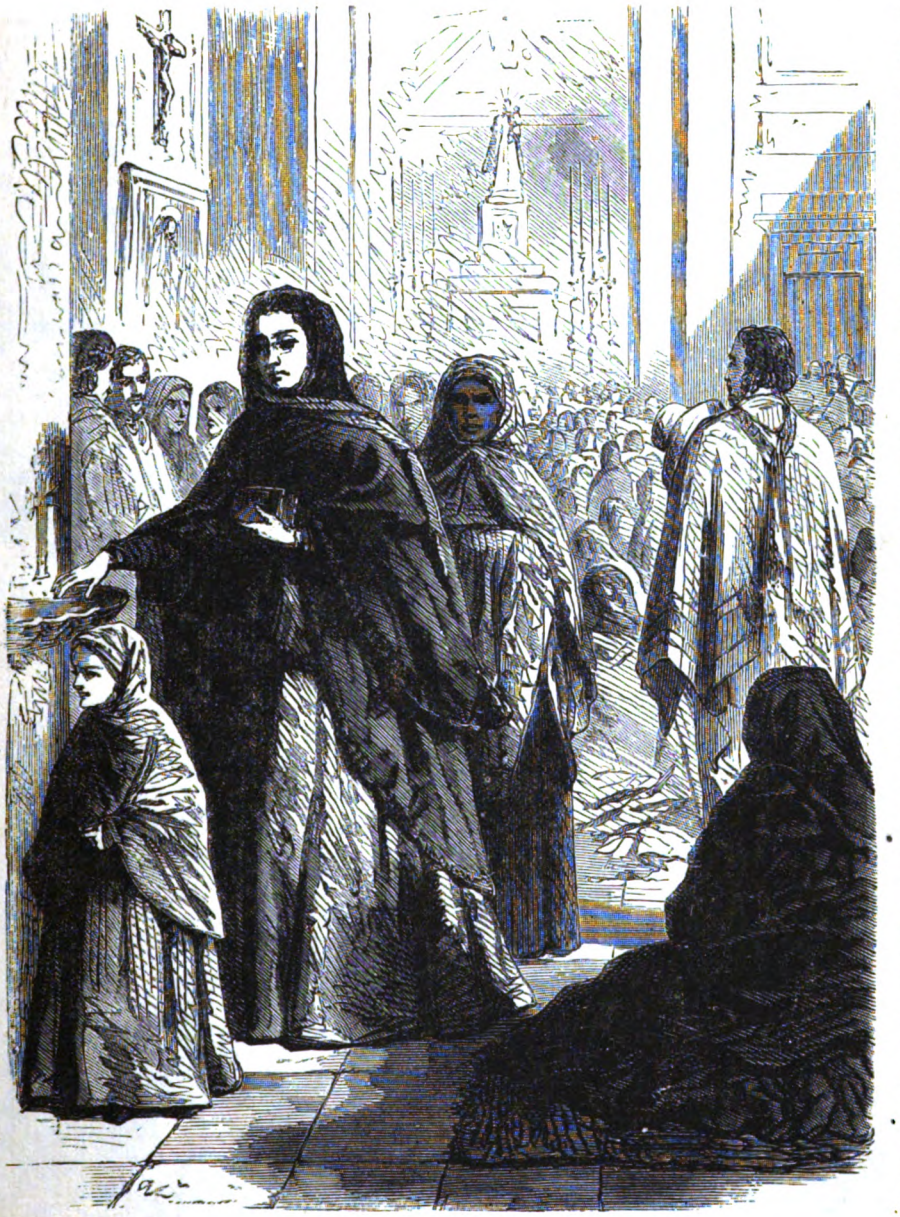
THE SCHAFFHAUSEN CROSS AT FREIBURG, BADEN.

Digitized by Google

CHILI.

THE free and independent Republic of Chili—it dearly loves the title which records its hard-won triumph over the grim, grasping, grudging Spaniards who held and hated it so long—is fifty years old. The situation of the Republic of Chili is perhaps the most romantic and picturesque of those which the great condor, poised in the pure air about the Andes' heights, surveys from a point where the vision has a range of 10,000 square miles over which to rove. From the stern barrier of Mount Moreno to the stormy point of Horn stretches, along a coast-line of 2,000 miles, a broad valley, whose bounds are set landwards by the most extensive range of mountains in the world, and almost the loftiest, and seawards by the vastest of all the oceans.

The giant warders stand between the broad valley and the Eastern World; its northern desert tracts, where incalculable wealth hides itself in the recesses of the earth, but human life cannot be supported on its surface, so that the fertile country has to feed the mining provinces at great cost of toil; its fair central fields, fruit and cereal-bearing; its pastoral austral districts with harbors, and rivers whose banks are forests, and where great coal-fields indicate industries in the future—all these face the vast, untroubled South Pacific. How utter was the seclusion of Chili, how slumberous its life, we know from some old books of travel, written by men who reached the treasure-laden strip of earth between the mountains and the ocean by the dreary voyage round Cape Horn, or plodded thither by way of the treacherous jungles and dismal swamps of Panama. Its seclusion has only a geographical significance now-a-days, and its slumberous life has been roused to wholesome activity, with sound principles of action and honorable aims.



CHILIAN COSTUMES.

The valley, which is once-and-a-half larger than Italy, with a climate like that of Italy, has happily the great mountains between it and the other republics, the black sheep of the Western World; and any political troubles of its own would be readily settled, because the seat of Government is central, and its forces could easily operate along the shore. When the dreams of the Chilians are realized, and there is a railway across the Andes, whose passes in the old times were known only to the guanaco—their coast may become a vast landing wharf for all the "notions" of the Eastern Hemisphere.

The Transandine Railway is a very bold conception; it includes a two-mile tunnel through hard rock, and the covering-in of large portions of the road from the assaults of avalanches and snowdrifts, and it is not likely to be carried out speedily; but meantime the Transandine Telegraph line, which has been working for some years—its wires are conveyed across the mountains on stone pillars, and in the more exposed portions, underground—is an achievement to think of with respect. It is a promise of what shall be in the secluded coast-country, with its back to the world, whose desert-frontier is in the Tropic of Capricorn, whose most recent settlement at Punta Arenas, where they trade in seal and guanaco-skins, and in the feathers of the ostriches which the Patagonians hunt down with their cruel *bolas*, is the southernmost civilized community in existence, whose capital city is one of palaces and Paris fashions, and whose people prefer solvency as a rule, and like to keep the military budget at the lowest safe figure.

In contrast with the incomprehensible and innumerable "revolutions" which have rendered the South American Republics ridiculous to the outer world, it is pleasant to know that Chili has been peacefully prosperous since 1859; that "militarism" has steadily declined since that date, at

Digitized by Google



THE CHURCH ROCK, NEW BILBAO, CHILI.



CHILIANS GOING TO THE SPRINGS OF COLLINA.

Digitized by Google

which the "rebellion" of General Cruz was suppressed, and that minding their own business—that business being of an essentially peaceful description—is the abiding occupation of the Chilians.

The successive Presidents, who have been civilians, keep the force as low as possible, and they show no special favor to military rank. "The service" has none of those charms with which it is bedecked to the youthful fancy in European countries. Its duties are of a strictly prosaic kind, mostly directed to watching the Araucanian frontier line—for the "Indians" are the chronic trouble of Chili—and chasing the bands of cattle-lifters who come over the border.

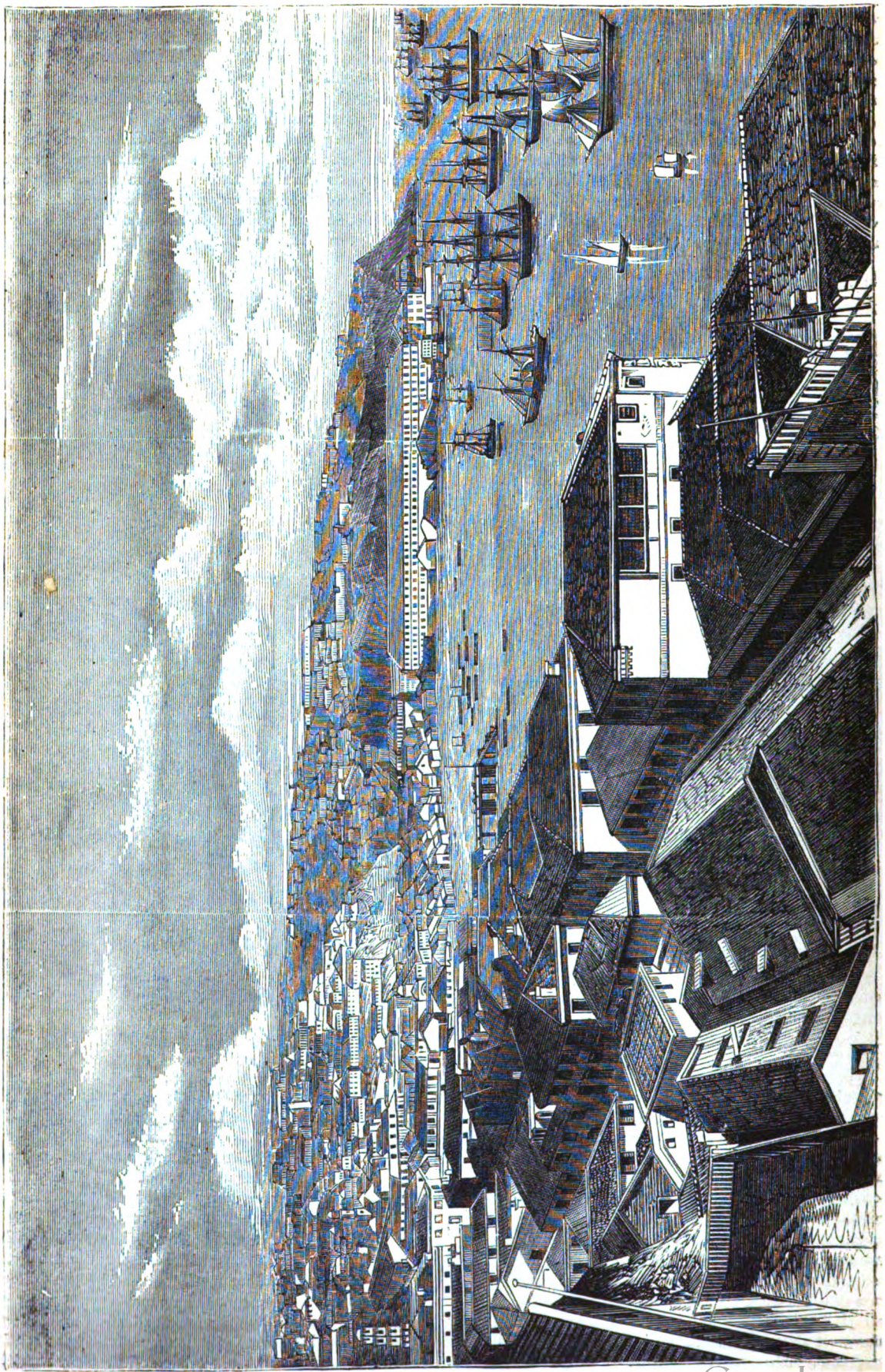
The Chilian army is, nevertheless, an efficient little force, held well in hand for any emergency, and the Araucanian Indians probably owe their longish lease—for aborigines at this time of day—of lands, liberty, and life, to the disinclination of the authorities to raise a force sufficient to sweep them, as their less lucky kinsmen in the northern latitudes are being swept, from their hunting-plains.

The country is an agricultural valley; it needs manufactures for its prosperity. Little more than one-fourth of the soil is cultivated, and its population at the last census, in 1875, numbered only 2,300,000. Central Chili, with the capital city, Santiago, and Valparaiso, the largest commercial emporium of the South Pacific, is in every sense the heart and soul of the country. It contains the largest estates, yields the most abundant produce, and supports the bulk of the population. The Government seems to go somewhat faster than the people in matters of the higher education. The more influential classes are lukewarm about it, and the Conservatory of Music, Academy of Painting, and School of Sculpture and Architecture are doing little to justify their respective places on the Estimates. In the curriculum of the Government schools "urbanidad"—or urbanity, good manners—holds a place, and most travelers in Chili agree in recognizing that the people exhibit the influence of that item in their demeanor out of school.

The Chilian peasantry in the central districts are a restless race, given much to emigration to the mining provinces and to hiring themselves as navvies on the railway lines and other public works in various parts of the Republic. Those who have it in their power to move about in this way are "peones"; the settled peasantry are "inquilinos," and live under a system which, at a first glance, seems to resemble the abolished serfage of the Russian peasants, but is not in reality so degraded and hopeless, and is likewise passing into desuetude, the "inquilino" being gradually transformed into a salaried laborer, for whom a cottage and a patch of garden are provided, as on many English estates. The "inquilino" is distinctly a free man, however humble his status among his class; and the *corvée*, or unpaid service, which is the distinctive feature of the system called "inquilinaje," is a result of the old feudal tenure introduced by the Conquistadores, but is now dying out. There are few peasant proprietors or small tenants holding leases of any duration; the land, held in large estates, is the luxury of the few; but it is well to know that the law of division of property must before long multiply the number of smaller holdings.



ON THE ROAD FROM SANTIAGO TO VALPARAISO.



VIEW OF THE HARBOR AND CITY OF VALPARAISO, CHILI.

Digitized by Google

The peasant proprietors are found, not in the centre of the republic but in the north, in the "happy valley" of Elqui, a *quebrada* highly cultivated, and rich in paradisiacal fruits and enjoying a paradisiacal climate; also in the territories that are gradually being gained from the hunting-grounds of the Araucanian Indians.

The "inquilino" is a resident peasant, who cultivates the land and does forced labor for his "ranchero," its amount and conditions varying according to the customs of different estates, or to voluntary agreement.

No written contract exists between the landlord or his representative and the "inquilino," and the worst feature of the system is that the former has unconditional power of ejectment, while the latter has no sufficient corresponding liberty to leave.

"In theory," says Mr. Rumbold, in his admirable report upon the condition of Chili from which we are taking these facts, "the tacit contract existing between the employer and the employed is terminable at any time at the will of either party, but in practice the 'inquilino' is in too defenceless a position to be able freely to exercise his undoubted right to quit the estate. Further, the powers held by many of the 'haciendados' (landowners) as 'subdelegados,' or 'comandantes de policia,' would be sufficient to quell any excessive velleity of independence on the part of the 'inquilino.'

The evil, however, is righting itself; scarcity of labor is turning the scale in favor of the "inquilinos"; but the obligation of unpaid toil by "los brazos obligados" is still fully recognized and enforced. In all material conditions of their lives, the "peones" and the "inquilinos" are all worse off than the Russian serfs ever were; as badly off as the coolies in the Cingalese "lines." They are allowed no wine, beer, or meat; they live on haricot-beans and unleavened bread; they work thirteen hours a day under a scorching sun, with wonderful endurance for long spells, and then give way to bursts of intemperance which sadly waste their small earnings. They are, however, singularly healthy, and their condition is improving, not, according to Mr. Rumbold, from the pressure of democratic opinion—Chili is the most aristocratic of republics—but owing to the initiative of the upper classes.

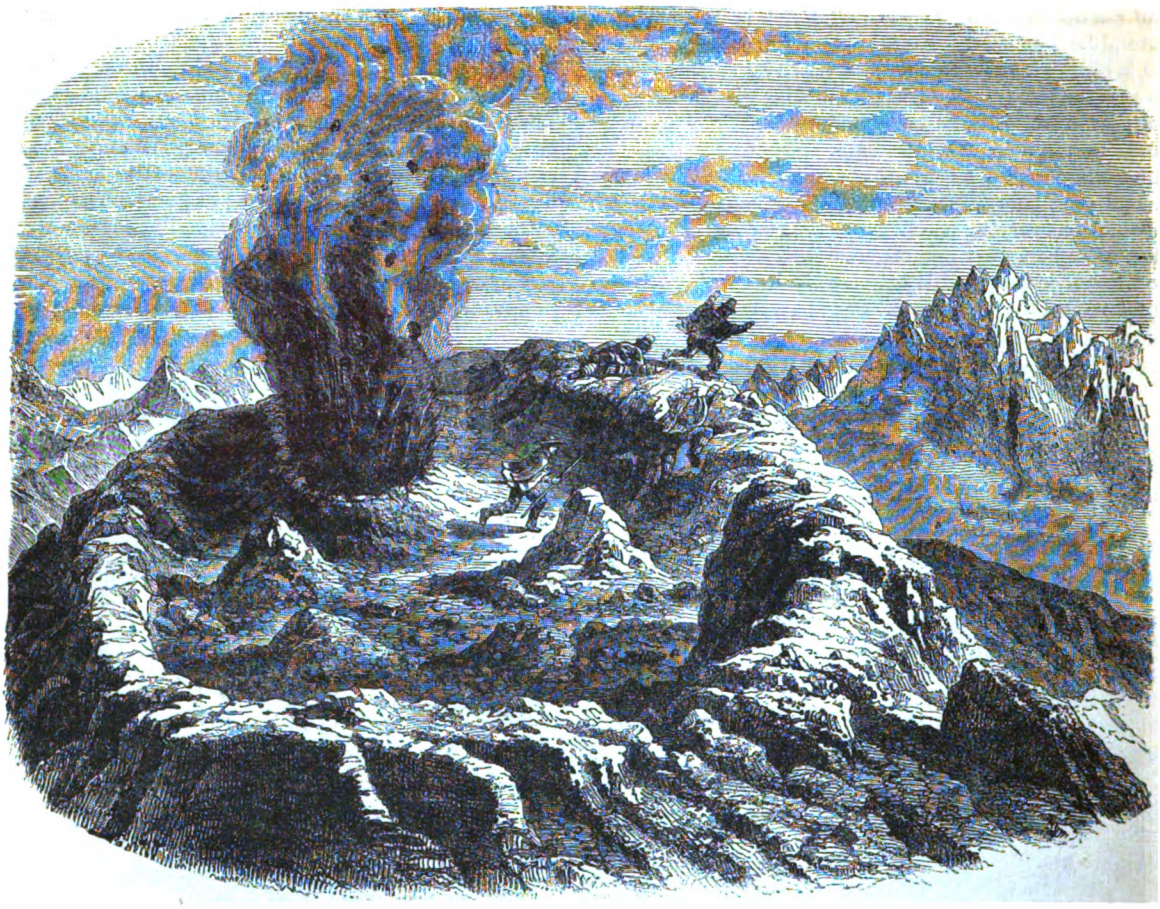


THE PLAZA MAYOR, VALPARAISO, CHILI.

This is a good hearing, for one of the best-known characteristics of the social life of the secluded coast country between the Pacific and the Andes used to be the inhuman want of sympathy the complete severance between the rich and the poor.

The fabled city in the heart of Africa, whose silver roofs

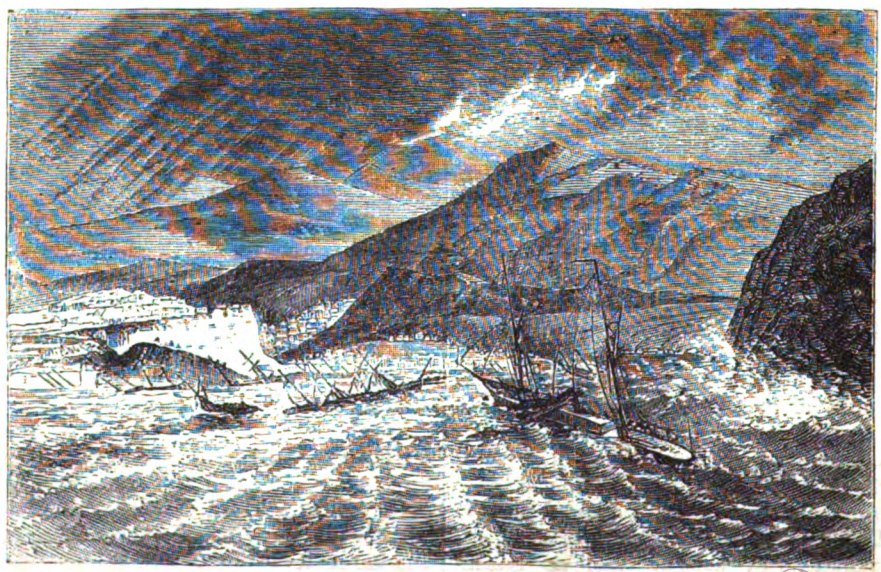
Digitized by Google



THE VOLCANO OF ANTUJO, CHILI.

and palm-bordered terraces Dr. Mayo set gravely before us thirty years ago, in his famous romance, "Kaloolah," is hardly more attractive to the imagination than is the veritable, actual capital of Chili, ninety miles inland, built upon a vast plain, under the towering and invincible shelter of the snow-capped Andes; whose cordilleras, rich with the treasures which Humboldt catalogued, rise in grand gradations from the plateau, and help the sun to make for Santiago, with the assistance of the distant ocean, a climate as perfect as any in the world. Santiago is an expensive place and luxurious: the desire of the Chilian heart is toward her, and she is the delight of his eyes, with her broad thoroughfares, her stately dwellings, her grand promenades. Ease and exclusiveness are her characteristics; the old Spanish ornamentation dwells there, also elegance and sprightliness purely French. Santiago is as well beloved and carefully tended, as trimly dressed, as Paris itself; and the beautiful Chilian ladies tread its pavements in the latest Parisian attire, or drive through its broad streets, by lines of Parisian-seeming hotels, and convents with white gleaming walls, in carriages which might do for the muster in the Bois. And they can look up at the Andes, and in the sultry noonday quiet the great birds may go sailing by on their way to the South Pacific.

A splendid, ambitious city, with a memory of a horrible disaster hanging about it; with a maëlstrom-like tendency to attract and engulf fortunes and lives; with contrasts of wealth and poverty as dreadful as those we can see any day in London; a city which is a triumph and a snare, a great monument to the "trabajo y cordura," or work and shrewd sense, which have made Chili what that praiseworthy Republic is; but a city which would do well to consider

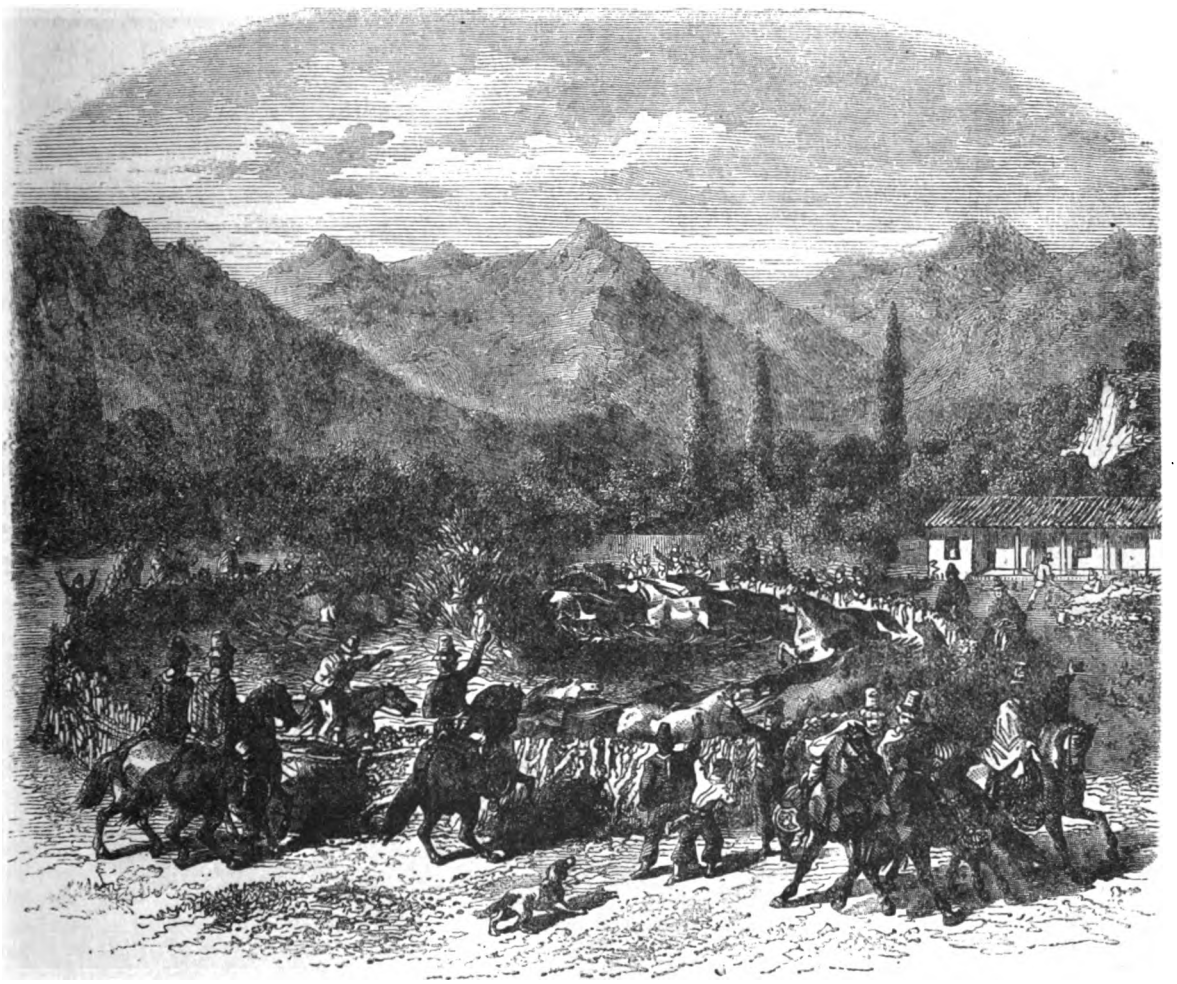


BAY OF VALPARAISO, DURING THE HURRICANE OF 1867.

Digitized by Google

its extravagant ways, and be wise, after the example of Valparaiso. The seaboard city is growing steadily in prosperity, from thrift as well as toil.

The area of Chili, exclusive of the part of Patagonia which it claims, is about 133,000 square miles, and that portion is nearly as large, but really of little value. It is a mountain land, for it not only has the Andes on the east, but is traversed by two ranges of lower mountains, the Central Chain, and La Cordillera de la Costa. The principal valley of the country lies between the Central Chain and the Andes, which here meets a height of 14,000 to 22,422 feet, the loftiest being Aconcagua. Several of these, such as Llullaillaco, Villarica, San José, and others, are still active volcanoes. The volcano of Antujo, shown in our illustration, long towered with its crater, unapproached and unseen, in the Chilian



A TRILLA OR THRESHING IN CHILI.

province of Concepcion; its sides forming a strange, wild contrast, one sterile, and covered with the ashes of former eruptions, with only an occasional blade of grass to tempt the wild guanaco; the other side, sloping down to the picturesque Lake Laja, is covered with a rich vegetation, in which Nature exerts all her power to charm. As no lava had issued from the year 1812, a daring naturalist, named Poeping, in 1829, had the courage to attempt, and the perseverance to effect, its ascent, and view the crater. He was followed ere many years by Claude Gay, a scientific man from France, who with great toil at last reached the summit, with three servants, one a countryman of his own, the other two, Chilinos. The crater lay before them like a vast bowl, filled with snow, with many apertures, showing deep holes. One of these, to the east, rose like a kind of chimney, and the adventurers were approaching it for a nearer examination, when a sudden eruption of gas and smoke, with stones of various sizes, put them all to sudden flight. On recovering from the first panic, however, M. Gay made observations and sketches, determining the height at 2,818 metres. Like all the Chilian volcanoes, it is on the western slope of the Andes.

At the north, Chili is cut off from Bolivia by the lofty desert of Atacama.

The scenery in all parts of Chili is grand and picturesque. Even the coast has its stern, rugged features.

About a mile and a half from New Bilbao, or Puerto Constitucion, a thriving Chilian city, and the great depôt of the rich provinces of Talca and Cauquenes, is the curious Church Rock shown in our illustration. Permanent and good government has rendered Chili a paradise compared to the great mass of South American republics, for under its exceptional condition, giving peace and security, arts, industry and education flourish.

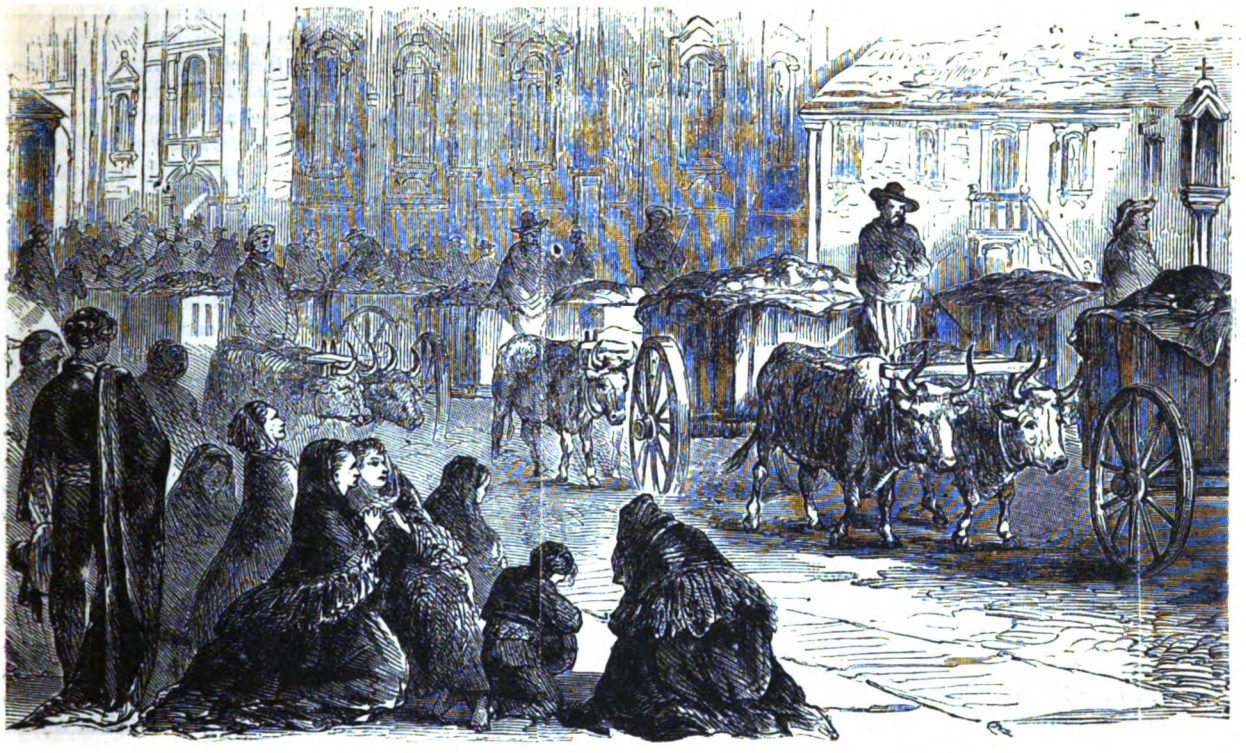
The rock, like the Isle Percée in the St. Lawrence, has been channeled by water; but here the rock stands isolated at some distance from the water, and in itself looks like an old ruined church, its towers long since crumbled away, while the arched portal opens into the interior, lit with its dim religious light. It is not strange, therefore, that the people should call it the Church Rock—*La Piedra de la Yglesia*—and it is said that the name is justified by more than this mere outward resemblance, the rock having in the early times of the settlement of the country served as a chapel, the pioneer priests having celebrated Mass beneath

Digitized by Google



LA YAMACUECA.

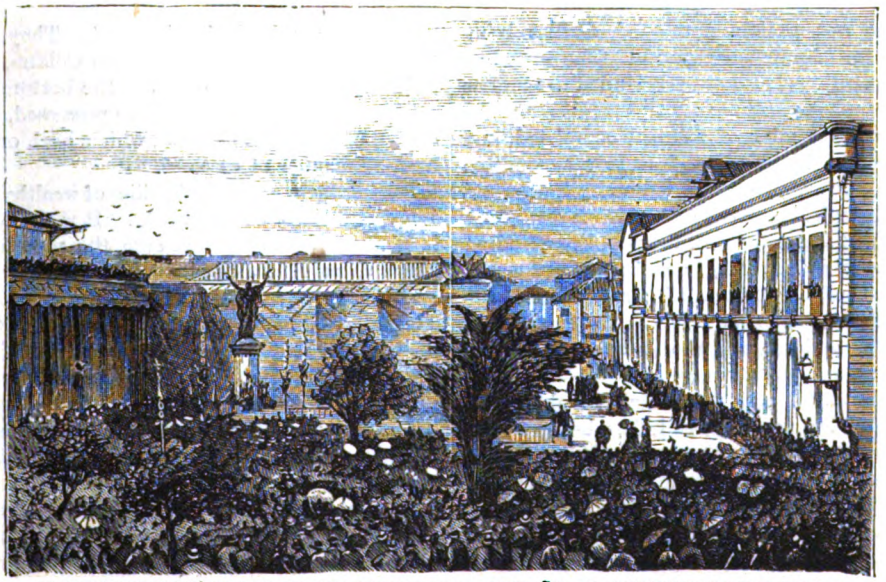
Digitized by Google



THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHURCH OF LA COMPAÑIA, DECEMBER 8TH, 1863.

the natural vaulted roof of the Church Rock. The climate of Chili is one of the finest in the globe, being equable and uniform, so that fruits, flowers, and trees of both tropical and temperate regions flourish well. The native palm and pine of Araucania, the cherimoya of tropical America, the medlar of Japan, the magnolia of Florida, and the olive of Asia, may all be found within a single garden, every one as luxuriant as in its original clime.

The two drawbacks are the earthquakes and the hurricanes. The hurricane of 1867 was particularly disastrous, and we depict the Bay of Valparaiso under the influence of the storm-king. The earthquakes are frequent, and sixteen have been especially disastrous. That of 1570 destroyed Concepcion; that of 1647, Santiago; that of 1730 again ruined those cities as well as La Serena, Coquimbo, and every village from this last place to Concepcion. In 1835 this last-named city was again visited with destruction for the fourth time, and Talcahuana, a great resort of our whalers (in whose dialect the name has become Turkey-owner), was destroyed. The earthquakes of 1851 and 1871 were felt especially at Valparaiso and Santiago.



MONUMENT ERECTED ON SITE OF THE CHURCH OF LA COMPAÑIA, TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTIMS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

As may be supposed, Chili abounds in mineral wealth, producing almost all the metals—gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, iron, zinc, nickel, cinnabar, cobalt, antimony, bismuth, manganese, and arsenic, the copper and silver mines being especially rich. Coal, sulphur, salt, and nitre abound.

Agriculture is not carried on with the result of modern study and skill. Some of the methods are still primitive, as may be seen in our illustration of a trilla or threshing.

The trilla or threshing-day becomes a perfect holiday, combining the attractions of a horse-race with the harvest labors, as our agricultural fairs do occasionally, we must admit. The wheat is placed within a circular corral, into which a number of fine young horses are admitted, unfettered by riders, saddles, or harness. A mounted man urges them on, and the young men of the neighborhood, all mounted, of course, gather around outside, encouraging them with shouts, betting on the one that will keep longest ahead of the herd as they career wildly around the arena.

The Chilinos are to the extent of about one-fourth or half a million of pure Spanish blood; the rest are chiefly of mixed race, as their forms, features, and hair testify;

Digitized by Google

many of the laboring classes are, however, of pure Indian types.

The progress of the French fashions has in a manner banished from the world the old national and characteristic costumes by which the several nations were so distinctly marked. If there were always grace in these creations of Parisian modistes, it would be well; but the ladies themselves all agree that the fashions of three years ago are horrid, to say the very least. The fashions, as we meet them in South America, especially in the interior towns, are of this stamp—discarded French fashions, and poor, at that. In church, however, the old Spanish dress prevails, and if the rebozo gives to our eye somewhat too much of a muffled look, yet the whole effect is graceful, ladylike, and dignified. It marked the national type, and they do well to retain it in church, where, indeed, the French bonnets and dresses are regarded as a sort of sacrilege.

The long trailing dresses, however, and the manner in which the rebozo cramps the arms, are terrible enemies in case of danger. Ladies are fettered in all their limbs, and when occasion requires the quick use of arms or legs, the poor victims are unable to extricate themselves, and contribute to their own ruin. In that terrible church conflagration, some years since, this dress was the cause of the great loss of life. Caught by others treading on their skirts, and unable to use their hands easily, those in front fell, and others fell over them, so that a living mass barricaded the doors, keeping in those behind, to meet their dreadful fate. The latest papers speak of a shock of earthquake, in which ladies, rushing from the churches on Annunciation Day, were crushed down for the same reason, many limbs being broken.

The men, as will be seen in the illustration, cover all with the universal poncho, a square cloth, made rain-proof, with a slit in the middle, through which the head passes, and the poncho droops gracefully around. This garment was almost universal in the world in the olden time, and is the ancestor of the cope and chasuble of the Greek and Latin priesthood. The former is called, in Latin, *pluviale*, or rain-cloak; and the chasuble of the Greeks is a real poncho in shape, but so long that, when the priest lowers his hands to his sides, his attendants have to raise the chasuble to enable him to extricate them.

Education is advancing very rapidly, there being more than five hundred government schools, and as many municipal, private, and monastic, with normal schools and a government university.

Manufactures are not greatly developed, Chili relying chiefly on England for manufactured goods. The introduction of American inventions has, however, tended to increase activity in many branches.

Chili has more than 500 miles of railroad completed, and new roads progressing. Much of the travel over mountain paths will continue, however, to be carried on by horses and mules. The road from Valparaiso to Santiago is enough in itself to show the thrift and activity of the people. Winding amid the mountains it is very busy, and in the plains you dash by fields stocked with well-fed cattle; and as, amid the mountains, you follow the cuesta or zig-zag road, you meet the sounds and sights and odors of the mining operations, copper being one of the most extensive.

The scenery is beautiful and interesting at almost all points, especially from the tops of the hills, where you see the panorama below, and above you some mighty volcanic pile, now capped with snow, like the dormant Aconcagua. A traveler thus describes an estate near Valparaiso:

The Calera estate is not very large, but being situated on the line of railroad to Valparaiso, is most valuable, producing an income to its owner of $17,000 annually. It may be considered as a model hacienda, for on it may be found nearly every product of the country. We will begin at the dwelling-house, a portion of which is modern, and of two stories; the larger part is, however, in the old Spanish style, long, low, tiled roof, with a corridor and pillars, which forms a cool promenade in the Summer and a dry one in the Winter. The interior is elegantly, almost luxuriously furnished, and the style of living and table is not surpassed, nor, perhaps, equaled, by many noblemen's houses in England. There are two courtyards, properly belonging to the house—the outer one nicely planted with trees, and the inner one a pleasant flower-garden; then at the rear there is an extensive orchard, where some of the most delicious tropical fruits are cultivated, or, rather, had been at one time, but now are growing in wild luxuriance, producing as much, but perhaps of an inferior quality to formerly. Here you find the banana, the cherimoya, the date, the orange, lemon, peach, etc., together with the ordinary English fruit of all classes. Passing through the fruit-garden, you come into a magnificent plantation of almond trees, or "el almendral," which produces an immense quantity of fruit of first quality, and which sell well in Valparaiso markets.

The plantation occupies at least ten acres. After passing through which, you enter upon a large plantation of walnut trees, which also produce a fair income; but the grand produce of the hacienda is the grape and wines made therefrom. The vineyards are numerous and extensive, covering more than thirty acres, and the quantity produced annually is enormous. There are two classes of grapes on the estate: the green or white grape, and the red or black; the former produce a white wine of excellent quality, and are suitable for table use in season; the latter are almost exclusively used to make wine, and are seldom produced at table, although a most agreeable and delicious fruit.

We now pass into the fields, or "potreros," and find wheat, barley, potatoes, beans, hay, etc., growing most luxuriantly; the soil is extremely rich, and never requires manure, producing green and other crops year after year without any other fertilizer than the waters of the Aconcagua river, which flow down from the Cordillera, highly charged with potash and other fertilizing salts. Artificial canals are made from this river, and the water brought through the land for the use of the cattle, and for irrigating in Summer, when it never rains in this part of Chili. We observed some very fine cattle and sheep. The fields where the cattle are kept are fenced round with poplar trees, which have grown to a height of fifty or sixty feet, and serve alike for a fence and shade.

Chilians are fond of enjoyment. They have a delightful watering-place in the little town of Collina, so called because it is built between two hills at the bottom of a ravine, and celebrated because its waters are possessed, or said to be possessed, of marvelous virtues, which heal, or are reported to heal, all manner of diseases.

During the season, the families of wealthy Chilians visit the *baños*, and remain some weeks. It is the rendezvous of the fashionable society of Santiago, the place whither the physician dispatches all his opulent patients to look for the health they have not lost, but which medicine might endanger. Collina, however, finds a rival in the seashore and the baths of Valparaiso. Some members of the faculty have begun to patronize these and other resorts, which enjoy the advantage of an earlier transit from the capital.

The roads which conduct to Collina are none of the best; they are rugged, and apt to cause delay and accident. The vehicles necessary to traffic on a road so rough are none of the lightest or most agreeable. Travelers, who are not accustomed to equestrian exercise, have to make the journey in a huge, heavy contrivance—a Noah's ark on wheels—and drawn by bullocks, which, at the best, is slow and wearisome traveling, and, at the worst, is something more terrible than

Digitized by Google

tongue can tell or language can describe. A railway, with good accommodations, presents a formidable rivalry on the opposite route; but, nevertheless, Collina has not lost its charms, and in the season the visitors flock to the town, and make it as gay as Baden. There, under skies of intensest blue, Chilians resign themselves to pleasure, tippling cider, tinkling guitars, making up parties of pleasure, hunting excursions, delightful picnics, amateur races—anything, everything to while away the time. The season lasts fifteen or twenty days, and during that period the *yamacuecas* succeed *resbaloscas* (national dances) without any apparent interval of repose. The analogy between the baths of Europe and of Chili is seen especially in the fact that full facilities are given for gambling, and that those who have run away from work may ruin themselves at play.

Every South American State has its peculiar dance, all borrowed from the dance that has lived so long on the river banks of Spain, and, though differing from it in some respects, possesses all its principal characteristics, just as the various languages of Spanish countries resemble the rich old mother tongue. The dances of Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and Chili, and the countries east of the Andes, are all accompanied by the guitar, and are full of grace; but none of them equal the "Yamacueca" of Chili.

The people of her sister States know the "Yamacueca," and in Peru it is danced considerably, but the stranger never sees it in its glory until he has visited the Chilian valleys.

The "Yamacueca" originated in a combination of the spirited dances of the Indians of the country with the graceful steps introduced by the Spanish conquerors, and has flourished through almost countless generations in all the freshness and beauty that a spirit of romance and conquest could give it.

The Araucanians, who resemble our North American Indians, have a similar dance, retaining all the wild peculiarities that belonged to the original "Yamacueca," but characterized more by activity than grace. The Chili dance is a part of the country's history, and is as dear as his flag to the Chilino's heart. It is danced by two persons, and when the guitars strike up, accompanied with the click of castanets in the hands of a third party, a crowd collects around the swaying figures, and enters into all the spirit and excitement of the dance. There are generally three verses sung, full of passion and entreaty, which the two dancers forcibly express in their attitudes; the second and third verses, each increasing in fervor as the song progresses. The lady seems striving to resist the impulse to fall into her lover's arms, and constantly coquettes with her partner, now permitting him to hover over her, and then suddenly retreating with a swift twirl, succeeded by a voluptuous, reinviting languor of movement; while the spectators, keeping time with their hands, urge on the suitor with such cries as "*Buscalo! buscalo!*" until the end of the song, and the dance suddenly stops. Partners are changed, the music recommences with new words, and the dance goes on again, hour after hour.

The following lines give an idea of the nature of the song:

"Dices que no me quieres
Porque no tengo que darte,
Enseñame aborrecerte
Porque no sé mas que amarte."

Or, in English:

"Thou sayest that thou lovest me no more,
Because I have naught to bestow,
Then teach me to hate thee, I pray,
For to love thee is all that I know."

Some of the foreigners who have visited Chili have represented this dance as being vulgar, and tabooed by good society. Such is not the case. The dance, of course, is capable of being made so, and, no doubt, sometimes is among the peons when excited with wine, as are many of our own dances when engaged in by the lower classes, but the "Yamacueca" is really less objectionable than the American redowa, and need not offend the sensibilities of any one.

The "Yamacueca" of the aristocratic *salon* is the same as that of the peasant, but shorn of its excess of passionate expression, and is characterized by all the refinement of our most popular dances. No party, or "tertullo," is complete without it, and every grand ball winds up with the national dance, by the belle and best dancer of the evening. Then all the exuberance of the occasion culminates in a brief abandonment to the intoxication of the "Yamacueca," and the festivities are at an end.

But the great day of the "Yamecueca" is the 18th of September, the 4th of July of Chili. The country people then flock by thousands into the cities, and pitch their tents in the suburbs for a week of gayety. The scene at Santiago at such times is worthy of Rosa Bonheur's brush. For six days the broad pampas are filled with booths and gay flags, and the air with song and laughter; while the troops are parading on the green, the borders of the camp resound with the music of the guitars, and on every hand are seen waving scarfs and undulating forms of dancers. At night the scene is still more exciting, and the light of countless fires reveals weird and fantastic figures, bending like willows in the storm, and all thrilled with the fervor of the "Yamacueca."

In the long Summer evenings, when the air is still, and the mountains loom up like walls of rock in the clear, starlit sky, the traveler down the broad, smooth, shady roads knows where the haciendas are, by the sound of this beautiful dance, and as he draws near the long, low buildings, he will find a group, quiet, but all absorbed in the favorite pastime. The effect at such times is indescribable. The snow-capped Andes seem to throw a shadow over all the plains, but across them there comes floating on the fragrant air, from every hacienda, a soft, ceaseless blending of music and singing; and one rides on as in a dream until the hush of midnight settles upon the scene. The dance must be seen to be appreciated. It can never be approximately imitated on the stage, and the artist's hand must be cunning, indeed, that at all pictures its grace and animation.

Chili was conquered by the Inca Yupanqui and his brave general Chinchoruca, in 1450. The Alapuche at the north submitted after slight resistance, but the Purumans made a desperate struggle for freedom.

Almagro, in 1530, pursuing the same course, was checked by the same brave tribe. Valdivia, however, subdued Chili and founded the city of Santiago, but met a terrible foe in the Araucanians, who nearly annihilated his force. He obtained a large army from Peru, and founded Concepcion in 1550; but was soon attacked in his new city by Aillavalu, but, though Valdivia then repulsed the Araucanians and killed their chief, he was captured and put to death in 1559, and Concepcion destroyed. The Indians even menaced Santiago, and kept up the war till 1665, when the Spaniards acknowledged their independence.

Chili revolted from Spain in 1810, and secured her independence by the battle of Maypu, April 5th, 1818, under the dictatorship of General O'Higgins. A constitution was adopted in 1828.

Chili, as already remarked, has suffered but little from intestine commotions, and in this has been far happier than most of the Spanish-American republics. Chili was attacked by Spain, and her ports bombarded, in 1866, her want of a navy not enabling her to cope with her antagonist, whose fleet caused fearful destruction to Valparaiso, although she in time, with the Peruvians, taught the Spaniards some rough lessons on the se-

Digitized by Google

JUDICIAL COMBATS AMONGST THE ANCIENT FRANKS.

During the eleventh century the means of justice among the Franks was a combat between the accuser and the accused. If a person was accused of any misdemeanor, he was granted permission to take an oath upon his innocence before the Court of State, and thus escape what was known as "Private Vengeance." If, however, there was not sufficient evidence of his innocence, the accuser had a right to

According to the Augsburg City Laws of 1276, and the Wurzburg Battle Code of 1447, the man was to have a club twelve inches in length, the thickness of two thumbs at the end; while the woman's weapon was to be two fists longer, and to consist of a stone weighing one pound, wrapped in a kerchief.

Whenever a woman undertook "wager of battle," she did so at the peril of her life; for, if she should not be the victor, the accused would possess the power of having her



JUDICIAL COMBATS AMONGST THE ANCIENT FRANKS—A WOMAN'S WAGER OF BATTLE.

annul the vow of the culprit by pushing his hand from the shrine, or reliquary (on which it rested during his oath), and challenge him to mortal combat.

If the accuser was a woman, and the accused a man, the laws of battle were as follows:

The man was to stand in a pit, nearly up to his waist, and be armed with a club, hardened at the fire; while the woman, whose motions were not confined, held a kerchief in her hand, in which a stone weighing from four to five pounds was tied.

sentenced to death in court, on a charge of false accusation. She would then be burned alive in the same pit wherein the man had stood. This result was looked upon as "God's Judgment"; for, the advantage a woman had over a man, in position and weapons, usually made her the victor.

Although the "Judgment of God," or ordeal, was discarded in 1250, judicial combat was nevertheless retained. Not, indeed, in cities, where its use was gradually discontinued; nor in the lower criminal courts; but principally in provincial courts of justice, where cases of nobility were tried.

Digitized by Google

Previous to this, the unconvicted accused was not bound to fight, provided he confessed his guilt. In such a case, instead of forfeiting his life, he was allowed to escape with the loss of a hand, or on payment of a fixed sum of money.

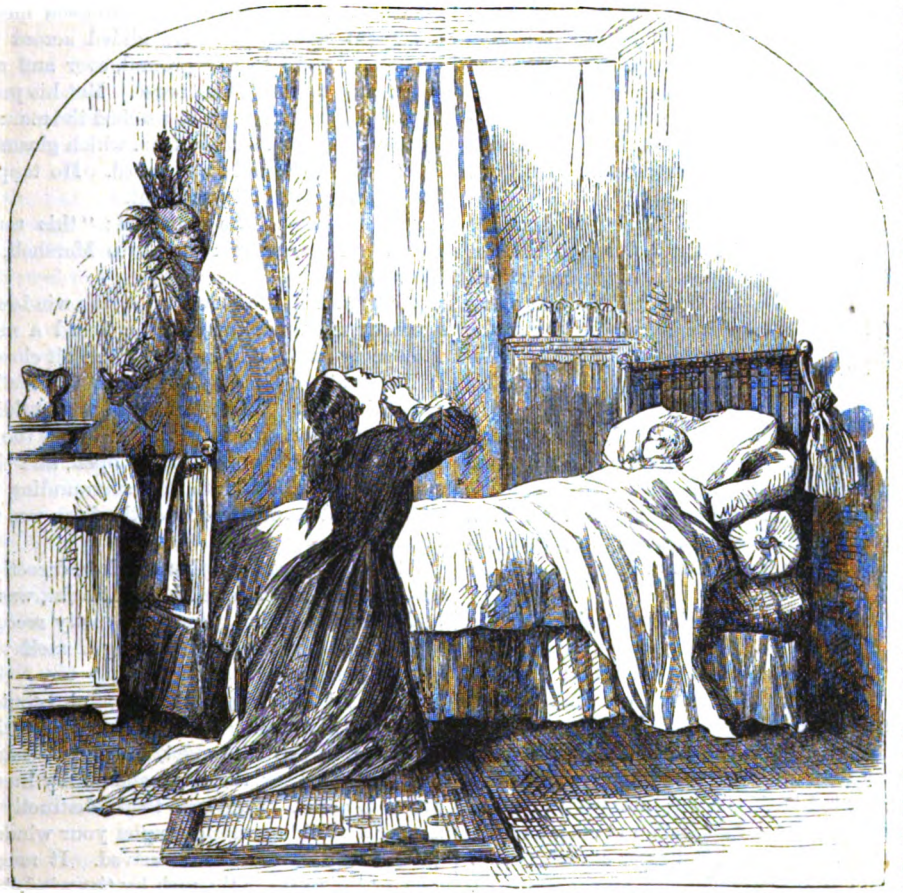
Wager of battle was used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the case of nobles who defied the laws of court. Whoever succumbed in a judicial combat forfeited not his life, indeed, but his claims. In all prevailing modes of this judicial combat, one rule held good. The accused was allowed six weeks' grace, time in which to practice with the prescribed weapon. On the day of combat, the weapons and clothing of the antagonists were examined, and the spectators were enjoined to observe the strictest silence.

Only the seconds were allowed to speak. The combat began at a given signal. A blow previous to the starting signal, or after the final signal, forfeited the battle. In cases of disturbance or disorder, the seconds interfered. Each combatant was allowed to call for "time" twice during the battle. If he called three times, or thrice dropped his weapon, he was deemed to have lost.

Every combatant had four seconds, one advocate, one marshal of arms, one trainer (who instructed in the mode of fighting, but whose voice durst not be heard during the battle), and one monitor, who was posted in the arena, but was allowed to communicate with the combatants only through the advocate. The dress usually consisted of close-fitting trowsers, jacket and hood, fastened with a leather strap, and cut from one piece of gray woolen cloth. The shield (which, however, was not worn in battle with a woman,) was of wood and leather, covered with white linen and ornamented with a red cross. Before the fight both combatants drank St. John's wine, to thwart all evil arts. The days of judicial combat are past and gone; but the heroism of those women who maintained their dearest rights through the only legal means allowed them is a vivid page in history.

The illustration which has called forth these remarks is a careful copy of a very rare and curious old engraving.

Ordeals, whether of battle, or tests of innocence by walking over red hot irons, or by plunging the arm in hot water and the like, long prevailed in many countries, and were not formally abolished in England till 1819.



MANONIE.—"THE MOTHER KNELT BY THE BEDSIDE. SHE RAISED HER CLASPED HANDS TO HEAVEN, AND HER LIPS MOVED IN HUMBLE, PENITENTIAL, THANKFUL PRAYER."

MANONIE, THE HEROINE OF FORT LARAMIE.

There are few places upon the American continent which combine so much varied beauty as do the plains of Laramie. To one who is not familiar with the geography of Western Nebraska, and has never visited that section of the country, it may appear singular that a name like "plains" should be applied to a section situated in the very midst of the most prominent peaks and ridges of the Rocky Mountains. But the title is far from being inappropriate.

Fort Laramie is situated at the junction of the north-fork of the Nebraska, or Platte River, and a stream of lesser note bearing its own name, Laramie River.

In this far-off Western fort, for many years after the discovery of the overland routes to California, the traveler to the "golden land" met with the only real mark of refinement, or even local civilization, after leaving the Missouri. Therefore, when the fort is reached by the adventurer, after a journey of four hundred miles through the barren wastes of Nebraska, the sight must be a pleasant one.

Nor was the most attractive features of the fort the presence of its officers, its soldiers, and their families. Manonie, or Wild Bird, as she was called by the savages, was a "pale-face." Of her parentage nothing was known save that in her infancy she had been captured in Western Iowa. The girl herself was ignorant of the fact that she was of white blood, until she learned it from one of the officers of Laramie, with whom she had become acquainted, and who had gleaned thus much of her history from one of the Indians.

Manonie had considerable affection for her dusky friends, for she had been treated with especial kindness by them.

There was, however, a brave connected with the Pawnee tribe, called Wontum, or Wild Cat, who had solicited the hand of Manonie in marriage, but had been spurned. It appeared as if the proud nature of one nobly born had been suddenly aroused within her when thus solicited, for there was such an exhibition of indignation and disgust that even Wontum slunk away in shame and fear.

The chief of the Pawnees, however, favored the suit of his brave, which resulted in an estrangement between him and the girl, and so she was comparatively left to herself.

Wontum, ascertaining this fact, lost no opportunity to urge

Digitized by Google

his suit, and even to use threats, to all of which the maiden returned her first scornful reply.

The result of this persecution on the part of Wontum was, that Manonie began to estrange herself from the Indian villages, and from her extreme cautiousness to prevent her meeting with Wontum, she attained the appellation of "Wild Bird."

At length she met a young lieutenant from the fort, who had heard her story, or a portion of it, from the settlers. He became her tutor; she, a willing pupil. At first he felt an interest, then a sympathy, and, finally, found himself deeply in love. Nor was it a hopeless passion, for that love was returned with all the ardor of an impulsive soul.

The young man discovered in her a nature of singular purity, an intellect of remarkable quickness, and a grace which might adorn a metropolitan *salon*. It was not strange that Henry Marshall loved her, and that Manonie soon became his wife.

As soon as this fact became known to Wontum, his savage soul was fired, and he resolved upon revenge. He committed a great number of depredations upon the peaceful overland travelers, which drew forth many of the troops from Laramie, but for over three years the savage had not been able to reach father, wife, or the little child who had been born a year after the marriage.

At length the villain had concocted a plan to draw the largest portion of the troops out of the fort to the distance of seventy-five miles. This was done by a general attack upon an emigrant train at "Devil's Gate." The party sent to the assistance of the sufferers consisted of two-thirds the garrison of Laramie, and were commanded by Henry Marshall, who, for the first time, had been separated from his wife and child during his marriage.

This was just as Wontum had anticipated, and so, after committing the outrages, had taken a squad of his men, and hastened, with all possible speed, to the fort. He reached it on a dark and stormy night. Concealing his men in a dense thicket, he resolved to reconnoitre only in person, although his object was to gain possession of Manonie and her child.

It was not supposed at Laramie that the attack upon the train was anything more than a thieving expedition, and, of course, there was not the most remote idea that the fort would be attacked. The guard, therefore, were not as vigilant as in more dangerous times.

Wontum determined to enter the fort. He found little difficulty in reaching the outer works, but here the greatest possible obstacle presented itself. It was after twelve o'clock at night, and the very presence of an Indian at such an hour would create suspicion at any time; but more especially now that there were rumors of depredations by the Pawnees. He, therefore, advanced with extreme caution until the entrance of the fort was reached. The huge door was closed. Beside it stood a sentinel, leaning lazily against the wall, his gun resting by his side.

While Wontum was considering how to act, the huge door or gate swung back with a heavy sound, and the relief-guard made its appearance. The drowsy sentinel sprang up, and advanced to meet his comrades.

Wontum took advantage of the momentary engagement of the soldiers, and of the heavy darkness, to glide through the open gate. Then he found himself within the coveted enclosure, but upon strange ground. He had been within the post but once before, and to gain some knowledge of its interior was of considerable importance to him. Of course he could not know the location of the several sentry-posts, and to move around, no matter with how much caution, involved no small amount of danger. But the master-passion of his soul was stronger than his fear, and he resolved to "do or die."

He heard the massive door reclose, and then the tread of the sentries as they returned to their guard-house. He had no knowledge of camp-life, but his natural instincts were sufficient to teach him that here, as well as in the Indian villages, the better class of buildings were reserved for the officers, or those highest in rank.

Before him was a long row of white buildings, or barracks, and to the right, at the other entrance, were others, much more genteel in appearance, which he judged to be those he sought. To reach them, he would be compelled to cross an open space; but the darkness was so intense that there was little danger of detection if great caution was used.

In the buildings which he intended reaching there gleamed a faint light in a lower window, and quite a number in those of the second story. All were at rest save the guard and the occupants of those lighted apartments. How well the savage understood this, his silent movement gave evidence. A shadow could not have been more noiseless, nor a serpent more alert. He glided across the open space, crouching close to the ground, ever and anon pausing to listen and to mark his course. But his progress was uninterrupted, and at length he reached the main building. Then he crept close to a window from which gleamed a feeble light. There was no sound to be heard. He tapped lightly upon the pane, but still all was silent.

"Sleep—sleep," he muttered; "this must be captain's room." The savage referred to Marshall, the husband of Manonie.

He repeated the blows upon the window, this time with more vigor. In a moment he heard a movement within. He sprang back and prostrated himself close to the ground.

The weather, although early in the Fall, was especially cold this night. The windows of the buildings were closed in consequence. But the one at which the savage had stationed himself was now thrown open, and the inmate of the room peered forth into the surrounding gloom. It was difficult to determine whether the form was that of a male or female.

At this moment another window, directly over this one, and from which streamed a bright light, was also thrown up, and a form appeared, which was easily recognized as that of a female. Apparently addressing herself to the person below, she asked:

"Did you hear any unusual sound, Lieutenant Blair?"

"I did, Manonie. Did you observe anything especial?"

"I did. I have not slept, and I have listened attentively, that I might hear the approach of my husband, should he arrive to-night. I am sure that I distinctly heard some person, or something, tapping upon your window."

"I think we are both deceived. It must have been the rain, or the rattle of the sash by the wind."

"I think not. I have listened to every sound, and this one only lasted an instant, and during the whole night it was the only one like it. I should not be at all surprised if there were Indians lurking around."

"Oh, no, Manonie! You are nervous to-night on account of the absence of your husband. It would be impossible for a savage to enter the fort without being discovered. You had better retire. This constant watching will be too much for you."

"It would be useless, for I could not rest. Besides, my little Harry has been wakeful and feverish all the earlier part of the night; but he is sleeping now."

"Well, good-night, Manonie. Your husband will probably return to-morrow. If I hear any further noise of the kind, I will go for a guard."

"God grant it! Good-night." Manonie closed her window.

Lieutenant Blair remained for a moment gazing into the darkness, and then, dropping the sash, retired.

Digitized by Google

The savage started to his feet. In the dim light which shone through the window could be seen the truly demoniac expression which lit up his face like a fire from within. His prey was within his grasp. He had learned that the husband of Manonie was still absent, and ascertained the location of the room she occupied. He knew the garrison of the fort could number but a few men at that time, and if they were surprised, an easy victory could be gained. The delighted monster with difficulty restrained the wild whoop of satisfaction which trembled upon his lips.

His first impulse was to return for his men and make the attack. But he knew that daylight must come before he could get everything arranged, and to attack even the little garrison while they were prepared for defense would be almost certain defeat. But he had heard Blair say that if he heard any further noise he would go for a guard.

The savage approached the window again, and tapped lightly. This time it was not his purpose to have Manonie hear him. This done, he sprang back again. The sash was again thrown up, and Blair called to know who was there. Of course no answer came. The lieutenant then crossed his room, and threw open the hall-door. The savage heard his retreating footsteps, and quick as thought he sprang through the open window into the vacant room. Then he concealed himself beneath the bed. Hearing the lieutenant giving directions for a thorough search, he grinned, in his fiendish glee, at the success of his ruse.

The officer returned to his room. An hour passed, when a corporal entered the apartment and reported that nothing unusual had been found, although a thorough search had been made. The lieutenant then closed his window, and retired to his couch for sleep.

An hour passed, and the heavy breathing of Blair convinced the savage that he was sleeping. Cautiously he crawled forth and seated himself by the bedside, gazing upon his intended victim. He drew from his belt a long, sharp knife, and toyed with its point, as if he wished to lengthen, as far as possible, the joy he felt at having one hated foe thus in his power. He rose to his feet and bent over the sleeper. He raised the knife. It glittered in the light; and then he lowered it again.

At length the sleeper opened his eyes. He attempted to rise, but he felt the sharp point of the weapon at his heart.

"No speak loud!" exclaimed the savage.

"What would you?" asked the lieutenant.

"Me kill you—quick—there!"

Poor Blair closed his eyes—groaned—the work was done.

The monster gazed upon the dead man, and for several moments remained motionless. At length he turned and walked to the door. He opened it, and peered into the hall; a dim light was burning, but all was silent. He stepped cautiously forth and walked along the passage. It was not long before he found the steps leading to the second floor; these he ascended, pausing before the door of the apartment which was occupied by mother and child. He listened; not a sound was heard; but through a crevice he could see that the light was still burning. He touched the latch, but the door was fast!

Here was a dilemma. What was to be done? If he attempted to force it, she would be aroused, even if she was asleep, and would give the alarm.

Satan sometimes appears to assist his own in a wonderful manner, when they are engaged in doing his work. So it appeared on this occasion.

At this moment a heavy tread of the "rounds" was heard below. Wontum listened; he also heard a movement in Manonie's apartment, and had hardly time to conceal himself behind the rubbish in the end of the hall, when she made her appearance. Tripping lightly toward the top of the stairs, she exclaimed, as if speaking her own thoughts:

"Oh, perhaps he has come." She bent over the railing and listened. While thus engaged, the savage passed, unseen, into her room. He secreted himself readily behind the heavy curtains which draped the window, and awaited her return.

He had not long to wait; the mother appeared. It was the first time Wontum had seen Manonie for three years; and it was not without some emotion on his part—something very seldom exhibited by the savage. As he gazed upon her, his face grew black as night, and he clutched his knife.

The mother approached the bed, and bent over her child. It was sleeping calmly.

"It must have been my imagination," she exclaimed; "for my darling exhibits no further symptoms of pain. Oh, if I should lose him! But I am weary; Lieutenant Blair said I needed rest; so I must sleep. It is strange. When I lived in the mountains I was never weary, and could keep the track, or drive the canoe, night and day. But now that I have become accustomed to luxury, I tire so soon. Then, my mind was free; now, if my dear husband is absent from me only an hour, I see before me images of death, and terror is ever present with me. If my child is restless, I magnify its danger. Yet I would not change again for worlds, and be what I was. Oh, no; it would be terrible—terrible. Don't let me think of losing what I have found. Well, I will rest beside my boy."

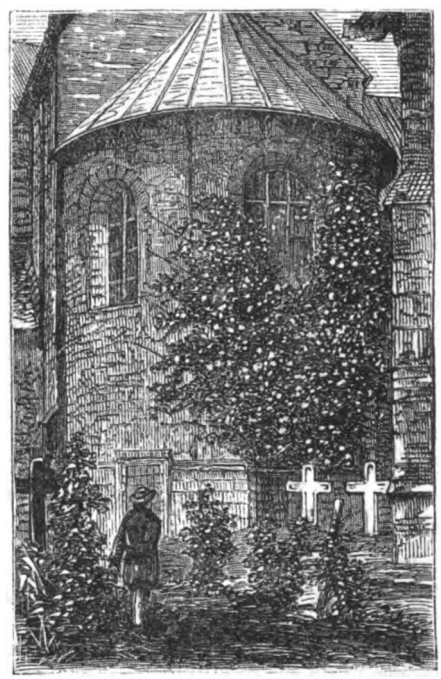
The mother knelt by the bedside. She raised her clasped hands to heaven, and her lips moved in humble, penitential, thankful prayer. Then she arose from her knees, pressed her little one's hand gently to her lips, and laid herself by its side.

Overcome with watching, she slept.

Wontum crept from his hiding-place, and approached the bed, clasping his knife for immediate use, should it be required. Carefully he raised the child in his arms—so carefully that he did not disturb either the mother or the little sleeper.

This child was to be his instrument of revenge on both father and mother. He felt sure that Manonie would follow him to the mountains for the recovery of her boy, and then both would be in his power. Softly he opened the door and passed into the hall, down the stairs, and into the apartment of the murdered lieutenant. Then he raised the window, and was surprised to find that daylight was dawning.

In passing through, the little fellow awoke; and beholding himself in the arms of such a mon-



ANCIENT ROSE-TREE AT HILDESHEIM. SEE PAGE 668.

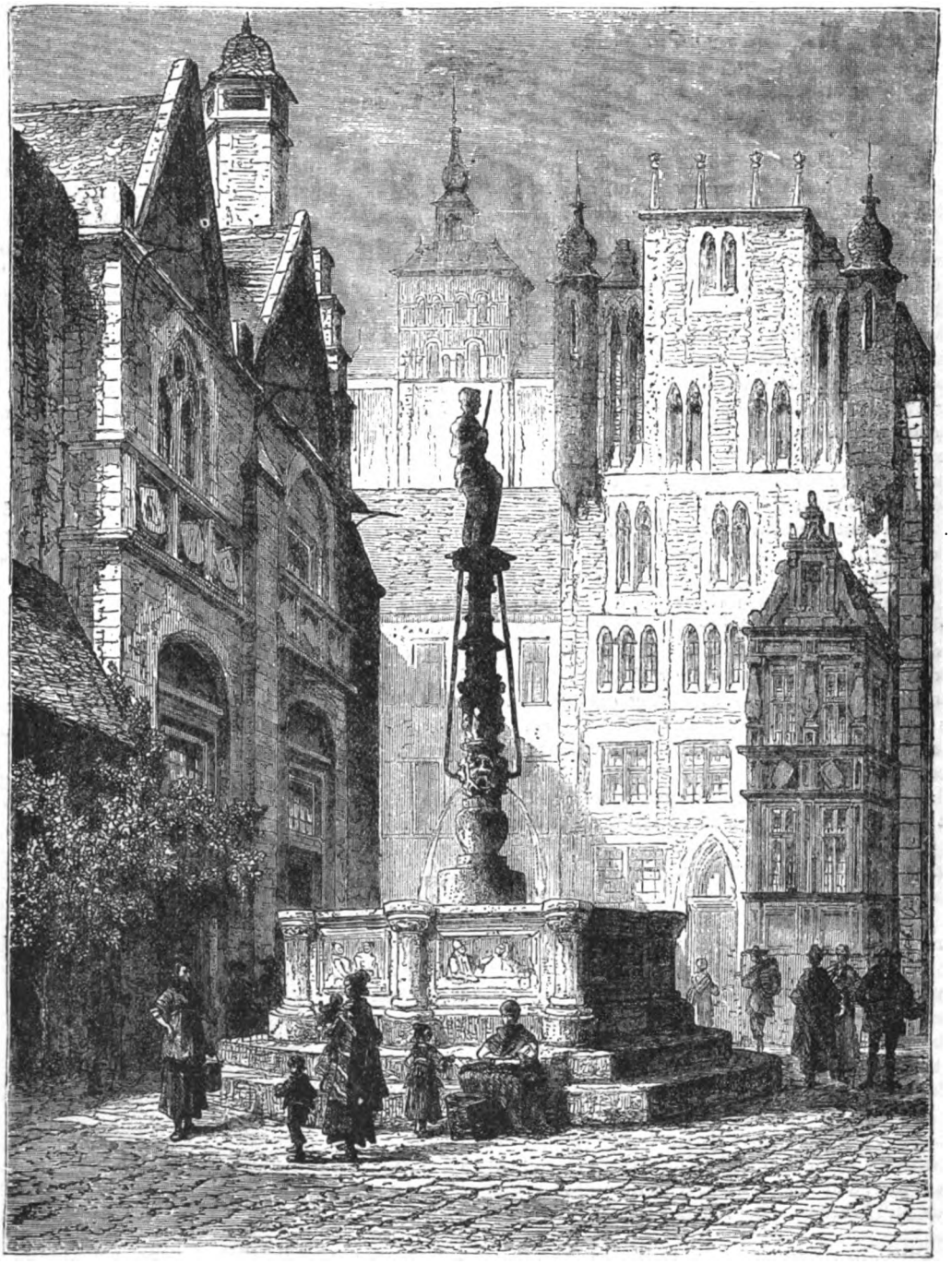
Digitized by Google

ster, set up a wild cry. It was echoed and re-echoed from the mother's room. Indeed, her shrieks were so fearful, that the entire garrison was soon aroused.

The Pawnee heard the cries of the mother, who had been awakened by the screams of her child. No time was to be lost. He therefore dashed boldly across the open space toward the outer wall.

So unexpected was such an event, and the guard so unprepared, that before the pursuit had fairly been commenced, the Indian actually had mounted the outer wall. A dozen muskets were leveled, but no one dared fire, lest they should injure the child.

Leaping from the wall, the red monster ran like a deer toward the Laramie River. Into its waters he plunged, and made rapidly for the opposite shore. The poor mother had thrown up the window just in time to see her darling disappear. For a moment her strength failed, and she was helpless; but it was a brief moment. In a second of time, she threw off her weakness and put on her strength—strength to do and dare all things.



VIEW IN HILDESHEIM, FORMER KINGDOM OF HANOVER.—SEE PAGE 610.

Digitized by Google

Her cries were stilled, and her sobs were smothered. A flame gleamed in her eyes almost supernatural. It was not the fire of madness, but the great light of love and devotion, which burns upon every true mother's altar. With a bound she sprang through the window. It was a fearful plunge, but she appeared not in the least injured. With her hair streaming in the breeze, she darted for the spot where she had last seen her boy. She almost flew over the parade, and quickly reached the wall, dashed over it, and on into the river—on into the belt of timber beyond—disappearing like a meteor in the gloomy depths of the jungle.

A gleam of savage joy lit up the face of Wontum, as he saw Manonie leap from the wall, and follow him toward the river. He knew that three years of civilized life had not altogether eradicated the habit she had acquired while living

"And steal little children. Wontum is a mean thief."

"Ugh!"

"Why have you thus taken my child? Is it not mean business for a great warrior?"

"Does Wild Bird want her child?"

"Oh, yes. Give him to me, and I will always be your friend."

"Be wife?"

"How can I be your wife, when I am already married?"

"Ugh! Wild Bird must go with Wontum."

"Where?"

"To wigwam, in Pawnee country. Wild Bird shall be his squaw, or he kill boy. Come."

The savage seized the child. The mother released her hold upon him without a struggle, but there was still that fire



SOUTHERN SCENES.—NEGRO BOYS PLAYING CIRCUS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

with the Indians, and that river or mountain would not be a barrier to the chase.

And so it proved; for the frantic mother paused not when she reached the stream, but plunging in, she swam for the opposite shore with her old skill. Wontum seated himself, watching her approach, little dreaming the fate that awaited him.

Manonie approached the savage. Little Harry was seated upon the earth by the side of the Indian, sobbing; but when he saw his mother, he sprang into her arms. She turned, as if to retrace her steps, but Wontum caught her, saying:

"Wild Bird, sit."

"Not by you, monster that you are!" she cried.

"Wontum no monster. Wontum great warrior. He kill enemy."

burning within her eyes, which spoke of a fixed purpose and a determined soul.

"You hold my boy," she said, in a meaning tone, "and by doing so, have left my hands free."

Quick as thought, and like a tigress, she sprang upon the savage. It was unexpected by him. Before he had the slightest intimation of her intention, the knife, which was still red with the blood of the murdered Blair, was drawn from his belt. It glistened a moment in the rays of the rising sun, and then its sharp point entered the breast of Wontum.

A wild shriek burst from his lips. He dropped the boy and fell back. His powerful chest heaved, his eyes rolled wildly, he struggled forward as if he would reach Manonie and her child, but the death-rattle was heard, and the villain Pawnee was a corpse.

Digitized by Google

Assistance now arrived, and Manonie returned to the fort to meet her husband, and to be henceforward happy in the love of those who still call her Laramie's heroine.

A VIEW IN HILDESHEIM, PRUSSIA.

Hildesheim is an ancient city in that Kingdom of Hanover which has disappeared after so brief an existence, although as an Electorate it could claim a higher antiquity. Its Electors became sovereigns of England till Victoria ascended the throne, when it passed to a younger branch, that of Cumberland, to be extinguished in the person of the second king.

Hildesheim lies on the Innerste, and was once an episcopal city. It now has a population of 15,000, two-thirds of whom are Catholics. The ancient monuments, the old houses with their fine carvings, attract many travelers. The cathedral, erected in the eleventh century, has much to interest. Its bronze doors, made in 1015 by order of Bishop Bernwald, represent, in their *basso-relievos*, the first and second Adam.

The view shown in our illustration represents one of the ancient fountains with its pillared warrior, not ill placed, for the building behind, with its lancet windows and its oriental turrets, was erected in the fourteenth century by the once mighty religious military order, the Templars, whose fall is one of the vexed questions of history.

The rose tree shown in our smaller illustration is one of the prides of Hildesheim. It dates back to the year 814, and its roots are beneath the altar of the church. It sprang up over the sacred vessels left on the ground after a hunting mass, as tradition says, and a chapel was erected on the spot by the Emperor Louis the Pious.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

NEGRO BOYS PLAYING CIRCUS—AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.

Here in the cold North, far away from congenial fellowship, the comic side of the negro character does not come out strong. The fun and native humor that are such distinguishing characteristics of the colored race can only be seen in perfection in the "Sunny South." The best vein of darkey humor may there be seen in its natural spontaneous growth. At every intermission of labor, or after a hard day's work, the negro is ready for grip and jest or broad grotesque caper. In every crowd some gifted individuals are found who make the fun, or engage in "ground and lofty tumbling," while a delighted audience stands around and roars approval.

Our picture illustrates a scene witnessed by our artist in Richmond, Va. The peripatetic circus had evidently been abroad in the land, and the subjects of the sketch, having visited "de show," were in the street, with only a bundle of straw to break possible falls on the rough stones, performing gymnastic feats that would have done no discredit to a party of trained acrobats, while keeping up a running fire of jest and repartee that would have been worth a fortune to a professional negro minstrel.

When a thorough-bred negro of the South sets about it seriously, he will succeed in frightening any living thing. He is not daunted by the number of foes to be vanquished, and if he be allowed his own method, will rid a district of pests in the most satisfactory manner. We see one of these remedial agents sent to the fields to conquer the hordes of hungry crows that prey upon the young grain. To him the order is imperative, and if the dusky thieves do not withdraw upon his shrill suggestion, as long as he has a stitch of clothing to his back he will flaunt and flutter until he has scattered the enemy and trampled down an acre of choice wheat.

A bull in a china-shop is about as reliable as a lively negro in a flock of crows; he shouts and whistles, and perhaps thinking to entice his adversaries to a closer companionship for a grand swoop, dances; but, if they still continue to seek the dainty bits, he calls his coat-skirt into service, and with corners in hand, sways his arms up and down with the zest of pumping water, until the intruders take compassion on his agony, and leave, to worry other scouts.

It may be that, having been swindled by the harmless effigies mounted on broom-handles or fence-rails, and capped with worn-out saucepans, they regard their new occupant in a similar light; but, woe betide the dozen or more that get between his ample foot and the ground. Whether he always succeeds in frightening away the crows, we cannot say; but we doubt if any number of human beings would wish to remain long in a field in which he is set on watch.

THE BAY WINDOW.



It was a decided improvement, and no wonder the inhabitants of our flourishing little city of Ireton were proud of it. Many were they who, while wending their way to and from their places of business, would do so in a very roundabout way, merely to feast their eyes upon it, and try to imagine how the city would look were it not there; or wondering how they ever contrived to live before it was built.

What is this that excites so much comment? Do you see that tall, dignified-looking man who is just turning the corner? Very well, let us follow him, as he is going to view these same objects himself. As we walk along we will introduce the gentleman, as he is the hero of this little sketch. Kind reader, Mr. John Jones, a promising young lawyer of Ireton. Possessing a good form and handsome face, combined with some natural good sense, John had won the hand and fortune of the belle of the village, Miss Carrie Mosely, and led her to the altar just one week prior to the opening of our tale. There was one failing John Jones had, the existence of which he was entirely ignorant of himself. This was—jealousy.

But we have at length reached our destination, and gazing across this way, we inwardly coincide with all, that it is a vast improvement, and an honor to the city.

Look upon that long row of handsome edifices, with brown-stone fronts, porticoes, cupola, etc. With the tasty gardens ornamented by beautiful shrubbery and lovely flowers, arbor and summer-houses, graveled walks, and shapely shade trees, all combined and mingled together with marvelous taste, evincing that an artist of great judgment had exerted his skill to its utmost extent in conceiving and executing the plans of both edifices and grounds. One was an exact counterpart of the other, even in the most minute particular; a picture of one would serve equally as well for one as another. In fine, there was no perceptible difference between them.

One point vastly pleased Mr. Jones, if we may be allowed to judge from the delighted chuckles and rapid motion of his hands, as he rubbed them together, his face beaming with delight, as he murmured his wife's name in connection with the object that so pleased him.

This was a large capacious bay window, which could be hidden from view of the occupants of the parlor by simply closing a pair of light tasty screens that usually would be concealed by the heavy damask curtains that hung so grace-

Digitized by Google

fully, casting a flood of rose-colored light across the room, lingering lovingly around the beautiful features of a portrait that was hanging from the wall, and seemed to be regarding John with a world of love beaming in her dark blue eyes.

This was the likeness of Mrs. Jones, taken a few weeks prior to her marriage.

Mr. Jones is even now gazing at the loved features, and, as he turns to depart, he half-laughingly casts a kiss toward it.

Such was Rose Villa, the residence of Mr. Jones.

For some time after his removal into his new residence, Mr. Jones's happiness was unalloyed, and not a cloud ever obscured the matrimonial heavens. All was joy and sunshine, and after office hours the time was spent in company with his idolized wife, in the recesses of the bay-window. But one day, while sitting there conversing together and fully enjoying themselves, they became conscious of the unpleasant fact that some person was watching them, and an examination discovered the form of a pale, interesting young man, who was very comfortably ensconced in *his* bay window, smoking a fragrant Havana, and coolly scrutinizing the loving couple through the lens of an opera-glass.

The adjoining house had been let.

After the first glance at the unwelcome personage, Mr. Jones turned to his wife, but the remark that was about issuing from his lips was checked, and his cheek grew pale as he saw *his* Carry blush vividly and return the young man's bow. Was he an acquaintance of hers? Did he know her? The blood fairly boiled in his veins as these thoughts coursed through his mind, and a momentary vision of "pistols and coffee for two," shot before his eyes.

He glared at the stranger with fiery eyes, amazed at his effrontery. To think that any one should have the insufferable impudence to bow to *his* wife; before his own eyes!

Now, dear reader, you must not think that I uphold my hero in this reasoning, simply because I record it. You know he *is* my hero, and, as I must not deviate from the "narrow path of truth," I am compelled to state the case exactly as it stands, even if it sacrifice effect to do so. Of course I perfectly agree with you that his conduct was silly and foolish in the extreme; but allow me to ask one question. Did you ever see a person who was *really* in *love* that was other than foolish when the object of his adoration was concerned? No, I think not; and as this is an "over true tale," we must relate it precisely as it occurred.

John turned toward his smiling wife, and with a strong endeavor to appear calm, he addressed her in a tone that he vainly strove to render careless and unconcerned.

"Carrie, dear, who is that gentleman whose bow you returned? I do not remember ever seeing him before."

Again the tell-tale blood suffused her cheeks, as she hesitatingly answered the question:

"Why, Johnnie, I thought you knew him. That is Fletcher Vilott, who used to live in the Eaton farmhouse, a few miles out of town."

"What, not the Vilott to whom you were engaged? Do you mean him, Carrie?" hastily uttered the startled Mr. J.

"Yes, it is the same. I wonder when he came back? You know he has been to Europe for his health."

"No, I don't know it, and what's more, I don't want to know it, or anything else about him, either!" angrily exclaimed the excited John, seizing his hat and rushing out of the house, slamming the entry-door behind him most emphatically.

An astonished look from his wife followed him until he turned the corner, and then it faded away into a sad, aggrieved expression, and throwing herself upon a sofa, Carrie indulged in a hearty flood of tears, for this was the first hasty word that had ever pass d b tween the two. This was the beginning of trouble at Ro e Villa, as the Jones mansion was termed.

Mr. Jones was pale and silent, hardly ever speaking, unless when addressed, and obstinately persistent in his refusal to confide to his wife the cause of his secret trouble. In vain she endeavored the elucidate the problem of her husband's change, and with anxious heart watched the continual growing and increasing of her husband's malady.

Unconsciously she was contributing fresh fuel and augmenting the blaze she was striving to extinguish, for in her anxiety to draw his attention from the one object of his trouble, she made Fletcher Vilott the subject of conversations, telling John all about him, and giving a full history of his family and his actions ever since they were schoolmates together, when he used to draw her to school in his sled, and divide all his treasures with his "little wife," as he termed her.

There was an unconscious tenderness in her voice as she lingered upon this topic, that served to strengthen John's belief that she loved Fletcher better than she did him; and at such times he endured terrible sufferings, for he fairly idolized his young and beautiful wife.

All this may sound silly, yet, nevertheless, 'tis true, for such was his disposition, and he could no more help it than a leopard can change its spots. Yes, I know it would be more sensible to have John frankly acknowledge his doubts, and then wind up with a great blast of triumphant music, letting the curtain drop upon the stage, leaving all happy and prosperous forever more; but, reader mine, do you not remember that there is *fact* as well as *fiction* in this everyday world of ours?

But such is the case, and consequently we are forced to plod on, trusting that your patience will not fail you, and hasten the *denouement* as rapidly as possible.

As if to aggravate his sorrow, Mr. Vilott was quite a frequent visitor at John's house, and as the latter was always very moody and silent on all such occasions, the conversation was principally between Carrie and Fletcher.

Matters, instead of mending, grew worse, until John at times actually meditated suicide as a refuge from the troubles and cares that beset him upon his hitherto sunny path. At length the crisis came, and it occurred in this way.

Fletcher Vilott had been absent from Ireton nearly a week. John Jones had business in a neighboring town that would, in all probability, detain him over night. So he told Carrie at dinner, and added that he should prefer her not receiving company in his absence. She begged him to set his mind at rest, for as the only person she ever cared to see would be out of town, she should retire very early. An anguished look shot athwart John's face at this apparently barefaced assertion, for he knew that Vilott was out of town, and thought that Carrie alluded to him. Nothing was further from her mind, in fact, her sole thought being for her husband.

"Very well, madame; perhaps you had better send for Mr. Vilott, or *Fletcher*"—he bitterly emphasized the word—"to return, since he is so sorely missed. No doubt he would be delighted to spend the evening with his '*little wife*,' especially as her odious *husband* will be absent. I wish you joy, madame, of your taste," he added, sarcastically, with an ironical bow, as he left the house.

So they parted.

As the distance was short, and very pleasant roads, John concluded to make the journey on horseback, as he did not often have such an opportunity for this, his favorite exercise. Upon his arrival at S——, the gentleman whom John was desirous of seeing happened to be absent, and as there was no telling when he would return, Mr. Jones determined to return home the same night. All thoughts of anger were banished, and he only remembered his harsh words, spoken to the being he had sworn to love and cherish—the being that

Digitized by Google



SOUTHERN SCENES.—AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.—SEE PAGE 610.

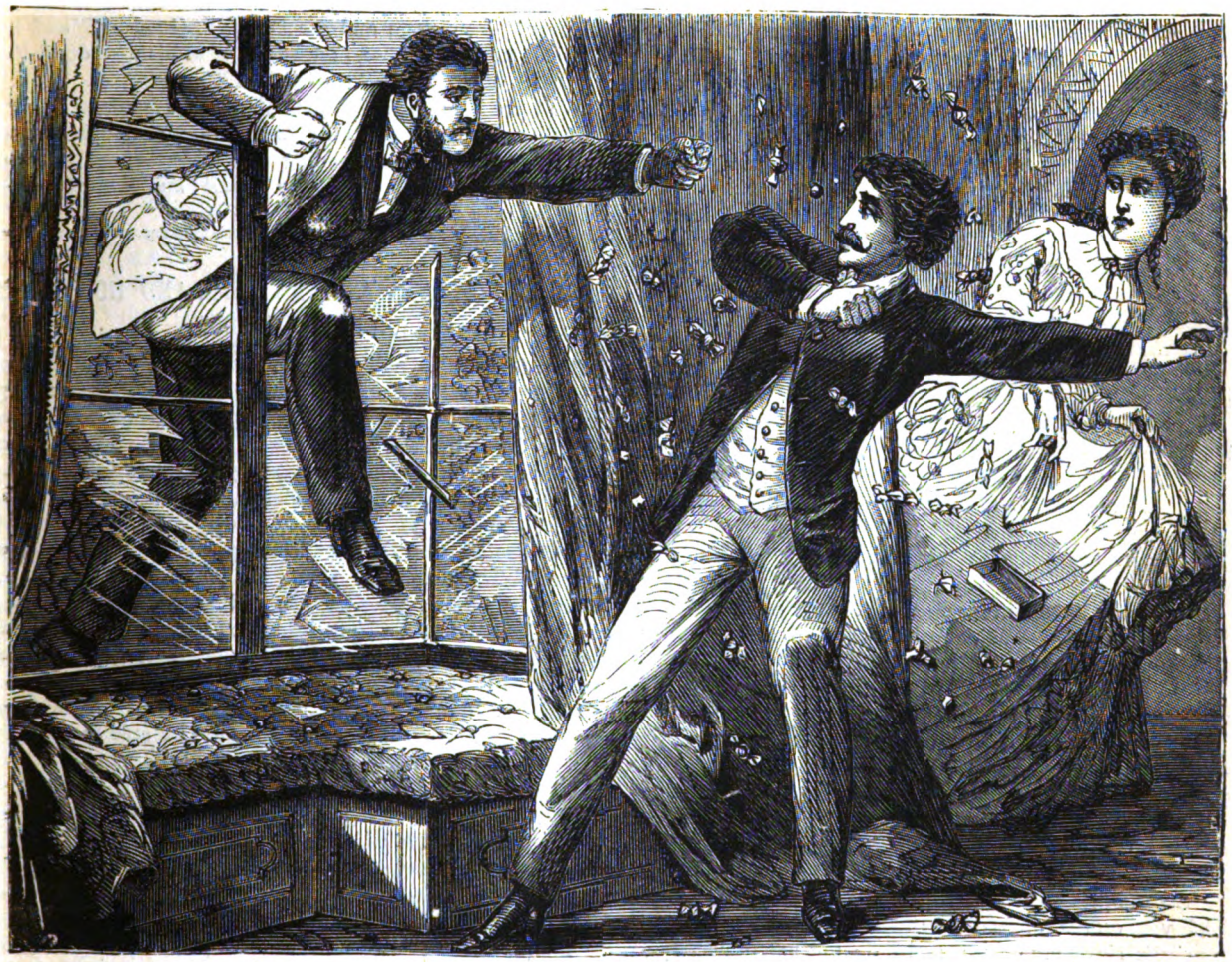
Digitized by Google

he loved with his entire heart. His penitence was acute, and upon his arrival was really sincere; but for all that the demon Jealousy was not exterminated—only conquered for the time-being. John, knowing his wife's peculiar weakness, procured a box of French *bonbons*, as a slight peace-offering, and was soon rapidly riding homeward. But he soon had personal experience in the truth of the old adage, "The more haste the less speed," for, while riding in a gallop his steed trod upon a rolling-stone and fell with violence. Fortunately, John was uninjured, but his horse had not fared so well, limping badly. It did not take long for our hero to discover that if he reached home that night, he would be obliged to depend upon his own exertions, as it was all the injured animal could do to limp along by himself, let alone carrying his rider.

So John was forced to make the best of affairs, and so he started, leading the unfortunate horse by the bridle. It was a little after sundown as he entered Ireton, and after disposing of the animal, he proceeded with a hasty step homeward. What happy anticipations filled his mind as he pictured the loving greetings that awaited him; how overjoyed his Carrie would be at his unexpected return.

With such fancies our hero beguiled the time as he walked with an elastic tread toward the casket that contained that priceless treasure—his wife. It was dusk; the lights were twinkling in the houses as he passed them; ever and anon a burst of merry laughter greeted his ear, and at such times John's heart beat with a responsive joy, for was not he going home? was not Carrie ready to welcome him, and with a sweet kiss to obliterate from memory those hasty words spoken when he was not himself?

Surely she was. With eager eyes he glanced at his home as he reached the first point from whence it could be seen; but the cheerful light he so confidently expected to see was not there; all was dark and gloomy. A painful misgiving shot through his mind as he made this discovery; the thought that perchance his darling was sick, in fine, a thousand conjectures, all equally painful, assailed him, as with accelerated pulse he almost ran toward the building. Soon he reached the gate, and entering, he was obliged to pause for breath, the violence of his emotions having completely overpowered him. As he stood thus, leaning against the gate-post, his ear was greeted by the low murmur of voices, that were wafted upon his hearing by the soft, gentle breeze that playfully wandered through the trees. For an instant he stood as if petrified, then with a painful gasping groan he rushed in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.



THE BAY WINDOW.—"JOHN HURLED THE BOX OF CONFECTIONERY FULL AT THE HEAD OF VILOTT. IT WAS QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY THE FORM OF THE SENDER, WHO ENTERED THE BAY WINDOW UTTERLY REGARDLESS OF THE FRACTURED GLASS."—SEE PAGE 610.

A horrible suspicion passed through his mind that his wife was faithless, and with a raging sea of hate, fury and despair burning within his heart, John crouched behind some lilac bushes that grew opposite the bay-window. Scarcely had he concealed himself when the drooping curtains were brushed aside, and—oh, how his blood boiled at the sight!—the forms of a man and a lady appeared, and seated themselves side by side, just as he had so often done.

It was not light enough for our hero to distinguish the features of the man, yet he recognized the form as that of his supposed rival, Fletcher Vilott. It was with difficulty that John restrained himself from leaping forward and throttling his treacherous neighbor, but he controlled himself.

With a composure that surprised even himself, John saw the loving caress, the kiss given and returned, the terms of

Digitized by Google

mutual endearment, the gentle placing of Fletcher's arm around her waist, as she nestled close to him, resting her head upon his manly shoulder, and gazing up into his face with a loving look in her eyes that could not be mistaken. All this he saw, and without a motion he lay in his hiding-place awaiting the further development of the plot.

Fletcher now rang the bell, and on the appearance of the servant, ordered a lunch and lights to be brought up. This was the last feather that broke the camel's back. John had seen the intruder make himself entirely at home, caress and kiss his wife, and take possession of his favorite seat; all this he had seen. But now the interloper had gone so far as to even order tea, which he probably intended to eat with his wife! Tea for which John was nearly famishing. He could endure no more, but with a loud shout sprang to his feet, still clasping the pasteboard box of *bonbons* in his hand.

The couple started abruptly to their feet, and at the same moment John hurled the box of confectionery full at the head of Vilott. His aim was true, and the novel missile took effect upon the head of the target, breaking asunder and literally showering sweets upon him. It was quickly followed by the form of the sender, who entered the bay-window utterly regardless of the wounds inflicted upon his person by the fractured glass.

With a scream the lady sprang into the parlor, and turned on the gas. The flood of brilliant light fell full upon the forms of the two men who now confronted each other, with angry looks and defiant mien. An astonished look overspread Fletcher Vilott's face as he recognized our hero.

"Mr. Jones! is it possible? Is this really you?"

"Yes, villain, it is me, as you will learn to your cost!" angrily replied John.

"Listen to me, Mr. Jones," haughtily said Vilott; that is, if you are *sober* enough to comprehend me. What is the meaning of this unprovoked assault upon me, to say nothing of the disgraceful act of eavesdropping of which you have been guilty? Answer me, sir!"

"Answer me first, sir!" shouted John; "where is my wife?"

"Your wife! What do you mean?" inquired Fletcher.

"Yes, my wife! No equivocating, sir, but reply to my question. I say, *where is my wife?*"

"How should I know? I have not seen your wife since my return. Explain yourself!"

"Liar! do not trifle with me! It is dangerous playing with a full-grown tiger; but he is an infant compared with me! Did I not see her and you both, scarce a minute since, sitting in the recess of the bay window! Oh, you villainous scoundrel!" cried John, stepping forward a pace and shaking his clenched fist full in the other's face.

"Stand back, sir! Approach a step further at your peril! I tell you, on the honor of a gentleman, that I have not seen your wife since my return, and I do not comprehend you. What do you mean?"

"What are you doing in my house, then, at this time of night? Answer me *that!*" cried John, furiously.

"Your house! What under the sun are you driving at? Are you *drunk* or *mad?* This is *my* house!"

"You—you—your what?" stammered our confused hero.

"My *house*, sir!" replied Fletcher, a light breaking upon his mind.

"Your house? Well, where is *my* house gone to, then? and who *was* that lady if it wasn't my Carrie?" confusedly interrogated John.

"Your residence is just where you left it, I presume, sir; and although it is not exactly any of your business, I will show you who it was. Mollie, come here for a moment," he called; and as the lady reappeared, he continued: "There, Mr. Jones, is the lady—Mrs. Fletcher Vilott, very much at your service, sir. Are you satisfied?"

"Are you *sure* you are not *my* wife?" spoke John, eagerly, taking hold of her hand and gazing into her face with a perplexed look upon his features.

"To the best of my knowledge, I am not," laughingly replied Mrs. Vilott, as she withdrew her hand from John's grasp.

"And it was not Carrie that was talking to him in the bay window?"

"No, sir. Mr. Vilott and I were the only occupants of the recess when you made your very unceremonious entrance," replied the lady, wonderingly.

"Then she don't love you better than she does me?" turning to Fletcher.

"Of course not, and never did!"

"Hip hip, hurrah!" shouted Mr. Jones, cutting a pigeon-wing, much to the amusement of Mrs. V. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Oh, ain't I glad! My gracious, I feel good all over! I must go and see Carrie! Good-by!" and he hurried out of the house, and was soon at his own door, the similarity of the two having deceived him.

We leave the meeting of the wife and husband to the imagination of the reader, only adding that never since that ever-to-be-remembered evening has John Jones had an attack of that arch-enemy to peace and happiness—"*Jealousy!*"

HOW THE GUIANA INDIANS LIVE, AND HOW THEY PREPARE TAPIOCA.

THE food of the natives of Guiana is chiefly composed of the flesh of various animals which they take by hunting, and of a kind of bread made of the Cassava or Manioc plant. Most persons have read of this plant, and are aware that bread is made from it, but they do not know how the bread is made, or that it is eaten in England as well as in tropical America.

The Cassava plant belongs to the great family of Euphorbiaceæ. This family of plants includes many well-known examples of a poisonous nature; and not the least poisonous is the Cassava itself, a plant belonging to the genus Jatropha or Manihot, and it is a matter of great wonder that the natives of tropical America, without the least knowledge of chemistry, should have discovered that the Cassava contained a nutritive substance, and should be able to drive off the poisonous element.

The plant is full of juice, acrid, bitter, and so deleterious that a small dose of it would be fatal. Now, it has been discovered that the poisonous element of the juice is of a highly volatile character, and can be driven off by the application of heat, whether natural or artificial. The process of making nutritious food from a poisonous plant is as follows:

The native goes off to the Cassava plant and digs up the roots, putting them into a peculiar kind of basket called a "quake," which he carries on his back. Having procured a sufficient quantity of the root, he takes it home and hands it over to the women, who set to work at its preparation.

The first process is to peel it—an operation which is usually performed by the front teeth—and the next is to scrape it into thin shavings. When this is done, the Cassava looks very much like scraped horse-radish, and, as it occupies a considerable amount of space, it is heaped into a large shallow basket made of rattan. The next process is to wash the scraped root. The white heap is put into another and a deeper basket, made with wide interstices so as to act as a sieve, and it is well kneaded and turned while water is poured over it. The mixed water and juice is not thrown away, but received into a wooden bowl for a purpose that will presently be seen.

Next comes a very important process. It is necessary to

Digitized by Google

get rid of all the juice, and yet not waste it. A very simple and ingenious machine is used for this purpose. It is a cylinder some six or seven feet in length, with a stout loop at each extremity. The upper end is open and the lower closed. It is made of palm-bark, and the strips are so woven that the fabric is extremely elastic. It can be shortened and thickened, or lengthened and diminished, at will, and the mode of its use is as follows:

The scraped root is pressed into this strainer, and so much is inserted that the cylinder loses its cylindrical form, and looks much more like a barrel, being short, thick in the middle, and thin toward each end.

It is now hung to the branch of a tree or a beam of the hut, and a heavy weight suspended from the lower loop.

The effect of the weight is to increase the length and diminish the thickness of the strainer, and in consequence to express the water together with any juice that may be left.

In order to produce the greatest possible effect, and to squeeze the Cassava as dry as possible, a system of leverage is next adopted. A long pole is passed through the lower loop, and the end of the pole made fast to a stump, the trunk of a tree, or the post of a house. The other end of the pole projects considerably, and forms a powerful lever. This is pressed down as far as possible, and then the woman usually sits on the end for some time, thus producing a great effect, and leaving the scraped root almost dry.

Our illustrations show a woman thus seated.

Simple and even rude as is this primitive press, nothing has as yet superseded it. Screw and lever presses have been made and tried, but, whether from the real superiority of the native article, or whether from prejudice, the Cassava and Tapioca makers have abandoned the new inventions, and returned to their old elastic tipiti and pole.

It is now ready for the mill, which usually consists of two stones worked by hand. They speedily reduce the scrapings to powder, rendering the Cassava ready for the fire, over which it is placed in shallow vessels, and is stirred briskly about until it assumes a granulated appearance. If dried thoroughly and packed at once, it can be kept for a very long period, and is therefore invaluable to the generally improvident natives.

The Cassava meal, when dried in the sun without artificial heat, is often exported under the name of Brazilian arrow-root. When ground into coarse grains it is known as Semolina. When this substance was first brought into notice as an article of commerce, I had (says Wood, the naturalist,) an argument with a lady about it. She asserted that it was a kind of little seed, and that its nature was designated by its name. I, on the contrary, asserted, judging from the aspect of the grains as viewed through a magnifying-glass, that it was no seed at all, but some baked substance roughly ground, and suggested that it might be the spoilt or broken macaroni, which was thus made serviceable. However, both were wrong, though the magnifying-glass caused me to be nearer the truth than was my fair antagonist.

The Cassava bread is employed for another and really remarkable purpose, being converted by a process rather unpleasant, according to European notions, into an intoxicating drink. The mode of preparation is almost precisely the same as that which is employed by the inhabitants of Tonga and the neighboring islands in the chewing of "kava," and its distribution is attended with quite as much ceremony.

A number of women assemble round a large vessel, and taking a quantity of Cassava bread, they begin to masticate it, placing each mouthful in the vessel when it is reduced to a paste of uniform consistency. At the same time more Cassava is pounded in a rude wooden mortar, mixed with water, and poured into the same large vessel.

Sometimes the vessel in question is made of earthenware, sometimes it is a hollowed log, and on very grand occasions, when a large number of guests are expected, a canoe is hauled ashore, well washed, and used for the purpose.

After the mixture has been allowed to stand for some hours a curious change takes place, and strong fermentation is set up, endowing the liquor with an intoxicating character. When this inviting stage has been reached, the liquid is called "Piwarri."

The guests having assembled, the chief, or sometimes the "medicine-man" of the tribe, takes his stand by the vessel, and solemnly shakes a sacred rattle, while he treads a measured dance round the Piwarri, accompanying his movements with a low song, and marking the time by stamping with his foot.

While he goes through this performance not a man stirs, and all keep perfect silence, except when they break out in simultaneous cries, which are probably of the nature of a chorus.

The dance and song being concluded, the leader takes in his hand a "cuja," or drinking-cup, dips it into the liquid, and tastes it. He then fills the cup, half empties it, and passes it to the guests. This is the signal that the feast has commenced, and from that time every one helps himself. Each man then takes up the same kind of dance and song which the chief had begun, so that when a large number of guests are assembled the scene is noisy, and would be animated but for the mournful character of the melody.

Those Europeans who have tasted the Piwarri agree in saying that it is not unlike bitter beer in flavor, and that if they had not known the method of its preparation they might even have liked it. Occasionally maize is used instead of Cassava.

The juice which is squeezed from the Cassava is not thrown away, as might be supposed from its poisonous nature. On the contrary, it is carefully preserved and allowed to remain undisturbed. After a while a sort of sediment begins to settle, and when no more will make its appearance, the liquid portion is poured away in some place where its poisonous nature will not hurt any one. The sediment is then scraped out of the dish and spread on iron plates, which are kept hot by being placed over a fire, and continually rubbed and rolled. During this process it separates into little round grains of nearly uniform size, about as large as dust-shot, and is known as Tapioca.

There is a spurious kind of Tapioca which is made of gum and potato starch. It can be distinguished from the genuine substance by being whiter in color, much more soluble in water, and by the larger size of the grains.

There are two plants from which Cassava bread is made, one being the Bitter and the other the Sweet Manioc, or Cassava. The former is the plant which is generally used, the juice of which is bitter and poisonous, whereas the Sweet Cassava is harmless even in the uncooked state. As, however, a tough woody cord runs through the heart or centre of this plant, the natives are averse to using it because their imperfect shaving tools would be broken in reducing it to shavings.

The scientific name of the Sweet Cassava is *Manihot aipi*, and the Bitter, *Manihot utilissima*. The poisonous principle of the latter part is thought to be of the nature of prussic acid.

We will now proceed to examine the various articles which have been described:

The Quake is a light basket, in which the native collects the Cassava-root. This ingenious though simple basket is only intended for holding moderately large articles, the meshes being so wide as to permit any small object to fall through. It is about seventeen inches in length, made of a kind of rattan, called by them the "itiritti" reed,

Digitized by Google

which is split lengthwise, just like the "cane" which is used in making the light chairs of the present day. Toward the bottom it swells out in flask fashion, a shape which is very common among the basket-work of most savage tribes. The pattern of the network is almost identical with those of the bottom of a "cane" chair, but the meshes are three or four times as wide.

The bowl into which the Cassava is scraped is almost five feet in circumference and eight inches in depth. It is also made of the itiritti reed, and woven in a zigzag pattern of wonderful regularity. The edge is strengthened by six parallel rows of the same cane, whipped tightly with string, and kept in their places by double bands of cane, at intervals of four inches. Although of such large dimensions, this bowl is extremely light, and even when filled with the scraped Cassava-root would be but a very slight burden for a young girl.

The sieve in which the Cassava undergoes its preparatory washing is smaller than the bowl, being only four feet in circumference, though of the same depth. Instead of the closely woven itiritti reed, which scarcely allows a fine needle to pass between the interstices, the sieve is made of slight and entire reeds which have not been split, and which, except for their uniform diameter, very closely resemble the osier twigs used by European basket-makers. These reeds radiate uniformly from the centre, and are kept in their places by split itiritti, which is twisted round them at regular intervals.

The Cassava press is represented as it appears when empty and hung to the roof-beam of the hut. These articles vary greatly in size. They are generally six feet in length, and average four inches in diameter. When filled, or even when the two ends are pressed toward each other, it becomes very much wider and proportionately shorter. It is made of the bark of a palm, called "jacitara" by the natives, and scientifically known as *Desmoncus macroacanthus*. The bark is cut into strips about a quarter of an inch in width, and is beautifully woven together in a manner exactly like the whip-lashes of the present day.

At the lower end all the reeds of which it is made are gathered together and bound tightly into a rope-like shape, the effect being to close that end of the strainer. The rope is then brought round and tied up so as to make the loop through which is passed the pole, which acts as a lever. The upper side is open, strengthened at the mouth, and one end is prolonged and woven into the loop by which it is hung to the beam.

Like all the household implements of this curious people, it is exceedingly light; and it reflects no small credit on their intellectual capacity to have combined with extreme lightness such power and efficiency that European implements cannot supersede it.



HOW THE GUIANA INDIANS LIVE, AND HOW THEY PREPARE TAPIOCA.—SEE PAGE 614.

The large engraving represents life among this curious race. The chief object is one of the houses made by the natives. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this house, if indeed it deserves such a name.

Six posts are driven into the ground, or, if the native can contrive to find a few trees whose trunks will answer the purpose, he merely cuts them at the proper height and leaves them still rooted in the ground. Upon them is laid a framework of five poles, usually bamboo, one being at each end, one along the sides, and the fifth connecting the two central posts. The roof is made with equal simplicity, and consists of a mere bamboo framework covered with dry palm leaves. This roof, although of such very slight materials, is amply sufficient for its chief use—namely, shading the inhabitants from the fierce sunbeams.

The chief article of furniture is the hammock, several of

Digitized by Google

which are suspended to the framework. Some of these are occupied, and others are empty. Three kinds of hammock are made by the natives. The best, lightest, strongest, and most ornamental, is really a wonderful piece of work. The string of which it is composed is made from the "Miriti" palm. At the top of the tree the young leaves grow thicker in a conical shape, and covered with a peculiar envelope. This is stripped off, and the young leaves are then stripped of their soft substance, leaving nothing behind but a quantity of long fibres. When the fibres are dry they are separated, and made into strings by being rolled with the hand upon the thigh at the rate of about two or three hundred feet a day. The cord thus obtained is very slender, very light, and very strong, and as it takes a dye easily, is stained of various colors, red and yellow being the favorites.



CASSAVA PRESS.

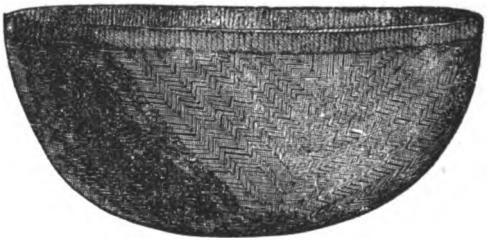
A rude kind of loom is made by fixing a couple of bamboos about twelve or fourteen feet apart from each other, and in a horizontal position. The string is passed over these bamboos, and is intertwined in a singularly ingenious manner, so as to form meshes without knots. This construction gives great elasticity to the fabric, which stretches in any direction with the greatest ease, and forms the most comfortable couch that can be conceived. When the hammock-maker wishes to produce a very handsome article, she not only dyes the string, but attaches brilliantly-colored parrot and macaw feathers along the edges. These hammocks are made more for sale than for use.

This hammock is seldom hung so high as those which are shown in the illustration, and is often but a few inches from the ground. Indeed, when resting on a journey or hunting expedition, the native seldom hangs his hammock at any height. Why this article of furniture is so useful is evident enough. The country is an essentially wet one, so that the traveler has often to walk for many hours nearly knee-deep in water. The native would therefore be unable to repose unless he possessed a means of keeping himself clear of the water, and unless that article was at once strong, light, and of such a shape as to be easily portable.

Hammock-making is performed entirely by the women, the dusky lords of creation thinking such labor to be below their dignity. They will lie in them when made, but will not condescend to any manufacture except that of weapons, nor to any labor except that of using them.

Now let us return to the illustration, and look at the natives who are grouped about it. There is a native just starting to hunt the peccary or capybara, and who is accordingly armed with his bow and arrows. He has been introduced in order to show the exceeding length of these weapons, the arrows being longer than the height of the user. The reason for this enormous length is, that as the capybara and peccary live chiefly among the underwood or the rank foliage which fringes the rivers, short arrows would be useless, because they would be deflected from their course by the stems and leaves.

The bow is of no great power, and is often even shorter than the arrow which it propels, the native trusting for success to the wourali poison in which the point is dipped,



BOWL INTO WHICH CASSAVA IS SCRAPED.

rather than to the depth of the wound which it makes. Over his shoulder is hung the peculiar basket, or "quake," and at his side is suspended the little bamboo quiver which holds the loose heads of the arrows.

The woman on her knees is engaged in scraping the Cassava-root. In front of her is the wooden scraper, set with its obsidian blades, and just beyond it is the bowl into which the shavings are thrown.

Another scraper is shown in the left-hand corner of the engraving, in order to exhibit the diamond pattern in which the obsidian blades are inserted.

The Cassava press is seen suspended from the roof-pole, and seated on the end of the lever is a woman with her cradle slung on her forehead. Another press is hung on its left-hand. This press is stuffed full of the Cassava-root, but the operation of pressing has not yet been begun.

Below the press is seen the pot into which the liquid flows. It is made of black earthenware, very rudely formed, and very imperfectly baked. The little group of children are amusing themselves with a very strange plaything—namely, one of the gigantic spiders, which they were leading about like a dog, with a string tied round his body.

Suspended from the roof-poles are sundry articles, which are generally left hung in such spots because they can be easily taken down when wanted. The long, rod-like implement, is one of the blow-guns.

Immediately on the right of the blow-gun is a paddle, kept suspended so as to be ready when wanted by the owner of the canoe, which is sure to be drawn on shore close to the hut, but so much hidden among the foliage as to be difficult of discovery by a stranger. It is about five feet in length, very thin, very light, and of wonderful strength. It is made from the spur of a forest tree, the wood of which is so soft when fresh that it can be easily fashioned by the rudest tools, but which hardens into a wood of great elasticity combined with lightness—two invaluable qualifications in a paddle.

Between the blow-gun and the post is hung a club, shaped much like the paddle, but made of a hard and heavy wood, and being thick in the middle and sharp along the edges. It is made of the wood of the piassaba palm, and is called "macana." On the right-hand of the paddle is a curious club, shaped much like a dice-box, with a squared instead of a rounded outline. This club is notable for a strong loop of cotton cord which passes round its centre, and for the loose cords which depend on either side. The latter are for ornament alone, but the loop is doubly useful. In the first place,



QUAKE, OR LIGHT BASKET.

Digitized by Google

it is convenient for suspending the weapon to the arm or shoulder, and in the next place, it answers like the thong of a sling, and enables the owner to hurl it a great distance. As the wood is exceedingly heavy, and the aim is almost unerringly certain, this club is a far more formidable weapon than it appears to be at first sight.

Close to the opposite post of the same end of the house is hung one of the fans, which these natives are very fond of using. The fans are beautifully made of reeds, plaited in elegant and varied patterns, and are left suspended so that they can be easily reached from the hammocks. Six or seven of these fans are often hung to the beams of one house.

Nearly in the foreground is seen one of the ingenious water-flasks. This is made from a gourd, or calabash, and is furnished with a loop or string, by means of which it can be suspended. The stopper is neatly made by cutting off about an inch and a half of the neck, and fitting to it a piece of soft wood which acts as a cork, so that when the calabash is closed it seems to have no aperture at all.

Surrounding the hut are several of the most notable trees of the country. On the right-hand, and rather in the background, is the cotton-tree, with its stout branches and thick foliage. Scattered about are several of the palms, whose leaves are used in thatching the hut; and a specimen of the silk-grass plant is seen, with its straight, flower-crowned stem, and the circlet of long, pointed leaves surrounding its base.

THE PROVIDENT AND THE IMPROVIDENT.

Doré, in his illustrations, now so world-renowned, has not shown his genius more clearly than in his "Fables of La Fontaine." The French children learn them like nursery rhymes, and they are in every fibre of the artist's being, so that to illustrate them it is his pure genius developing itself.

"La Fontaine" has one charming fable to show the folly of improvidence. We translate it here, keeping, as far as possible, to the rhythm of the original, as well as to its charming simplicity of language.

THE KATY-DID AND THE ANT.

Katy-did sang her song
All Summer long,
But was wretched enough
At the Winter's first sough.
Not a fly to be found,
Or a worm on the ground.
To Neighbor Ant she flies
With her famishing cries,
To implore her to lend
Grain her hunger to mend,
Till the new season. "See!
I will pay you," said she,
"'Pon my honor, 'fore the heat,
Loan and usury complete."
Lending's not Ant fashion. Indeed
'Tis a fault she's least given to.
"What did you all Summer through?"
Of the borrower she queried.
"To each comer night and day
I sang, if you please."
"Sang! That sets me at ease.
Well, now dance away."

Doré's illustration is the moral. Here is the strolling minstrel girl, with her thin Summer attire, gay and gaudy in its season, but sadly out of keeping now with the landscape that the snow artist has begun to lighten with little drifts of his white. She stands forlorn enough at the door of the industrious woman, whose busy fingers do not cease their toil, even to consider the petitioner and her wants. The children show wonder, interest, some compassion even, though La Fontaine, who did not love children, avers they are always cruel.

Your decent, hard-working, happy housewife looks stern and hard at the wanderer. The shame-faced admission of Katy-did seems to meet the biting humor of the Ant's final rejoinder; but withal, there is in the face what assures you that she will take a kindlier view of poor Katy-did, and relieve her while she chides her for her dangerous life.

LOVE IN A GLACIER.

IN an Alpine valley, one pleasant Summer evening, a couple might have been seen strolling through the pine forest.

Henri dwelt with his aged parents in a neighboring valley, in which Marie resided with her widowed mother. A small farm in a mountain gorge gave him daily occupation. It was a hard contest that in which he was engaged with stern nature. He had to raise bulwarks against the falling rocks, and substantial angular fortresses to resist the incursions of avalanches, otherwise his fields would often have been covered with the *débris* of the mountain. The produce of this highland farm was not likely to make him a wealthy man. But the courage, industry and tact necessary to hold his own from constant conflict, preserved him from the enervation of luxury.

Marie tended a few cows that rambled over the mountain pasture. If simple in manners and not refined in education, she was not without that sense of propriety which so often distinguishes the Continental peasant, and which confers a sort of gentleness and polish only to be procured by others in the cultivation of society. She had not been wholly neglected in school-lore, and had been an apt pupil in that grand seminary which nature had spread out there before her. Those needle-points that rose above the eternal Alpine snows, soaring towards the blue heavens, led her thoughts far onward and upward. Those cold glaciers that lay as a bed of death between the sterile mountains; those dread falls of rocks, that seemed cascades of destruction from the skies upon the blooming vales below—those yawning precipices, with their dark and fearful depths—all stirred her imagination and unfolded her nature.

On the evening of our story the young man had paid a visit to the cottage in the valley, and had then strolled forth through the forest with Marie, this Alpine flower.

It is not our business to pry into lover's secrets, nor attempt to tell the subjects of their conversation. Whatever it was, it may be granted that mathematics and logic formed no part of the conference. This much may be said, however; it was there and then agreed that on a certain day, not far removed, the worthy curé of the village should be asked to give his blessing on their union.

Henri had resolved to go home by a short route, over the neighboring mountain, though he would have to cross a glacier on the way. This rather hazardous journey appeared no great difficulty in the eyes of the bold peasant of the Alps, and the moon would give him light across the icy passage.

But lovers in all ages have failed to notice the march of time. Our young friends had so much to say, or what they had to say was so interesting—for repetitions of the story were not burdensome—that the evening twilight had long melted into the soft moonlight before the dreaded word farewell was thought of. When, however, Marie caught sight of the new moon rapidly sinking to rest, she urged the

Digitized by Google

prompt departure of her lover. Yet even then he had something else to say, and she was so smilingly attentive that a further delay took place.

But the quick approach of darkness awakened the fears of the maiden, who urged upon her Henri the necessity of returning by the regular road, longer as it was, instead of tempting the dangers of the glacier. The young man, full of the excitement of happy love, laughed at her warning, and assured her that she was no fit wife for a mountaineer if she doubted his power to thread his way in darkness. He comforted her with the promise of his haste to reach the glacier, and his extreme care while passing.

"Be not afraid," said he; "I know every block of ice in the path, and my good alpenstock would steady my steps in the blackness of midnight."

But loving confidence half swept away her fears, and the parting kiss carried off the remainder. She watched his form brushing by the pine branches till the rocks concealed him, and then she turned with a smile of happiness to the cottage of her mother—that cottage so soon to be shared by another. Peaceful were her dreams that night.

The aiguilles of the Alps had not yet caught the rosy beams of the early morn, when a knock at the door of the châlet disturbed the slumberers.

"Who could it be at that unwonted hour?" was the cry of mother and daughter. A well-known voice, in broken accents, called for Henri. It was the father seeking the son. A shudder of horror passed through the frame of the girl.

Yet all was sadly true—Henri had not returned home. A search must be made. The neighbors gathered in haste to the summons. With the earliest dawn they set out upon their melancholy errand. Alas! this had not been the first time that they had searched for lost ones in their land of dangers.

Marie led them to the parting-place. She marked the track the young man had taken. With Indian sagacity his footfalls were followed till they led to the edge of the glacier. Here greater skill was requisite to mark the course. It was Summer, and the snow had disappeared from the lower part of the glacier. The hard ice leaves no track; but as, at the hour of parting, some little softness remained on the surface from the day's sun, Henri had left faint tracings on the glacier, which the subsequent night's chill had retained. The peasants noted these with jealous, painful care. Here the alpenstock had left the impression of its iron point. Suddenly the foremost of the group uttered a cry of dismay. All crowded near. He said nothing, but pointed with his finger.

Poor Marie sickened at the sight, and fell insensible. There was the trailing mark of the slipped alpenstock, and beside it was the sliding track of the young man's foot. Both terminated at the edge of a *crevasse*, or opening in the ice.

They strained their eyes downward, in vain attempts to penetrate that gloomy passage. They shouted, but caught no voice in return. He had fallen, and the depth was terrible.

"The rope!—the rope!"—was now the cry. Several volunteered that perilous descent in search of their friend. But here the horror came upon them, with all its fell, benumbing power. The aperture had so narrowed since the lost one had sunk, that there was not space for a human body now.

Words cannot picture the consternation of the party. One sought comfort in the thought that the poor fellow must have been killed by the fall. But another told how one had been in such a chamber as that from which he could not be extricated; and, after he had been mourned over for days as dead, he reappeared, a ghastly but a living man. Henri might be still alive. Still, as the ever slowly moving mass had pressed the walls of his prison so much closer together, no prospect appeared of rescue.

Marie revived to be made even more desolate and terror-stricken by the news of the closing chasm.

What a mournful group returned to the cottage!

Here the matter was fully discussed, and plans were successively proposed and rejected. Marie listened with deepest attention. When they found no way of relief, all turned eyes of tearful sympathy to the youthful betrothed one. But it was no time yet for her to mourn. She must think and act for her beloved, who was not yet beyond hope with her.

Having heard the story repeated of the man who, returning to his wife, after having been buried in the ice-chamber, she recurred to it, demanded particulars, and wondered how he had escaped. Then she learned that the poor fellow had found a passage through the glacier, and had issued from its mouth.

"And why?" said she, "might not Henri so return?"

She quailed again when told of the depth of the *crevasse*, and the certainty of his limbs being broken, if his life was not destroyed at once. How could he escape? Love now awakened her imagination with another project. If he could not get out, might not others go into the glacier in search! Sage heads were shaken at the suggestion. The terrors of the glaciers were well known to the peasants of the Alps. Chambers were seen plainly enough. Extended caves were believed to run beneath the surface. The very exit of rivers from those icy recesses proved the existence of subterranean passages.

But there was another point of view. The surface of a glacier was inconstant. A stone upon it was known to drift down the valley, slowly but certainly. The huge blocks of ice would rise from the surface and then fall shivering toward the valley. The very height of the glacier was changing at the banks. If these outward signs of movement existed, could they fail in affecting the parts below! If the glacier glided downward from the lofty peaks to the plains, though but at the rate of a few inches a day, would the caverns retain their form? As the prisons cracked and parted above, might not the icy walls below crumble and fall?

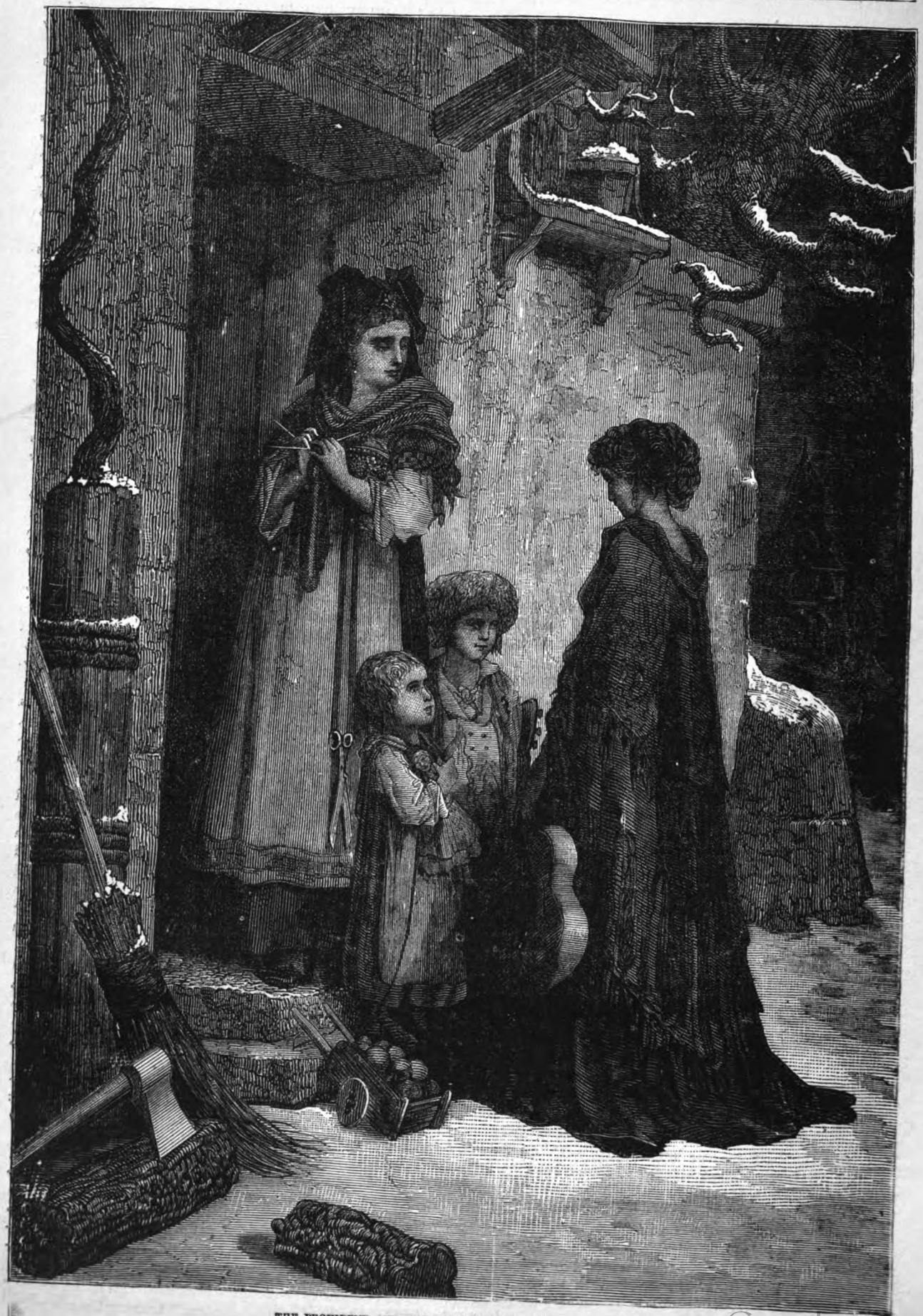
No—there was no hope! The passage of this hour would be solid ice the next. The glacier was inconstant. To enter it was certain destruction. A mass would fall to crush the intruder, or the unexpected closing of an opening would shut up the adventurer in a prison of death. Poor Henri must be left to his fate. They were sorry, but must bow to Providence. Resignation was the duty of those who dwelt in ever-present dangers. Not so our heroine, who was not quite prepared to resign her lover so quietly to his doom.

But what could she, a woman, do, when strong men yielded to the overwhelming pressure of circumstances? It was just because she was a woman that her spirits rose with the emergency. Love is stronger than ordinary energy of manhood. She must do something. She must do all it was possible for her to do.

The life of Henri was her life. To rescue him was to sustain her own being. What would life be to her without him? How could she dwell near the ice-cavern that had swallowed up her dearest treasure!

But what could she do! One course only lay before her. She would enter the treacherous cave that yawned over the valley. She would thread the gloomy passages of the glacier. She might thus reach him. She might then save him, or die with him. If unsuccessful, and the ice close her in its cold embrace, would she not share the shroud of her lover!

It was useless to speak of her intention. So mad a scheme would lead to her forcible detention. Leaving the company,



THE PROVIDENT AND THE IMPROVIDENT.—SEE PAGE 618.

Digitized by Google

without attracting notice, she gathered a few simple appliances which she regarded as necessary, and then rapidly stole off to the mouth of the glacier. As she first passed under that icy arch the chill struck her, and, for a moment, fear possessed her. The contest was brief, for the appeal of love was irresistible. Onward she crept in this frightful recess. The semi-translucent mass provided her with some light as she slowly made her way. It was no easy path indeed. The sharp edges lacerated her flesh. The cold white stream, that flowed through the glacier, fed from the snows above, and the partial melting of the ice-rock through which it ran, was no agreeable route for the maiden. Thoroughly wet, and miserably chilled, she had to struggle on.

But there were other trials. Now and then the passage was so small as not to admit her person, though she lay in the stream She had prepared for this by bringing a small hatchet. With this she often had to cut her way, or widen a breach.

Had she been removed from a sense of peril, or unabsorbed by so deep a sorrow, there would have been much to interest and delight her mind. Beauties thronged on every side. As the light pierced through the ice, or descended the crevasses from above, it revealed gems of marvelous charms, and disclosed colors of gorgeous kinds. Fancy might people some chambers with genii of wondrous nature. Green and blue of various shades softened the brilliancy of the white. Occasionally, the roof rose, arching over her, and the stalactites were as pendent diamonds. Crystals of beauty thronged places as the fretwork of a Gothic cathedral.

But poor Marie had no eye for Nature's loveliness, and no ears for her most seraphic harmonies, while her thoughts were concentrated upon the rescue of her betrothed. She heeded them not, but pressed onward.

There was no difficulty about the route. She had but to advance, for the mountains disclosed the glacier on either side. Fatigued to exhaustion, she halted not. A minute lost might endanger the life so dear to her. Anon she paused to call upon her lover; and "Henri!" echoed through those trembling chambers.

But she could not be wholly indifferent to her position. As the ice cracked above her, or as she saw the mass move about her, she could not but shudder and close her eyes. The vast river of ice was now moving more vigorously than usual. The pressure from the melting snows above made it groan, as if in agony. The expansion of the viscid substance, melted and recongealed, thrust forward and headlong this strange living monster of the Alps. No moment was safe for her, and all seemed combined for her destruction. It was, in very truth, a valley of the shadow of death.

At last, when well-nigh sinking with despair, and almost yielding to the torpor which intense cold brings upon the brain, she heard a low moan. At once her frame received a new impulse of energy. She rushed forward, overcoming all obstacles. In a few minutes she discovered the apparently lifeless body of Henri. Restoratives were applied, and his eyes opened upon his faithful girl. What a greeting of love in the ice-grave! No time was to be lost. Momentarily strengthened by the cordial to his lips, he told a hasty tale. He spoke of his fall—his consternation—his sudden agony. Unable to rise, and thrown forward by a shelving block, which partially broke his fall, he knew no hope of escape, unless an adventurous friend would suffer himself to be lowered by a rope to his assistance. He told not of his sufferings on her account—the mental anguish he endured at the thought of her distress.



LOVE IN A GLACIER.—MARIE RESCUING HENRI FROM HIS LIVING TOMB.—SEE PAGE 618.

In brief words, she referred to the closing of the chasm above, and of her passage up the caverns of the glacier, whither she was now prepared to lead him.

Alas! both of his legs were fractured.

It was no time for grief. The brave girl bound up his limbs with portions of her garments, entreated him to take some refreshment, and then arranged for departure.

The first agony of movement brought a deep groan from the young man. But he restrained himself immediately, and supporting himself on one arm, suffered Marie to drag

him forward by the other. Frightful were his sufferings as he thus passed slowly along the narrow, tortuous passages, with his fractured limbs constantly striking against the rude ice-rock.

Marie's strength was renewed, and the vigorous powers of a mountain maiden were needed indeed. There were times when the space permitted her to carry him in her arms; but more often she could but draw him after her through the low tunnel. The same difficulties which she before encountered were now to be met under more embarrassing circumstances. The only advantage was the descent instead of the ascent.

All went on well for a time, though the progress was exceedingly slow, and the strength of both parties was rapidly ebbing forth. At length a loud cracking noise was heard, and, immediately afterward, a huge mass of ice fell forward near them, completely blocking up their path. The water, for a time stayed in its course, threatened their destruction, but it eventually formed for itself another opening.

In vain did the courageous girl deal blow after blow upon the barrier. No entrance could be gained. They were imprisoned, indeed, in a death-chamber. They resigned themselves to their end. They embraced in silence, and calmly waited their fate. They had at least the comfort of dying with each other.

But, with a sudden thought, Marie sprang up again. As all devolved upon her, she would make another effort. She resolved to try her ax on the side walls of their cell. A few strokes revealed an opening, The ax was again and again hurled forward, until a hole was made sufficient for their entrance. Then, with a look of gratitude to heaven, she once more raised her drooping lover, now rapidly sinking into the torpor of approaching dissolution.

It was not long before the dear girl found her lover senseless in her grasp. Vainly she called him, and entreated another word or glance. His eyes were closed, his body utterly powerless, and no sign of life remained except a feeble pulsation at the heart.

For a moment, and but for a moment, the intrepid maiden yielded to despair, and sank beside the corpse-like form. With a prayer upon her lips, she feebly essayed once more to resume her frightful journey. But the cold and fatigue now began to oppress her so strongly that her senses reeled, and her arm was insufficient to raise her lover. She collected her rambling thoughts; and, believing that she could not be far from the valley, she uttered a cry of distress.

Providentially, it was just at this time that the peasants, uneasy at her not returning to the room, and guessing her heroic resolution, went, hurriedly, to the cavernous mouth of the glacier. The cry was heard and answered. Shamed by the courage of the girl, two or three rushed forward up the ice-chamber.

They were but just in time. The brave Marie had sunk down into that dangerous lethargy, the forerunner of death. Both were carried off safely from the glacier, brought to the cottage, and restored to animation.

Surgical aid was promptly procured for Henri's fracture. His vigorous constitution soon rallied under careful treatment. As for Marie, her over-excited feelings occasioned a long and dangerous illness.

The heroism of this maiden of the Alps was not likely to diminish the attachment of the man she had saved. As soon as both were recovered, the acclamation of the valley called for their union to be made a public ceremony, and the day a holiday for the villagers. The curé offered up a thanksgiving for their deliverance, joined them in happy wedlock, and gave them a tearful blessing.

And long as love is known in the Alpine valleys will the tale be told of Marie, the heroine of fidelity, and of the well-tried Love in a Glacier.

THE YOUNG MAN WITH SISTERS.

THE man who has sisters has a better opportunity of selecting a wife than the man who has none, but he is in nine cases out of ten more difficult to please. In daily contact with members of the other sex, who display all their little foibles before him, he is apt to judge his sisters' friends by the same standard wherewith he daily judges his sisters—not a very logical method of procedure, but, I think, not an unnatural one.

And, be it remembered, that if the young man's sisters are paragons of amiability and unimpeachable as to dress, he cannot help seeing them occasionally out of temper with somebody, and indifferently dressed when there are no strangers in the house. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and no sister is a heroine to her brother. He is very fond of her—most men are fond of their sisters—but he cannot help noticing divers little traits of character which he suspects his future brother-in-law will reap the benefit of when the first gloss of the honeymoon has worn off, and the young couple settle down to the everyday affairs of married life. If his sister is a beauty, all the more is he suspicious of the other sex.

He hears his friends go into raptures over the young lady, and he is in no way displeased that some one related to himself is a favorite in society; but he straightway makes up his mind that women are very deceptive. He knows all about it; he has been behind the scenes, and has seen the fair performer studying the droop of a ringlet, the fall of a skirt. Her art may have been concealed from the world with consummate skill, but he has not been deceived, for the very good reason that nobody has thought it worth her while to deceive him.

He thinks she will marry well—he hopes she will; and he wonders very much whether the chosen one of his own heart will, in the privacy of domestic life, manifest a taste for pickles and a tendency to suck peppermint lozenges. He hopes for the best, but secretly he believes the very worst, "The sex are all alike"—that is what men say, and what they pretend to think. Some of them know better, I hope; for how can all women be alike if all men are not? The fact is, as every one who has studied womankind with any attention knows, that women are not all alike—not alike in appearance, not alike in temper, not alike in tastes. Seldom have we known a woman averse from flattery, but there are beings of the very superior sex who will box your ears soundly if you venture to hint, in the most delicate manner possible, that they are not absolute frights.

I know a woman of showy appearance and considerable accomplishments, who avows openly that at thirty-one she is no longer a *young* lady. She is a marvel, and would be perfect if she had not a most abominable temper. Most men have a temper of their own, and they are apt to show it when there is very little occasion for the display; women also have a temper, which is kept very carefully in check before company and given full license to before brothers, sisters, *et hoc genus omne*. The brother with sisters knows this, and if he be engaged, trembles when he thinks that perhaps his Dulcinea has a temper which will be none the colder for having been nursed a long time.

In justification of the hesitation of the young man with sisters, I must remind the reader that he is thrown very much in the way of hearing bits of gossip which, perhaps, are never intended to reach his ears, and which by no means tend to exalt the character of his sisters' companions in his eyes. He does not listen of *malice prepense;* but he cannot help catching stray comments on the behavior and character of young ladies upon whom, perhaps, he has already cast the eyes of admiration, if not the glances of fathomless love. "Vain little creature, that Lizzie! Fancies the gentlemen

Digitized by Google

admire her, and she hasn't a tress of real hair on her head!" "Julia is downright mercenary, and would marry her grandfather if it were lawful, and he had plenty of money; she told me so," and so on. Very difficult for the young gentleman to make up his mind regarding the question of matrimony, is it not? And yet, if he were to ask his sisters, who are in the main good-natured, whether Lizzie or Julia were as bad as she had been sketched, they would unhesitatingly say no, and declare that both young ladies were models of whatsoever is modest and virtuous, and of good report among men; whereat their brother would marvel greatly.

Every man knows that among the young of his sex a habit obtains of criticizing with more originality than politeness the personal appearance and mental qualities of the ladies who are honored with the acquaintance of the youthful speakers.

Generally the younger the man, the more outspoken he is. He will have no half measures—if he has been snubbed by Miss Smith he has it out of Miss Smith over his pipe among his and her acquaintances. She is plain, she is affected, she has a bad temper, she is conceited. If, on the other hand, he is smitten with the charms of Miss Smith, there is no word in the English vocabulary sufficient to express his admiration for the adorable creature. Samson in the toils of Delilah was not more infatuated with his enslaver than he is.

His good-natured friends, in their endeavor to moderate the love fever of their companion, cry down the object of his affection, and insinuate that she does not care one penny for him—that she is keeping a wealthy lover in the background—and that, after all, Miss Smith is not worth an honest man's heartache.

If Miss Smith could hear all that is said for and against her in the bachelor's smoking-room, I imagine she would be a wiser, if not a happier woman. Miss Smith's brother hears, of course, nothing disparaging to his sister; but he has before now heard Jones's sister and Brown's sister subjected to the fiery ordeal, and can pretty well guess how his own is likely to fare when subjected to the inevitable process. The knowledge does not inspire him with unbounded confidence in women.

He gives one or two of his friends credit for a little shrewdness in these matters, and when he hears a young lady styled stupid or conceited, or slovenly, or bad-mannered, or addicted to the use of fiction in the course of ordinary conversation, he pauses, he considers. All this may be only their fun—they may mean nothing against the young lady, who, peradventure, is as innocent of the vices attributed to her as Baron Grant says he is of bribing the city editors; but mud will stick if you only throw enough of it. He becomes melancholy, cynical; he eschews the society of young ladies, and addicts himself to the cultivation of a beard and the study of theology.

He sees his sisters married with a placid pity for the several bridegrooms; he makes neat speeches at the wedding breakfasts; he presents each of the brides on the appropriate occasion with a handsome token of his love and affection—and there his connection with the state of holy matrimony may be said very often to end.

If he is wealthy he makes a very good and useful bachelor uncle; but it is questionable whether, under any circumstances, he would be converted into an exemplary husband. He knows too much.

THE ROBBER CRAB.

THERE is a very remarkable burrowing crustacean, called the robber-crab (*Birgus latro*). This creature is of a strange, weird-like shape, difficult to explain, but easily to be comprehended by reference to the illustration. The reader can, however, form some notion of its general form, by removing a common hermit-crab from its residence, and laying it flat before him.

The robber-crab, however, does not live in a shell, and its abdomen is consequently defended by hard plates, instead of being soft and unprotected like that of the hermit-crab, to which it is closely allied.

The robber-crab inhabits the islands of the Indian Ocean, and is one of those crustacea which are able to exist for a long time without visiting the water, the gills being kept moist by means of a reservoir on each side of the cephalothorax, in which the organs of respiration lie. Only once in twenty-four hours does this remarkable crab visit the ocean, and in all probability enters the water for the purpose of receiving the supply which preserves the gills in working order.

It is a quick walker, though not gifted with such marvelous speed as that which is the property of the racer and other land crabs, and is rather awkward in its gait, impeded probably by the enormous claws. While walking, it presents a curious aspect, being lifted nearly a foot above the ground on its two central pair of legs, and if it be intercepted in its retreat, it brandishes its formidable weapons, clattering them loudly, and always keeping its face toward the enemy. Some writers aver that it is capable of climbing up the stems of the palm-trees, in order to get at the fruit, but this assertion seems to require very strong corroboration before it can be believed.

The food of the robber-crab is of a very peculiar nature, consisting chiefly, if not entirely, of the cocoa-nut.

Most of my readers have seen this enormous fruit as it appears when taken from the tree, surrounded with a thick, massy envelope of fibrous substance, which, when stripped from the nut itself, is employed for many useful purposes. How the creature is to feed on the kernel seems quite a mystery; and, *prima facie*, for a crab to extract the cocoa-nut from its envelope, to pierce the thick and stubborn shell, and to feed upon the enclosed kernel, seems an utterly impossible task. Indeed, had not the feat been watched by creditable witnesses, no one who was acquainted with the habits and powers of the crustacea would have credited such an assertion. Yet Mr. Darwin, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, and other observant men, have watched the habits of the creature, and all agree in their accounts.

According to Mr. Darwin, the crab seizes upon the fallen cocoa-nuts, and with its enormous pincers tears away the outer covering, reducing it to a mass of raveled threads. This substance is carried by the crabs into their holes, for the purpose of forming a bed whereupon they can rest when they change their shells, and the Malays are in the habit of robbing the burrows of these stored fibres, which are ready picked for them, and which they use as "junk," *i. e.* a rough kind of oakum, which is employed for calking the seams of vessels, and making mats, and similar purposes.

When the crab has freed the nut from the husk, it introduces the small end of a claw into one of the little holes which are found at the end of a cocoa-nut, and by turning the claw backward and forward, as if it were a brad-awl, the crab contrives to scoop out the soft substance of the nut.

According to Tyerman and Bennett, the robber-crab has another method of getting at the cocoa-nut, and displays an instinctive knowledge of political economy which is very remarkable:

"These animals live under the cocoa-nut trees, and subsist upon the fruit which they find upon the ground. With their powerful front claws they tear off the fibrous husk; afterward, inserting one of the sharp points of the same into a hole at the end of the nut, they beat it with violence against a stone until it cracks; the shell is then easily pulled to

Digitized by Google

pieces, and the precious fruit within devoured at leisure. Sometimes, by widening the hole with one of their round, gimlet claws, or enlarging the breach with their forceps, they effect sufficient entrance to enable them to scoop out the kernel, without the trouble of breaking the unwieldy nut.

"These crabs burrow in the earth, under the roots of the trees that furnish them with provisions—prudently storing up in their holes large quantities of cocoa-nuts, stripped of their husk, at those times when the fruits are most abundant, against the recurring intervals when they are scarce.

"We are informed that if the long and delicate antennæ of these robust creatures be touched with oil, they instantly die.

"They are not found on any of these islands, except the small coral ones, of which they are the principal occupants. The people here account them delicious food."

The palm-climbing habits of the robber-crab are mentioned by Mr. T. H. Hood, in his "Notes of a Cruise in H. M. S. Fawn, in the Western Pacific."



THE ROBBER-CRAB.—SEE PAGE 623.

In the Samoan group of islands, the crab is called "Ou-ou," and is a favorite article of food. While the vessel remained off Samoa, Mr. Hood asked about these crabs; and though he did not see any of them performing so strange a feat, he shows that there are very good grounds for believing the possibility of such an action:

"I inquired of them about the habits of the Ou-ou, or great cocoa-nut eating crab, common here, and found the reports previously received from the natives corroborated.

"Mr. Darwin mentions that, in the Seychelles and elsewhere, there is a species which is in the habit of husking the nuts on the ground, and then tapping one of the eyes with its great claw, in order to reach the kernel. Its congener here ascends the cocoa-nut trees, and having thrown the nuts down, husks them on the ground.

"This operation performed, he again ascends with the nuts, which he throws down, generally breaking them at the first attempt, but if not successful, repeating it till the object is attained.

"Before leaving, an Old Savage Island man, at the mission, brought in three or four immense Ou-ous, which evinced, in their efforts to escape, bursting coils of cocoa-nut sinnet, a strength sufficient to husk the toughest cocoa-nut. As to the method of obtaining the contents afterward, every native, both Samoans and Niuans confirms the account mentioned before.

"The Niuans understand their habits best. The old man who brought them to-day dug them out of the holes, in which they remain many weeks torpid. The female differs from the male in having three flippers, well-furnished with strong borers, on the right side of the sac." When full-grown, this crab is more than two feet in length, and, as may be seen by the illustration, is stoutly made in proportion to its length. The color of the creature is very pale brown, with a decided tinge of yellow. We have a burrowing crab in this country, well-known to our young people, who call it the soldier-crab, and who delight to see its martial air as it walks along with its large claw raised erect.

Digitized by Google

MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.

A FAIRY STORY.

MATTIE WERNER was not the wisest monarch in the world, else he would have known better than to have incensed his powerful neighbor, Wilhada, whose territory and subjects were far superior, both in quality and numbers, to his own.

Wilhada had two children, a boy and a girl, who, report said, were very quarrelsome and troublesome, and Mattie Werner, in a thoughtless moment, remarked:

"Were I the father of two such young wretches, I would either kill them or myself, and that forthwith."

Royalty is always surrounded by spies — one of the disagreeable inevitables of greatness is treachery—and, as a matter of course, this speech reached the ears of the individual most concerned, as soon as possible after its delivery.

"Um-me!" he murmured, fiercely. "So Mattie Werner thinks it proper that either my children or myself should leave this world immediately! This suggestion may be very well meant, but as I don't propose to follow it, I'll make him eat his own words."



MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.—"'I CAN PRESENT YOU TO-DAY WITH TWO GOOD CHILDREN;' AND, APPROACHING THE SOVEREIGN, HE PRESENTED HIS OWN SON AND DAUGHTER."

So he gathered his armies together, and, thoroughly equipped with everything necessary (in those days) for hard fighting, marched into the enemy's country.

Mattie Werner knew that it was of no earthly use to attempt to resist the mighty forces thus marshalled against him, but he fought bravely notwithstanding, and only after a desperate struggle was he overpowered and taken prisoner. After a few days' confinement, he was brought into Wilhada's presence, there to answer the charges entered against him.

"Now," thought Wilhada, "we will see what material my neighbor is made of. If he is cowardly, and attempts to lie out of this thing, I'll make short work of him; but if he sticks to his text like a man, he shall have at least one chance of his life;" so, with a very threatening scowl, he asked:

"Mattie Werner, did you say what has been attributed to you about myself and family?"

"Yes, sir," answered his prisoner, briefly.

Wilhada's face relaxed for a moment; then, with the same severity, he asked:

"But why did you say so; none of us had ever injured you?"

"No, sir," said the other, answering to this interrogative assertion. "But persons very often say a thing in haste which they repent at leisure. My tongue is never very guarded, and your children's behavior had incensed me that day."

Wilhada pondered a moment. That his children were not perfect, none knew better than himself, but no parent likes to be reminded of the shortcomings of his offspring. After a little deliberation he said, however:

"Well, Mattie Werner, I will give you a month in which to show me one good boy or girl. If, at the end of that period, you do not succeed in producing what I desire, you must die! My children's inferiority must be proven!" Mattie was a bachelor himself, and, being consequently unused to children's ways, imagined it would be a comparatively easy task to act upon Wilhada's suggestion—or rather command—so, started off in search of a perfect child.

Over hills, dales, and seas he traveled, and at last, weary and discouraged, returned to his native land, the night before his month of grace expired.

He had journeyed among children of all kinds, conditions, and nations; had viewed the youth of Africa, China, Hindoostan, France, Germany, America—and of about every other country under the sun, and finally returned home

Digitized by Google

with the firm conviction that on the morrow he must die!

"It is no use," he murmured, sadly, as the shores of King Walhada hove in sight. "I must be reconciled to the inevitable. I have tested the negro infant, and found him lazy; have tried the Chinese children, and discovered them to be dirty; the Hindoo youth is revengeful; the French, deceitful; the Germans, profane—the Americans, selfish—and, according to all accounts, *I, myself*, could not have been much in my earlier days. What shall I do?"

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. Wilhada had not ordered him to procure a *perfect* child, only a good one. He thought he could satisfy the old monarch, So, on the morrow, he repaired, bright and early, to the palace.

"Well, Mattie Werner," said Wilhada, with dignity, "has your journey proved successful, and have you found in the course of your travels one good child?"

"Yes, sire," was the composed reply. "I can present you to-day, not only with one, but with *two* good children;" and, approaching closer, he presented to the astonished sovereign *his own son and daughter*, saying as he did so: "I have searched thoroughly, and, although having seen many of the kind desired by your majesty, found none superior to those at home. My speech was made without knowledge, and thus I confess my wrong. Wickedness and mischief are utterly different."

Of course, Wilhada could not deny the goodness of his own flesh and blood, even had he possessed any desire in that direction, and, to tell the truth, his parental pride was so pleased, that he immediately reinstated Mattie Werner in all his former riches and dignity, and they lived near and dear neighbors ever after.

NOVELIST'S LAW.

A RECENT English writer expresses his wish for the appointment of a barrister as a standing counsel to the writers of fiction, whom the latter should consult on all occasions when they think of introducing a legal scene. or asserting a legal doctrine.

The idea is not a bad one; but until it is carried out, we should advise an intending romancer who has a taste for law to select some remarkable trial of our own or past times, and after thoroughly mastering its details, to dish them up in his story with only such simple alterations of names and dates as may be absolutely necessary. This may restrain the inspirations of his genius, but it will certainly contribute to the stability of his reputation, for the errors into which our best novelists fall are monstrous, when they venture on ground so unfamiliar and uncongenial as the mazes of the law.

In "Great Expectations," Mr. Dickens, whose early legal experience has often stood him in good stead, puts the convict, Abel Magwitch, on trial for his life, for escaping from custody, while Pipp and his friends pass without a word of accusation for the statutable felony of assisting the fugitive. In "Orley Farm," where the legal incidents are in general very correctly given, the author jeopardizes the reputation of Mr. Justice Stavely by making him speak of libel and slander as convertible terms, and by representing that learned functionary as uncertain whether language charging an indictable offence would suffice to sustain an action. In "The Woman in White," Mr. Wilkie Collins allows a purchaser's solicitor to stand by while Sir Perceval Glyde attempts to extort his wife's signature to a deed under circumstances which would have rendered the entire transaction impeachable for fraud; and in "Recommended to Mercy," the government sends down the attorney-general to the assizes to prosecute Lady Thornleigh for bigamy, without ascertaining that her first husband was alive at the time she married her second.

Miss Braddon, the founder of the new school of sensation fiction, in which bigamy is the leading incident, avoids such mistakes by saying as little as she can help about law; but her reticence involves her in other difficulties which are scarcely less perplexing.

Aurora Floyd's marriage with James Conyers, we are told, took place in France. If so, how was it performed? Such a marriage would not be permitted at the English embassy. Did the contracting parties claim a French domicile? If so, how did they comply with the requirements of the French law as to parental consent? But perhaps it is hardly fair to put these questions, for unless they can be satisfactorily answered, the marriage was clearly illegal, and that would destroy all the interest of the story. This excuse, however, does not avail for the frequent references in "Lady Audley's Secret" to "the sly old benchers" who chuckle over Robert Audley's pretensions as a barrister, as if they had a personal interest in his neglect of his profession, and as if there were anything strange in a man's eating his terms without any idea of practicing. We thought everybody knew that not one in four of those who are called to the Bar take that degree with any intention to becoming working lawyers. We may pardon Miss Braddon for being unaware that they are not "rising barristers," but "solemn benchers," who shrug their shoulders under rustling *silk* gowns; but she ought not to peril her reputation by making these same "solemn benchers" and the *dilettanti* barristers boon companions at bachelor supper parties.

It is worthy of remark that our lady novelists especially delight in the introduction of the legal element, and that, by an inversion of the proverb, our angels rush in where men fear to tread.

Mrs. Gaskell perhaps has furnished the most startling novelty of this kind, in her "Dark Night's Work," after Dixon, the gardener, has been condemned to death by Justice Corbet, the former lover of Ellinor Wilkins. Determined to save the old man, Ellinor calls upon the judge, details circumstantially the manner of Dunster's murder, her own and Dixon's share in concealing the body, and leaves the judge's house with the assurance that Dixon shall be pardoned, and her confession kept secret. Ellinor marries a clergyman; Dixon spends the rest of his days in respectability and honor, and everybody lives as happily as can be desired. Yet we seem to have read in a book called "Blackstone's Commentaries": "So strict is the law where a felony is actually complete, that the nearest relations are not suffered to aid or receive one another. If the parent assists the child, or *the child the parent*, the master the servant, or *the servant the master*, the persons so assisting become accessories *ex post facto*."

Perhaps Mrs. Gaskell thinks this very hard. It may occasionally be so, but the welfare of society must prevail over the feelings of individuals. And a novelist, tender of her reputation, should avoid an error so gross as that into which Mrs. Gaskell has fallen, by making Justice Corbet a party to the escape of two accessories, after the fact, to a brutal murder. Surely the shock to ordinary notions of judicial duty, and the lofty traditions of judicial practice, is too violent to be excused even by the necessities of the novel.

Probably because the Law of Wills and of Inheritance is among the greatest difficulties of experienced lawyers, that particular branch is greatly affected by writers of fiction, with what results may be easily imagined.

Mr. Anthony Trollope makes Mary Scratcherd's illegitimate daughter succeed to the large fortune her uncle has bequeathed to his sister's eldest child, happily ignorant of the legal principle by which a bastard, as *nullius filius*, can take under a devise only by express words, or by *necessary* implication, to say nothing of the probability that a devise so expressed would be held to apply to the eldest male child,

to the exclusion of the female. And in "No Name," Mr. Wilkie Collins passes unnoticed the fact, that as Mrs. Vanstone survived her husband, half his personality would belong to her as of right; and if she died intestate, would go to her next of kin. Probably some legal friend informed the author that a legally executed will is not void because it has a secret trust attached to it, though no one could compel the execution of the trust itself, for, after giving his readers to understand that the will would be void if only the trust were known, he allows the story to end without the promised dénouement.

Until we read "Recommended to Mercy," we had not heard of an entailed estate conditional on the heirs professing the Catholic faith, "which, in the event of no blood relation of mother-church appearing to claim it, would go from the family to swell the possessions of an already richly-endowed monastic institution;" and even now, we are puzzled to reconcile it with the effect usually given to a certain act of parliament called the Statute of Mortmain.

We doubt whether some of Mrs. Norton's conditions in restraint of Treherne's marriage in "Lost and Saved" would not be disregarded by the Lord Chancellor; but we are quite sure that a will which ordered that "if he remained unmarried, or married in opposition to its requirements, the property was to accumulate till another generation gave another chance of marriage," would not stand good, especially as the accumulation was to continue from generation to generation, till some one was found to effectuate the deceased earl's intentions as to the devolution of the property. The numerous provisoes upon provisoes are all open to the objection of tending towards a perpetuity, and are therefore void within the Thellusson Act. An actual heir in Treherne's position might be excused for calling the will a farrago of nonsense, but he need not threaten to get an act of parliament to set it aside; any conveyancing barrister of very moderate experience would have shown him a more certain and quite as effectual a way. A resort by the parties interested to a similar authority would have quite spoiled the interest of "Verner's Pride," Mrs. Wood's last novel, where a codicil, which completely alters the disposition of the property, executed by the testator very shortly before his death, is, at the proper time, nowhere to be found. In the sequel, it comes out that it had been stolen by Mr. Verner's medical attendant, who had his own reasons for the crime; but the possibility of proving the contents of such a will by secondary evidence—of which there is abundance—does not seem to have occurred to the author. The result is a good story, turning on the wholly improbable inability of the lawful owner to obtain sound legal advice on a matter of vital importance.

Our American writers of fiction, as a rule, follow the English novelists on the matter of wills and laws of descent, as well as in regard to marriages. As each of our States has followed its own devices on these various points, there is a wonderful variety, but our writers go on in blissful ignorance of what may be the actual law of the place where they live.

While noticing these many errors arising from the confusion of novelists' minds on legal matters, we have often wondered that the excellent suggestions referred to have been allowed to remain for several years unapplied, a circumstance the more extraordinary, as our novelists are fond of introducing barristers into their works; indeed, there are few novels published now-a-days in which one or two of the characters are not gentlemen of the long robe. We would therefore suggest to our writers of fiction a trifling alteration in their plans.

Let them make an ideal barrister the hero of their story, if they please, but let an actual practitioner revise those portions in which it is attempted to lay down legal doctrines; and before they cause a complex story to depend upon the construction of a doubtful document, let them ascertain that the point raised will stand the test of an examination at chambers. Finally, if they are desirous of maintaining their character as truth-like chroniclers, it would be as well to make the success of barristerial heroes—when such are introduced—more gradual, as durable reputations are seldom built upon successes achieved *per saltum* during the first year of a professional career.

SCHOOL FOR LADIES.

An excellent school of learning for women exists in Berlin. It is not exactly a charitable institution, although designed for the benefit of the poorer classes. The building is large, containing lodging-rooms for forty girls, kitchen, school-rooms, work-room, and a bazaar. In the school-rooms the girls are taught French and English, writing, book-keeping, geography, and arithmetic—in short, whatever will fit them for situations in any banking or commercial or mercantile establishment. They also learn type-setting and telegraphing. All sorts of useful needlework is taught in the work department, even to millinery. The bazaar is devoted to the sale of fancy articles, and orders for work are there received. The kitchen department is an important part of the establishment. It is under the charge of a matron, and the chief labor in it is done by girls who come there to perform its duties. They usually pay a trifle for tuition. Not only are meals served for the girls who lodge in the house, but any lady may go there and have breakfast, dinner, or supper. Many girls, on entering the establishment, first learn cookery in the kitchen; then they go upstairs and learn dressmaking and arithmetic. Betrothed maidens go there to obtain good domestic educations, that they may not estrange a husband's good heart by ruining his digestion. The institution is a good one, but not self-supporting as yet.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

Twenty years ago the secret of tanning the alligator hide was imparted to a partner of a Boston boot and shoe house by an old Canadian. The business of collecting and tanning the skins was at once commenced, and now from 17,000 to 20,000 are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg.

In the foreign trade, however, the French are formidable rivals, owing to their superior methods of tanning.

The alligators formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great centre of the business. Owing to their indiscriminate and injudicious slaughter, however, the animals became thinned out. The Florida swamps and marshes are now the harvest-fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, is the great depôt.

The animals are killed in great numbers by the passengers of river steamboats, though there are hunters who make a regular business of their capture. The alligators often attain the length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to a fierce old age.

The skin of the belly and sides, the only portion fit for use, are packed in a strong brine, and shipped to the Northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment for from six to eight months, when they are ready to be cut up.

So far, the leather has been mostly used in the manufacture of boots and shoes, for which it is especially adapted, and, by reason of the pleasing variegation of its surface, makes a most excellent and becoming protection for the foot.

Handsome slippers are also made, both of the blacked and unblacked skin, as well as shopping-bags, portemonnaies, cigar-cases, and small leather goods of all kinds.

THE CLEARING OF THE HELL GATE OBSTRUCTIONS.

HELL GATE received its name from the very earliest Dutch visitors to Manhattan Island, who found the rocks and whirlpools at that point a source of such danger to navigation as to make all attempts to sail through like a very plunge into the infernal regions.

It was not until the War of the Revolution that the obstructions in the channels assumed any great importance, because previous to that time the tonnage of trading vessels along the New England coast was very small. The exigencies of the struggle gave an impetus to ship-building at nearly every one of the Sound ports, so that in a few years after the Declaration of Independence the records show that Hell Gate became a familiar name in the mouths of seamen, and that its terrors for the navigator grew in proportion as the tonnage of vessels was increased, and with the extension of the commerce of New York.

During these days adventurous American sloops-of-war would venture very close to the English lines at New York in the hope of picking up a prize from among the merchantmen that supplied the city and garrison with provisions and munitions of war. The Americans would generally slip into the East River from the Sound by the channel now guarded by Fort Schuyler and Fort Willett's Point. The daring captain and crew, keenly alive to their danger, were generally familiar with the intricate windings of the channels and the location of every pointed rock and treacherous reef, and relied, in the event of pursuit by the British ships, on the chances of the latter striking on some of the obstructions and coming to grief.



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF ENGINEERS, UNITED STATES ARMY.

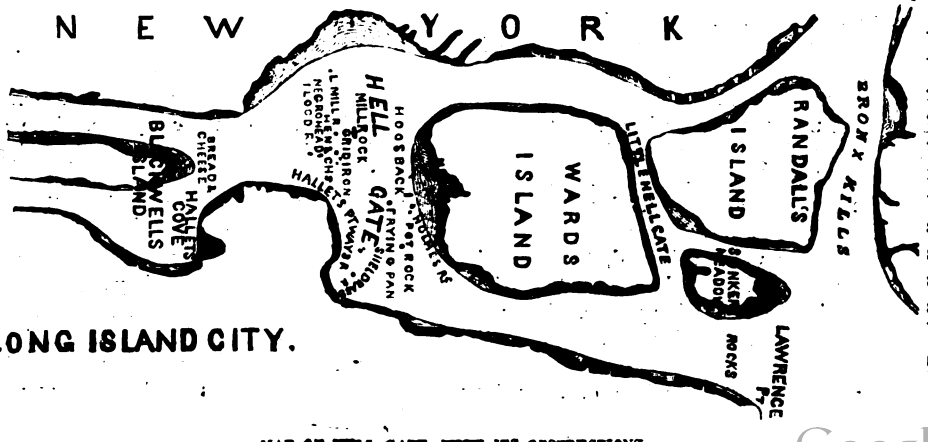
The famous novelist, Fenimore Cooper, describes such a chase in the most graphic manner in his story, "The Water Witch"; how the English ship followed closely in the wake of the flying Yankee, but did not care to cripple him, as he gave by his movements the only clue by which the pursuer could tread the labyrinth of the rocks and escape destruction. Trying to escape the Gridiron, the fated vessel might come on the Frying Pan, or lucky enough to miss that rock, would be almost certain to tumble over the Pot Rock. Getting on the Hog's Back at Hell Gate is by no means a proof of a successful career; and the sailors whose ship would strike on Holmes's Reef would be likely never to see their own homes again.

The naming of the different rocks was evidently done in a spirit of grim humor. The least inviting of them, even to a seaworn and hungry mariner, is called the Bread and Cheese, while such harmless fowls as the Hen and Chickens furnish names for a group of rocks big enough to sink the *Great Eastern* if she fouled them.

In point of hardness the Negro Head Rocks will compare favorably with the skulls of our colored fellow-citizens, if Dame Rumor does justice to their density and capacity for hard knocks. The Great and Little Mill Rocks are calculated to grind a vessel to powder should she drift between them and get caught on their rugged ledges, while like sentinels guarding a causeway Way's Reef, Shelldrake Rock, and the recently-demolished Hallett's Point Reef were aligned in battle array.

Branching from the area known as Hell Gate proper, are channels leading in three directions. One of these connects with the mouth of the Harlem River, which lies westward of the group of islands and between them and the city of New York. Another leads directly to the Sound, while the third, divided into two by Blackwell's Island, leads to the Bay of New York, which it enters at Governor's Island. All three unite at Hell Gate, and are dependent on the clearing of that passage for their navigable value as parts of a system of water communication.

Owing to the blockade of the channel at Hell Gate the islands have been devoted to public institutions, which are admirable in their way, but unproductive to the welfare of the city commercially, and should, therefore, not occupy so much valuable space that was intended by nature for other purposes.



MAP OF HELL GATE, WITH ITS OBSTRUCTIONS.

While New York has become the metropolis of the continent the settlements along the Long Island shore, such as Astoria and Flushing, and on the Westchester side, as well, have made no progress comparatively

Digitized by Google



THE COFFER-DAM AND SHAFT AT HALLETT'S POINT.

although they are almost as old as New York. The local effect, therefore, must be immense when the chief dangers of Hell Gate are removed. A new field will be opened for the extension of our commercial and manufacturing business which cannot fail to add to the prosperity of both. Frequent attempts have been made to remove the obstructing rocks and diminish the dangers, but the hardness of the stone, and the difficulty of working under the water, made the relief obtained slight compared to the expense incurred.

In the years 1851 and 1852 Mr. Maillefer succeeded, by the use of gunpowder, in surface-blasting under water, in removing large portions of several of the obstructions to the navigation of the East River at Hell Gate; Pot Rock, the Frying Pan, and Way's Reef were very considerably reduced. Ten feet of Pot Rock required 34,231 lbs. of powder in 284 charges. On the other two rocks 28,000 lbs. were expended. The more recent introduction of nitro-glycerine and its compounds gives more satisfactory results. Surface-blasting has, however, been abandoned, except for the removal of superficial or unimportant masses of rock. Where the rock is firm, smooth, undisintegrated, there is no way except to mine into the rock and form a series of galleries which can be honeycombed and filled with explosive charges.

The successful removal of Blossom Rock, in the harbor of San Francisco, under this system, was the first extensive work of the kind in America. It induced the United States Government to adopt it in the general system of harbor improvements, and apply it to the removal of the obstacles which proved so injurious to New York commerce, and rendered the water front on the East River of little value to the city.

A comprehensive plan of improvement was projected in the Summer of 1866, when Major-General John Newton was assigned by the War Department to the duty of



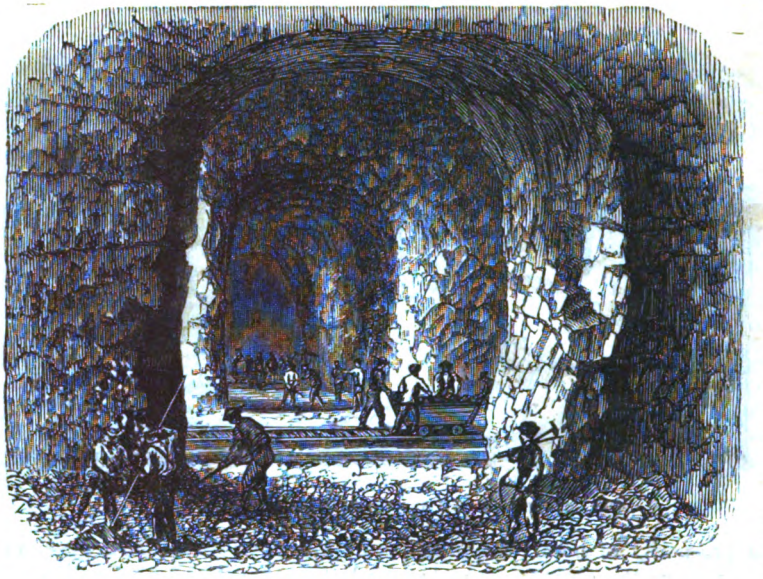
THE VISIT OF THE ARCHDUKE ALEXIS TO THE WORKS.

Digitized by Google

examining the obstructions and making estimates of the work necessary. He submitted three plans, all based on the removal of Hallett's Reef.

Some experimental work with a rotating diamond drill was done on smaller rocks by Mr. G. F. Shelbourne, but the system was not followed up.

In the Spring of 1869 Congress made a first appropriation of $175,000, and General Newton began his operations.



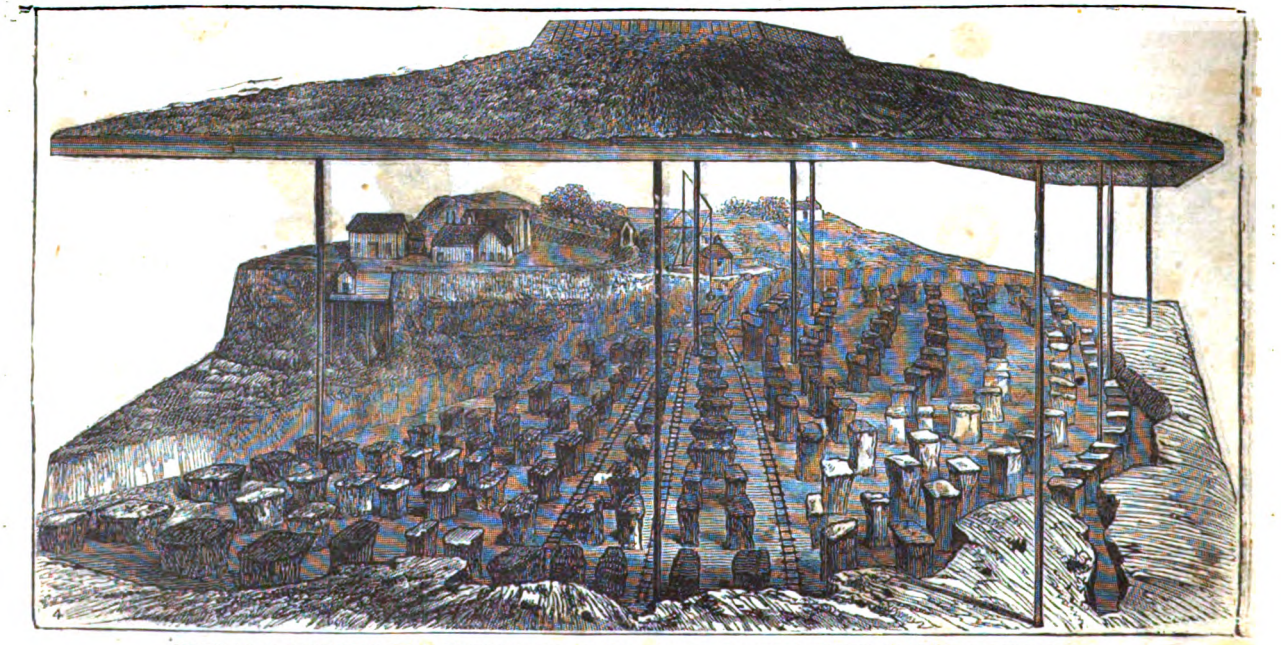
VIEW IN THE CONCENTRIC GALLERIES.

The reef lay immediately off Hallett's Point — was, in fact, a submarine portion of it. It was much in the shape of a semi-ellipse : the base running almost in a straight line from east to west, and the apex pointing nearly due north. The area of the reef was about three acres ; two and three-quarters of which it was proposed to undermine.

The work was commenced on July, 1869. A coffer-dam in the form of an irregular pentagon, whose greatest diameter was 140 ft., was erected on the shore, and a shaft of 105 by 95 ft. in diameter was sunk to a depth of 32 ft. below mean low water. From this shaft ten diverging tunnels were run, and these, when pushed far enough, were connected by concentric galleries. The main tunnels varied in length from 185 ft. to 300 ft. in length—the average length being 270 ft. The width of the tunnels was about 14 ft., and their height varied from 22 ft. at the opening to 7 ft. at the end. The floor of the mine fell gradually, the roof of the excavation more rapidly—following the bed of the river above, and kept up a general average of 10 ft. of solid rock below the water. Cross galleries, of about the same height and width as the tunnels, traversed the mine at intervals of 30 ft. leaving the roof supported by enormous columns of solid rock. These columns, however, were cut through by secondary tunnels and galleries, increasing the number of rock piers supporting the roof to 173, of about 10 ft. in thickness, and giving an aggregate length of tunnels and galleries of 7,425 ft.— 4,857 ft. of tunnels, and 2,568 ft. of galleries.

In order to create this net-work of tunnels and galleries, it was necessary to blast out and remove no less than 47,461 cubic yards of rock. This part of the work was finished in June, 1875, and after that time the pillars were drilled in all directions preparatory to the insertion of the cartridges for the grand and final blast. The pillars and the outside walls of the mine were arranged in what are termed battery groups ; that is, for connection with the electric battery which was to fire the blast. There were 184 of these groups, each group being drilled for twenty charges, making 3,680 charges in all. But two, and generally three, cartridges were charged into the same hole, according to circumstances and the judgment of the foreman who had charge of the mining department.

The varying hardness of the gneiss formation of the reef has led to the employment of three kinds of explosives in charging for the blast — dynamite, rend-rock, and vulcan-powder ; the first for the harder, and the two latter for the softer, rocks. All these three explosives have nitro-glycerine as a compound part, though they differ much in appearance. Dynamite has the appearance of a fine quality of brown sugar ; the others resemble a thick, black paste. Dynamite,



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ROCKS, AS SHOWN IN THE MODELS IN THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Digitized by Google

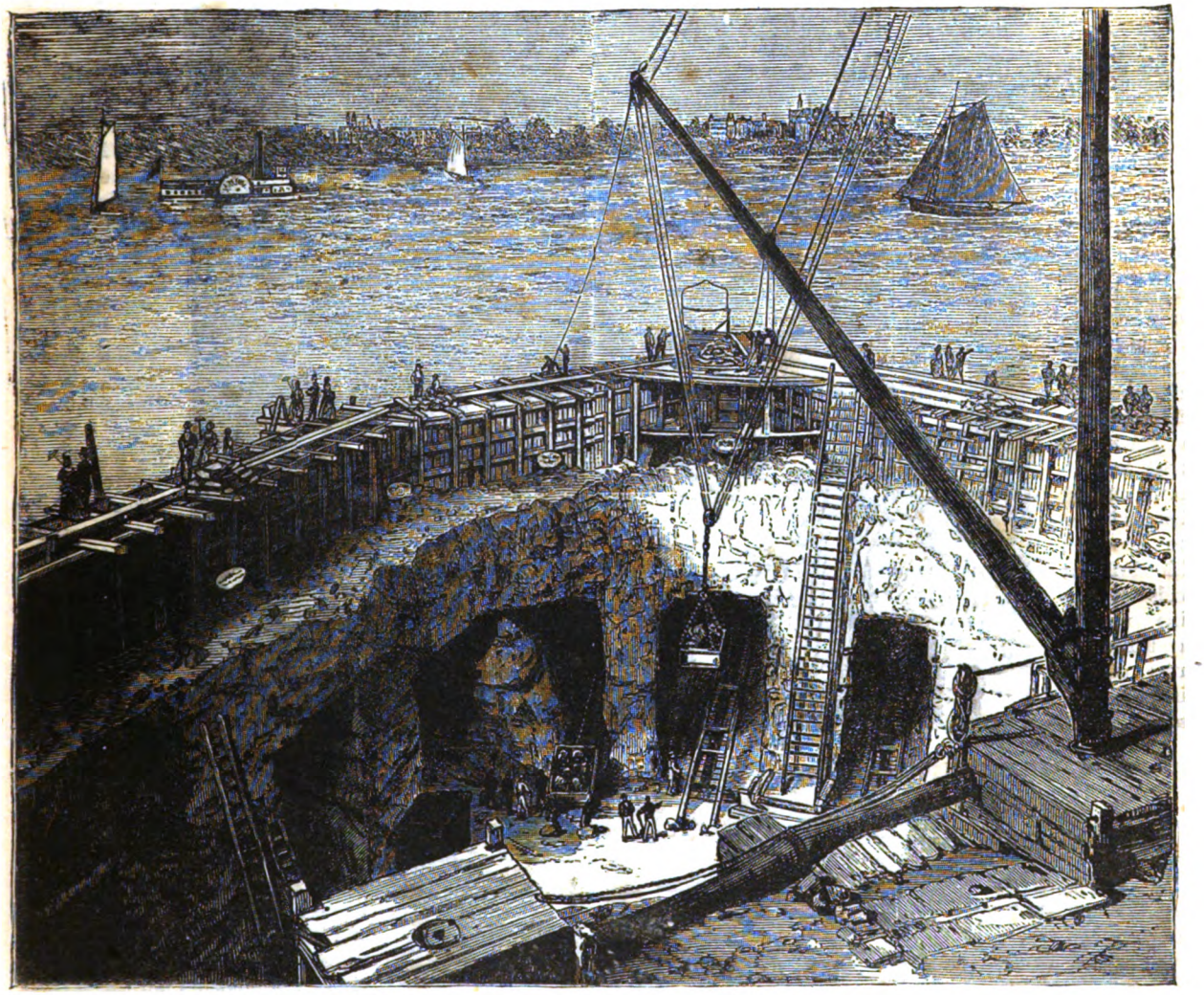
or giant powder as it is often called, is now recognized as not only the most powerful, but as the safest, of known giant explosives. It is a compound of pulverized silex, silicious ashes, or, more generally, infusorial earth, saturated with three times its weight of nitro-glycerine—that is, twenty-five per cent. of infusorial earth and seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine. The 3,680 charges comprised:

	Pounds.
Dynamite in tin cartridges	24,812
Dynamite in paper cartridges	1,164
Dynamite in primers	2,925
Total number pounds dynamite	28,901
Rendrock in cartridges	9,061½
Vulcan powder in cartridges	14,214
Total charge in mine	52,206½

The interior of the works during the last few days previous to the explosion presented a picturesque sight.

Descending into the cavern, at first the tunnels were high and of a good width. From the pillars projected jagged masses of rock down which the water from the river leaked in a constant stream. As one advanced further, the darkness became so dense as to seem palpable, the tunnels, accommodating themselves to the dip of the reef above, became steeper and steeper in their descent, until the frightened visitor imagined he was going perpendicularly down into the black gulf, in the gloom of which he could see now in the distance a tiny, star-like gleam of light where the men were toiling.

The foot slipped constantly in a deposit of mud at the bottom of the tunnel, and plash! It was a pool of water up



COFFER-DAM AND ENTRANCE TO THE AVENUES CUT IN THE ROCK.

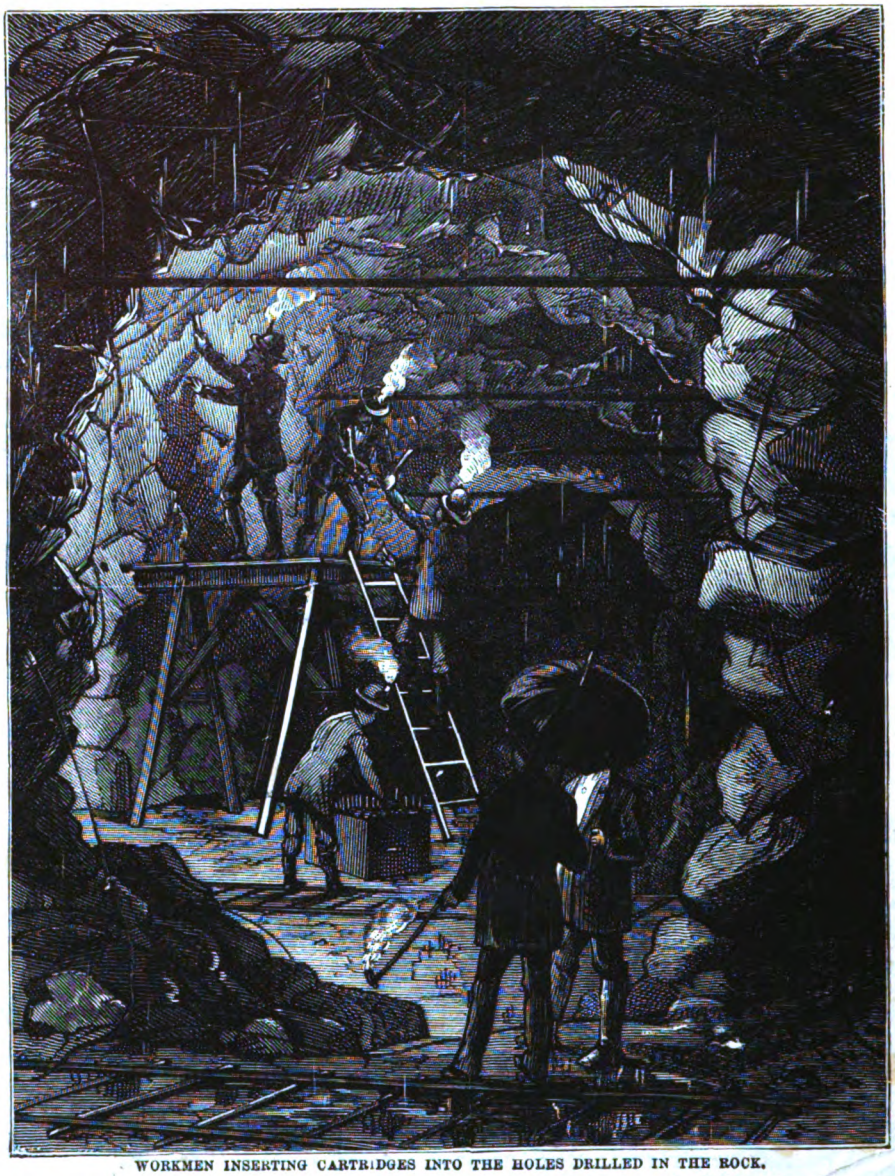
Total number of cartridges	13,596
Total number of brass primers	3,680
Total number of holes with primers	3,645
Number of iron pipes with primers	35
Number of holes charged and not primed	782
Total of holes and pipes	4,462
Number of feet of connecting wire	100,000
Number of feet of leading wire	120,000
Number of cells in firing battery, consisting of 12 batteries of 40 cells, 4 of 43 cells, and 7 of 44 cells each	960
	Yards.
Distance of firing point from shaft	650

to the knee! The extended hands touched on either side the walls of the rapidly narrowing tunnel, cold and slimy, and the head struck the jagged masses of stone that projected from the roof, which became lower and lower as one advanced into the gloomy deep. Jets of water, invisible in the darkness, fell through the crevices above, and made their presence known by drenching one to the skin. Suddenly a sound like the distant roar of artillery broke the deathlike silence and reverberated through the hollow deep. The workmen were driving a plug back into a hole through which the water shot forty feet when the wooden stopper was removed.

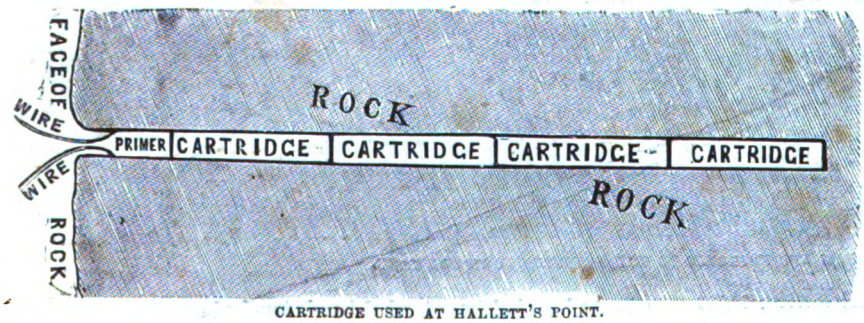
Twinkling in the heavy atmosphere, and refracted by the

Digitized by Google

falling spray between the lights, the men seemed miles away down in the bowels of the earth. The air was heavy with vapor and thick with the smoke of the lamps, which, finding no escape, rolled in a dun cloud along the roof, so that one breathed with difficulty. In another minute the lights which seemed so far away were close at hand, and their gleam turned the spray from the dripping roof into diamonds, and caused the trickling walls to glitter in russet and silver, striped where oxide of iron occurred with brilliant bands of carmine, while they threw the forms of the miners in grotesque shadows upon the pool below. Now a sullen roar indicated the passage overhead of some massive steamer whose revolving paddles caused the thirty-four feet of superincumbent water to tremble throughout its entire depth.

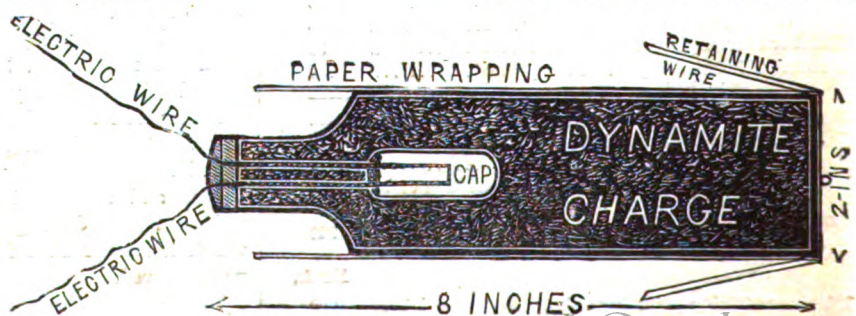


WORKMEN INSERTING CARTRIDGES INTO THE HOLES DRILLED IN THE ROCK.



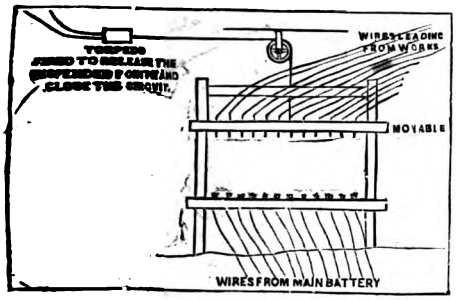
CARTRIDGE USED AT HALLETT'S POINT.

Far within the numerous holes perforated in the rocky sides of the heading, which either elbow touched, the ends of the deadly cartridges gleamed faintly as the lights were borne to and fro. The men, standing knee-deep in water and drenched to the skin, were about to fill a hole. One brawny fellow, whose livid, though massy jaw implied that the wholesome sun never falls where he toils, seized a long pole and thrust its entire length into the orifice. Withdrawing it, he named the size of cartridge required, and, his assistant selecting the one from a boxful close at hand, it was thrust into the hole endwise and quickly pushed into its place at the inner extremity. Another, filled with a less powerful compound, followed the first, and so on until the shining end of the last cartridge showed that the hole was filled almost up to the face of the rock. Then a pine plug was inserted, bearing the number of the hole, and the workmen plashed through the water to the next. A more weird and impressive scene can hardly be imagined, and its effect upon the visitor was rendered not less intense by the realization of the terrible force compressed around him, which was so soon to crumble the



PRIMER USED AT HALLETT'S POINT.

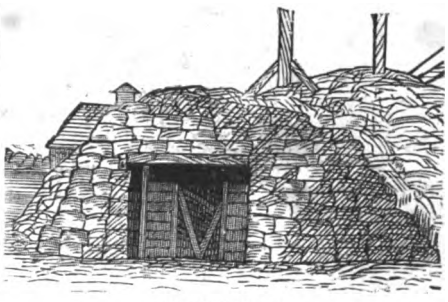
Digitized by Google



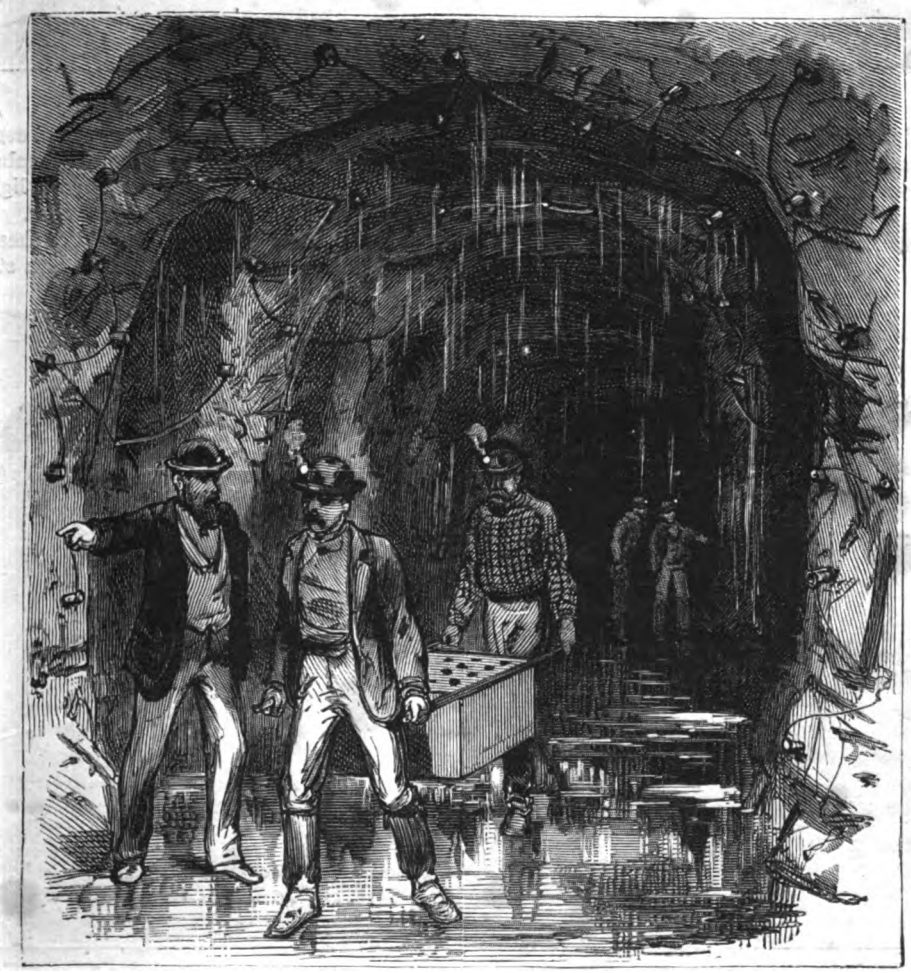
THE ELECTRIC BATTERY USED TO DISCHARGE THE MINE.

solid rock, which had withstood the storms of thousands of years, into fragments, and which might by the turn of a careless workman's hands launch him and all those about him into eternity so quickly that they would not know that it had come.

The battery or series of piles used at Hell Gate works is known as the zinc carbon battery, with a single liquid. The only thing that remained to be done when the battery was in operation was to connect its positive and negative ends by means of conducting wires, and at the point of connection the electric fluid recomposed into its original state. Suppose the ends of the conducting wires do not actually touch, but are placed very near each other, a spark is seen to leap from one point to the other with a snapping noise. It was this spark that fired the great mine at Hallett's Point. It being necessary to explode each cartridge at the same moment, or very nearly so, the wire leading the positive current of electricity from the battery would have to pass successively into each hole and be arranged in the primers; that is, a small space would be left between the ends of the conducting wires in each primer so that the spark would be emitted in the exploding cap filled with fulminate of mercury, which was surrounded by the dynamite charge. This would entail an immense length of wire, and much confusion in leading it to each hole in succession. The engineers, therefore, divided the holes to be fired into a series of groups, each of which was connected with a separate battery, but all delivered their electricity at the same moment, thus rendering the explosion simultaneous. Until the ends of the wires touched were connected by other conducting bodies the exploding spark would not pass. But the instant the circuit was closed the obedient agent flew on its mission quicker than thought itself. Owing to the number of groups to be fired, it became necessary to lead all the positive and negative wires to one place, where their respective circuits could be closed. To effect this, it was necessary to arrange the ends of the wires on an apparatus by which it would be easy to close the circuits with certainty, and at the same moment. The diagram given shows the principle on which this was done, and the plan is deserving of great admiration on account of its ingenuity and practicability. The positive wires, after passing from the batteries to their respective groups of holes, were returned to a frame and attached to a suspended board, which hung immediately over a fixed surface, on which was arranged a number of cups filled with mercury attached to the negative wires leading back to the negative poles of the batteries. Now, all that was necessary to complete all the circuits at once was that the board holding the ends of the positive wires should drop so that the projecting ends of the wires would pass into the mercury of the corresponding cup. In order that this might occur, the suspended board was dependent for its elevation over the cups on a line passing over a pulley, to which was attached a small torpedo, which was fired by a small supplementary battery. The moment the torpedo exploded, the suspending line was cut, and the board with the wire points dropped down on the cups, closing all the circuits at the same moment. The operator thus only fired the mine indirectly, for he only exploded the small torpedo that sus-

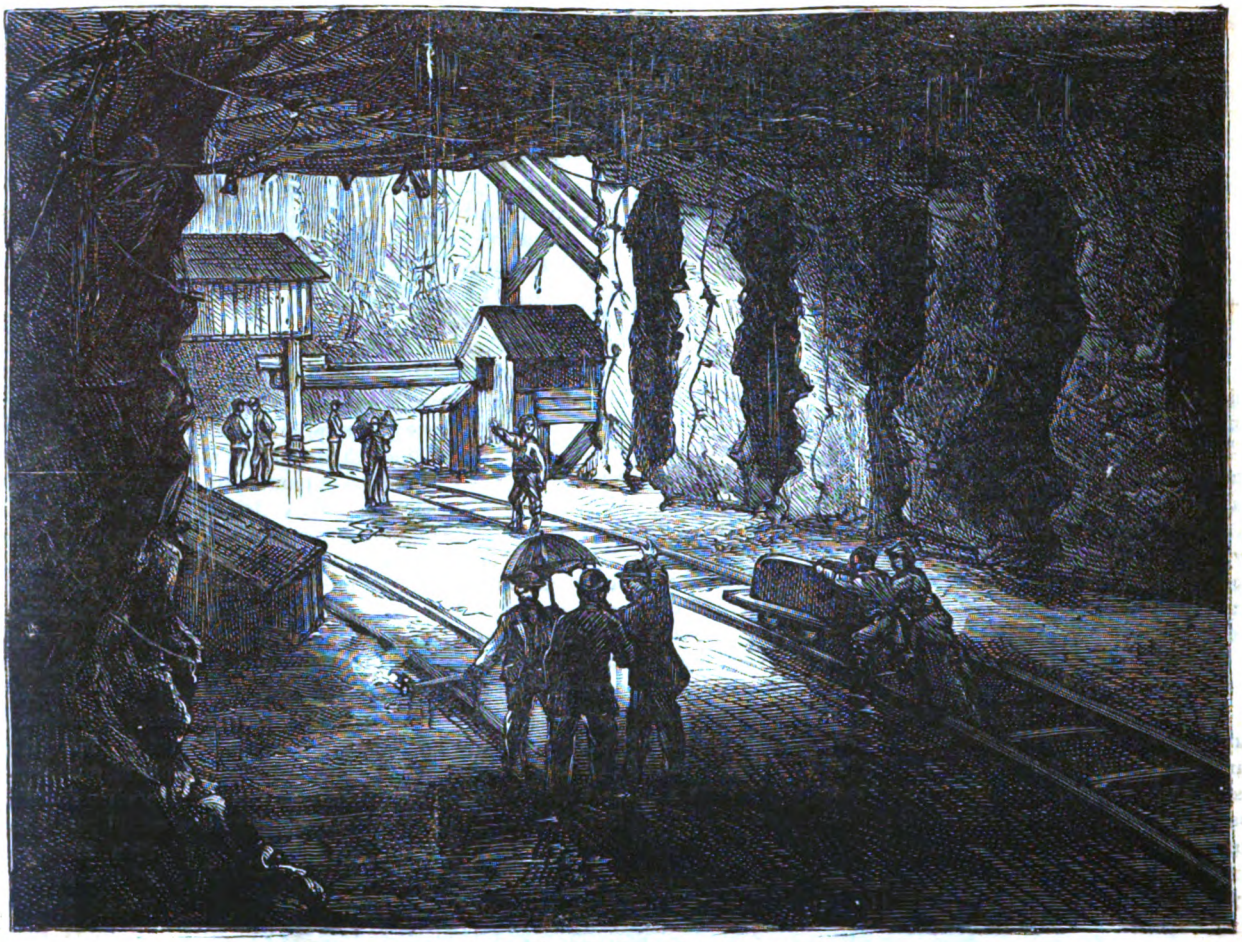


THE BOMBPROOF.



WORKMEN LEAVING THE SCENE BEFORE THE FLOODING OF THE MINE.

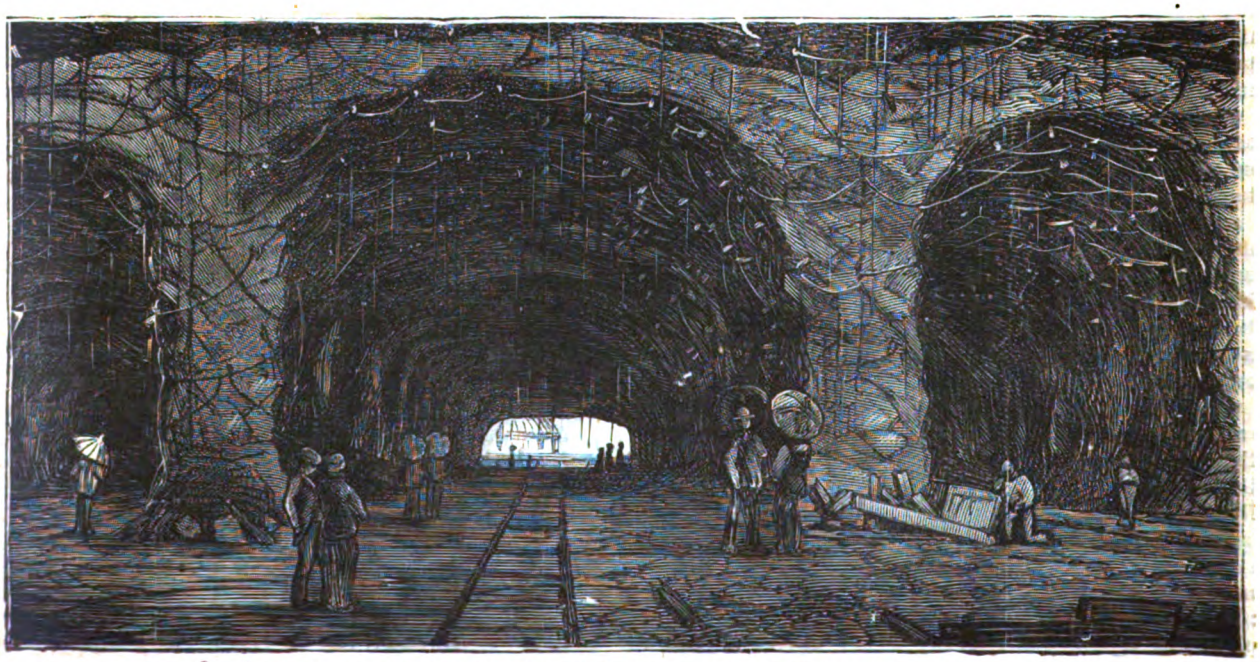
Digitized by Google



GENERAL NEWTON'S LAST INSPECTION OF THE MINE.

tained the wires that fired the main blast. To each group of holes, then, and along its special wire, flashed the electric messenger that caused the great reef, with its cavernous chambers and massive columns of rock, to tremble like the temple of the Philistines, when the mighty Samson shook it into ruins.

The work of inserting the primers was not completed until nearly one o'clock Saturday morning, September 23d. The men worked above and below ground by the light of miners' lamps attached to their hats, and by torches. Weird in the extreme was the scene presented by 104 of these figures flitting to and fro in the intense darkness of a starless night.



VIEW NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE, SHOWING THE CHARGES AND WIRES.

Digitized by Google

The pumps having been removed, the water from the river as it leaked through the roof accumulated in pools upon the floor of the tunnels, so that the men were knee-deep in a short time. When the last primer was inserted the leading wires were carried out of each tunnel into the open shaft. Thence they were carried to the level of the ground above by passing the reels on which they were coiled from hand to hand up the steep ladder that led to the surface. The wire, as it unwound, was stretched in a pine wood trough leading to the level of the ground above, and thence to the battery-house. When all had been led out of the mine, Bernard Boyle, the foreman, was ordered to turn on the water in the siphon.

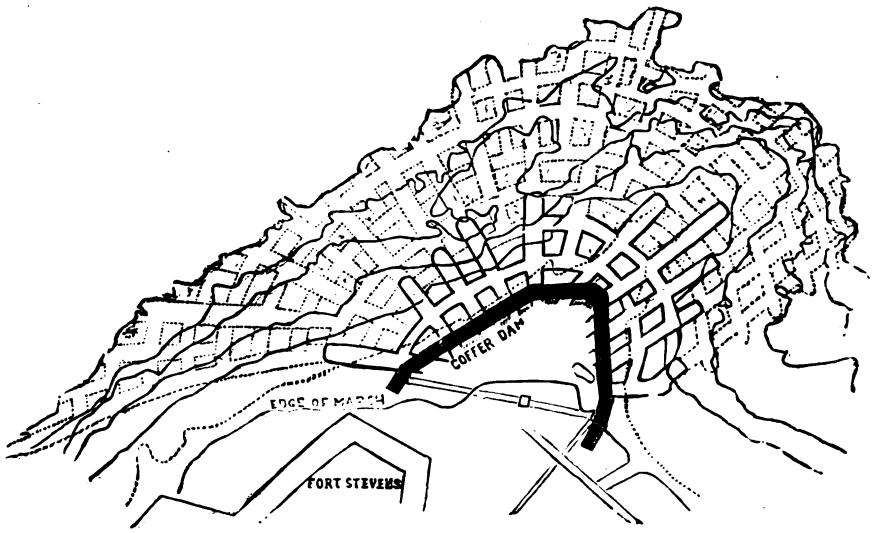
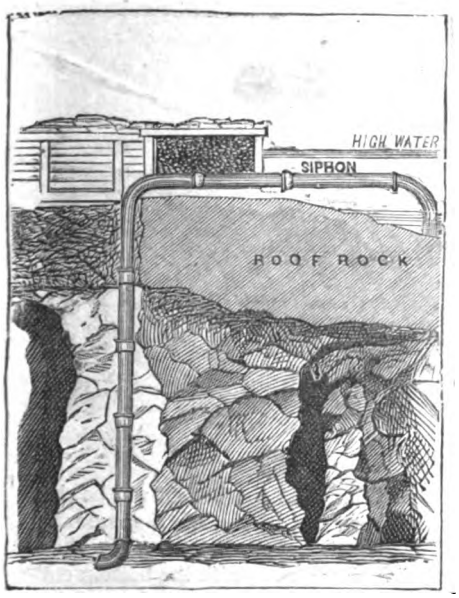


DIAGRAM OF THE AVENUES AND GALLERIES EXCAVATED IN THE ROCK.

When all the other preparations were completed, the operation of filling the workings was accomplished by means of a siphon which was arranged to pass through the coffer-dam and admit the water with an easily regulated flow. We present a diagram of the siphon and its mode of operation. When ready to be used and the tide at the full height the inlet valve was opened on the top of the siphon on which the water at once flowed in and expelled the air from the entire length of the tube. As the tide fell below the level of the top of the tube the flow ceased to depend on gravitation, and assumed the character peculiar to siphonic action. The water was drawn up into the tube by the difference of pressure of the atmosphere on the surface at the short end from that on the water on the long end. This can be expressed by the difference between the weights of the long and the short columns of water, the operation of the siphon being dependent on a disturbance of the equilibrium of pressure.

When the siphon was set in operation the tide was at its height, and as the valve of the siphon was turned the water rushed through it with the velocity of lightning, and, falling upon the floor of the shaft below, boiled in foam down the declivity into the recesses of the tunnel with a sullen roar that reverberated from arch to arch in the deep cavern as if there were a thousand wild beasts drowning in the flood below. The hollow deep roared as if in pain; the workmen assembled around the pit and replied with a shout of exultation.



THE SIPHON FOR FLOODING THE MINE.

The day was theirs; all dangers of the horrible cave with its 52,000 lbs. of deadly explosive had been safely overcome, and they exulted in their triumph, Three cheers were given for General Newton, Captain Mercur, for Barney Boyle, and for Mr. Streidinger, and a final shout was sent up in aspiration for a successful blast. Brief speeches were made by Captain Mercur and by Mr. Streidinger, in response, and the men dispersed after partaking of some refreshments provided for them. Dispatches were sent to Washington declaring the work completed. The water rose 16½ inches in the excavation during the first hour, and by the following afternoon the whole mine was flooded.

Sunday, September 24th, at 2:50 P. M., was fixed for the explosion, unavoidable delays having compelled a postponement, but the dangers, after the charging was complete, requiring prompt action.

At 2:40 the tug-boat *Star* landed at the dock Mrs. General Newton, and her nurse carrying the baby, all under escort of Lieutenant Willard.

The boom of the second gun came across the water, giving warning that but ten minutes remained to complete the work. General Newton and his assistant were seen to descend from the bombproof toward the launch—evidence that the last task, that of connecting the wires, had been accomplished. As the launch left the side of the dam and steamed toward the "firing-point," word was passed that the last man had abandoned the mine, and that everything was ready for the climax. When within a few feet of the shanty, General Newton sprang to the gangway and thence to the shore. Going into the hut, he first unlocked and adjusted the instrument. Then lifting the blue-eyed baby to the table, he said, "Do you know what you are going to do, Mary?"

Boom! broke the report of the third signal-gun upon the air. The moment had arrived. Every member of the little group held his breath as Lieutenant Willard, running out upon the pier, waved a handkerchief for the last signal to Colonel Abbott, and then sprang back inside the hut. The chubby fist of the baby-girl was stretched toward the key amid a silence like that of death. An instant of terrible suspense—two—three; the child had withdrawn her arm in fright at the general hush and looked inquiringly at her father.

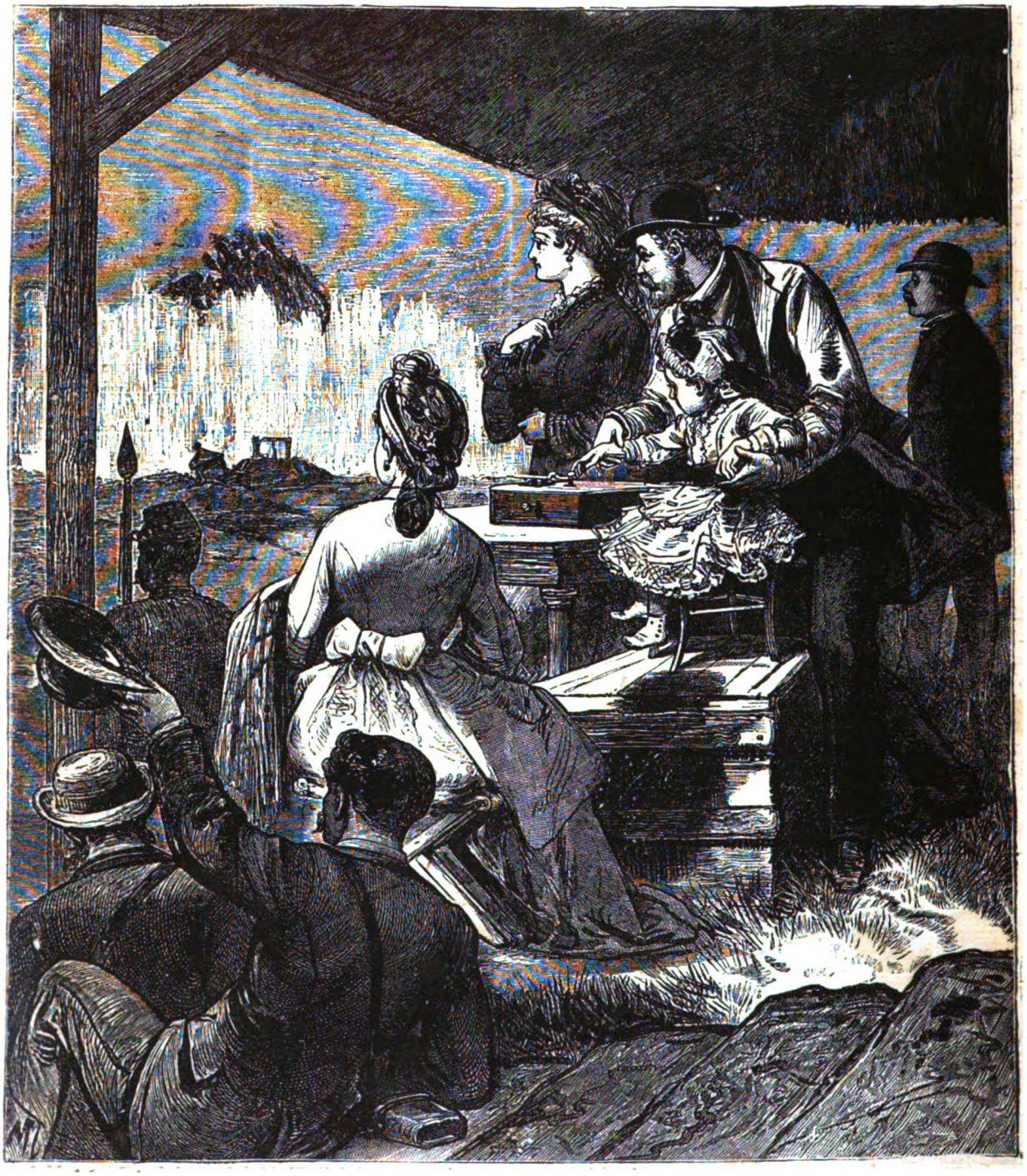
"Now, Mary!" he said, and, seizing the tiny hand, he drew it toward the key. Click! and the mine had exploded, the earth quivered an instant, while a grand crown of water, boiling white at the crest, rose majestically from the mine, while a thunder-clap smote the air. Another convulsion, with jets rising here and there out of the crest—the black

Digitized by Google

mud at the bottom showing now, with masses of rock and timber struggling amid the chaos. Then a second report, duller than the first, rumbled along the water. The next second, and the mass had tumbled foaming to its place, sending a wave circling into the river; and the greatest work of engineering skill had been successfully accomplished.

to ride safely there. The great obstacle was thoroughly and cleanly removed, and Newton's channel became a blessing to vessels.

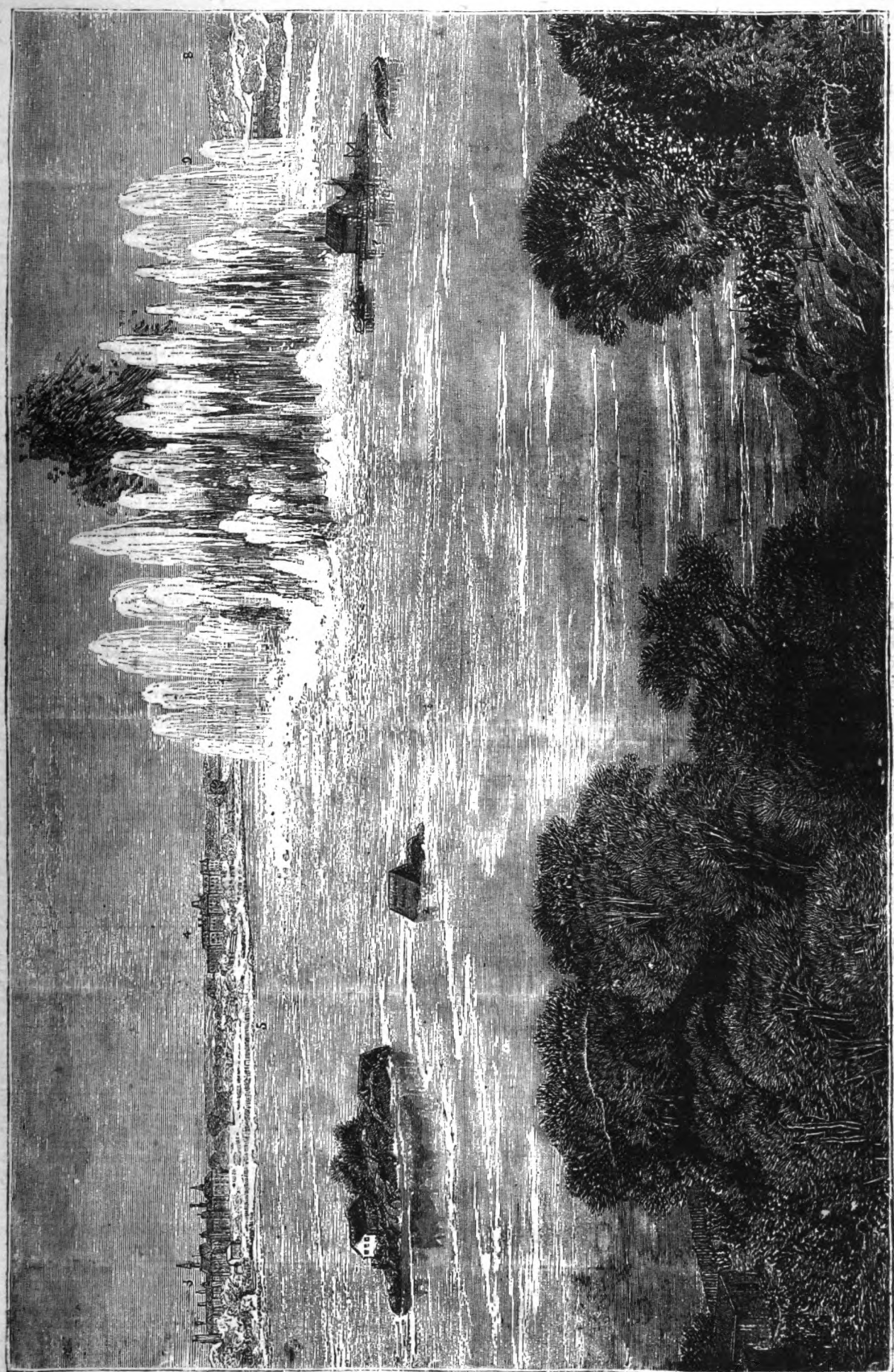
The work of removing the remains of the rock was at once begun, and the patient engineer commenced his labors at Flood Rock and other obstructions, the removal of which will give New York a safe and shorter route to Europe by



THE MINE FIRED BY LITTLE MARY NEWTON.

The result justified all General Newton's forecast. The shock was not felt sensibly at any great distance, and no damage was done to any property either on Long Island or in New York. But the effect on the rock was all that had been desired. The rocky roof and support were broken into small fragments, and the water, even while these remained heaped on the bottom of the river, was so deep as to allow vessels fifty miles, though some think that the benefit will be confined chiefly to the coasting trade. Meanwhile the removing of the exploded rock and clearing of the bottom of the channel are going rapidly on. Even now, with the bottom covered with irregular heaps of stone, the new channel has greatly diminished the dangerous eddies, and gives pilots passing Hallett's Point over 200 feet more room.

Digitized by Google



1. Mill Rock. 2. Little Mill Rock. 3. Lunatic Asylum. 4. Inebriate Asylum. 5. Ward's Island. 6. Government Scow. 7. Flood Rock. 8. Hallett's Point. 9. Bounty's Cove.

HALLETT'S REEF, HELL GATE, BLOWN UP, SEPTEMBER 24, 1876, BY GENERAL NEWTON, U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

AUTOMATIC GAS APPARATUS.

Whenever a waste product makes its appearance in the course of scientific research, immediately many investigators attack it, and decline to leave it alone until some use for it is discovered. Such was the fate of the gasoline, or inflammable ether, that had to be distilled off from petroleum to avoid the danger from explosions in the lamps of innocent consumers. This gasoline was for a long time a drug on the market, and, being very cheap, it was frequently iniquitously used to extend kerosene, thereby rendering that liquid highly explosive. Happily, some one found a way of using it in the manufacture of gas. To make a good illuminating gas without fuel and without distillation was a great boon for the country where there are no gas companies.

By blowing atmospheric air through gasoline it takes up enough of the inflammable vapor to become illuminating, and a very simple contrivance, wound up like a clock, is all that is necessary to complete the operation. The tubing for conveying the gas, the jets, and burners are the same as are commonly in use in cities.

A barrel of gasoline will suffice to carburet several thousand feet of air, and the cost by the thousand cubic feet is much less than the same amount of light could be secured in any other way. In countries where petroleum is abundant, the air-gas is likely to find great favor wherever it is understood.

CENTRIFUGAL FILTERS.

There have been few inventions of late years which have attracted more notice than the centrifugal filters employed in various industries. In the form employed for filtering liquids—the sides of the cylinders are made of fine wire gauze and the liquid to be filtered is poured into the interior. The cylinder is thus made to revolve with great rapidity, and by the action of centrifugal force the contents of the inner vessel are soon thrown out.

In the case of sugar, the outer jacket of water is omitted, and the moisture is removed from the sugar in a few moments.

The same apparatus is now also employed for drying clothes. The linen from the wash is put into the cylinder, and by rapid revolution all moisture is expelled. The water is actually thrown out of the clothes by centrifugal force. The same principle is also employed for the separation of liquids of different densities. Experience has shown that it is necessary to have this form of drying machines made very strong. Several have been known to explode in sugar-houses, causing not a little damage.

SELF-REGISTERING RAIN-GAUGE.

The usual apparatus for measuring the amount of rain consists of a graduated vessel into which the rain either falls or is subsequently poured for measurement. Sometimes the measure runs over in the night or is neglected, and the observation on the quantity is erroneous.

M. Mangon has obviated all difficulty by the insertion of a self-registering apparatus, so constructed that not only the amount of rain is recorded, but the time is also accurately noted.

A piece of paper is made to revolve between two cylinders, and a pencil attached to a plunger makes a diagram of the amount of rain in a permanent form. As the paper is moved by clock-work, the hour of the heaviest and of the lightest rain is noted, as well as the quantity. It is not unlike an instrument invented for a like purpose by Mr. Daniel Draper, of the Central Park Observatory, New York.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Artificial Ivory.—A sort of artificial ivory, which can be carved or molded, is prepared in Berlin, by mixing phosphate of lime entimately with gutta-percha.

Depth of the Pacific.—Professor Wyville Thomson reports that between Hawaii and Tahiti the depth of the Pacific ranged between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms, with one exception of 1,525 fathoms, and has a mean of 2,600. The bottom is mainly red clay, and the fauna is very meagre.

Ozone for Disinfecting.—A convenient mixture for evolving ozone can be made by taking equal parts of binoxide of manganese, permanganate of potash, and oxalic acid. When this mixture of the dry substances is projected into water, ozone is quickly generated. For a room of moderate size, two spoonfuls of this powder, placed in a dish and occasionally diluted with water, would be sufficient. The ozone disinfects the surrounding air without producing coughing.

Novel Mode of Church-Warming.—The Cathedral at Baden-Baden is warmed in Winter by the water from the hot mineral springs in the immediate neighborhood. In the Summer, these springs are visited by invalids in search of health; in Winter the water from them is led by copper piping beneath the flooring of the cathedral, and distributed as in ordinary systems of hot-water warming. A constant temperature of about 76 deg. Fah. is thus kept up without expense. The piping was put in last Summer.

Printers' Ink from Gas-wells.—A burning well at Cumberland, Ohio, is utilized in the manufacture of lamp-black by allowing the gas to burn against soap-stone plates, on which the carbon is deposited in the form of soot. By a neat mechanical arrangement, the soot is scraped off and deposited in large tin boxes about three feet long, a foot and a half wide, and a foot and a half deep. Scrapers are passed along the soap-stone plates every twenty minutes, and the boxes are filled on their fourth passage. A fine black carbon is thus procured.

Crooke's Radiometer.—Very much has appeared in the scientific journals in reference to the supposed mechanical action of light. In order to show this action, Dr. Crookes, of London, has invented an instrument shown in the cut which he calls a radiometer. Pith-balls are suspended on a needle-point, so as to encounter the least possible friction, and they are mounted in a receiver from which the air is nearly exhausted. One side of the pith is blackened and the other left in its natural condition. If a ray of light be allowed to impinge upon the blackened pith, a sort of repulsion takes place, and the vane begins to revolve with great rapidity and considerable force. Dr. Crookes is disposed to call this the mechanical action of light, while other physicists take the ground that the absorption of heat by the blackened surface occasions expansion, and that it is the mechanical action of heat, and not light, that causes the instrument to revolve. In the meantime the doctors disagree, and we must wait further experiments.



CROOKES'S RADIOMETER.

The Keely Motor.—The *Scientific American* loses no opportunity to proclaim the true character of the Keely motor. It turns out to be the perpetual motion in disguise. Water is vaporized mechanically, without the aid of heat, and the expense of fuel is thus saved. This water, after it has performed its allotted work upon the engine, is recondensed into its former state, and again becoming vaporized, starts anew upon its mission of mighty power. Five gallons of water is sufficient for an engine of 100-horse power, and this amount once supplied, there is no further expense beyond the wear and tear of machinery. Such is the extraordinary claim of the Keely motor, in which only believers in the perpetual motion will put any faith, and they, of course, are ready to believe anything.

Memoir of Caroline Herschel.—After the death of her illustrious brother, Sir William Herschel, in 1822, Caroline Herschel returned to her native town of Hanover, Germany. She was already seventy-two years of age, and, considering her days as numbered, she wished to go home to die. But she was spared many years (1822 to 1848), and while she lived kept up an active correspondence with her nephew, Sir John F. W. Herschel and other astronomers of the world. This correspondence, which has now been published, affords an interesting picture of the pure scientific world in which she moved. If she had remained in England we should not have had these letters, and this is the compensation for the loss of the more active scientific life she would have had if she had remained in England. It is a most interesting biography.

A NEW TEST FOR BORACIC ACID.—Mr. M. W. Iles, assistant in the qualitative laboratory of the School of Mines of Columbia College, while making some researches in nickel and cobalt, was led, on the suggestion of Professor Joy, to try the action of glycerine in modifying the ordinary results obtained with these metals. Mr. Iles was surprised to find that when nickel and cobalt on a borax bead were dipped in glycerine and gently heated, a fine green color made its appearance. As this color could hardly be supposed to come from such non-volatile metals as nickel and cobalt, the experiment was repeated with borax and glycerine alone, when the same phenomenon made its appearance, and the conclusion was arrived at that the color must have come from the boracic acid. As soon as this important reaction was discovered, Mr. Iles at once proceeded to test its efficacy with minerals known to contain small quantities of boracic acid, and always with the most satisfactory results. Datholite, finely pulverized and previously partially decomposed by sulphuric acid, readily yielded the green color on a bead with glycerine—also tourmaline and boro-natro-calcite. The test was applied to a series of borates, always with the same success; and in some instances where the presence of boracic acid was not revealed by the ordinary methods, it was at once discovered by the new test. When a borax bead, previously dipped in glycerine, is burned in a Bunsen burner before the slit of a spectroscope, the characteristic four green bands of the boron spectrum are at once brought out in all their perfection. The presence of copper and barium salts are found not to mask the action of glycerine on borax. A comparison of the new test with the results to be obtained with Turner's test; with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and with turmeric paper, showed incontestably that glycerine applied in the manner previously described affords a more delicate reaction than any method hitherto discovered by chemists. The simplicity of it, the cheapness of the material, and the ease with which it can be applied, are greatly in its favor. It is an important contribution to the flame reactions of Professor Bunsen, and will be highty prized wherever it is known.

PHOTOGALVANOGRAPHY.—Joseph Leipold proposes the following method of taking an electrotype directly from a photographic print: A plate of white glass is coated as even as possible with a mixture of 15 grs. of gum (Cox gelatin?) dissolved in 3 ozs. of water, 2 grs of bichromo dissolved in 1½ grs. of water, 1 gr. of silver nitrate dissolved in 1¼ oz. of water, and ½ gr. potassium iodide dissolved in 1 oz. of water; add a little glacial acetic acid to the mixture. The sensitive plate should be dried at 36 deg. C. for some hours, and then exposed to the air in a dark room. The plate is exposed in the printing frame 3 to 5 hours in diffused light. Develop with 15 parts water mixed with 1 part alcohol. A cast is taken with a mixture of 425 parts spermaceti, 200 parts stearic acid, 170 white wax, 70 asphalt, and 70 graphite. The cast is brushed with a soft hair pencil to remove irregularities, and then dusted over with finely powdered graphite, and an electrotype taken in the usual way.

POWERFUL ANTISEPTIC FROM SALICYLIC ACID AND BORAX.—Salicylic acid combined with boracic acid as an antiseptic is more powerful than when used alone. If 6.9 parts salicylic acid are dissolved by boiling in 100 parts water; 2 89 parts bi-carbonate of soda added, and after the effervescence has ceased, 3.58 parts boracic, stirred in, a solution is obtained which causes no precipitate. Such a proportion possesses antiseptic properties in the highest degree, and can be largely diluted for most purposes. Soda can be dispensed with by taking 1.5 parts salicylic acid, 3.6 boracic acid, and 100 parts water. As this is not a poisonous mixture, its use can be advantageously extended to the preservation of many articles of diet, as well as to stop the fermentation of cider and milk.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1878.—The commission having in charge this important enterprise have issued proposals for the buildings, and have agreed upon a system of classification. They have divided all of the products and objects to be shown into twenty groups. 1. Fine Arts; 2. Education; 3. Mining; 4. Chemistry; 5. Leather and Furs; 6. Textile Products; 7. Clothing; 8. Pottery; 9. Furniture; 10. Jewelry; 11. Instruments of Precision; 12. Photography; 13. Engineering; 14. War and Marine; 15. Sanitary; 16. Food; 17. Machines; 18. Agriculture; 19. Horticulture; 20. Inventions for the Improvement of Mankind.

SODA LAKES.—Mr. Pontey, geologist of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, describes two soda lakes in Wyoming Territory, the largest of which covers about 200 acres. The other covers about 3½ acres, and during the greater part of the year it is a concrete mass of carbonate of soda crystals. The soda is nearly all carbonate, and in quality it is said to be fully equal to the imported article. Already companies have been organized for the working of this new source of soda.

THE MAKING OF DOCTORS.—Germany, with a population of 42,000,000, last year graduated 660 physicians, rejecting 180 applicants. In the same time the United States, with a population of 40,000,000, graduated 3,000 physicians, and remorselessly turned them loose upon the community. In this country the supply is likely soon to exceed the demand.

MINING IN ALGIERS.—About one-fifth of the total mining product of France is obtained from Algiers. The Aures Mountains teem with mineral wealth, which has yet to be developed. The French Consul visited them last year, and reports not a single European to be found there.

DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY BY INSECTS.—Dr. C. V. Riley, of St. Louis, estimates the loss of property in the United States caused by insects at $100,000,000 per annum. The chief depredators are the cotton worm, the locust, the phylloxera, the moth, and silk parasite.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

MEN OF MARK.—Branded felons.

SHORT OF CHANGE.—The man with but one shirt.

CARPETS are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

THE chief use of an old bachelor is to count one in the census.

ANOTHER St. Patrick is wanted in Ireland, as a snake has been discovered in County Wicklow.

CON. FROM CONNAUGHT.—Av ye plaze, sorr, when ought a monk to sit by a fire? Shure, when he's cowl'd.

PITY the weakness of the proud young man who boasted that he was the teacher of a Sunday-school class of young ladies, every one of whom wore six-buttoned kid gloves. Also pity the young ladies.

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.—"She makes all the conquests she desires," said a gentleman of a reigning belle to a lady. "True," was the sharp response, "but she'd give all her slaves for one master."

"AUNT JULIA," said a blooming girl of seventeen, "what is necessary in order to write a good love-letter?"—"Well," replied the aunt, "you must begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written."

"I DON'T see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared that he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow."

THE TENDER MERCIES OF WOMAN.—*Husband:* "My dear, why are you making such an elaborate toilet? Now that you are married you need not dress to please the men." *Wife:* "I don't dress to please the men, my dear, but to worry other women."

A LITTLE boy said at the breakfast-table, "Pa, I want some milk." "Is that the way to ask for anything?" inquired the aggrieved parent. The child hung his head. "How have you been told to ask?" was the next inquiry. "Pa," said the young extenuator, in a subdued voice, "it makes my throat sore to say 'Please.'"

NOT PARTICULAR TO A HUNDRED OR TWO.—Old people are notoriously vain of their age. There is a story of a very venerable crone, the inmate of a poorhouse in Scotland, who, on being asked how old she was, exclaimed, with evident feeling, "I dinna ken, but I'm a thousan' at ony rate."

OF A KIDNEY.—*Bill:* "Well, Jacob, I never could understand how you got off that 'ere tatur stealin'. The case were as clear as a bell agin you." *Jacob:* "I doan't think as I should 'a got off, not even 'ere, Bill; but doan't 'ee see, every one o' them same jurymen had 'ad some o' them same taturs!"

A LAWYER meeting a client who, being under indictment for grand larceny, was about to run away, said, "Don't be hasty; I'll get a stay of proceedings for you." "But I don't want my proceedings to be stayed," replied the client; "I want to proceed out of the country as soon as possible."

A CONNECTICUT peddler, calling upon an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him any road that no peddler had ever traveled? "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, that no peddler has traveled" (the peddler's countenance brightened); "and that's the road to heaven."

AN ANGLER'S PATIENCE.—A person, late on Saturday afternoon, hailed an elderly gentleman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with "Hallo, there! Got anything?"—"Of course not; I only came here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

"HOW IS one to get rid of poor relations?" asked a New York millionaire of a friend. "I declare," he continued, "if they're not just like my fits of the gout; the oftener they come the longer they stay." "Well, then," responded the friend, "you should resort to the same means of getting rid of them—thin diet!"

HARDLY COMPLIMENTARY TO AUNTY.—A maiden lady said to her little nephew, "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed, "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

AN IRISH DISCUSSION.—A contractor who was building a tunnel on a certain railroad observed one morning that the face of a member of his gang was disfigured with bruises and plasters. "Hallo, Jimmy," said he, "what have you been doin'?"—"Not varey much, sorr," answered Jimmy. "I was jist down at Bill Mulligan's last night, sorr, an' him an' me had a bit av a discooshen wid sticks!"

VIEWING IT DIFFERENTLY.—An old pioneer, who believed that "what was to be would be," lived in a region infested by Indians. He always took his gun with him; and once, finding that some of his family had borrowed it, he would not go without it. His friends rallied him, saying that there was no danger of the Indians, as anyhow he would not die till his time came. "Yes," said old Leatherstocking, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time was come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."

Digitized by Google



LANDSCAPE AND ANIMALS.—FROM A PAINTING BY TROYON.

TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed: "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."



THE CONVENT GARDEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY CURZON.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS GREENS.

Digitized by Google

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR
MONTHLY.

VOL. II.—No. 6. DECEMBER, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

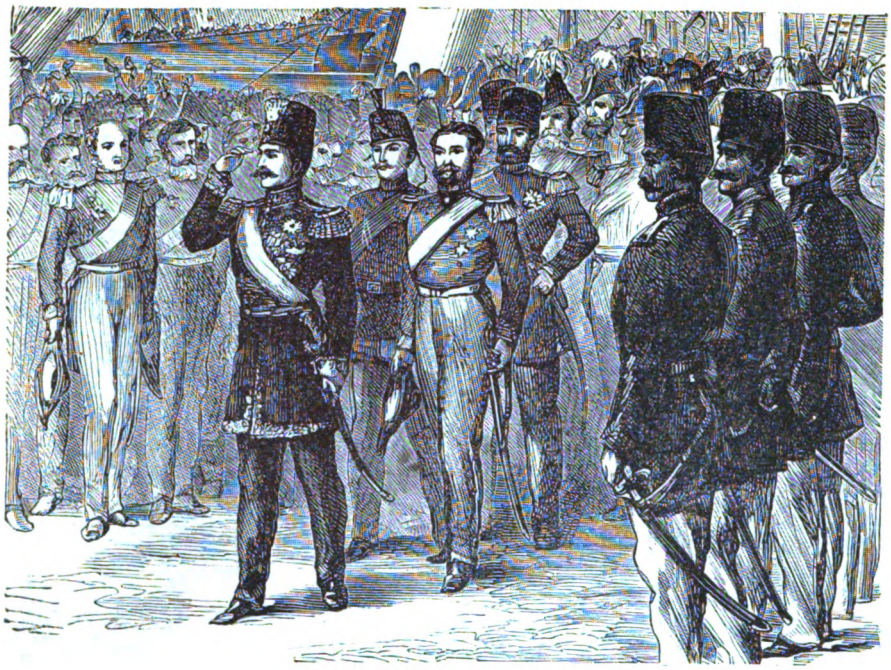
RECEPTION OF ROYAL PERSONAGES AND OF ENVOYS IN ENGLAND.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S VISIT TO ENGLAND—QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING HIS HIGHNESS AT THE SOVEREIGN'S ENTRANCE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

Digitized by Google



THE SHAH LANDING AT DOVER.

RECEPTION OF ROYAL PERSONAGES AND OF ENVOYS IN ENGLAND.

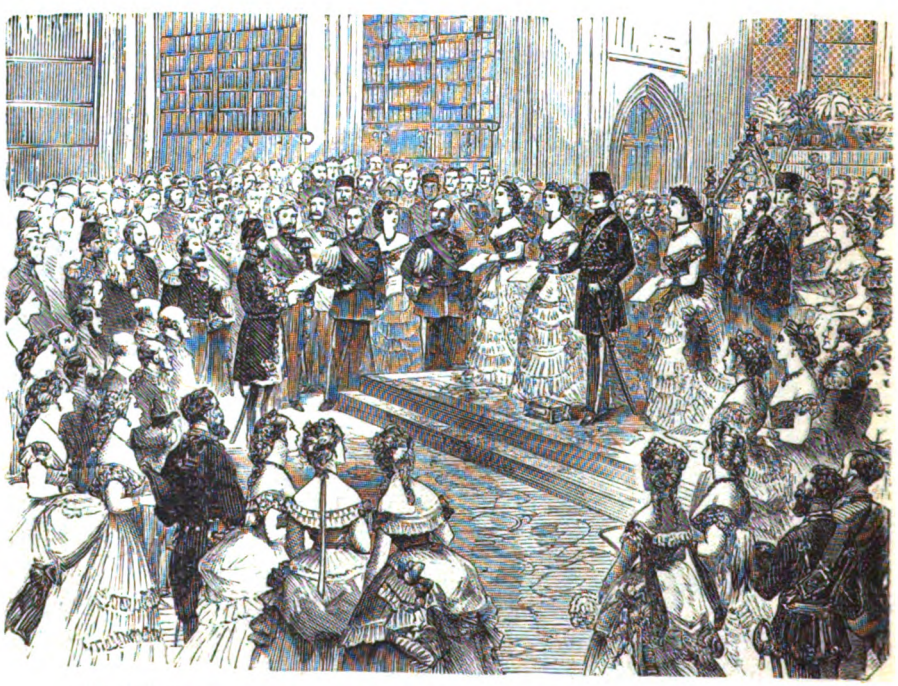
THIS is not the day of magnificent pageants, or of meetings of the Field of the Cloth of Gold; sovereigns prefer to go *incog.*, whenever it is possible to do so, and to put themselves on the social level of simple gentlemen. And yet there remains a very substantial show of conventional splendor, and kings are obliged still to submit, upon occasions, to very tiresome restrictions.

Of late years, England has turned her attention mostly to Oriental guests; and the contrast, to these grave, absolute monarchs, between the magnificence of their own common surroundings and the picturesque servility of their subjects and attendants, and the labored splendor and badly concealed "free-and-easy" style of European receptions, must be very striking.

If it were not for the remains of our Old World costumes—our antiquated stateliness of etiquette, our clinging to obsolete fashions representing things whose spirit has changed, our fortunate æsthetic conservatism, in a word—the Oriental would be shocked beyond measure by our modern life. To eyes, however, used rather to the everyday unobtrusiveness of royalty than to the occasional Court and city pageants, which the younger performers in them secretly vote a "bore," the gala-days in honor of Eastern and other sovereigns were really a splendid sight. Of course there is a good deal of repetition in these things, but to the newcomer, and to the object of royal and civic hospitality, this naturally does not occur.

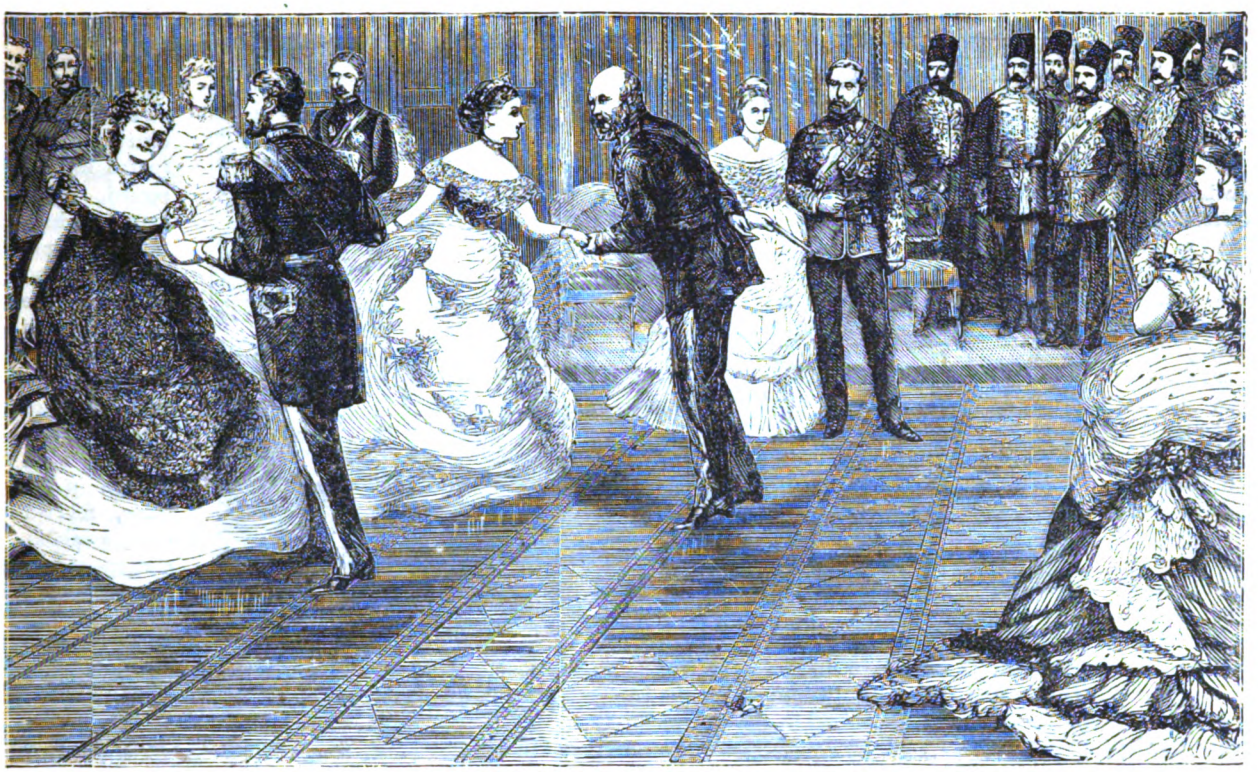
At one time there was an outcry made against the shabbiness of English public hospitality as contrasted with the princely reception of even common subjects by Eastern sovereigns, and there was some foundation for this outcry. I believe it was the Khédive of Egypt to whom Lord Dudley offered the use of his house and servants during his stay in England some seven or eight years ago, because no royal palace had been placed, as was expected, at his disposal. One constantly hears of foreign potentates or ambassadors being at such and such a hotel, which scarcely sounds dignified, and which, in a lower rank of life, putting the respective relations of the guest and host in the light, say, of sportsman visiting sportsman, would never occur. But of late years this has been remedied to some degree, and the Queen herself has taken part in the entertainments given to foreign princes. The late Sultan, Abdul-Aziz, had one of the most magnificent and lengthened receptions ever known. This was in 1867.

Some of the royal family generally go down to Dover, or Portsmouth, or wherever the guest lands, to receive him; and the mayor of the town, the military, or any person in authority in the place, go there too, in uniform or official garb. There is an abundance of music, flags, triumphal arches, etc. The first impression is one of gayety, prosperity, excitement; the next is probably one of wonder, as the Eastern sovereign takes his place in the London train. Sometimes a royal car is brought down on purpose for him, sometimes only a saloon carriage, and the foreigner sees the train at its best. The hurry of the London streets, the bustle



THE SHAH REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

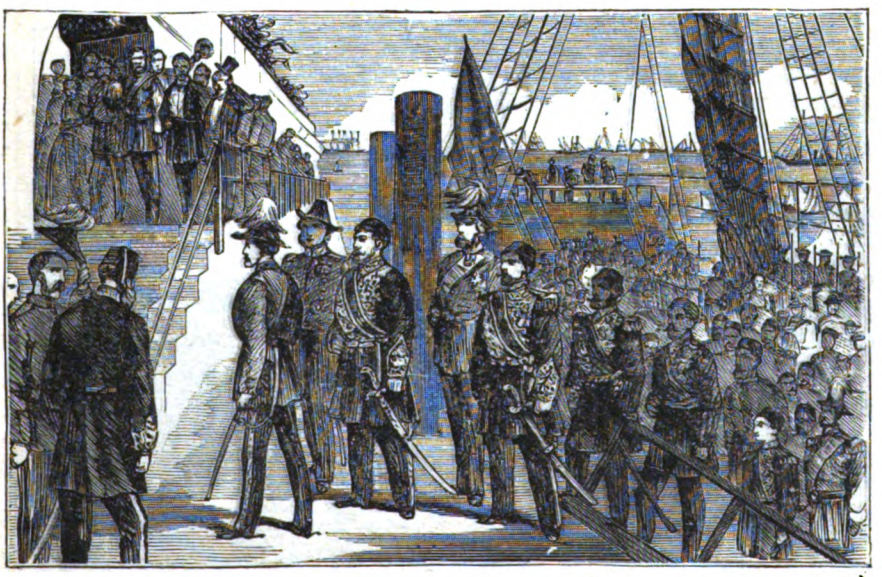
Digitized by Google



THE STATE BALL GIVEN TO THE SHAH AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—A ROYAL QUADRILLE.

and crowd, must make him feel dizzy, and of course the prominence of unvailed women is strange to him. He need expect no truce to entertainments as long as he is in the country; if he came to see and admire and imitate, he certainly has ample opportunity; if he came to talk over matters of state, his object must be difficult to attain amid the whirl of amusement. It is generally whispered that the royal victim is wearied, and often made ill, by this perpetual and officious attention; indeed, he often, and sometimes his hosts, looks bored and fagged.

The inevitable visit to Guildhall is usually one of the most conspicuous occasions of festivity. If anything European is still stately and splendid, it is such a reception as this. There is something familiar in a review, something common and unpoetic in a royal banquet or ball, but at the Guildhall everything becomes transfigured in the light of the past. This sultan might almost be Saladin; this lord mayor, Sir William Walworth, of the Fishmongers' Company, or John, of Northampton, the turbulent draper, or any other of the mediæval mayors whose power was so great that they could close the gates and the passes of the city against the king. The rich crimson cloth and velvet robe, the broad, sparkling gold chain over the ermine tippet, that distinguish the lord mayor, accord better with one's recollections of Scott's novels than with the prosaic British *pater-familias* whose person is concealed under this mediæval grandeur. You forget the trim, stiff white collar, dress-coat, and tight trowsers of to-day, in the wealth of beautiful costumes, the dark-red cloth robes of aldermen and others with tall, white wands, the picturesque dresses of underlings and servants of the city companies, the plumes and gilding of the still rather old-fashioned English uniforms, amid which those of one of the volunteer regiments seem quite American in their plainness; the heavy carved paneling, the queer, historic giants, Gog and Magog, the musicians' gallery, high up behind a sculptured grating, the troops of be-wigged, be-powdered footmen of the guests, the masses of exotics, and, rarer still, the masses of gold and silver plate accumulated by the city for seven or eight hundred years.

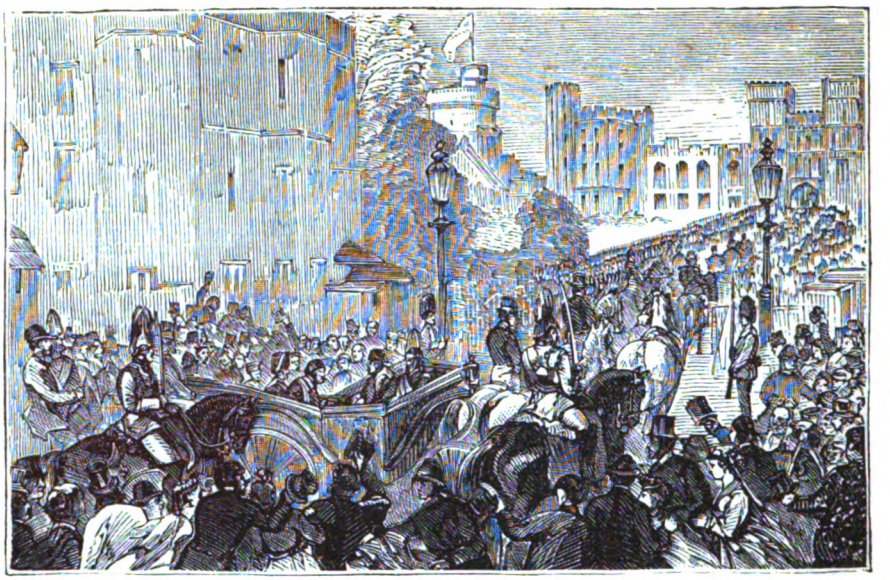


VISIT OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY TO ENGLAND—HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY LANDING AT DOVER.

I can imagine nothing more perfect, artistically speaking, than these Guildhall *fêtes*, but still, since they are but man-made

Digitized by Google

there must be flaws, and here, as in general, the toilets of the women are a drawback. The inherent bad taste of the ordinary Englishwoman is here fully displayed; the most inharmonious colors, the most exaggerated shapes, the most unbecoming head-dresses, abound. Nor is it much better at the royal balls: the absurd conventionalism of dress in England spoils all. Old women, with bare necks and arms, remind you of the Fates, and the respect due to age is destroyed by the evident homage that age unduly pays to fashion. Hideous erections of heavy velvet and feathers conceal the scanty hair, and press upon the forehead; and young women have corresponding flaws in their dress which the peach-like complexions and golden hair that so attracted the Eastern sovereigns can hardly excuse in the eyes of an artist.



VISIT OF THE SULTAN TO HER MAJESTY, AT WINDSOR, ENGLAND.

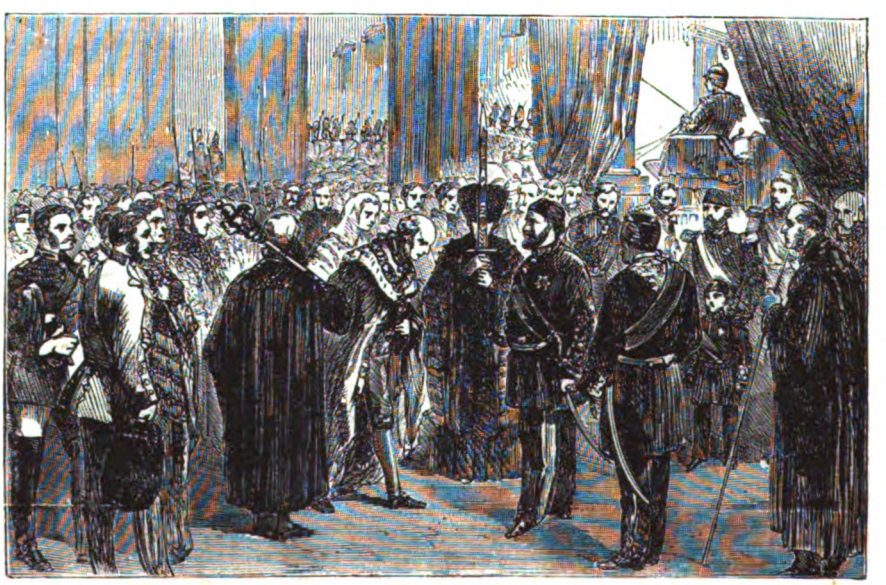
Pity that there remains no national or traditional costume for the wives of officials, as in Hungary, where the ladies wear the old costume at court; or in Rome, where the rule was for all women to wear black, with a vail over the head, when gathered either for religious or secular purposes at the Vatican. The best show of court dresses in England is at a "drawing-room," when the Court is in half-mourning, and nothing but black, white, gray, violet, lavender and lilac is allowed. Then, indeed, the eye may be pleased.

The Guildhall entertainment to the Sultan consisted of the presentation of an address and the freedom of the city in a gold box of beautiful workmanship, a concert of an hour's duration, a supper, and a ball. The Sultan led the Lady Mayoress in to supper, and the Lord Mayor the Turkish Ambassador's eldest daughter. The latter and her sisters figured on this occasion as the daughters of a sovereign.

The next great *fête* was given at the new India Office, in Downing Street, and was in all respects the very opposite of the city reception. Here all was light, airy, flowery, arabesquy, modern. The courtyard was roofed in, and served as a dancing-hall, while the galleries around were like the boxes of an immense theatre. Shrubs and flowers of rare color and leafage, and foreign perfume, filled every available corner—it was fairy-like, but not magnificent. This was simply a ball and supper. The visit to old Windsor, on the other hand, was stately enough.

Once "the Turk" was never mentioned but as the "infidel," and the enemy of all true knights; now his standard hangs among those of the Knights of the Garter in St. George's Chapel. Knighthood is but the shell of its former self, a barren, complimentary gift, attached rather to high rank than to high merit; not the grand old reality it was in the days when Money was not yet king.

A more modern scene was the naval review, when the Sultan embarked at Portsmouth, on board a barge manned by twelve British tars, in full dress, with "oars presented," and was rowed out toward the royal yacht, whence he saw the great old men-of-war, with the yards all manned, a sham fight, the trial of modern guns, the show of ironclads and monitors, and examined the engines, decks, and other curiosities of a British ship. A peaceful contrast to this were the fountains and fireworks at the Crystal Palace. Sydenham is always at hand for a day's amusement of a royal guest, and well worth seeing it is. The play of the huge fountains (for half an hour costing £300) rivals Versailles, and it is said the occasional fireworks rival Italy.



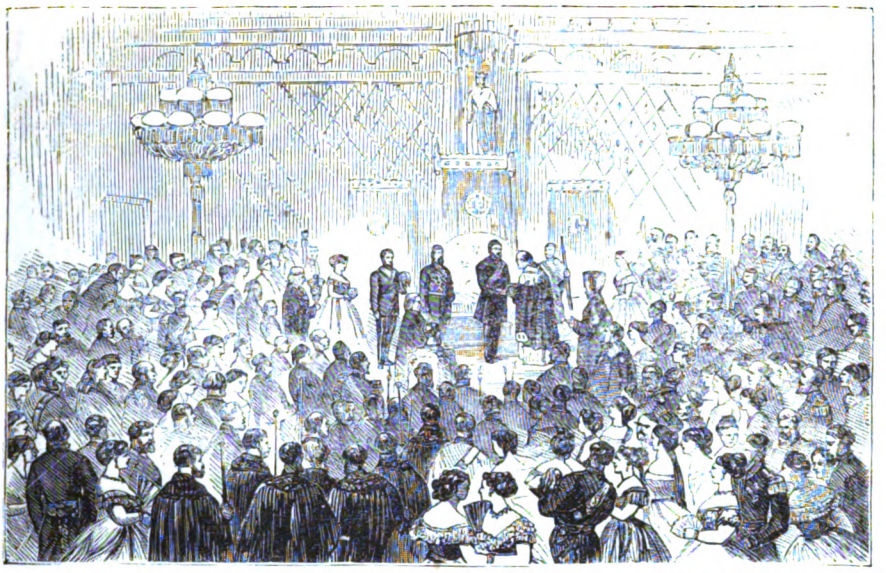
RECEPTION OF THE SULTAN AT GUILDHALL, LONDON.

About the same time as the Sultan, the Khédive, his nominal vassal, also visited London. I think he had been there once before, and has again, since. A military review was held at Windsor for him; and as he came ready to learn all European ways, and to improve, on their model, his own institutions, he was

Digitized by Google

an attentive and interested spectator.

Perhaps the mere festivities were less pleasant to him, but he had to submit to them, both from sovereign and subject. The Duke of Sutherland entertained him at Stafford House, which is among the few London residences that deserve to be called palaces. It is a modern, Italian-looking house, with a wide hall, and easy, double stairway, leading to saloons and galleries, reminding you of Venetian and Genoese life in the Middle Ages. As usual in English decorations, hot-house plants filled every space not devoted to moving about.



PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON TO THE SULTAN, AT GUILDHALL.

A band occupied one side of the lower steps, hosts of gorgeously-liveried servants stood around, while the Duke in plain evening-dress, and the Duchess in elaborate Parisian toilet, received the Viceroy with the honors due to a sovereign.

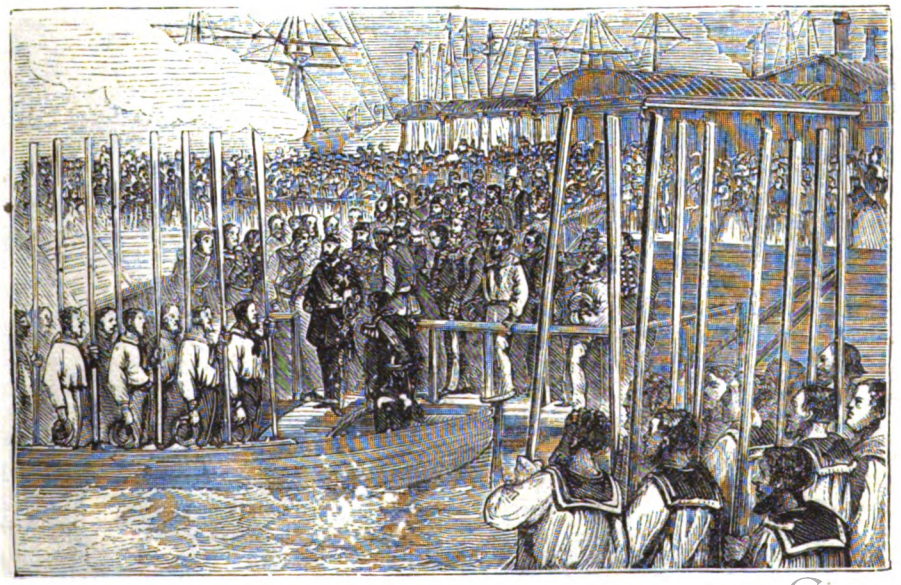
In the identical place, the republican, Garibaldi, in his simple red shirt and muddy trowsers, as rough as any typical Western miner, had received, a few years before, the same honors from the enthusiastic Duke.

It becomes difficult to make these descriptions interesting; they are so like one another. The Guildhall *fête*, freedom of the city, and gold box included, were repeated for the Khédive of Egypt, as they have since been for the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Zanzibar, and also, no doubt, for the King of the Sandwich Islands. There seems to be little of a drawing of the line; and just as the English magnify an Abyssinian or an Ashantee war to the line of a serious campaign, so they exalt every strange kingling (and the stranger, the more royally exalted) into a mighty monarch, capable of doing England in his own country, cabalistic harm or good. Thus even Sir Salar Jung, the envoy of a prince no higher than many a small German sovereign, has been received with such exaggerated honors as to make a foreigner wonder at what price England holds her dukes and earls, landholders of half a county, and descended from chieftains whose antiquity shames that of the English royal family.

Concerning what etiquette is usual at the private reception of a sovereign by the Queen, it is said that even the number of steps she advances to greet her guest, and the precise spot, whether head or foot of the stairs, is regulated by time-honored precedents.

The first reception of the Emperor of the French puzzled the Court heralds a good deal. Could he be called "my cousin"? could he step into the august circle of hereditary royalty on equal footing, he who had even failed to make his heir of royal birth, at least on one side? And then he had been so well known in England; as the writer, the adventurer, people had laughed at him and pitied him, and some had been kind to him, with that kindness that unconsciously involves a sense of superiority, and of the harmlessness of the recipient. The Queen herself had a strong prejudice against him, and against his wife. But it was necessary, diplomatically, that cordial relations should be established, and the pill was swallowed. Before she knew it, she was conquered by the irresistible spell which his worst enemies could not be blind to when in his presence, and ever afterwards the friendship between the two sovereigns was as real as apparent.

The Empress, too, won the Queen's heart, and now that a common sorrow has made her more than ever a friend, there is no intercourse truer and more comforting than that between these royal widows.



EMBARKATION OF THE SULTAN AT CLARENCE YARD, PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, FOR THE NAVAL REVIEW.

The first time the Czar Nicholas of Russia visited England, twenty years at least before the Crimean war, it is said that instead of sleeping in the gorgeous curtained bed provided for him,

Google



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA'S VISIT TO ENGLAND—DEBARKATION AT DOVER.

he had his own camp-bed set up, and used that all the time; while nothing could induce his personal attendant, a gigantic Cossack, to give up sleeping on the mat outside his master's door.

The present Czar's visits, from his near relationship to the royal family, are less formal than those of his predecessor, but fashion requires that these occasions shall be not quite a family gathering.

Reviews are a matter of course, and, probably, to these sovereigns, are really interesting, but to the ladies of their families these military displays must be very irksome. The place chosen for this one was Aldershot, where the rush up-hill of the artillery formed a grand feature. Shall we call the banquet in St. George's Hall, Windsor, a softer pleasure? That unique music of the bag-pipes, discordant as it is to unaccustomed ears, and utterly unsuited to a room, however large, has anything but a sybaritish tendency It brings to mind, rather, the banquets of the days when rushes strewed the floor, and the lord, his retainers, knights, squires, pages, and servants all sat together at one long board, removable at will and hoisted upon common trestles, than the French dinners and fastidious exclusiveness of a modern court.



SCOTCH MUSIC AT THE ROYAL BANQUET TO THE CZAR, IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR CASTLE.

But the British Islands are the very home of conservatism, a museum of living or fossil antiquities, and so the same old custom that the Bruce encouraged is kept up in these days, both at court, at the "mess" of Scotch regiments, and often at the private meals of Scotch landholders.

The music is indescribable, certainly not agreeable, but very characteristic, with a flavor of the wild moors and mountains, and the piper's costume is picturesque in the extreme. Add to this, the antiquity of the traditional strains, and the associations connected with these national airs, and you will not wonder that every one who has heard them should be glad of the curious experience.

The journey of the Shah of Persia, three years nd his subsequently published diary, were interesting fact of his coming, like the Khédive, to learn and i Western ways. How such transplanted civilization will work, unless very judiciously adapted to Eastern manners, is still a question, but we should never forget, as we are apt to do, that three or four of the most brilliant periods of civilization belong to Eastern races: for instance, the Assyrian supremacy; the Phœnician, with its daring and extended commerce; the glorious if short-lived period of

Digitized by Google

Solomon's magnificence; the Caliphate of Bagdad, and the rule of the Arabs in Spain. Persia was at one time no contemptible rival to her neighbors in literature, manufactures, and commerce, but what has kept her down has chiefly been the form of her government, at the time when the impatient West was fighting against restraints, and breaking bonds at every step.

The Shah, like the rest of the Oriental visitors, wore a most European-looking uniform, only his Astrachan cap and dark complexion marking any difference between him and a European.

The landing at Dover was gorgeous, chiefly in a military way, and once in London, the same round of festivities described before took place. The Lord Mayor entertained him at Guildhall, and gave him the freedom of the city, and a supper at which oriental splendor was nearly successfully rivaled; the Court gave him a state ball at Buckingham Palace, in those spacious yet commonplace saloons whose monstrous decoration shows the decline of taste from the days of Elizabeth to those of Victoria, and the Royal family danced before him—unlike Queen Vashti—showing him that peculiarly European phase of an enjoyment of which a Turkish ambassador once wisely remarked, "that he wondered people cared to undertake such violent exercise themselves, when they could afford to hire others to do it for them."

The Queen received the Persian monarch at Windsor, at what is called the Sovereigns' Entrance, and they shook hands in English fashion. He looked always melancholy, reserved, and grave; but with a courtesy that no European can boast of, he, like all Eastern people, at once fell into the habits of the country, and never showed that vulgar surprise, mixed with lurking contempt, which distinguishes the British, and not seldom the American, tourist, when he comes across customs opposite to his own.

More interesting than the royal visits were the Shah's visits to factories and mills. It is this kind of thing that he wishes to have in his own country, those marvels of steam and fire that he looks at with more admiring eyes than the faint English counterpart of a gorgeousness which in its perfection is an everyday sight in his court. He sees and understands that this growing, filthy, unlovely town of Manchester coins more gold than he can spend in a year—this is the translation into reality of the fable of gnomes and dwarfs forging precious metals in the bowels of the earth; this whirr of machinery, and smell of oil and gas, and crowds of dirty, sturdy, shouting men and women, who are greeting him in their rude way, so unlike the awed silence and averted faces of his subjects at home—this, then, is the source and shell of the riches he sees in London, the stateliness of Court and Mansion House, and this quiet, plainly-dressed, gentlemanlike man, who shows him over the Egerton Cotton Mills, is practically a prince over this crowded population.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, of all the Oriental guests of the nation, was the most oriental in outward appearance. It seems he never put on the tight trowsers and closely-fitting uniform of Western cut, but always wore his beautiful, flowing robes, a scimetar hanging from his girdle, and the time-honored turban. As a diversion from the ordinary landings of sovereigns, he landed at Westminister



THE REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT BEFORE THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY—A RUSH UP-HILL.

Digitized by Google



THE REVIEW AT WINDSOR, ENGLAND, IN HONOR OF THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT—THE ROYAL CARRIAGE.

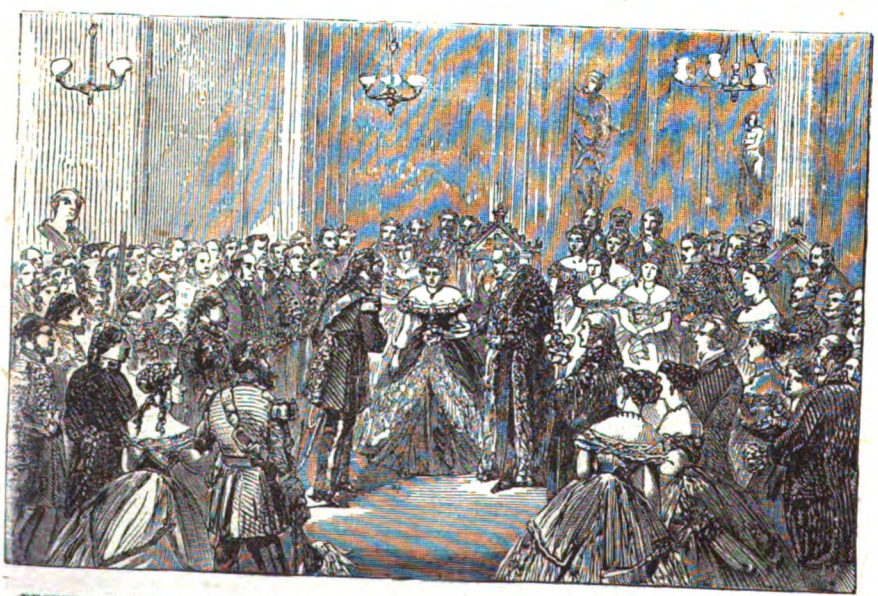
of the reach of the majority, so that these shows and processions really fill the place of the Roman games, though it is not so clear what takes the place of the "bread" which the Roman populace so loudly, yet good-humoredly, called for.

The Sultan of Zanzibar visited, among other wonders, some of the famous factories at Birmingham, and also attended a pleasant garden-party near London, given him by Lady Frere, the wife of the traveler and explorer, Sir Bartle Frere. This was at Wressil Lodge, Wimbledon, a pretty London suburb. The Lodge was made gay with tents, flowers, streamers, flags and music, not to mention an elaborate breakfast or luncheon. At Palace stairs, having come up the Thames where, thanks to the new embankment and a few other recent improvements, the scene he saw was less likely than it would have been a few years ago to remind him of the plague-stricken slums of an Eastern city. Again, the same round of festivities was gone through, and if these amused the grave, portly Mussulman, so did the sight of him and his attendants amuse the people of London. For it is not to be forgotten that these receptions of foreign princes afford fully as much pleasure to the spectators as they do to the guest.

In London and the great, toiling cities, the people's pleasures are not very many, and those that have to be paid for are out



RECEPTION OF THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT, BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, AT STAFFORD HOUSE, ENGLAND.



RECEPTION OF THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT BY THE LORD MAYOR, AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

this party were gathered many of the members of the Royal Geographical and other scientific societies, philanthropists, and political economists; and, perhaps, more of the brains of the country than he had seen before.

The address of welcome presented by the City of London to the Sultan of Zanzibar was contained in a gold box of oblong shape, with four square towers, each domed and turreted, ornamented on two sides with lions' heads in relief. One side of the box was covered by an enamel *plaque*, with a crest, monogram and Arabic motto, while on the other was engraved an appropriate inscription. The lid was a dome surmounted by the city arms, molded and chased in high relief. This work of art was by

Digitized by Google

Parnacott, a jeweler in New Bond Street, and was a favorable specimen of the majority of these presents to foreign sovereigns.

The late difficulties with Burmah about a proposed annexation of Indian territory, which England resisted, caused an embassy to be sent from the Burmese to London. It consisted of four high lords of Burmah, with attendants and interpreters. The Queen received them at Windsor Castle, and the interpreter read an address, flattering, conciliatory and unreliable. The real business is, of course, done with subordinates of the Crown, but the degree of honor shown their master in their persons is jealously watched and remembered by the envoys, and has a real bearing on the diplomatic discussions.



THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR AT LADY FRÈRE'S GARDEN PARTY, WRESSIL LODGE, WIMBLEDON COMMON.



SYED BURGASH BIN SAID, SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

as San Francisco now does of Chinese; each year brings some new foreign visitor. Long ago the Queen of Oude came to claim protection and justice, and can scarcely be said to have obtained them; the son of the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia was brought over as a ward of the nation to be educated like an Englishman; the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh is more of an Englishman than a Hindoo, and has his shooting-box in Scotland like any English gentleman; the brother of the Tycoon of Japan, Prince Tokugawa Minbutaiho, an undersized, shrewd-looking man, in loose garments and round headdress very like a low hat such as we are familiar with, visited England, and was taken to see the men-of-war lying at Portsmouth; Sir Salar Jung, a clever man, and acute observer, though not so high in rank as some of his hosts seemed to take for granted, came as envoy from one of those native princes of India whom Disraeli brought into prominence by his late attempt to "gild refined gold, and paint the lily"; and then European guests of distinction have also come to London, on business, pleasure, or on family visits. London is almost as familiar with them as are Marseilles, Venice and Trieste with Greek, Jewish and Armenian merchants and sailors; but the European sovereigns are less picturesque, and some of them are so much like

The Burmese appeared in their national costume, the full dress being elaborate to a degree, with, seemingly, petticoat over petticoat, each shorter than the other; pockets and aprons embroidered and jeweled, a triple ruff of stiff material round the neck and shoulders, and a headdress like a miniature pagoda, a tiny flag flying at the point. Their undress a dark, striped robe, and a loose white surcoat, long at the back and sides, and short in the front, while on their heads they wore a small turban cap with a colored knot on the top. Their praying-carpets, rolled under the feet, served them as foot-stools.

Of such minor celebrities, London knows almost as much



THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR VISITING A FACTORY AT BIRMINGHAM.

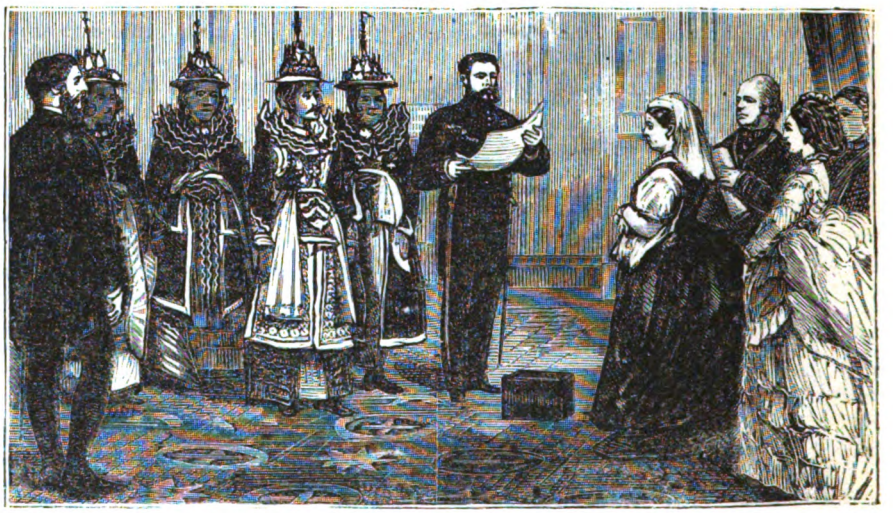
Digitized by Google



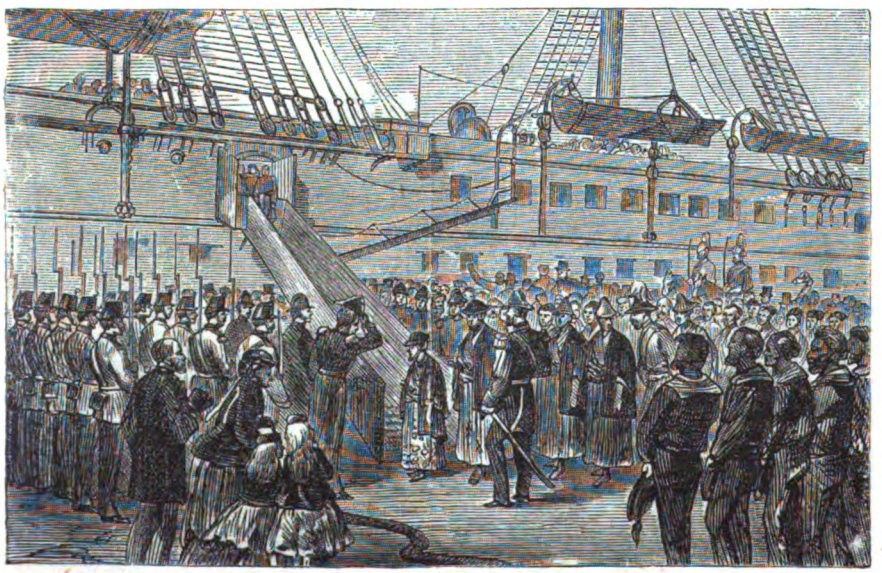
THE BURMESE EMBASSY TO ENGLAND IN 1872.

Englishmen that they scarcely count as foreigners.

The late King of the Belgians belonged as much to the country of his first wife, Princess Charlotte, and of his niece and almost pupil, the Queen, as he did to Saxony and to Belgium; the dethroned King of Hanover is the son of an Englishman, and a near blood-relation of the Queen; the King of Denmark, the King of Greece, the Emperor and Crown-Prince of Germany, and the Czar of Russia, are now all "nearest and dearest" to several members of the royal family. The relations between the Queen and to other guests, the exiled princes of various houses, who live in peace and obscurity in neutral England, are as cordial and generous as can be. It is the boast of England that she is a refuge for all uncrowned heads. For a long, long time the Orleans family was identified with the neighborhood of Richmond, Bushy Park and Twickenham, on the Thames; many of them have their home there still, and the Empress of the French and her son are as happy as exiles can be at Chiselhurst; while, long ago, the old Bourbon line was represented by Charles X., the tenant of Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh; and a young relative of his, the last unsuccessful Bourbon the world has read of, Don Carlos, came back, disappointed, to hide his failure in England, not quite a year ago. Although these do not receive civic hospitalities and get



THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE BURMESE EMBASSY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



PRINCE TOKUGAWA MINBUTAIHO, BROTHER OF THE TYCOON OF JAPAN, VISITING H. M. S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN," AT PORTSMOUTH.

overwhelmed by state balls, public addresses, and so on, they see more of the country in its norm condition, become part of its society, bring up their children with healthy English tastes, and make a domestic happiness for themselves out of their family misfortune. The Orleans family did so especially, yet never losing their patriotism, as the Duke d'Aumale has nobly shown; and now the Bonapartes seem likely to take root also in a country whose feelings towards them have changed miraculously during a half-century.

I think the last royal visitor to England was the Emperor of Brazil. His relations are mostly of the dethroned Austro-Neapolitan stock, while his daughters have married into the Orleans family. Of all sovereigns except

Digitized by Google

the King of Bavaria, he is the most practical, studious, and intelligent. He would hardly have been at a loss to earn his own living, if Fate had placed him in the lower ranks of life, and that is much to say for a sovereign. Many have had to do it, and so thus "necessity is the mother of invention,' but we never heard of any who excelled in this compelled profession.

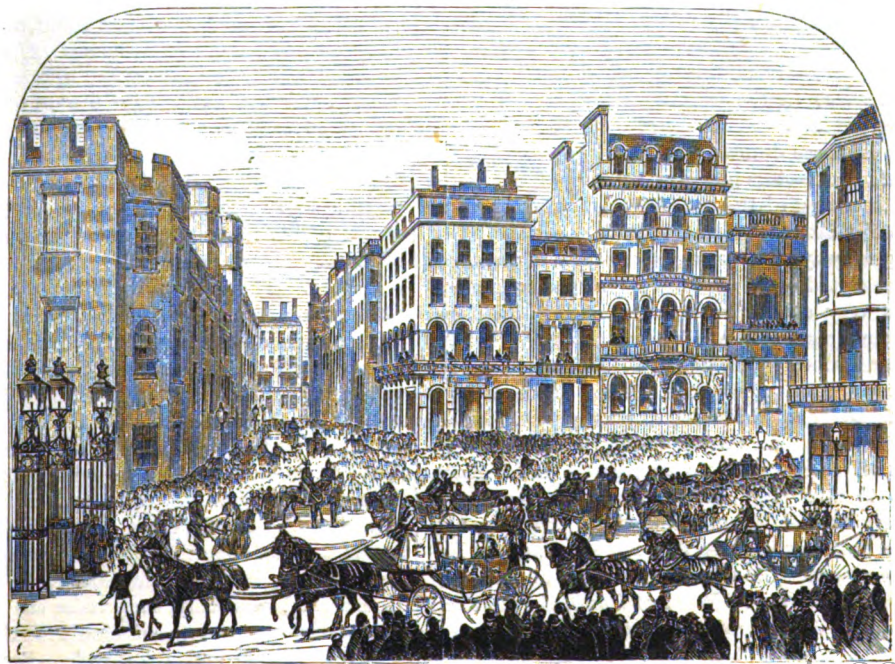


THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON RECEIVING THE PREFECT OF ROME, CAV. VENTURI, AT A BALL IN GUILDHALL.

Last year the mayors and civic authorities of various capitals were entertained at Guildhall or the Mansion House—the Prefect of Rome, Cavalier Venturi, and the head magistrate of Paris, and one of the burgomasters of an old Flemish town, being among the successive guests. To these, balls, suppers, and addresses were given; these magnates were shown the commercial and historical curiosities of the city, the Halls of the city companies, with their plate, pictures, registers, and records; the charities of the city, old and new; the schools, the bank, and the Exchange, over which, where certain pedants would have put up a Greek inscription, Prince Albert had this text of Scripture substituted in English, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," because, as he said, it was fitting that a public inscription should be in the language of the people, and the nations of antiquity always put up their inscriptions to the gods in the common tongue.

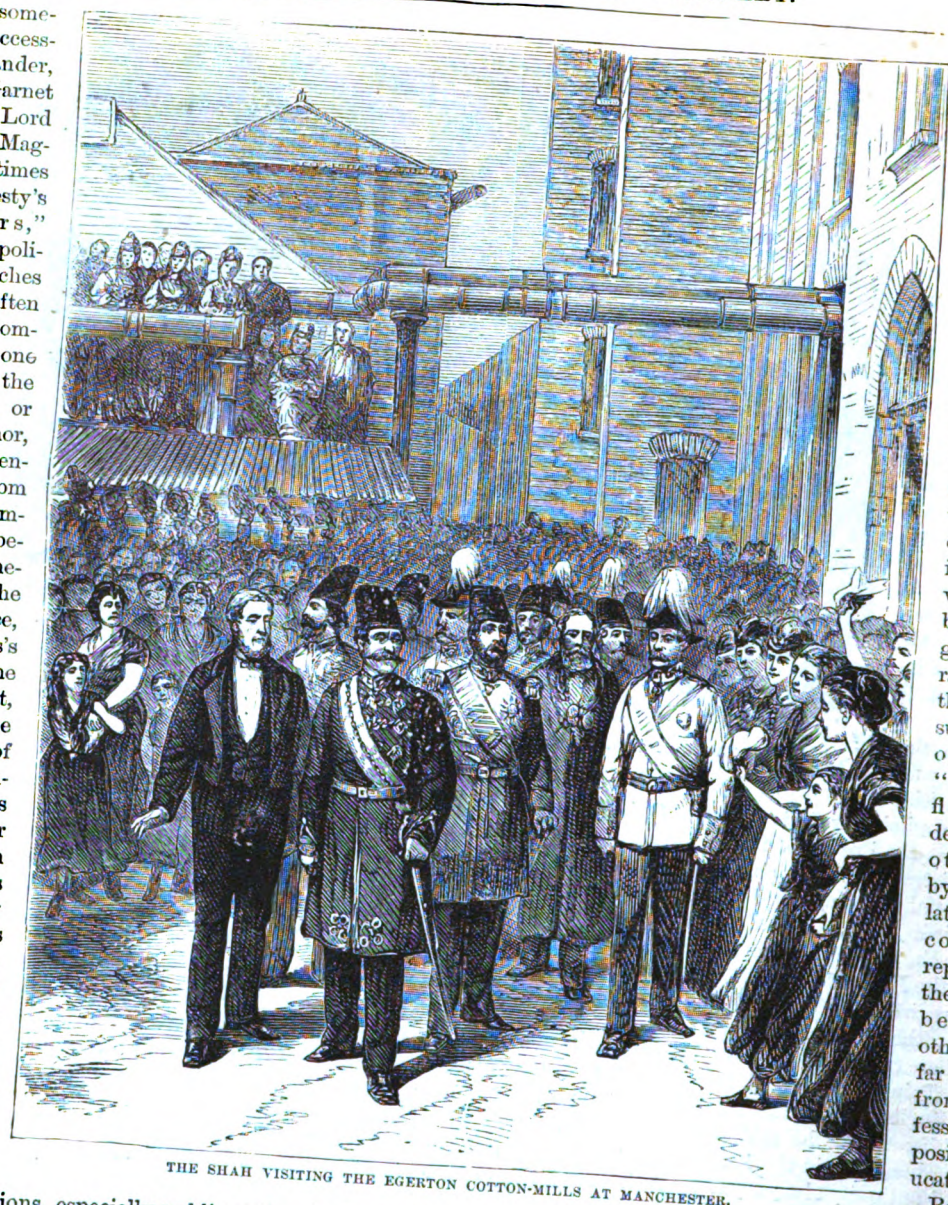
There is no lack of practice in England in the matter of public receptions, and yet public speaking, as an art, has never flourished there. When there are no foreign princes to entertain, there are always a large choice of English ones, and the occasions abound. When the Prince of Wales set out on his journey to India, the city feted him with its substantial hospitality, and the same when he came back. Once he had to be installed Grand Master of Freemasons; another time enrolled as a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company: yet another to preside at the banquet commemorating the Balaklava charge, or welcoming back the heroes of Ashantee. The other members of the royal family do duty in a like manner; receive the freedom of the city, are enrolled honorary members in one or other of the old companies, preside at volunteer banquets, receive illustrious subjects, visit provincial towns, unvail monuments, christen ships, open docks and railways, lay first-stones with golden trowels, and generally do the futile, yet really arduous, work of social representation. If they shirk it, or do it reluctantly, they displease the people, incur the reproach of churlishness, and gain an unpopularity that clings to their office as well as to their person. Their wives have almost as hard a task, for they are called upon to appear in public on many occasions, and take a prominent part in many ceremonies, which must be a vexation to their souls.

Besides these royal receptions, state suppers, state balls, state concerts, etc., there are the public dinners given to distinguished people, explorers, travelers, scientists, artists, soldiers, sailors. London is specially famed in this kind of reception, an honor more truly deserved than those bestowed on the royal strangers simply for their rank. Thus were Guizot, Berryer, and Thiers feted by the corporation; Livingstone, Sir Bartle Frere, Lieutenant Cameron, and Henry



PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS—THE CITY PROCESSION IN PALL MALL.

Digitized by Google



THE SHAH VISITING THE EGERTON COTTON-MILLS AT MANCHESTER.

Stanley; sometimes a successful commander, as Sir Garnet Woolsey, Lord Napier of Magdala; sometimes "her Majesty's ministers," when long political speeches are made; often at some company's hall, one or other of the ministry, or some author, artist, or scientist, on whom honorary membership is bestowed; sometimes at the Crystal Palace, or at Willis's Rooms, some philanthropist, who, under the "patronage" of the royal family, explains his schemes; or some veteran who represents the past glory of England's arms, and receives every year a cherished acknowledgment of his part in that glory. Indeed, there are endless occasions for public receptions, especially public eating, in England. Christmas brings the opportunity down to the level of all but the poorest; schools and reformatories, prisons and workhouses, all share in the Christmas turkey and plum-pudding, mince-pie and Christmas-tree, and speeches are made at almost all these dinners. Old foundations keep the memory of their benefactors green by a yearly dinner of the trustees (and afterwards of the beneficiaries), at which some of the royal family often preside.

Another English way of honoring strangers is giving them honorary degrees at the universities during "commemoration." This is very characteristic, as indeed it has been said that the foreigner who has never seen a "contested election" and an Oxford "commemoration" has missed the most interesting sights in England. Then there are the Freemasons' feasts, and Oddfellows' processions, besides local rejoicings, such as the Scotch games, when the Queen and the Prince of Wales distribute the prizes. Ascot races, if they happen to take place during the visit of some sovereign, are a very English thing to show him. They are not, however, so emphatically the people's races as those at Epsom; but as occasions for the turnout of royalty and fashion, they are perfect in their way. Windsor Castle is only a few miles distant from Ascot, where the arrival of the royal party is always a marked feature of the day. The bright amphitheatre, filled with Parisian toilets and English complexions, as the row of carriages and "drags," each of which is the centre of an epicurean picnic-party, is a witness to the health and prosperity which the foreign visitor deems synonymous with the name of England, and if the weather were always as bright as the gathering, these races would be the ideal of the successful co-operation of "the world, the flesh, and the devil." Among other things, by-the-way, the latter is rather conspicuously represented by the professional betters and others not so far removed from the profession as their position and education require.

Royal visits to the country resi-dences of the nobility are less frequent than formerly. Perhaps although the circumstances of royal progresses have changed also, the proportion between such changes and that which has come over the life of subjects, whether nobles or commons, has not sufficed to allow this kind of hospitality. A nobleman is no longer a miniature king, with guards, pages, gentlemen-in-waiting of his own; and though some reflected honor *does* still shine about him in virtue of his rank or descent, it is far from being of that kind which once made him practically the equal of his sovereign. There are no chieftains now, only private citizens, with a score of paid servants, apt to be impertinent or troublesome at times, while their master, in his shooting-coat and gaiters, looks oftener like a head keeper or a jolly farmer than the traditional being before whom a whole county trembled, and on whose word a thousand lives depended. So there is less congruity between such a host and a royal guest, though occasional visits still take place. Even when they do, they are a mixture of etiquette and informality, the royal person generally wishing to get rid of as much ceremony as possible, and coming rather for shooting, hunting, or other amusement, than for state reasons. In Scotland especially, such visits are made now and then for sporting purposes, combined with the "games," a Highland torch-dance, and a few reels. But strange guests over

Digitized by Google

the sea seldom have such opportunities, except the exiles whose many years' quiet residence in the country has procured them real friends.

How the best of European pageants pale before the gorgeous hospitality of the Indian princes to the Prince of Wales! But, then, on the other hand, it may be said that the Indian princes are not hampered by a cantankerous House of Commons to dispute every extra thousand added to the royal income, so they can afford to be more lavish than the heir to the English throne, the number even of whose dinner-services was once invidiously reckoned up against him, much in the same way as Governor Hayes's three dilapidated watches. But, as I said before of transplanted civilization, so it is of borrowed magnificence; and our plain, matter-of-fact attempts at splendor are better than the affectation of oriental lavishness, even as our old Teutonic titles are more dignified than the adopted foreign one which Disraeli has tacked on to the English crown.

HOW I SHOT MY FIRST ELEPHANT.

SOME years ago, I was superintending the construction of a Military Road in the lately acquired Province of British Burmah, and to assist me, an English officer with a small guard of native soldiers belonging to the Sapper Corps, had been placed at my disposal; and for the purpose of transport of provisions, etc., in the mountainous country through which the road ran, the Government had also allowed me four of their departmental elephants, one male and three females.

We were one day encamped about half-way across the mountains, with half of our laborers working close to our camp, and the other half about six miles in our rear working toward us, the whole being too large a number to employ advantageously on one section of the road.

Our elephants were also divided, the three females being with us, and the male at the camp in our rear.

The work of the day was over, and toward night the sapper officer, M., and I were sitting in our tent, which was pitched on the edge of a steep bank of a mountain stream, in the bed of which were located the huts of our workmen, and the elephants picketed for the night. Everything was apparently quiet, every one preparing for repose, the camp-fires burning in every direction, and lighting up the depths of the forest around us; and over a glass of *brandy-pawnee* (brandy and water) the favorite beverage of the Anglo-Indian, we two were discussing the events of the day and our plans for the morrow, when the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by loud shouts and the trumpeting of our elephants



HOW I SHOT MY FIRST ELEPHANT.—"WE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING A GOOD POSITION ABOVE HIM ON THE HILLSIDE, FROM WHENCE WE FIRED SEVERAL SHOTS WITHOUT ANY EFFECT."

Digitized by Google

Startled, and fearing that an attack was being made on our treasure-chest, an event which had happened once before, we immediately rushed for our rifles and pistols, always kept in one corner of our tent, ready for any emergency. Sallying forth, armed, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, we found, on inquiry, that a cooly had just arrived from the camp in the rear with the intelligence that the male elephant had suddenly become *must*—that is, had been attacked by one of those periodical fits of madness to which all male elephants are subject, whether in a tame or a wild state, in tropical climates.

In this condition they are very dangerous, indeed; being utterly uncontrollable by their attendants.

It was reported to us that he had broken loose from the chains by which he was picketed, had run a-muck through the camp, and had killed his own *mahout* (attendant) by catching him up with his trunk and tossing him in the air; also another native whom he had encountered in his mad career, twisting his trunk around his body, throwing him down, and kneading him with his fore feet. He was, the man said, making his way toward our camp for the purpose of joining his female companions.

Of course, our camp was in an uproar at this news. Every one rushed off into the neighboring jungle, some up the nearest trees, and all hid themselves as best they could.

By this time it was pitch dark, and we could scarcely see a dozen yards in front of us. Our camp being, as I have before said, on the edge of the bank overlooking the stream, into which the elephant would necessarily have to go to join the others, we determined to lie in wait for him at the top of the bank, and shoot him if we got a good chance. M. and I had, of course, our rifles, but, to make assurance doubly sure, I called two of our Sepoys, with their loaded muskets, to join us, and we four posted ourselves on a small eminence commanding the only path by which the elephant could approach.

We had to wait for some time, a good hour, which interval we beguiled as well as we could by smoking cheroots, and debating as to which would be the most vulnerable part of the animal to fire at—it being our first experience in such large game—and also to our chances of being charged ourselves by the savage animal in the event of our not killing him; an exceedingly probable event. We well knew that an elephant in the state this one was in was far more dangerous than even a wild one, as the latter generally will not attack unless wounded, whereas a *must* one charges directly he sees any human being.

After our patience and our nerves had been considerably tried by the suspense of long waiting and one or two false alarms, we suddenly distinctly heard the heavy crashing through the bushes, and the footsteps of an elephant ascending the path from the stream directly toward the spot where we were posted.

Our nerves strung to the utmost, and our pulses throbbing a trifle quicker than usual—at least I can speak for myself—we awaited the approach of the elephant; and presently, looming up in the darkness, we saw an immense forehead appearing above the edge of the bank, not more than ten yards ahead of us. I gave the word quietly, as quickly as I could, and we all four blazed right at the object before us, and then scattered to the right and left to our rear, tumbling over bushes and rocks in our excitement, momentarily expecting to hear the brute come charging after us.

After a minute or so, when the sound of our firing had died away, and being agreeably disappointed by not being pursued, we rushed forward to the front to see the result of our fusillade. To our inexpressible delight, we beheld the huge carcass of an elephant lying prostrate on the path, our bullets having killed him instantly.

Great was our exultation, as may be imagined; and, anxious to see more clearly how we had managed to shoot him so cleverly, we shouted to our servants, who by this time had hidden themselves in all sorts of nooks and corners to be out of the way, to bring torches.

After considerable shouting and delay, torches were forthcoming, and imagine, if you can, our unutterable disgust and chagrin, when we discovered, as we at once did, that we had shot one of our own tame female elephants; all three of which their attendants had, unknown to us, let loose as soon as they heard of the approach of the male, fearing, as they afterward explained, that, should he come upon them while picketed, they would sustain some serious injuries from fighting.

Visions of an endless correspondence with the authorities on the destruction of this elephant at once flashed across my mind (visions, alas! but too truly realized thereafter), and I vented my spleen in anathematizing the wretched attendants who had been the cause of this disaster.

Of course the noise of our firing had frightened away the male elephant, and we presently had the gratification of hearing him and the other two females crashing through the bamboo forest on the opposite side of the stream, trumpeting forth their joy at their unwonted freedom. Of course it was utterly out of the question our attempting to follow them at that time of night, and in such pitch darkness; so we were forced to rest satisfied for the night with our success (?) so far, and compose ourselves as best we could under the circumstances to await daylight.

Next morning we were off by daylight, and after an arduous and weary hunt, over mountains and through almost impenetrable jungles, we tracked the runaways. About noon we came up with them.

M. and I were alone when we caught sight of them, and between us we succeeded in bringing to bay the cause of all our troubles. He had taken up his position on the side of a hill, and was wickedly eyeing us as we approached, trumpeting and making one or two ineffectual efforts to charge, which were, however, frustrated by the nature of the ground. We succeeded in getting a good position above him on the hillside, thereby gaining a decided advantage over him, from which we fired several shots at him without any effect, until at last I got the opportunity for which I had been awaiting, and lodged a bullet right behind his ear as he flapped it backward and forward. I had always heard this was the most vulnerable spot to aim at, and so it proved, for he fell at once, rolling down the hillside for some twenty or thirty yards before his fall was arrested by some large boulders.

We hailed his fall with a shout of exultation at having at once put an end to a brute which would have proved a terror to the neighborhood, and also at having avenged the death of our two natives, one of whom, the elephant attendant, had been a general favorite with us. Our joy was, however, not a little damped by the remembrance of the unfortunate *contretemps* of the previous night, and as we returned to our camp we discussed the pros and cons as to how a report was to be worded which would exonerate me from any blame as to the loss of the female elephant—I say *me*, as being the senior officer and in charge of the road.

The value of the poor elephants, about five hundred dollars each, had been charged against me, and I was the one who would be held responsible for their loss. I felt no compunction whatever regarding the male, as in destroying him I only performed a duty which would have been expected of me in shooting an animal which had already taken human life, and which would, in all probability, if allowed to roam unmolested, have killed more of our camp followers. I accordingly drew up a report, which I duly submitted, stating the whole facts of the case as above.

As I feared, the decision of the local authorities was, that I had not made out a sufficiently strong case to show that I

Digitized by Google

had taken all the precautions that I might have done, and that, as the female elephant was destroyed through such neglect on my part, I was to make good its value out of my own pocket.

To this I demurred, and requested the whole matter should be referred to higher authority, the Commissioner of the Province, who, after a patient and careful consideration, gave it as his opinion that I had only been guilty of "Elephanticide by misadventure," and that the loss incurred should be written off to "Profit and Loss" in the Commissariat Department. And this was how I shot my first elephant.

A SINGULAR WOMAN.

It would seem, judging from the heroine of the following sketch, that cleanliness is not necessary to perfect health. A wealthy English widow of the first George's time never allowed her room to be cleansed, and the windows were so encrusted with dirt as to admit scarcely any light. She reasoned thus when asked for an explanation: If the room were wetted she might catch cold; if the windows were cleaned glass might be broken and somebody hurt. She never washed herself for fear of cold; as a substitute she anointed her face and neck with a little milk and hog's lard, finishing off with a touch of rose-pink on the cheeks. She was methodical in all her habits, eating with one favorite knife, fork and plate, and drinking out of one cup. She had excellent health, abhorred physic and doctors, and cut two new teeth at the age of eighty-seven. She had no near relations, and refused to see those more distantly related. One pleasant characteristic is recorded: she had a large, well-kept garden, in which she passed most of her time, reading. Although she lived entirely through the reigns of the first and second Georges, and far into that of the third, she continued to wear fashions of the time of George I., as being those of her married life. Notwithstanding this, she was everywhere treated with respect. Perhaps her gold had something to do with that, however. Her household consisted of one servant (an old man), two lap-dogs, and a cat; and these were her only companions. She survived until extreme old age.

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM.

An uninstructed Bridget, armed with a broom, is about as charming an occupant of a parlor, or a library well stocked with the pretty little knick-knacks which cultivated people like to have about them, as the celebrated bull in the china shop. Before Bridget's entrance, all fragile movables should be stored by careful hands in some neighboring closet, and the furniture, as far as possible, protected by covers and slight draperies, kept for the purpose. Then, after doors have been closed and windows opened, Bridget may be called in and instructed.

Almost hopeless the task may seem at first; but after a little she will learn to spread the moderately-damp coffee-grounds and tea-leaves, or, still better, the slightly-moistened bran, evenly over the floor; to brush the corners of the room, and under and back of the heavy articles of furniture, with a parlor-brush; then to take her broom, being careful lest its handle shall prove destructive to mirrors or window-glass, and, instead of digging into the hapless carpet, wearing off the nap, and raising clouds of dust by her short strokes, to take long, smooth, straight strokes, the "right way" of the carpet. This manner of handling the broom, together with plenty of the moist bran, will prevent the whirlwinds of dust which would otherwise arise, and, penetrating the best arranged coverings, settle everywhere upon the books and furniture.

FEATS IN SWIMMING.

The *Journal des Débats* gives the following stories from old chronicles relating to feats of swimming: Doctor Joel Langelot reports that in the middle of the last century a gardener, in the employment of the Queen of Sweden, at Tronningholm, having fallen into a basin through thick ice, remained sixteen hours in the water before he could be released, but was taken out alive, and recovered. In a work in the library at Stockholm is an account of a woman of the province of Dalle, who fell into deep water, where she remained three days, and, after being taken out, recovered, and lived to the age of seventy-five. Herodotus says that a certain Scyllias used easily to swim two leagues under water, without being seen to rise for breath. In the thirteenth century, under Frederick I. of Sicily, there lived at Naples a man surnamed "The Fish," who used to live four or five days in the sea, catching fish for his food. The naturalist, Alexander ab Alexandro, says no fish could swim more rapidly in the depths of the sea than this man, whose name was Nicholas, and who was frequently employed to convey letters from one island to another; he would swim to vessels in the offing and convey letters to shore for them.

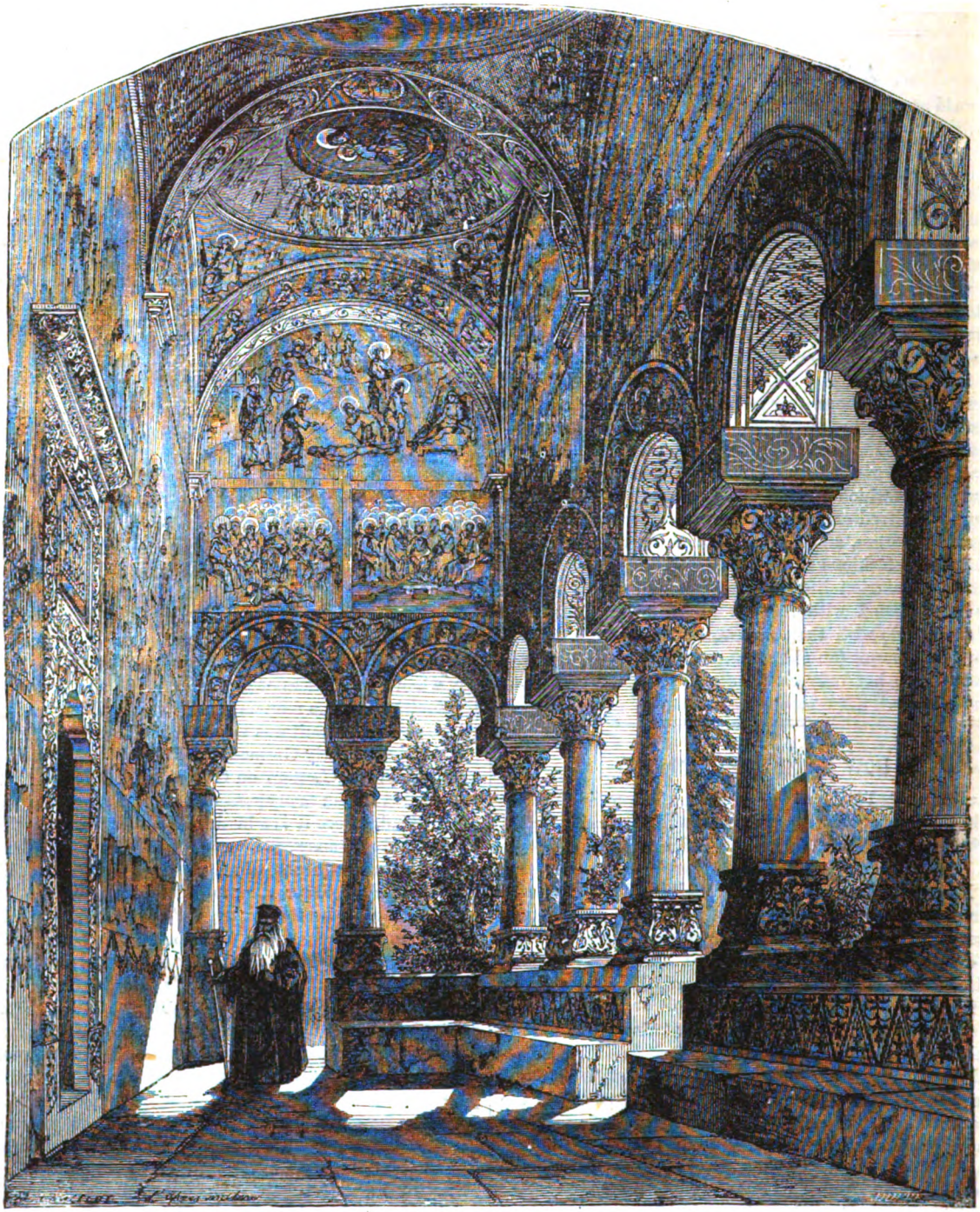
THE LEGEND OF THE BEETLE.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* calls attention to a curious superstition connected with the beetle, found not merely in countries where the mediæval spirit has been preserved, but in many districts throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland to this day. This is how the legend runs: "When the Holy Family were departing from Bethlehem they passed certain husbandmen occupied in a field, and the Virgin begged them to answer, in reply to any one who might inquire when the Son of Man passed by, that He did so when they were sowing the corn, which they were doing at that moment; and the corn miraculously sprang into the ear in one night, and the husbandmen were engaged in reaping it on the following day when the soldiers of Herod came up and inquired after the fugitives. The reapers replied as the Virgin had desired them, and the pursuit was stayed. This legend is frequently represented in early German and Flemish pictures, and Lord Lindsay, in his 'Letters on Christian Art,' mentions that it was related to him many years before as current in the north of Scotland, where it is added that a little black beetle lifted up its head and answered, 'The Son of Man passed here last night'; in consequence of which the Highlanders kill the black beetle whenever they meet with it, repeating, in execration, 'Beetle, beetle, last night!' Lord Lindsay had heard that a similar superstition used to exist in Wales. That it exists also in England is curiously corroborated by an anecdote which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for 1856. The late Mr. George Samonelle, of the British Museum, used to relate that during his excursions in the New Forest he saw a number of countrymen assembled at the foot of a tree, stoning something to death. On approaching, he found that a poor stag beetle was the object of attack. Causing them to desist, he took up the poor insect and put it in a box, asking them why it was to be stoned to death. He was told that it was the Devil's Imp, and would do some injury to the corn. What injury, unfortunately, the narrator of the anecdote did not inquire, or had forgotten." Evidently the beetle in connection with this tradition was considered to represent the devil, and here, as in the original legend, the creature is connected with the growing corn. Mr. Samonelle had apparently never heard of the legend and the superstition which thus were proved to have been transmitted from distant countries and handed down from remote times.

Digitized by Google

PORCH OF THE CONVENT OF OREZU.

LIKE most Christian lands, in times past Wallachia has been covered with stately monasteries, of which some even now have escaped the destructive hands of time and government. In wild times of invasion and feuds, they served as a refuge for the poorer classes, and were the churches and schools of the country. These monasteries are of three kinds—the first, subject to convents in the Holy Land; the second, national, such as are found in other countries; while the third belong to special families. A family in olden time, when rich and powerful, established a convent, the inmates of which were to be directed by the heads of the family, and were to devote their time and means to works of charity. The monastery of Orezu, one of the richest and most beautifully situated religious houses of Wallachia, belongs to this class, having been founded by the Broncovano family. It stands on the slope of the Orezu Mountain, overlooking the valley of Bistritza. A fine avenue of fir-trees leads up to the porch. The monastery forms a large square, enclosing a court on which open the various offices. The church is in a second court. The



PORCH OF THE CONVENT CHURCH OF OREZU.

porch shown in our illustration is rich in fine and delicate sculpture, and gives a favorable impression of the Wallachian architecture of the time. The entire edifice is constructed of marble, a material found in great abundance in all parts of Wallachia. The ceiling of the porch shown in our illustration is richly decorated with frescoes.

Digitized by Google



A POISONED DART.—"I CAUGHT HER IN MY ARMS—SHE WAS LIGHT AS A FAIRY—AND SPRANG INTO THE STERN-SHEETS OF THE GIG, FOLLOWED BY THE REMAINDER OF MY MEN, WHO SEIZED THE OARS, AND URGED THE SWIFT CRAFT OUT INTO THE STREAM."

A POISONED DART.

"I LIKE American vessels. They sail faster than the ships of other nations, and their cabin accommodations are also much superior. Those are my principal reasons for having engaged passage for myself and family in your pretty bark," said Mr. Gordon, a hale, hearty old gentleman, as he sipped a glass of Madeira in my stateroom aboard the *Vibilia*, which vessel was then lying along the railway-pier at Sandridge, Hobson's Bay, loading for Hong Kong.

Digitized by Google

I had been promoted to the command of the *Vibilia*, on the death of her former captain, who had fallen a victim to an epidemic raging in Melbourne a few weeks previous to the date on which his vessel was advertised to sail, and I was not at all sorry that passengers were to accompany me to China, for I was fond of society, especially that of ladies.

The day previous to our departure, Mr. Gordon sent his baggage aboard, just prior to our hauling out into the bay, and the following forenoon he brought his wife and daughter off in the steamer which I had chartered to tow my vessel down to the Heads.

A fresh and favorable breeze sprang up, however, before the *Powerful* had towed us very far, so we slipped the hawser, and were soon bounding past Cape Otway under a full press of canvas.

Mrs. Gordon was a cheerful, nice-looking old lady, and her daughter Grace was a bonny, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked darling, who, only just "out of her teens," possessed accomplishments that, apart from her beauty, would have been quite sufficient to captivate the most cynical member of the sterner sex, and which, as might naturally be expected, played havoc with my heart.

But, though I was of a susceptible temperament, and of course liable to make an ass of myself, I did not allow my infatuation for the fair girl to induce me to be foolish enough to even hope to win her; for I was well aware of the wide gulf that separated us—she being lovely, talented, and the only child of wealthy parents, while I was a mere mariner, without attractions, personal or pecuniary.

Mr. Gordon was a highly intellectual man, and a very agreeable companion, when he could keep awake; but somnolency seemed to be a disease which both himself and wife suffered from when at sea, and, whether on or below deck, if either he or his spouse sat down for five minutes, the sixth would be sure to find them fast asleep.

This peculiarity did not annoy me in the least, as it enabled me, unrestrained by the presence of the old folks, to enjoy the very delightful society of the gentle Grace, who would beat me at chess in the cabin, when the weather was bad—would pace the deck with me on fine, sunny days, or bright moonlight nights—who occupied nearly all my thoughts, waking or sleeping.

With the exception of a heavy gale that we encountered off the northeast coast of Australia, the weather during our passage to Java Head was tolerably fine; but, after passing through the Straits of Sunda, our vessel was much delayed by calms and light, adverse winds.

At length the *Vibilia* got well clear of the Gaspar Straits, and a fresh stiff breeze soon wafted her past the Natuna Islands, which are situated in latitude four degrees, north, and longitude one hundred and eight degrees and thirty minutes, east.

The setting sun was tinging the sea and the sky with his crimson rays, as they faded in the wake of my bonny bark, and Miss Gordon stood beside me on the poop, watching them until they were lost to sight in the advancing shade of night.

"Were you ever shipwrecked, Captain Seymour?" inquired my fair companion.

"Never. And I have no particular desire to be, either," I replied, laughing.

"I was thinking, the other day, as we sailed along the beautiful Java coast, how pleasant it would be to tear one's self away from all the follies and vanities, the trials and troubles of society, and live a peaceful and retired life on some bright tropical spot——"

"Alone?" I interrupted.

"No! The solitariness would mar all other joys; but with only a few chosen friends," she replied.

"'Oh! for a home in some vast wilderness,
With one sweet spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her.'

It's not often I quote poetry; but Byron's verse seems rather *apropos*," I said, smiling.

"Have you any 'sweet spirit' you would particularly choose, captain?" asked Miss Gordon, with a sweet, silvery laugh.

I would have given all I possessed to have dared utter the sentiments of my heart. On my tongue's tip there were words that would have revealed my secret; but I restrained them, and, turning abruptly away, spoke to the helmsman in so austere a tone that Grace noticed something was wrong.

"I hope you are not vexed with me for being so inquisitive?" she said.

I laughed.

"Of course no, Miss Gordon," I replied. "No 'sweet spirit' is likely to become attached to a rough sailor like me."

"Why not, indeed?"

"This will never do," I thought, so I dived into the cabin suddenly, without daring to vouchsafe any answer to her question.

I retired to my berth at eleven o'clock, as was my usual custom; but, about four bells in the middle watch, I was aroused by that dreadful cry, never more terrible than when heard at sea:

"Fire! Fire!"

I sprang upon deck, and found flames issuing from the after-hatch!

Quickly as possible the pumps were rigged, and every effort made to subdue the fierce destroyer; but our labor was futile, and when rosy-fingered Morn tipped with golden light the emerald waves, a few charred timbers and two deep-laden boats were all that remained of the pretty *Vibilia*.

When I found that the fire had gained such headway before it was discovered, that all hope of saving the vessel was gone, I had the long-boat lowered, and loaded with provisions and water. In my gig I caused blankets, a compass, my astronomical implements, and a keg of water and a bag of biscuits—in case of accident—to be placed.

The chief-mate and eight of the crew manned the larger boat, and, in addition to my three passengers and myself, the second officer and four sailors formed the complement of my gig.

The ladies bore up bravely, and Mr. Gordon took trouble so philosophically, that, half an hour after we put off from the burning vessel, he was peacefully sleeping.

It was my intention to steer for the Island of Labuan, a British settlement close to the coast of Borneo, which lay due east of us, and about 350 miles distant; for, though Singapore was rather nearer, westerly winds were prevailing, and I thought we could reach Labuan sooner than the last-named port of refuge.

For four days and nights everything went as well as we could reasonably expect, and I was beginning to hope that our troubles would soon be ended by our reaching Labuan, when, on the evening of the fifth day, a fierce squall came down upon us; the deep-laden long-boat capsized, when some distance from us, and, ere I could tack and render aid, all the poor fellows that comprised her crew had sunk

"Beneath the sapphire pavement
That roofs the sea-god's world."

This accident cast a very effectual damper on our spirits, and, to add to our misfortunes, my chronometer got broken during the squall, so I was unable afterward to properly compute our longitude.

Digitized by Google

We had a very scant amount of provisions, and only a few gallons of water, in the gig, so I determined to land upon the first part of the coast of Borneo that we should chance to reach.

When morning dawned on the seventh day subsequent to the loss of our vessel, we found ourselves close to a low, palm-fringed beach; but, as breakers appeared in every direction along the shore, I did not venture to run the boat in, so coasted along until we came to the mouth of a river, which I determined to proceed a short distance up, in hopes of being able to obtain some knowledge of where we were, and also to replenish our exhausted stock of provisions, for I was well aware that both flesh and fowl are always to be found in the jungles of Borneo.

The firearms we had with us consisted of two double-barreled fowling-pieces, a breech-loading rifle, and six revolvers, and these I caused to be loaded, and kept ready to hand, in case of requirement.

The river was a sluggish stream, about two hundred yards wide; the feathery branches of Nipe-palms overhung its banks on either side, and rising here and there above the dense undergrowth of the jungle were many kinds of fruit-trees—the durian, sago and banana seeming to flourish with their usual fecundity.

At length we rowed around a bend in the river, and came to a small open space in the jungle, where I determined to land, for it was most cruelly tantalizing to my wearied crew to see clusters of ripe, luscious fruit pendent from the trees, and yet be unable to slake the burning thirst that consumed them.

I wished the ladies to remain in the boat for safety; but Miss Gordon pleaded to be allowed to land, and I could not refuse her request, though I deemed it imprudent.

I left the second-mate and two sailors in charge of Mrs. Gordon and the gig, and Mr. Gordon, his daughter, and the remainder of us, jumped upon a rock, and were soon regaling ourselves upon the dainty fruits the fertile soil afforded.

Birds of bright plumage flitted through the network of branches, above us monkeys chattered and grinned in comical dismay at the strange "white" people who had invaded their realms, and occasionally herds of tiny deer (*Cervus muntjac*) would bound past us—never without leaving some of their number a prey to the deadly fowling-pieces we carried.

We returned with our spoil to the boat, and I intended to advance further up the river; but just as I was about to assist Miss Gordon into the gig, a shower of arrows came hurtling through the leaves right into the midst of us, and a band of Borneans, nearly nude, each with the ghastly head of a former foe pensile from his girdle, sprang out of the jungle.

"Quick! boys, let 'em have it!" I cried, as I rapidly discharged both barrels of my gun.

Each savage was armed with his usual weapon—a sumpitan, which is a reed from seven to eight feet long, with a beautifully smooth and straight bore. A small wooden arrow, nine inches long, scarcely thicker than stout wire, pointed with a sharpened fish-bone, poisoned with a black substance that exudes from the anchar, or upas-tree, and fitted with a head of pith that exactly fits the bore, is placed in the tube, through which it is blown with great force and precision by the keen-sighted Kayans, who are called Nata Hutau, or "wood devils," in common with all other tribes that use the dreaded sumpitan.

A volley from the revolvers of my men brought several of our assailants to the ground; but the remainder sprang with agility behind trees, and maintained a perfect hail of arrows around us.

One of these darts pierced Mr. Gordon's right eye, penetrating to the brain, and he fell a corpse just as he crossed the gunwale of the gig.

"Get into the boat, Grace!" I cried.

Hardly had the words escaped my lips, ere one of the envenomed arrows struck her in the shoulder.

I caught her in my arms—she was light as a fairy—and sprang into the stern-sheets of the gig, followed by the remainder of my men, who seized the oars, and urged the swift craft out into the stream, beyond the reach of our adversaries.

"Shall I die?" asked Grace, lifting her holy eyes, and smiling through sad tears.

"Not if I can save you, my darling—my love!" I cried, heedless at that moment who learned the secret of my heart.

Carefully I withdrew the arrow that had pierced her flesh, quickly I tore open the light dress she wore, and placing my lips to the small incision in her ivory shoulder, sucked from the wound the subtle upas that, rankling, would have wrought her death in a short time.

"You are killing yourself to save me, John! You shall not do so! Rather I should die than you!" ejaculated Grace.

My Christian name from *her* lips! I would have died happy, if the poison had had power to slay me; but I spat the bitter blood and venom in the stream, and kissed my patient's pallid cheek, which burned in a second with a beauteous blush.

"We shall both live, I trust, my sweet spirit!" I whispered.

"In life or death, I shall be happy while you are near me!" she murmured, in reply.

She had not seen her father fall. She was unaware that her mother had swooned, until I finished "operating" upon her shoulder.

It was useless, and, indeed, impossible, to conceal what had occurred.

Though the poor girl's grief was great, she retained sufficient control over her feelings to be of service to Mrs. Gordon; and in a little while mother and child were sobbing in each other's arms over the lifeless form of the genial gentleman who had been slain by a sumpitan.

I did not dare to remain in the river, for fear some of the tribe to which our late assailants belonged might follow us in prahus, in which case we should have been entirely at their mercy.

Fortunately, most of the fruit we had gathered, and the game we had killed, had been placed in the boat before the Borneans attacked us; so I determined to coast along to the northeast, as I felt sure that we must have been carried by the current some distance to the south of Labuan.

At a tiny cascade that fell plashing and glittering through a riven boulder on the bank of the river, near its *embouchure*, we were able to fill our cask with fresh water, after which we hoisted sail, and, wafted by a light southerly wind, soon left the inhospitable shores of the Tutong River far in our wake, and proceeded merrily on our way.

Seamen are proverbially superstitious, and my crew murmured so much about the ill-luck which would surely befall us if we kept a corpse on board, that I persuaded Grace and her widowed mother to permit us to bury Mr. Gordon.

We lowered the sail, I repeated such portions of the funeral service as occurred to my memory, and, silently, solemnly, and sadly, we launched the unshrouded body of the deceased gentleman into the sparkling sea.

Five days under a scorching sun, five nights beneath the shimmering stars, was our frail craft tossed upon the ever restless surges; then we arrived in Victoria Harbor, Labuan, and our trials were at an end.

The Borneo Company's steamer *Stirling* conveyed us to Hong Kong, from which port Mrs. Gordon, her daughter and myself returned in a sailing-vessel to Australia.

Digitized by Google



...UTTING THE BIRDS AT CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

Digitized by Google

I married my darling in Melbourne about a year subsequent to her father's demise; but, shortly after the birth of our second child, a longing to revisit my native land came upon me, and I induced Gracey—my wife—to once more brave the perils of the mighty deep.

My eldest boy is a big fellow now, but I tell you he prizes the poisoned dart that I drew from his dear mother's shoulder on the day I first told her the story of my love.

FEEDING THE BIRDS AT CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

In this country, where every one can possess a gun and every boy turns sportsman, we have almost in many parts exterminated the feathered creation. No protecting hand is outstretched to save them; the game laws, increasing in stringency, avail little to diminish the slaughter; and while the insects swarm, devouring the land, we have no feathered favorites to rout their armies, and render our homes more cheerful by song and graceful movement.

In England the robin is, in a manner, sacred; in Germany, the stork. Love for birds is a feeling to be cultivated; if for no other reason, no higher reason, than for the very selfish reason that it will pay.

During the Middle Ages there was a renowned minnesinger, or minstrel, in Germany, to whom birds were friends and companions. He made them heirs of all his fortune, which he left to a monastery with directions to expend the income in grain to be thrown out to the birds. As years ran on, they seemed to know their granary, and, at the appointed days, the old monastery, with every point of the Gothic chapel, and the trees around, was vocal with the thankful notes of the little choristers.

In a similar spirit the peasantry in Norway, at Christmas, would have all creation join in the general joy, and, most of all, the birds. On every house and barn they put up bundles of unthreshed grain that the little winged creatures may, like man himself, find cause for thankfulness, and show his exultation and his joy.

The idea is as poetic and as beautiful as that of the old minnesinger; and thus the illustration teaches a lesson not without its moral.

As the day opens, the young especially gather to spread the table for their feathered friends, and hyirpe, tiur, roy skovrype, all and any flock around, conscious, apparently, that no deadly missile will mar their enjoyment on the day of days.

THE FLOWER WITHOUT LEAVES OR STEM.

The *Rafflesia Arnoldi* is wholly a flower, without either stem or foliage. As a parasite, it grows on the trunks of trees, near to the ground. It was discovered in the year 1818 by Dr. Arnold, who was walking with Sir Stanford Raffles in the Island of Sumatra. A Malay servant came running to them, crying:

"Come with me; come! A flower very large, beautiful, wonderful!"

The doctor went with the man a short distance into a jungle, and there found a gigantic flower attached to the lower branches of a bush. In the middle was a nectary, or cup, over which many flies were hovering. This was so large as to hold twelve pints of liquid. Five large petals surrounded the cup. The whole measured three feet across, and weighed fifteen pounds. The pistils were nearly as large as a cow's horns. The color was a dull red, with yellowish-white spots raised on its surface; but the scent was very offensive, being like putrid beef.

The natives of Sumatra call it *krubut*, or "the great flower," and *ambun-ambun*, the "wonder-wonder."

HARTLEAP WELL.

Among the beautiful poems which Wordsworth has left as a legacy to all who love humanity, there are few which preach a gentler and deeper sermon than his "Hartleap Well." It is one that the philanthropic Bergh ought to have engraved on some monument, to inculcate humanity to the mute creation, as some writer has called the animals. It is conceived in the most artistic spirit. The opening verses are—

"The knight had ridden down from Wens'ey Moor
With the slow motion of a Summer's cloud;
He turned aside toward a vassal's door,
And 'Bring another horse!' he cried aloud.

"'Another horse!' That shout the vassal heard,
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray:
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day."

We have not space to give the entire poem, which is well worthy of a careful study. The story turns upon a knight, already introduced to our readers, with a gallant retinue hunting to the death a stag. The knight outwearies all his companions, and is left alone in pursuit of his prey. Even the dogs are left behind—

"The poor hart toils along the mountain-side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention what death he died;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

* * * *

"Upon his side the hart was lying stretched;
His nose just touched a spring beneath the hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath has fetched,
The waters of the spring are trembling still."

In commemoration of this victory of human endurance over animal speed, the knight said—

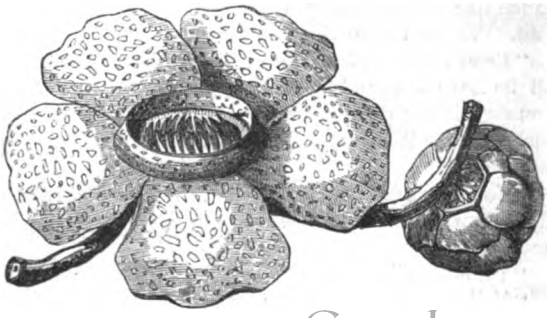
"'I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
And a small arbor made for rural joy;
'Twill be the traveler's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"'A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell;
And they who do make mention of the same,
From this day forth, shall call it Hartleap Well."

But mark the revenge of Time. The marble font, the pleasure-house and bower, have all passed away with the cruel blood-hunter, Sir Walter, but the tradition of the stag, and the little spring at which it took its last draught, remain a perpetual fane over the scene.

We must find room for the last verse, since it inculcates a lesson which, if carried out, would change the entire aspect of society, and convert what is now a scene of crime and violence into a Paradise—

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals:
Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."



THE RAFFLESIA ARNOLDI, A FLOWER WITHOUT LEAVES OR STEM.

Digitized by Google

THE HUNTER'S PRIZE;

OR,

HANS VON PELETER'S STRATAGEM.



THE Winter of 1857 was one of the most severe ever known in the region of the Rocky Mountains—at all events, in the vicinity of Fort Laramie and the adjacent peaks. The mountain's side glistened with masses of ice hanging from every branch and twig of the huge trees; the valleys were covered, to a depth of many feet, with snow, while the passes were completely blocked up with immense drifts. For nearly two months, even the hardy hunter and trapper had not ventured far from his own cabin unless driven to it. Game was scarce, and the fierce animals of the mountains were desperate from want of food.

The day had been bitterly cold. The wind had been blowing from the nor'west, hurling the broken ice across Laramie plains with little less force than the soldiers from the fort would have hurled their *iron* hail upon their red foes, the savage Sioux. But as night came on, the weather began to change. Heavy clouds covered the sky, and then a kind of sleet and rain set in. The wind still blew a gale, and the hail was cutting in the extreme.

Near the junction of the Platte and Laramie Rivers, standing upon the latter stream, and within rifle's shot of the fort, was a little cabin, entirely hemmed in with trees.

In this cabin, and seated by a blazing fire, were three little children, their mother and two men. One, not more than eighteen years old, wore the dress of the Western hunter; yet his general appearance was not in keeping with his costume, and told of city rather than frontier life.

The second was a jolly-looking personage, weighing not less than two hundred and fifty pounds, and was decidedly Teutonic in feature. He had been eyeing the young man for some time, and then, bursting into a loud laugh, he said:

"Yah, Gilpert Von Belter, you ish polt enough, put you ish no Ingen fighter."

"I know, uncle," replied the young man, "that I am not up to the tricks of the redskins; but, as you say, I think I am bold enough to try my hand with some of them."

"An' get your har raised."

"I confess that would not be very agreeable. But so long as I can handle a knife, revolver and rifle very well, I should enter a very decided protest to such a proceeding."

"But lishten to me. You ish a city bug. You ish my nephew, it ish true; but I am half a goot mind to deny you."

"Why so, uncle?"

"Pecause you dropt de Von. You tink it sounts too much like de Dytche, and you was ashamdt of your Faderlant. Vat you drop the Von for?"

"I can't tell, uncle. But as I have given up city life, with all its luxuries, and come to join you in this outlandish country, it ought to be a pretty good proof that a name, no matter what it might be, would amount to but very little with me."

"You ish right, Gilpert. But I tinks you will get sick of de backwoods country before you have been here many months."

"I doubt it."

"Vell, we will try a hunt to-day."

"And now, uncle?"

"Yaw, we will go *now*, my poy. But look at dem children. Dey and de ole voman is very tear to ole Hans; and he wouldn't like to hab any harm come to dem."

"Do you fear any harm to them?"

"No. Dey ish too near de fort. De Sioux never come here."

"Then let us go at once."

"Very goot."

In half an hour the two men were ready for a start. Snow-shoes were hung at their sides, each carried a rifle and a knife, while Gilbert had a brace of revolvers. A plentiful supply of dried venison had been furnished, a blanket each, and then the parties set forth.

For three hours they trudged along, and then for a fourth and fifth. The Dutchman did not show the least signs of fatigue, although Gilbert could scarcely stand. At length, turning to Hans, he said:

"Hans, how do you expect with my small legs, that I can travel with your large ones?"

"Don't expect nothing of the kind. Expected you'd give out long afore this."

"Well, you expected about right. But where do you intend to stop for the night?"

"You see dat cedar yonder?"

"Yes."

"Vell, we stops under him."

"That is rather an exposed place, now, it strikes me. Can we build a fire there?"

"Ve cannot build a fire no vare, without de Ingens seein' us; yes, we ken build a fire; but de Ingens may come upon us, an' lift our har afore we are awake."

"Then we must sleep with our eyes and our senses wide open. But sleep I am going to have some, and that too, very soon."

"Den ve goes to dat pine thicket, an' we snooses there. It is plain we can't get any buffalo or deer to-night."

"But we have our smoked meats."

"Yaw. And py tam, de Sioux may smoke us pefore taylight. Dey is getting very much ugly of late. But you can walk a mile further, can't you?"

"I suppose so. But I thought you were going to stop in that thicket."

"No; I only say so to try your spunk. We ish goin' on a little way to de cabin of a frient."

A further walk of fifteen minutes brought them in sight of a small log hut, and Gilbert saw with pleasure that a fire was burning within, for the blue smoke was curling up from the chimney.

On reaching the cabin, Hans rapped loudly at the door; and in answer, a voice from within asked, "Who is there?" On the reply, "Hans von Belter," the door flew open with a hearty greeting.

"Come in; you are welcome. But what brings you so far from home, Hans?"

"I wanted to give this young man a touch of a Winter hunt. Besides, I heard dat de Sioux up dis way was gettin' troublesome, and I wanted to find out if it was true."

"There is some truth in the report, or you would not have found my door locked. I am not much afraid of the reds; but still I don't like to have them take me altogether by surprise."

"Have they done any mischief yet?" asked Gilbert.

"Nothing very especial. But sit down and warm and dry yourselves."

The party had scarcely seated themselves, before there was a second application at the door for admission, and to the question as to who was there, the voice of a female replied:

"For heaven s sake, Mr. Morton, open the door—quick!"

"It is Jane Moss!" exclaimed the hunter, as he sprang to

Digitized by Google

admit the female, his flushed face and his rapid movements plainly evincing his excitement.

And it was not without cause; for no sooner had the door been thrown open than the girl staggered into the cabin, exclaiming as she did so:

"Close it—quick—quick!"

It was well that Morton did so, for in an instant after, some party outside threw themselves with great violence against it, trying to force an entrance.

A glance was sufficient to reveal the real state of affairs to Morton as well as to Hans, although Gilbert did not so readily understand.

Jane Moss, covered with blood, had fallen to the floor insensible. Gilbert sprang forward and raised her in his arms, and then gazed inquiringly at Hans, who answered:

"Ingens, my boy. Put de gal on de bed, an' get ready to fight."

Gilbert needed no second bidding, but obeying, seized his rifle, and asked:

"Mr. Morton, how thick are the boards of that door?"

"Too thick to be pierced with a rifle-ball."

The reply had scarcely been given before the young man fired. The report was followed by a savage yell, and then all became silent without.

"I thought I could reach one of those red rascals. My rifle is a good one," exclaimed Gilbert.

"You did not reach any one," returned Morton.

"Didn't I? Then why did that fellow howl in that manner?"

"Simply to lead us to believe that we have one the less to deal with. They would like very much to draw us out."

As the girl had now recovered, Morton asked:

"What has happened, Jane?"

Her sobs choked her utterances; but at last she gasped out:

"Father—mother—all killed."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; and I only escaped after I could fight no longer."

"Is it the Sioux?"

"Yes, and led by Red Jacket."

"I feared it would come to this. That greasy dog dared to ask for you in marriage, and your father spurned him. I anticipated just such a result. But are you sure that all your family have been killed?"

"I saw them all cut down."

"How many of the Sioux were there?"

"I saw ten when the attack commenced. Five of them we killed."

"Then we have but five to meet," exclaimed Gilbert, "which will be nothing but child's play, as I can settle that many, or even double the number, in as many seconds. Let us go out at once and attack them."

"You know but very little of Indian fighting, Gilbert, or you would speak differently. It is very likely we will find more than five to encounter."

"Well, suppose we have twenty. I have twelve shots, every one of which I can make tell. Then you have one each, and your knives will finish up the job."

"Exactly, if they would stand still and take our shots quietly. But as they will be upon the watch, and shoot us down as we pass that door, I think we can hardly act upon your suggestion."

"Oh, that's their game? Of course it is. But we can be even with them there."

"In what way?"

"They have been pounding away at this door for admission. Open it, and let them come in. We will talk to them as they enter."

"Your plan might answer if they would do so; but that is not likely. They know that I am not alone, and they will not show themselves until they can get a good shot at us."

"How do they know that you are not alone?"

"They know that I am an old hunter, and never would have fired that shot into the door. None but a greenhorn would have done it."

"Then what do you purpose doing?"

"I have provided against just such an emergency as this. By lifting a trap in the floor you will see a dark hole beneath. From thence there is a narrow passage-way leading to the open air behind a ledge of rocks, about forty feet back of the house. While you remain here in conversation with Miss Moss, and loud enough to be heard by the Indians if any of them are still listening, myself and Hans will pass through the passage. Once safely on the outside, we can make our calculations, and, no doubt, punish these red devils as they deserve."

"That's all very nice, Mr. Morton. But when you talk of leaving *me* behind I must object. I want to have a hand in the fight if there is going to be one."

"Very well; Miss Moss can speak occasionally, loud enough to be heard by the savages. That will do just as well. So you may both follow me, but first look well to your weapons."

Everything ready, Morton opened the trap, and descended into the passage-way, followed by Gilbert and Hans.

They had proceeded but a short distance, when the Dutchman exclaimed:

"I can go not no furder!"

"What is the reason?" asked Morton.

"De reason ish that de hole ish too little, or else my corporation ish too big."

"Well, you had better turn and enter the cabin again."

"But I can't turn. I is smash in here like a wedge."

"Well, back out."

"Yaw, I neber thought ob that."

While Hans was making an effort to work his way back into the cabin, Morton and Gilbert pushed forward. They had advanced but a short distance, however, when the hunter found himself clutched by strong hands, and then he felt a sharp instrument strike his shoulder, but without inflicting more than a severe gash.

The savages had discovered his secret passageway, and were trying to enter the house from that direction. They had met in that gloom, but it would only be man to man, on account of the narrowness of the vault.

Morton caught his unseen foe in his iron grasp.

The struggle commenced. It was brief, but fearful. The savage began his wild yells, and they were taken up by others behind him. There were not less than half a dozen voices, probably the entire number of Indians engaged in the attack.

The one who had met Morton put forth all his strength, and struck wildly with his knife, inflicting several severe cuts on his antagonist. But the hunter had managed to draw his own blade from his belt, and drove it to the hilt into the breast of the savage, who fell back with a groan, while the hot blood spurted from the wound.

This first foe disposed of, Morton retreated a few feet, and then said to Gilbert:

"Give me one of your revolvers."

The weapon was passed over, and taking it, the hunter fired the entire six barrels into the darkness beyond.

The reports rang out fearfully, echoed by wild cries, which could not be misinterpreted. The flash of the powder cast a momentary and uncertain light throughout the vault, but it was of sufficient duration to reveal the hideous features of the savage foes.

In a moment more all became silent, and Morton and Gilbert returned to the cabin.

Digitized by Google

It now became a question with the friends whether they had killed all the savages, or whether some of them were not yet alive in the vault. If the latter was the case, they would make their way with all possible speed into the open air again. This it was desirable to prevent.

"Do you think they have left a guard at the door of the cabin?" asked Gilbert.

"I am certain of it," returned Morton; "but I must venture forth for all that. I want to reach the mouth of the passageway before any of the red-skins can leave it. This will give me decidedly the advantage."

"If you go out I will go with you," said Gilbert.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Hans.

"Well, what shall we do?"

"Dey leave no more dan one guard outside. Now, you take some of your clodings and stuff 'em out to look like a man. Den throw dem out of de door. The Ingen he shoots, and den we can get him, an' pay him up for his tricks."

Morton soon arranged his figure, and, cautiously opening the door, he threw it out upon the snow. Instantly there came a savage yell, and then a dusky form leaped upon it. A bright blade flashed in the pale moon-rays, and then fell on the unconscious figure.

In an instant the savage discovered the ruse, but it was too late, for Morton had already dashed at his enemy, driving his own knife into the heart of the red demon.

A second one had been left on guard, however, and he darted to the assistance of his brother. But Gilbert was prepared for this, and for the first time he encountered a savage. He could not make up his mind to shoot his antagonist, as the savage approached him simply with a raised tomahawk, and to use his revolver appeared too much like taking an advantage; so he drew his own knife, and, placing himself in an attitude of defence, he said:

"Come on, Mr. Ingine, and I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry."

But the red man was not a foe to be despised. Indeed, he appeared to feel a contempt for Gilbert, for he paused and burst into a mocking laugh.

"Oh! it is funny, is it?" retorted Robert. "Well, I will show you just where the joke comes in."

As the young man uttered these words, he sprang upon the savage; but the Indian caught him, tore the weapon from his hand, and then threw him several feet into the air, apparently as if he had been a mere child.

When Gilbert alighted, he looked up and found the savage standing with his arms folded, and the young man fancied that he could see a smile of contempt resting upon his face, spite of the darkness. He felt mortified himself, and now, more than ever, disliked to shoot his foe.

But he had only an instant for deciding upon his course. Morton had dispatched his enemy and had arisen to his feet. The savage saw this, and, finding that he had two men to contend with, he sprang toward Gilbert with his weapon raised. Of course the young man had but one chance now, and, drawing his revolver, he fired. The Indian uttered a groan, and then fell forward upon his face. He struggled for a moment, as if making an effort to reach his enemy, but then he became quiet, while the crimson blood stained the snow around him.



SIR WALTER OF HEARTLEAP WELL.—SEE PAGE 661.

"Quick!" said Morton. "Let us reach the entrance to the passageway before we have half a dozen more upon us."

When Morton reached the rocks, he found that the Indians had not yet come out. But scarcely had the two men arrived at the mouth of the passage before a dusky head appeared. Gilbert dealt the Indian a heavy blow with the barrel of his pistol. The savage uttered a yell, and disappeared.

"That's right!" exclaimed Morton. "We have got one of the red fiends caged alive, at all events; and if matters are as represented by Miss Moss, I will teach this fellow a lesson before I am through with him. But, in the first place, we must secure this end of the passage so that he cannot escape. By removing a little more snow, you will see a large, flat stone; it is perched upon rollers, and will be easily got into position over the hole. Then it is fastened down with chains. I don't think the red-skins will dig around it very easily, for the ground is frozen almost as hard as the

Digitized by Google



THE HUNTER'S PRIZE.—"JANE INSTANTLY SPRANG FORWARD, AND SEIZING A TOMAHAWK, RUSHED TO THE SPOT WHERE THE SAVAGE WAS HANGING, AND RAISED THE WEAPON."—SEE PAGE 662.

Digitized by Google

rock itself. It required considerable effort to get the stone trap into position, but it was done, and finally secured.

"Now for the house, and see what Hans is doing."

The Dutchman was found at his post, holding his rifle in readiness for instant use.

"Have you seen anything, Hans?" asked Morton.

"Yaw, I see some tings, an' py tam, I feel some tings, too."

"What have you felt, Hans?"

The Dutchman extended one of his hands, which was bleeding, and then pointing to his face, which was cut across the cheek, continued:

"One tam red tivel shoot up at me from de dark."

"Did you pay him back again?"

"I tink so; I shoot an' he makes squeal."

"Well, we have one, and perhaps two of the rascals alive and tightly caged. We will close this end of the vault, and then we will go down to the house of Mr. Moss. If we find matters as I fear we shall, we will return and attend to these fiends. Jane, will you go with us, or remain here?"

"I will go along; but I feel as it would almost madden me to look upon the mangled remains of my poor parents and little sisters."

"They may not have been murdered."

"I saw them prostrate and bleeding."

"For all that they may yet be alive. It is possible they may have been wounded merely, and that with care they may recover."

"I have no such hope. I had even rather believe the worst now, for I am sure we will so find it."

The trap was firmly secured, and then the party set out for the scene of the slaughter.

It appeared a little strange that the savages had not fired the building, as they did on most occasions like this. But when the cabin was reached, it was found that such an attempt had been made, but the wet logs did not take the fire. Had it not been for one thing, it would have been well had not such been the case, for the sight presented was a fearful one.

A bright fire was still blazing upon the hearth, and threw a red glare all around the apartment, rendering everything distinct. As Morton entered and glanced quickly around, he turned to Miss Moss, and said:

"Don't come in, Jane."

But at that instant, the cry of a child fell upon her ears, and springing past her friends, she entered the room. Then she called.

"Mattie!—Mattie!"

A little girl, some three years of age, pale and trembling, came tottering forth from concealment from behind an humble bed. As she saw her sister she uttered a wild cry and sprang into her arms, sobbing and moaning. Poor Jane clasped her close to her bosom, and mingled her tears with those of the child.

Perhaps it was well that tears did bedim her sight, for as it was, she nearly fainted, and, staggering, fell into the arms of Morton; and well might she weep, for even the strong men could not keep back their tears.

Lying upon the bed was the mother, her face ghastly and streaked with crimson. A gash upon her throat showed how she had died. Upon her breast was an infant, dead, its head nearly severed from its body.

Near the bed, and lying upon the floor, was the father, lying in a pool of blood. That he had died nobly in defense of his loved ones was attested by the fact that in his right hand he clutched an axe while his own body was literally cut into pieces.

Morton gazed upon this picture for a moment, and then, turning the face of the girl from it, he said:

"Come, Jane, you can do nothing more here. You had better return to my house with your little sister, and when we have buried our friends and avenged them as far as possible, we will go with you to the fort. It will not be safe for you to remain here any longer, for the Sioux are aroused. They think the troops from Laramie cannot reach them on account of the deep snow; but they will find themselves greatly mistaken, I think."

The poor girl had dried up her tears, and appeared quite calm; but there was a wildness about her eyes which her friends observed, and the question Morton asked plainly expressed his fears:

"Janey, you know me, don't you?"

She looked up into his face, and replied:

"Oh, yes. You need not fear for my reason; I am calm, because calmness will be required in the action I shall take."

"What do you intend doing?"

"I wish to see all that is done, and participate in the work."

"As you wish. Our first duty will be to place these murdered ones in the grave."

When the party reached the house of Morton, again, their first business was to examine those Indians who had been killed outside. Red Jacket was not among their number.

Then they entered the house, and for some time sat silent. At length, Morton asked:

"Well, we may as well commence our work, now, for, that over, we must go to the fort. You are all ready?"

"Yes; all."

"Jane, you are the judge in this case; we the executioners. What manner of death shall be inflicted upon the fiends?"

"The death of all murderers—hang them."

"It shall be as you say."

"How ish we going to get at dem?" asked Hans.

"There may be some trouble in that; but we can accomplish it. I have a plan that I think will work."

"What is it?"

"We will fill the mouth of the vault at the rocks with light wood and set it on fire. The smoke must be forced through the passage, and they will be compelled to come out here, or suffocate."

"Den dey vill suffocate, fer dey knows dat dey vill pe kilt just as soon as dey come up."

"We will try the experiment, at all events."

The matter was tested, but failed to produce any definite result. Not even a sound was heard, and the friends began to believe that their prisoners had either effected their escape in some manner, or that they had been suffocated, and that they were cheated of their full revenge. This was suggested, and Hans replied:

"Not one pit of it. Dem red tivels can't pe smoke out; dey iss too used to dat in de wigwams. Just try dem wid hot water. Scald 'em."

"There is some sense in that suggestion," returned Morton. "The passage declines very much from here to the cellar, and if we pour in a quantity of scalding water, it will produce some result."

Hans was delighted with this idea, and in a short time a kettleful of water was boiling over the cabin fire-place. Then the experiment was tried, and pailful after pailful was poured into the aperture.

Gilbert remained in the cabin watching the trap, which had been thrown open, and it was not long before he saw a savage struggling to reach the main room. The young man stepped back until the Indian had gained a footing above, and then placing the muzzle of his rifle close to the head of the villain, he commanded his immediate surrender. But quick as thought the savage dashed the rifle one side, with a violent blow of his fist, and sprang for the door.

Hans happened to be entering the cabin at that moment,

Digitized by Google

and he made an effort to stop the redskin, but was unsuccessful, for the fiend sprang against the Dutchman, throwing him backward upon the snow. Then he sped onward at a rapid rate, and was soon lost to view, as he disappeared up the ragged side of Laramie Peak. Several shots were fired after him, but did not take effect.

"That is the principal villain, and he has escaped!" exclaimed Miss Moss, as she saw the flying savage.

"Is that Red Jacket?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes, that is the chief."

"Well, I will take care that another don't escape."

"There may be no other alive."

"You think so? Look there." Gilbert pointed to the trap, where were visible two savages, who were trying to gain the room.

By this time Hans had regained his feet, and to seize and bind the Indians was no very difficult matter, as they were weak from loss of blood. Their condition was enough to show the fact that no other living being was in that vault, if they were able to work their way out at all, as the skin was literally peeling from the face and hands of these wounded, scalded wretches.

In a moment after, Morton entered the cabin, and questioning the savages, learned that there were three dead in the vault, and that Red Jacket had escaped to his band, which had been destroying Ashley's settlements beyond the peak.

"Where were you going from here?"

"Down, and burn all the pale-face wigwams between here and fort. Kill all pale-faces."

"This is just what I have been expecting from the infernal Sioux for a long time. And they have taken a time when they think it will not be possible for the troops to move. But, thank heaven, we have learned their intentions in time to warn a portion of the settlers and save them, even if we cannot save their homes."

"Do you think these fellows tell the truth?" asked Gilbert.

"I have no doubt of it."

"And that Red Jacket will be back again to-day?"

"We may expect him at any moment."

"Then we had better finish up this work at once, and be off. We may meet a much larger number than we would care to contend with. Besides, we don't want to expose this poor girl and the child any further. And we may save other valuable lives."

"You are right. We have ropes here, and will use them."

Preparations were at once made for the hanging. The savages looked on with considerable emotion, and finally began to beg for their lives. But the executioners gave them no heed, and in ten minutes more the fiends were dangling to a tree in front of the house.

"Let us now explore the passage, and see if any of the savages still remain alive," said Morton.

This was done, and only the bodies found. They were removed outside the building, and Morton said:

"This will be a warning to the Sioux. They will find ten of their number lifeless. The cost is greater than the advantage they have gained."

"Will they not revenge it upon the innocent settlers?"

"No doubt they would if they could. But until they can be thoroughly subdued, all defenseless parties must seek refuge in the fort."

Scarcely had these words been uttered, before something up the mountain's side attracted the attention of Morton. He gazed eagerly in that direction a few moments, and then said:

"We must be off. If I am not mistaken there are some savages hurrying toward us."

The friends looked well to their weapons, and then started off at a rapid pace. And it was as they had anticipated, for in a moment more some fifty of the Sioux appeared in view from among the trees, not a mile distant from them. Then an exciting chase began.

The savages came yelling onward like so many human fiends. But when they reached the cabin and saw the dead bodies of their companions, and those hanging to the trees, they became perfectly frantic. They leaped into the air, and shrieked and brandished their tomahawks. But they halted only a moment, and then began the chase again.

Meantime the friends had been speeding forward as rapidly as it was possible for them to do. But Miss Moss could not keep pace with the men, and the party were thus delayed. Morton carried Mattie in his arms, and this additional weight, together with his own, was too great for the crusted snow; and himself, as well as Hans, were constantly breaking through, thus still further delaying them.

It became evident that they would soon be overtaken, for the savages were gaining rapidly upon them.

"You have twelve shots, Gilbert?" asked Morton.

"Thirteen, with revolvers and rifle."

"And Hans and myself have two each—seventeen in all."

"You forget to count mine," said Miss Moss.

"Well, that will be eighteen. We must take to the mountains. If we can get safely under cover, we can fire upon the savages as they approach us, and, from the number and rapidity of our shots, they will think we have been joined by others, and they will be cautious about approaching us. This will give us time to reload, and it is possible that we may successfully contend with the entire number."

"Yaw," exclaimed Hans, "we vill go to Rattlesnake Gulch. We can do de job up dere."

"Where is Rattlesnake Gulch?" asked Morton.

"Vell, it is a mile up dis peak. Ve can fix de red tivels if they follow us there."

"Which they certainly will. But lead on."

"Dat's jest vot I ish a doin'. Ve vill be there in a few minutes."

On sped the friends up the steep sides of Laramie Peak, and on came the foe, gaining upon the flying party at every step. At length Hans said:

"You see dat clump of bushes covered mit snow-banks?"

"Yes."

"Vell, ve gets pehind dat. But you mustn't go straight to him, or you'll all tumble down a pig hole, vare you never see daylight again. Follow after me, an' den ye is all safe."

Hans made a kind of circle, and then took refuge behind that which appeared to be a sort of wall, formed of bushes.

"Ish you all ready to fire?" asked the Dutchman.

"We are all ready."

"Vell, vait till de redskins begin to tumble down de hole, and den blaze away."

"What do you mean by falling down a hole?"

"You see in a minute. Vait. Now get ready to shoot."

The savages had approached within a few feet of the place where the friends were lying concealed. They were sure, as they supposed, of their victims now, and their howlings of exultation were fearful. On they came, led by Red Jacket, although there appeared to be a rivalry between them as to who should be the first to seize the victims.

But upon a sudden the snow gave away under the feet of the foremost savages, and down they went—down into darkness, while fearful cries came up from the pit into which they had fallen.

That was Rattlesnake Gulch—a gulf or cavern the depth of which is said to be at least eighty or a hundred feet. The mouth of the gulch is narrow, and the snow had nearly filled the space, but had been settling for some time, and was now scarcely able to sustain itself. So when the weight was

Digitized by Google

brought upon it, the result was just what Hans had anticipated. The fact that the savages were not familiar with the place is accounted for thus: The location is infested with venomous serpents and reptiles, as well as with poisonous weeds, and game is never found there. Hence it was seldom visited by them.

Some ten of the Sioux were precipitated into this chasm, and the others, just in time to check themselves, started back in horror. At the same instant the rifles belched forth their streams of death, and then came the rattle of Gilbert's revolver. At each shot a savage fell, dead or wounded, until they became panic-stricken, and fell back some distance, with the loss of half their number.



THE YOUNG CHEVALIER BAYARD.—SEE PAGE 670.

This was just what the defenders wished, as it gave them time to load again. Morton watched their movements for some time, and then said:

"They are preparing to advance again; but they will divide into two parties, and flank us. And I think we must depend upon our rifles now, for they will not come near enough for us to use our revolvers, unless they discover our numbers."

The savages divided, and began to move around cautiously. In a short time they had reached a position where they could see just how many they had to contend with. They consulted together for a moment, and then with furious yells, made a charge.

The friends held their fire until the Sioux were within a few yards of them, and then opened. The effect was terrible, and the Indians paused, evidently as much from astonishment as fright.

But they rallied again, and leaped forward to the attack. Scarce had the echo of the first volley died away when another was heard a short distance away, and a shout, which all present understood to be that of hunters, was heard.

"Help is at hand!" shouted Morton, as he leaped up and sprang among the Indians. Hans and Gilbert were not slow in following, and in a moment after, a dozen strong white men joined in the battle. It was a brief one, however, for the now thoroughly frightened Sioux broke and fled down the mountain's side like maddened demons.

"Just in time, wasn't we?" asked one of the newcomers.

"Yes," returned Morton; "you were just in time. But how did it happen that you arrived so opportunely?"

"Oh, the reds have been at our settlement. We suspected they were coming, so we got the women folks and children all safe down to the fort. We made a pretty good fight of it, and beat the devils off. Then we thought we'd follow after, just to see what was up; and here we are. But it strikes me you have done a pretty good job here."

"And has Red Jacket again escaped?" asked Miss Rose, after a careful examination of the dead.

"I think he must have fallen into the gulch, for I saw him in the advance. No! — Look — there he is."

True. The chief had fallen in, but had caught a sapling, and was still clinging to it with desperation, and hanging over the chasm. He was glaring upon his foes like a wild beast at bay.

Jane instantly sprang forward, and seizing a tomahawk, rushed to the spot where the savage was hanging, and raised the weapon. But she paused, trembled, and turned away, exclaiming:

"I thought I could; but I cannot."

"Give me the hatchet," said Morton, as he took the weapon from her hand, and passed her away from the spot. The savage uttered a low moan; but it was too late. The

Digitized by Google



ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

twig was severed at a blow, and the body of Red Jacket went whirling down into the darkness below.

The settlers became thoroughly aroused; and from the distance of fifty miles they gathered to one point, determined to subdue the Sioux and to avenge their homes. They were joined by a body of troops from Fort Laramie, and as Red Jacket was not with them, they were easily subdued, and for some time after remained peaceable.

Digitized by Google

A year had elapsed. Jane Moss had not ceased to mourn her murdered friends; but she found consolation in the love of Morton, whom she had consented to marry. They were to reside near the house of Hans. Gilbert has had many a hunt; but none half so exciting as his first.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER BAYARD.

Few names in historical chivalry sound sweeter than that of the young Chevalier Bayard, who has earned by his gallantry and virtues the title of the Knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. His exact name was Pierre du Terrail Bayard, and he was born in the Château de Bayard, near Grenoble, of a noble Dauphiny family, in 1475, and died April 30, 1524. At the age of thirteen he became one of the pages of the Duke of Savoy, who at that time was an ally of France, whose king, Charles VIII., attached the gallant youth to his service. After a glorious career, to speak as a warrior, he was killed at Sesia, fighting against the Spaniards.

The picture we give on page 668 represents him as a youth leaving his father's castle to commence the exciting career of arms. Three years after the death of the heroic Bayard, one of the old writers published a work entitled, "The Chronicle of Bayard," in which is related at considerable length the parting of the young knight from his paternal home. It describes with amusing quaintness the banquet given by the old knight in his baronial hall, where he has summoned around him his chief relations and retainers, to debate upon the choice of a leader for the youngest of his sons, the one who has chosen the profession of arms.

One recommends the King of France, but the Bishop of Grenoble, uncle to Pierre Bayard, so strongly advocates the claims of Duke Charles of Savoy, that the old chevalier consents, and the bishop escorts his nephew the next morning to his new destination. The old chronicler's recital of his parting with his mother is very touching. Her handing him a little silken purse, knitted with her own pious hands, containing six crowns in gold and one in change, is full of natural pathos. Altogether, the picture of medieval life is vivid, and brings us face to face with the age of chivalry.

THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.

The whole number of Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX., is 257. Of these, 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 having been Romans, and 103 natives of other parts of Italy, 15 Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, 2 Dalmatians, 1 Hebrew, 1 Thracian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Portuguese, 1 Candiot, and 1 Englishman. The name most commonly borne has been John; the 23d and last was a Neapolitan, raised to the chair in 1410. Nine Pontiffs have reigned less than one month, 30 less than one year, and 11 more than twenty years. Only 5 have occupied the Pontifical Chair over twenty-three years. These are St. Peter, who was Supreme Pastor twenty-five years, two months, seven days; Sylvester I., twenty-three years, ten months, twenty-seven days; Adrian I., twenty-three years and ten months; Pius IX., who celebrated his thirtieth year in the Pontifical Chair, June 16th, 1876.

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

This picture will recall the passage in "Hamlet,"

"He slew the sledded Polacks on the ice."

The frozen surface of lake and river has always been, in Northern parts, a favorite road, Nature here presenting the surface that engineers seek for roads of man's construction.

This style of sled adopted in Upper Bavaria may give a hint. There is something so attractive in this method of propelling a fair friend to the church, if not to the altar, that it may come into vogue among us. It has the advantage of excluding officious company, and of leaving behind any unwelcome intruders. The young lady evidently enjoys it, and is at the same time certainly contributing to the muscular development and health of her cavalier, or, perhaps, attendant.

The man stands on the back of the sled, using two iron-shod and pointed staves in his hands, as a means of propulsion, plying them alternately with such skill as to drive the stout sled skimming over the frozen surface.

The young man in our illustration is displaying his skill to such an extent as to elicit a hearty cheer from perhaps a rival, who has stopped for a moment on his own celibate sled, to admire the young lady in her flying passage to church.

The population of Bavaria is chiefly Catholic, as the illustration here indicates, and they are evidently on their way to Mass, to some old shrine honored for ages, dark with the incense of years, and all the more hallowed to the minds of the votaries.

COLKITTOCH.

The name of Colkittoch often occurs in the history of the great rebellion in the reign of Charles I. By some he is denominated Macdonald of Colkittoch, by others Colkittoch, and by many he is confounded with his son. His name was Coll, or Colle, Macdonald; he was a native of Ireland. His father was Archibald Macdonell, who was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Antrim. With the aid of his partisans, Coll took violent possession of the island of Colonsay, one of the Hebrides, having driven away the Macfees, who had held it for many centuries. Coll was denominated Kittoch, or, more correctly, Ciotach, from his being left-handed. Coll had distinguished himself in the unhappy disturbances in Ireland; and when Lord Antrim sent troops to Scotland as auxiliaries in the royal cause, he served as an officer under his own son, Allister, or Alexander, who had the chief command of the corps. The father and son were well qualified for this service, both of them being well known in the Highlands, and connected by blood or marriage with some of the best families in that country.

Coll was noted for his strength and prowess, though tainted with the cruelty too familiar to his countrymen at that time. He fought in all the battles in which the Irish auxiliaries were engaged under Montrose; he was also concerned in their plundering expeditions in Argyleshire, where private revenge was unfortunately added to the horrors of war. Many of the lyric compositions of those days extol his bravery and his bloody vengeance on his antagonists, the Campbells, though it seems he was on very friendly terms with some of that name.

Coll had possession of the Castle of Duntroon, and having placed a garrison in it, he went to another quarter; but in his absence it was taken by stratagem. He was ignorant of this misfortune, and on his return he steered his boat direct for the castle. His own piper was then a prisoner there; and knowing his master's boat, to warn him of his danger, he played a tune which he composed for the purpose; and so accurately did the sound correspond with the meaning, that Coll understood the intention, and avoided the castle.

After the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, and the retreat of his son Alexander to Ireland, Coll was left in command of the Castle of Dunaovaig, the ancient seat of the Macdonalds of Islay. The garrison consisted of 150 men; but the pipes which conveyed the water being cut by the

Digitized by Google

enemy, on the assurance of Sir David Leslie, who commanded the Parliamentary forces, Coll was induced to go out of the castle, to hold parley with his old friend Campbell of Dunstaffnage. Leslie basely broke his word, and made Coll prisoner. The Marquis of Argyle was present on this occasion, and was blamed for this. After the Restoration, when Argyle was brought to trial, he was accused of the heinous crime of having ordered this garrison to be put on a rock, surrounded by the sea, to perish without food or water. He denied all knowledge of any such thing; and the proof on this point does not appear satisfactory, nor could we find any tradition in that country of such an atrocious action.

Coll was committed to the custody of the captain of Dunstaffnage, in whose castle he was confined, and the tower where he lay is still named after him. That gentleman being no doubt sensible of the dishonorable treatment his prisoner had received, gave him every possible indulgence. He permitted Coll to walk about the place, but he had cause to repent his lenity. The Marquis of Argyle charged him with misconduct; and dreading the well-known severity of his chief, Dunstaffnage denied it. Argyle swore that if Coll should be found at large, the captain would be severely punished, and a messenger was dispatched to ascertain the fact. Dunstaffnage being at Inverary at the time, ordered his foster-brother to set off with all speed, and outrun the other, which he did; and on coming in sight of the castle, he cried out, *Coll in irons! Coll in irons!* Coll was occupied in superintending the shearing of corn at the time, and was the first who heard the cries. Conjecturing what the cause might be, he instantly retired to his dungeon, and with his own hands put on the irons. He was soon after this brought to trial before the Sheriff of Argyle, in the castle where he was confined. Maclean of Ardgour, who originally had been on the royal side, was on the jury; and wishing to display his zeal for the republican cause, which, with many others, he then espoused, asked Coll if he had been present at the battle of Inverlochy; the prisoner boldly replied, "*By my baptism! I was so, Carle, and did more service there than thyself!*" He was condemned to die, and was executed, by hanging from the mast of his own boat, laid across the cleft of a rock. He suffered death without dismay, requesting that his body might be laid so near that of his friend, the captain of Dunstaffnage, that they might exchange snuff-boxes in their graves; and this request was complied with. The fate of Colkittoch was amply avenged: at the Restoration, his death and sufferings formed some of the most serious and fatal charges against the Marquis of Argyle.

Coll's execution took place in 1647.

A FRENCH MUSSEL-FARM.

The mussel is not popular in England as an article of food, but there is a great demand for it as bait, and the fishermen along her coasts experience no little trouble in collecting a sufficient quantity for their ever-increasing wants. Hence it is that public attention has lately been directed to the desirability of establishing mussel-farms.

Under these circumstances, little apology is needed for giving the following abridged account, from the third edition of Mr. Bertram's "Harvest of the Sea," of the mussel-farm at Aiguillon, on the west coast of France, how it came to be established, how it is worked, and what amount of profit it yields annually.

Aiguillon is a little out-of-the-way place hard by the port of Esnandes, which in its turn is about seven kilomètres from La Rochelle, and not far distant, therefore, from the Ile de Ré, so famous for its oyster-grounds.

It happened, as far back as 1235 A. D., that an Irish vessel laden with sheep was wrecked in the bay, and all the crew save a man named Walton perished. This Walton was a man of some ingenuity; and no sooner did he find himself safe and sound than he turned himself about to provide a regular supply of food, so that he might not prove a burden to the kind fisher-folk to whom he was indebted for his safety, and who were themselves almost destitute. But no matter in what direction he looked, he could see nothing but an expanse of liquid mud, which it was well-nigh impossible to traverse, at least on foot. Accordingly, he set about constructing a sort of canoe, still in use at the present day, and called a *pirogue*. In this he managed to explore the coast; and soon found that large numbers of land and sea birds were in the habit of settling on the water and in the mud, for the purpose of collecting food. Walton therefore made himself a number of long, stout stakes. These he fixed in the mud, and attached to them a kind of purse-net; the result being the capture every night of a large number of aquatic birds. It was not very long before he found the posts to which he had affixed his nets covered with the spawn of the edible mussel. These grew rapidly, and when mature, were found to have a much finer flavor than the mud-grown molluscs whence the spawn had floated.

Walton at once saw how he could not only multiply his food supplies, but likewise create a lasting industry for the benefit of the folk among whom he had been thrown. So he went on multiplying the stakes, and found there was comparatively no end to the produce.

"In ten years after the shipwreck," says Mr. Bertram, "the bay was covered with an appropriate and successful mussel-collecting apparatus, out of which has grown the present extensive commerce."

The work of cultivation is carried on very systematically, the same method prevailing now as in the days of Walton. One singular feature in connection with it is the mode of progression over the mud-banks, the mud being very soft and smooth, and without any sun-baked furrows to interrupt the progress of the canoes.

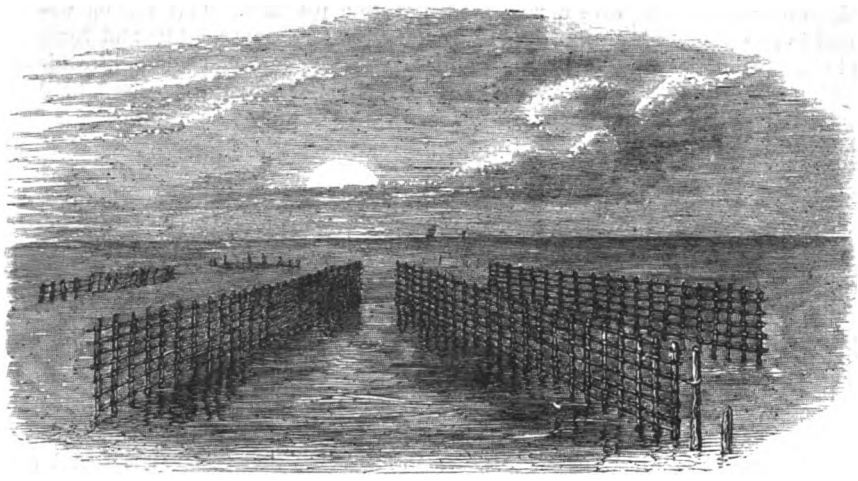
The propulsion of the vessels is after a very primitive fashion. The man kneels in the little boat with one leg, while the other, incased in a huge boot, is planted deep in the mud. A lift of the vessel with both hands, and a simultaneous shove with the mud-imbedded leg, "and lo! a progress of many inches is achieved." This frequently repeated soon carries the industrious laborer from one field to another.

When a new *trousseau* has to be provided for the *bouchots* (as we shall presently explain), or a stranger has to be taken over the fields, two men load a canoe and work it out between them. Sometimes three canoes are lashed together, when the *boucholier* in No. 1 propels with his left leg, and he in No. 3 with his right, by which means they get along in a tolerably straight line and with considerable speed.

Besides the stout stakes to which he originally affixed his nets, Walton planted others "in long rows in front of the double V, with their apex open to the sea, the sides being interlaced with branches of trees, to which the mussels, by means of their byssus (beard) affixed themselves with great aptitude." These form the *bouchots* above mentioned, and are "so arranged one with another as to serve as traps" for the fish that frequent the coast; so that the fishermen have a chance of catching some fish, while they are always certain of securing a canoeful of mussels. To this end the men in search of fish set out for the *bouchots* a little while before the tide recedes, and affixing small nets to the various openings, are sure to intercept any fish that may have come in to feed with the previous tide.

The farm covers eight kilomètres, being laid out in four fields or divisions, each of which has its peculiar name and use. The number of *bouchots* is stated to be at least five hundred, each representing a length of four hundred and

Digitized by Google



A FRENCH MUSSEL FARM.—SEE PAGE 671.

fifty mètres, and the whole forming a wall of strong basket-work, equal in length to two hundred and twenty-five thousand mètres (a little over two hundred and forty-six thousand yards), and rising six feet above the mud.

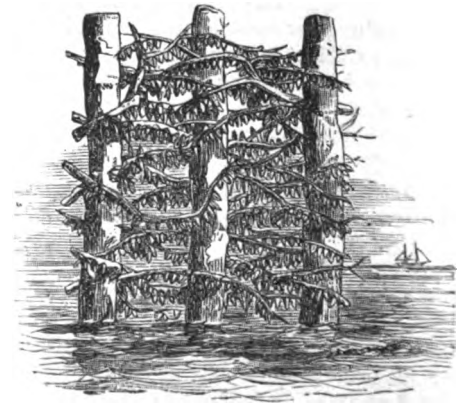
Great pains are taken to keep the *bouchots* in order, the work of repair being constant. Along the cliff-wall which protects the bay are kept the strong wooden stakes, twelve feet in length, and of considerable girth, which form the *trousseau*, as it is called, of the *bouchots*. These are sunk six feet in the mud, the upper part being furnished with a number of strong, supple branches, twisted into the form of basket-work, on which are grown the annual crop of mussels. The *bouchots* have different names according to their different uses and positions. Those farthest away in the water, and rarely, therefore, uncovered by it, are called *bouchots du bas*. These consist of large, strong, single stakes, planted close to each other—three to the mètre—and serve as spat collectors, the spat being locally called *naissain*, so that there may be always a store of infant mussels ready for any of the stakes which may accidentally become vacant. The spat voluntarily fixes itself to these *bouchots du bas*. About February or March they attain the size of a grain of flax-seed; in May they are about as big as a lentil; and in about two months more they are as large as a haricot bean, and are then called *renouvelain*. This is the time for planting to begin, the process being very simple. When seedlings are required for the more inland *bouchots*, the men proceed, at the lowest stage of the tide, to the spat-collecting stakes, and, with the aid of long poles having blunt hooks at the end, scrape off as many basketfuls as are required. They then paddle to the inland stakes and commence the first stage or work by planting, known as *la bâtisse*. A good handful of the young mussels is skillfully tied up by one of the mussel-men (*boucholier*) in a bag of netting or canvas, and cunningly made fast to the interstices of the basket-work, leaving ample room between each group or bag. They soon attach themselves by the byssus, and as the nets or bags soon rot away by the action of the water, are left hanging in clusters on the *bouchots*, where they increase in size so rapidly as speedily to require thinning out and transplanting, by a repetition of the same process, to stakes still nearer the shore. This twofold process of planting and transplanting is observed in order that the mussels may be as much as possible covered with the salt water, as they then fatten better.

It will easily be imagined that all this work of repairing the *bouchots* and planting and transplanting is going on incessantly, even at night-time, when the tide is suitable. Some portions of the farm are always under water, and those mussels are the best in quality which are the longest submerged. Care is, of course, taken to keep the mussels as much as possible from being deteriorated by any mud deposits, and for this purpose a good flow of water is provided for between the base of the *bouchots* and the sea-surface. But, in spite of all precautions, many bunches are affected, and this greatly distresses the *boucholiers*, who think more of quality than of quantity. They bear in mind the first experience of Walton, who was induced to turn mussel-farmer by the superior flavor of the mussels which grew on his stakes high above the mud. When a year's farming has been completed, the mussels are ready for the market; and by the care of the farmer, they are in season the whole year through, though they are best for food in the Autumnal months, when Mr. Bertram describes them as being deliciously fat and savory. In April they become milky and less palatable.

If the mussels are to be sent any distance, they are first carefully separated and freed from all kinds of dirt, then packed in hampers and bags, and sent away on the backs of horses and in carts, there being no less than 140 horses and 100 carts employed in the business. The mussels thus sent away are distributed within a radius of about 100 miles of Esnandes, more than 30,000 journeys per annum being made in the service. Those retained for local consumption are kept in pits dug at the bottom of the cliffs and within the inclosure where the men keep the *trousseau* of the *bouchots*. In addition are some 40 or 50 barks, making about 750 voyages in the year, which convey the mussels to still greater distances.

As to the question, "Does the mussel-farm pay?" Mr. Bertram furnishes the following statistics: Every *bouchot* will yield a load of mussels for each mètre of its length; a load is worth six francs, and the whole farm at Esnandes "is said to yield an annual revenue of about 1,250,000 francs, or, to speak roundly, upwards of $250,000 per annum. When," adds the writer, "it is taken into account that this large sum of money is, as nearly as possible, a gift from nature to the inhabitants, as there is no rent to pay for the farm, no seed—as is the case at the oyster-farms—to provide, no manure to buy, only the labor necessary for cultivation to be given, fishermen will easily comprehend the advantages to be derived from mussel-farming."

And when, as Mr. Bertram tells us, a *single* little fishing village in Scotland requires, for its share only, for the baiting of the deep-sea lines in the cod and haddock fisheries, close on *five million* mussels, it is time, we think, British fisher-folk followed the example of their brethren at Esnandes, and set to work cultivating mussel-farms, if not for purposes of food, at least to obtain excellent and cheaply-acquired bait.



MUSSEL-NETS.

Digitized by Google



OLIVER CROMWELL.— FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CUYP.

CROMWELL AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

THE aspect of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century must have suggested utter despair to the timid lover of freedom—to the pale doubter in the progress of humanity. Despotism, enthroned on the ruins of the feudal system, and surrounded by disciplined armies dependent on the sole will of the monarch, had extinguished or enslaved all the independent jurisdictions of the continent. The Parliaments of Paris, which the war of the Fronde vainly strove to maintain in virility and power, were virtually subjugated; and in that country a government of autocratic *will* was, by the genius of Richelieu, rapidly consolidated, and covered by the ægis of success and victory.

The Councils of Castile and Arragon had long since disappeared; and many years previously Cardinal Ximenes told the deputies of Castile—pointing from a window to the armed battalions of Charles V.—that it was by virtue of those men the King of Arragon commanded in Castile. The United Provinces was a republic but in name and form, so that the faintly acknowledged liberties of these countries were the sole *rights* remaining to the human race.

Digitized by Google

Happily for Europe, for the world, the English and Scotch peoples were faithful to their great trust, and neither kingly nor sacerdotal force or fraud was found able to bend them to the yoke imposed upon the nations of the continent. To the Puritans and Covenanters of that period England owes the freedom which she now enjoys. The Parliamentary leaders—and there can be no higher praise—were equal to the high mission imposed by the time; and no unprejudiced man, versed in their histories, can refuse acquiescence in the testimony borne to their merits by Bishop Warburton, "that the interests of liberty were conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw embarked together in a common cause."

The wars for the retention of France, the conflicts of the White and Red Roses, the troubles, confiscations, persecutions, strife, and discontent occasioned by the change of religion, and the alternate triumphs of Catholic and Protestant, thrust for a time all constitutional theories and maxims out of sight. They seemed lost amid the tumultuous hurly-burly of polemical warfare and sanguinary reaction; but they were rock-based, and again raised their sun-lit pinnacles above the deep as the fury of the social storm subsided.

The long and wary reign of Elizabeth closed amidst the rising murmurs of the people against the despotic authority which, taking advantage of the troubles of the time, had dared to tax the people by means of patents for monopolies, without leave of Parliament. Cecil, going down to the House on the 26th of November, 1601, was alarmed at the expression of the growing discontent, and warned the Commons that a dangerous spirit was abroad. His royal mistress would withdraw those patents, since they had proved hateful to the people. "But, gentlemen," continued the minister, "remember that whatsoever is subject to public expectation cannot be good while the Parliament matters are ordinary talk in the streets. I have heard myself, being in my coach, these words spoken aloud, 'God prosper those that further the overthrow of these monopolies! God send the prerogative touch not our liberties!' I think those persons would be glad that all sovereignty were converted into popularity, we being here but the popular mouth, and our liberty but the liberty of the subject."

Elizabeth soon afterward died, and James I. ascended the throne, his head full of notions of divine right, and confident that the devices of king-craft, on which he plumed himself, would enable him to successfully govern the most restive and stubborn nation in the world; a perilous experiment at all times, but especially so now, when the printing-press had become a power, and men were reading their Bibles after their own interpretation, by the light of the fires of Smithfield, and garnering up thoughts and aspirations—debased, it is true, but at the same time hardened, strengthened, by alloy of bigotry—which were anything but favorable to domination of any kind over the wills and consciences of men.

The Parliaments which the necessities of James obliged him to have recourse to were much more lavish of advice and remonstrance than of money; a mode of help which terribly exasperated the upon the whole good-natured, well-meaning king. It was in this reign that the Commons again drew forth their ancient but long-disused weapon of impeachment. The first person that sank before it was the Lord Chancellor Verulam (Bacon), accused of receiving bribes from the suitors in his Court, and prosecuted to conviction. The Lord Treasurer, Cranford, Earl of Middlesex, was next impeached of both oppression and corruption, and convicted.

The Duke of Buckingham—the favorite of the king and of Prince Charles—a weak, haughty man, in a fit of popular caprice, coincided with and supported the Commons in their attacks upon the great officers of state. James, who was a shrewd observer, warned Buckingham—Steenie, as he called him—of the dangerous nature of the weapon the Commons were wielding with such decisive effect.

"By God, Steenie!" exclaimed the king, "you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly; and will find that in this fit of popularity you are making a rod with which your own breech will be scourged. You will live to have your belly-ful of Parliamentary impeachments."

James, in this instance at least, was a true prophet; but he did not live to witness the fulfillment of his prediction, having died "mysteriously," as was said, on the 1st of June, 1824—not, however, till some time after he had with his own hand torn out of the journal-book of the House of Commons "an insolent remonstrance" of that body, and had sent Pym, Sir Edward Coke, and several other members to prison, avowedly for their speeches and doings in Parliament.

Such was the state of affairs when Charles I., at the age of twenty-five, ascended the throne, his head as full as that of his father—more so, perhaps—of notions of a king's divine, indefeasible right to absolute sovereignty. He was, no doubt, willing enough to govern with a Parliament, provided the Parliament willed what he willed, but otherwise quite resolved to rule by "other counsels."

The nation was in an ill-humor for such assumptions; and it was evident from the first, to all calmly-reasoning men, that there was nothing for it but to frankly and sincerely accept the situation as it presented itself, and submit to conduct the affairs of the kingdom in accordance with the views of the Commons' House, now grown too powerful to be permanently controlled, much less ignored, by the sovereign. The new king thought otherwise; and when his first Parliament, which met in 1825, after granting the usual subsidy, showed a disposition to inquire into "grievances," especially that "grievance of grievances," the Duke of Buckingham, whose insolence and power and manifold corruptions had not only disgusted the nation with the favorite, but partially alienated its affections from the crown, Charles, under the pretense of the plague, then raging, hastily dissolved it. In 1626 a new Parliament, "a great, warm, ruffling Parliament," as Whitelock calls it, was summoned to Westminster to aid the king with counsel and money. The former part of their duty they set about with alacrity; a "committee of grievances" was appointed, and an unmistakable determination shown to put an end to the government of favoritism and corruption which marked the commencement of the young king's reign.

"Are not honors," exclaimed Sir John Eliot, of famous memory, "sold and made despicable? Are not judicial places sold, and do they not sell justice again?"

The king's rage was excessive. "I must let you know," said his majesty, "that I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned amongst you, much less such as are of eminent place and near my person. I see you especially aim at the Duke of Buckingham. I would have you hasten my supply, or else it will be worse for yourselves!"

Brave words these, but utterly thrown away on the stubborn Commons. The preparations to impeach the Duke of Buckingham, "the source from which all this bitterness flows" went on as vigorously as ever. Amongst his other crimes, Buckingham was indirectly accused of assassinating the late king, by administering to him "a plaster and a posset-drink" without the knowledge or authority of the royal physicians.

In a transport of fury, the king arrested Sir John Eliot and Sir Dudley Digges, and committed them to the Tower. This manifest breach of "privilege" the monarch had speedily reason to regret. The Commons not only declared their approval of all the imprisoned members had said, but refused to proceed without them. After eight days' confine-

Digitized by Google

ment, they were released, and the accusation against Buckingham was pressed as earnestly as before. All efforts to subdue the spirit, or mollify the resentment, of the Commons having failed, the Parliament was dissolved, the king determining thenceforth to be governed by the "new counsels," of which he had previously forewarned the opposers of his will.

The new counsels, it soon appeared, were simply counsels to mulct and oppress the people, under form and color of law, and by the naked exercise of the prerogative. Forced loans, as they were mockingly termed, were demanded, chiefly of gentlemen obnoxious to the court party, under threat of imprisonment. Commissions were appointed, armed with the most inquisitorial powers for extracting "Benevolences" from reluctant subjects. In the words of the royal warrant, "They were to treat apart with every one of those who were to lend, or should make delay or excuses, and persist in their obstinacy; that they examine such persons on their oath, whether they had been dealt with to deny, to refuse, or to delay to lend, or make an excuse for not lending!"

Charles, moreover, in order to give his new counsels a fair chance of success, in imitation of the practice of Elizabeth, "tuned" his pulpits, as it was popularly termed, and reverend doctors were found to preach illimitable obedience to the king, under pain of illimitable damnation. Those of the clergy that refused to lend themselves to so impious a device were persecuted without mercy, at the suggestion of William Laud, then bishop of Bath and Wells, who had drawn up the instructions for the clergy, and who, not very long afterward, for that esssential service, was made Archbishop of Canterbury.

Beside the loans, tonnage and poundage, or import and export duties, unvoted by Parliament, were forcibly levied. The city of London was peremptorily commanded to furnish the king's majesty with £120,000; the outports were compelled to equip a number of war-vessels, under pretense of danger of invasion; and the lords-lieutenant of the counties were ordered to impress and train men to arms to put down civil tumult.

These lawless proceedings, instead of intimidating, served but to inflame and exasperate the public mind. Mr. John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire, refused to subscribe to the king's loan, so did Sir Thomas Wentworth, John Pym, Sir John Eliot, and more than a hundred other of the principal gentry of the kingdom. They were all thrown into prison for their refusal. Hampden was first confined in the Gate-House, London, and afterward imprisoned in Hampshire. Wentworth and Pym were incarcerated in the country. Mr. George Catesby, of Northampton, when imprisoned in the Gate-House, was visited by the Lord President, to whom he pleaded that he did not care for the money required of him, but that he feared to violate Magna Charta, and that his compliance might be construed as a precedent. The Lord President told the man in bonds that "he lied"! "I came not here to dispute with your lordship," was Catesby's answer, "but to suffer!"

As for the common file who resisted, *they* were sent to serve in the king's ships, impressed as soldiers, treated, in short, as the trusty and well-beloved commissioners deemed fitting and proper.

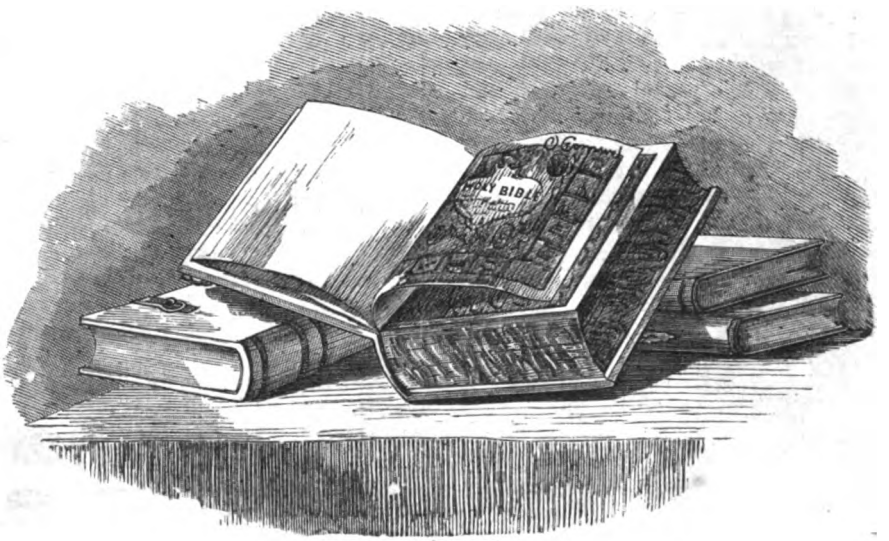
The parasites of the Court were especially delighted to find that the judges of the land were all on their side. Law, if its dignitaries were to be believed, was clearly against gentlemen imprisoned for refusing, or for being unable to lend, the king any sum of money his majesty chose to name. Sir Thomas Darnel, Sir John Corbet, and others, sued out their *habeas corpus*, and demanded to be released; but the judges refused all relief. The king's warrant, according to them, justified everything. Not, however, without shame and remorse was this done by the learned judges. "The Commons little know," exclaimed one of them, "what letters and commands we receive!" Certainly the Commons did not; neither till long afterward were they aware that the wording of the judges' patents had been changed from the old clause, *quamdiu se bene gesserit*, to *durante bene placito*. How could they suspect dignified functionaries of accepting offices under such disgraceful conditions?

When all was done, these torturings and imprisonings were found to avail but very poorly and insufficiently in procuring money for the king's necessities, however much they might have gratified his pride and love of power. He was daily getting poorer and poorer—could not, with all his counsels and contrivances, find any adequate remedy for that consumption of the purse—and, as a last and desperate resource, again in 1628 summoned his faithful Commons to meet him at Westminster.

Charles on this occasion, in order, our historians tell us, to show a magnanimous example, released all the gentlemen, nearly eighty in number, whom he held caged for non-compliance with the voluntary loan; and the people, grateful as his majesty was magnanimous, returned nearly all of them to the new Parliament. Yorkshire sent Wentworth; Cornwall, Eliot; Hampden sat for Wendover; Pym for Grampound.

The meeting of the king's third Parliament was a very notable event in the world's history. The old leaders were all there, and another was now added to them. A stout, strongly-framed man, of very "slovenly" appearance, as gentlemen curious in tailoring deemed him, entered the House for the first time, accompanied by Mr. Hampden, who introduced him to Eliot, Pym, and others congregated about the Speaker's chair, as "my kinsman, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, member for Huntingdon."

Pym was soon in deep conversation with the stranger; there was something in him, he soon perceived, more than even the massive forehead, swift-glancing eyes, and firm-set lips at first indicated. He was not much of a speaker, this Cromwell. Sir Philip Warwick says his voice was untunable and harsh; and he (Sir Philip) marveled that so great an



CROMWELL'S BIBLE.

Digitized by Google

assemblage should have listened with so great a respect to such an ungainly fellow. He had a habit, too, we are told, of suddenly grasping the hilt of his sword with a fierceness that would have probably crushed Sir Philip's dainty fingers to a jelly, as if *there*, in his mind, lay the true argument, or, at all events, that which would, all others failing, assuredly prevail.

"Who is that sloven you came in with?" asked Digby of Hampden.

"That sloven," was the reply, "if we should ever—which God forbid!—come to a rupture with the king, will be the greatest man in England."

The calm, keen eyes of Cromwell's kinsman had, we are now aware, read the character of the new member for Huntingdon aright, and it is supremely absurd to suppose that a man who could suggest such a prophecy to a mind like Hampden's, was the confused, heavy dullard, and hypocritical buffoon which prejudice and folly would have us believe. Not an eloquent phrase-maker, if you will, but clearly of the true metal which discerning men had but to sound in order to discover its essential and sterling qualities.

Oliver Cromwell—to recapitulate briefly all that history has told us of trustworthy of his youth and early manhood—was the son of Mr. Robert Cromwell, a gentleman of good family and moderate means, settled at Huntingdon—a brewer there, some say, but without much likelihood of truth. The Cavaliers used, we know, to call Harrison a butcher, for the excellent reason that his father was a large grazing farmer. Be this, however, as it may, Oliver, since his father's death, managed his mother's business, whatever it was, whether farming or brewing, and succeeded in doing so reasonably well. He had also received a good education, or at all events, what in those days passed for one; for we find he was entered of Sussex College, Cambridge, on the very day, it is not uninteresting to remark, that Shakespeare died!

The stories told of the dissoluteness of Oliver's youth may equally, with the prophetic marvels which, after he had achieved greatness, were said to have marked his infancy and boyhood, be dismissed with almost entire incredulity. He was related to Hampden by marriage only, having espoused, on the 22d of August, 1620, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Bourchier, a kinsman of the anciently-descended Buckinghamshire family. Cromwell appears to have been a thoroughly sincere and fervidly pious man; and well would it have been had the charity of his religious zeal equaled its earnestness and fervor. An excellent neighbor, too, helpful to all who needed help, and a zealous protector of the Noncomforming lecturers, whom Laud was hunting and persecuting through the country; a man, in short, fitted for the perilous and anxious time; watchful and patient of passing events; eagle-visioned to the dawnings of the future; and, to use Milton's expression, "nourishing his great soul in silence," whilst calmly but mournfully awaiting the moment when the contest, now thickening, should be removed to a more decisive arena than that of the Commons' House, and men of bold deeds more than of eloquent words would be required.

The shadow of that time already lowered visibly over the land. The king was in no humor to part with the reality of the despotic power he had usurped, though he was profuse of promises that he would for the future, out of his own royal grace and favor, deal tenderly with the liberties of his subjects. It was not for a moment to be supposed that the Commons would be satisfied with mere words, and after agreeing to grant the king five subsidies, they clogged the gift with the precedent condition of redress of grievance, especially the intolerable one of arbitrary imprisonment, which his majesty claimed of divine, hereditary right.

All in vain was it that the Court party, seconded by the Lords, urged that, the affectionate duty of the Commons shown by passing the supply bills, the monarch would be in a more complying humor, and likelier to accede to their demands. A Petition, or, more correctly, a Declaration of Right, was framed by the House on the basis of the following resolutions: 1. That no freeman ought to be restrained or imprisoned unless some lawful cause of such restraint or imprisonment be expressed; 2. That the writ of *habeas*



BYNNE, BASTWICK AND BURTON IN THE PILLORY.

Digitized by Google

corpus ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, though it be at the command of the king or privy-council, if he pray for the same; 3. That when the return expresses no lawful cause of commitment or restraint, the party ought to be delivered or bailed; 4. That it is the ancient and undoubted right of every Englishman that he hath a full and absolute property in his goods and estate, and that no tax, loan, or benevolence ought to be levied by the king or his ministers without consent of Parliament. This Petition of Right was eloquently enforced by Sir John Eliot, Sir Thomas Wentworth, and others. Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who had not yet abandoned the cause of the people, said: "We vindicate what? A new thing? No! but our ancient, legal, and vital liberties, by reinforcing the laws made by our ancestors by setting such a seal on them that no libertine spirit shall dare hereafter to disregard them."

Coke and Selden argued unanswerably for the legal soundness of the position assumed by the Commons. "It is not under Mr. Attorney's cap," exclaimed Coke, with natural exultation, "to answer one of our arguments."

But the king could not be persuaded to forego the power of arbitrary imprison ment, and the peers declared that the king's word was, after all, the chief security. "The wrath of a king," said their lordships, "is like the roaring of a lion; and all laws with his wrath are of no effect; but the king's favor is like the dew on the grass—then all will prosper." His majesty, moreover, condescended to send a letter to the Commons, stating "that he would not part with the power of imprisoning the subject, but would promise not in future to imprison any man for refusing a loan, nor for any cause which in his judgment and conscience he did not conceive necessary for the public good."

The House, we find by the journals, "laid the king's letter aside." They could only take his majesty's word in a parliamentary way, and they sent the bill embodying the Declaration of Right up to the Lords. The peers passed it with the addition of a clause, "reserving his majesty's sovereign power."

"Let us take heed," exclaimed Coke, when the bill came back to the Commons with this amendment tacked to it—"let us take heed what we yield unto. Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign." The amendment was struck out, and the peers reluctantly acquiesced. Nothing now remained but the king's formal concurrence; and that given, the coveted subsidies were at his disposal.

Charles hesitated long, but finding the Commons inexorable, came down to the Lords, and the Lower House was summoned in due form to hear the royal assent given to the bill. To the surprise and indignation of all who heard him, the king, instead of using the legal formula, "*Soit droit fait comme il est desiré*" ("Let right be done as desired"), said, "The king willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppression contrary to their just rights and privileges, wherein he holds himself bound in conscience as well as obliged of his own prerogative."



SIR HARRY VANE.

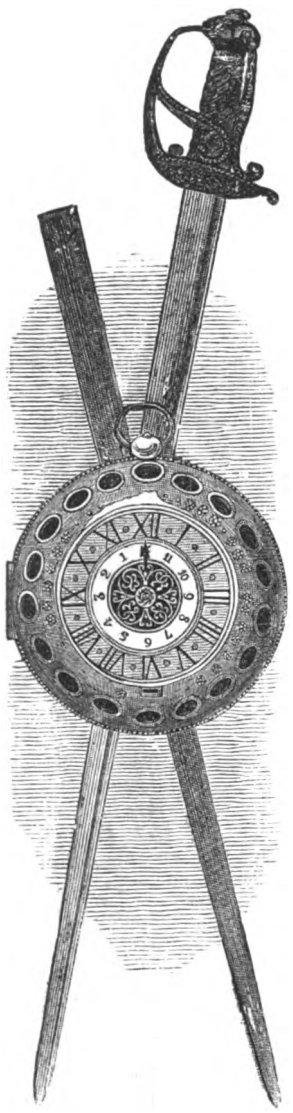
The wrath of the Commons against the advisers of this subterfuge was unbounded. Sir John Eliot thundered against the Duke of Buckingham as the prime source of all the evils which afflicted the nation; and the fatal weapon of the Commons, impeachment, was again about to be drawn forth, when the king, alarmed at what was going on, hastened down to the Lords, and gave his assent to the Bill of Right in the accustomed legal form. The money-bills were at once voted, and London was in a blaze of illumination at the supposed triumphant termination of the struggle with prerogative. They reckoned too hastily.

Soon after Sir Thomas Wentworth abandoned the opposition, and regained Court favor by the sacrifice of his former principles and friends. The indignation of Pym was extreme when Wentworth began to break the tidings to his old friend.

"Say no more!" interrupted Pym; "I understand it all; but remember what I tell you—you are going to be undone. And remember, also, that though you leave us now, I will never leave *you* whilst your head is on your shoulders!"

Wentworth smiled in superior scorn; and well, apparently, might he do so, for before the year was out he was a baron, then an earl, and finally Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and speedily approved himself the ablest and most devoted of the king's instruments. Not long after, Buckingham was assassinated at Portsmouth.

Digitized by Google



CROMWELL'S WATCH AND SWORD.

The Parliament reassembled in January, 1629, and the dispute between the Commons and the monarch became more vehement than ever. At length, March the 2d, Sir John Eliot rose to move a remonstrance against the levying of tonnage and poundage without authority of Parliament. The Speaker declined to entertain the motion, having been ordered by the king to adjourn the House.

A tumult ensued. The doors of the House were locked, and the Speaker held in his chair by Holles and Valentine, whilst the resolution passed, "That whatever merchant paid tonnage or poundage was a traitor to the liberties of England."

Whilst this extraordinary scene was going on, Charles had come down to the Lords, and commanded, in the usual form, the attendance of the Commons. His messenger found the doors closed. His majesty next sent for the sergeant-at-arms, but that officer was not permitted to obey. Charles finally directed the captain of his guard to break in the doors of the House. Before this could be executed, the Commons adjourned to the 10th of March. The king, on dissolving the Parliament, denounced the leading members as "vipers who should suffer for their conduct." He was as good, or rather as bad, as his word. Sir John Eliot, Holles, Valentine, and several others were, notwithstanding the passing of the Bill of Right, by his order thrown into prison. Each sued out a writ of *habeas corpus;* but Charles changed the custody before the return was made, and the judges refused a hearing to the prisoners' counsel in the absence of the fraudulently-withheld bodies of their clients! Soon afterward Mr. Attorney-General filed a criminal information against Sir John Eliot in the Court of King's Bench. Eliot insisted that no court had power to review the proceedings of the Commons' House of Parliament. The judges, however, decided that they *had* jurisdiction. Eliot steadily refused to acknowledge or plead to their authority, and was condemned, in default, to pay a fine of £2,000 to the king, and to be imprisoned till he made submission.

But he disdained to purchase personal freedom by the surrender of a great principle. His estate, in contemplation of such a sentence, had been passed to trustees; his two sons were intrusted to the generous care and guidance of Hampden, and Eliot resigned himself to bear his fate as patiently as might be. He perished gradually of the rigor of the confinement to which he was subjected, and which was constantly increased in harshness and brutality. He died on the 27th of November, 1632.

The slovenly, ungainly-looking member for Huntingdon was at this time, 1632, a farmer at St. Ives, a place about five miles eastward of that borough, and was in the habit of pouring forth long prayers before his friends, neighbors, and laborers.

Immediately after the dissolution of the celebrated third Parliament, patents conferring monopolies in every article of consumption were publicly and unblushingly sold. There was scarcely an article which the hands of monopoly did not grasp; salt, starch, coals, iron, wine, pens, cards and dice, beavers, felt, bone-lace, meat dressed in taverns, tobacco, brewing and distilling, kelp and seaweed, linen cloth, hops, butter, hats, spectacles, combs, tobacco-pipes, saltpetre, gunpowder, down to the privilege of rag-gathering. Next, a commission issued for "curing defects in titles to land," from whom any one, for a money consideration, could purchase a title, good against all claimants.

The ingenuity of Mr. Attorney-General, Noy, afterward devised a new and very profitable expedient. "A writ," says Lord Clarendon, "was framed, and directed to the sheriff of every county in England, commanding them to provide a ship-of-war for the king's service, and to send it amply fitted such a day to such a place, and with that writ were sent to each sheriff instructions that, instead of a ship, he should levy upon his county such a sum of money, and return the same to the treasurer of the navy."

This device, enforced by threats, brought in the king full £200,000 per annum. This was indeed a windfall, or, rather, lawyer-fall, for his majesty consulted the judges, for the relief of the royal conscience.

Their lordships, who delivered their opinions in the hall of Sergeant's Inn, declared his course legal, by a majority of ten to two. It was immediately promulgated in the Council and Star Chambers, and the judges were ordered to read and enforce it at the assizes.

Mr. John Hampden, who had already suffered imprisonment for refusing to subscribe to the "voluntary" loan, was nothing daunted. He firmly refused to pay the twenty shillings demanded of him as "ship-money." With leave of the king—for without Mr. Attorney's concurrence the learned judges would hear nothing impugning his majesty's prerogative; Lord Say and Sele for one, vainly endeavored to be heard by counsel against "ship-money"—Hampden brought the matter before the Court of Exchequer. It was said that the king, sure of his judges, preferred having a man of the "rare temper and modesty" of Hampden as plaintiff to any other person. The case was elaborately argued; on the part of Hampden with consummate talent, by Mr. St. John. It was learning and labor thrown away. Judgment was given for the crown by nine out of the twelve judges.

As far, then, as legal resistance to usurping power went, the matter was concluded; and no one, except it might be that praying farmer of St. Ives, seemed as yet to contemplate any other mode of settlement.

William Laud, now Archbishop of Canterbury, was zealous for surplices, prayings towards the east, and other formalities very repugnant and disagreeable to many even of the established parochial clergy. Those who did not conform to the archbishop's teachings were necessarily hunted out of their livings, banished the country, and many of them very happy to escape so. Leighton, a Scotch divine, for having libeled Laud and his coadjutors, was fined £10,000, publicly whipped in Palace-Yard, Westminster, had one ear cut off, one nostril slit open, and one cheek branded with the letters S. S.—Sower of Sedition. At the expiration of a week, the same operation was performed on the other ear, nostril, and cheek! The sufferer was then thrown into jail, from which he did not emerge till ten years afterwards, and then by the grace of the Long Parliament. Prynne, Bastwick and Burton were pilloried, and had their ears cut off, for similar offenses; and indeed scarcely a week passed but some

Digitized by Google

spectacle of human suffering was exhibited in the public streets.

Vast numbers of people, in utter despair of England, embarked for America. But even this refuge was after a while denied them. An order was issued that no person should embark for the New World without leave of the king; and on the 1st of May, 1638, eight vessels bound for New England were arrested in the Thames. It has been said that Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, and Haselrig were on board these vessels. There is no truth in this story · though there



AT THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

is no doubt that most of those persons, and many others of the same position and opinions, were disposed to emigrate to America.

During these doings there was little heard of Farmer Cromwell. He had, however, manifested his quality very distinctly in his own locality and neighborhood. The Bedford Level in the fen county was in process of reclamation, when the king's commissioners quarreled, not only with the Earl of Bedford, a popular nobleman, but with a number of small proprietors, relative to the spoil accruing to the crown from the drainage that was going on. Matters looked badly when Oliver struck in, and by his fierce, restless energy, agitating here, haranguing there, so scared the commissioners, that they gave over the business in despair, and Oliver was unanimously decreed the title of "Lord of the Fens." He was by this time the father of a somewhat numerous family, three sons and four daughters, besides two boys who died in their infancy.

In Scotland the feeling against Laud's attempted innovation, as far as regarded the Lowlands, was a national one; and finally, an army was raised, which in 1639 marched southward to maintain the ecclesiastical independence of the Scottish Church, and what the Covenanters deemed its purity. The words, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant," were conspicuously displayed at the entrance of each captain's tent. The king advanced to meet them, at the head of what seemed a splendid army—and the Marquis of Hamilton was despatched by sea to the Firth of Forth with a force of 5,000 men. It was all a vain show. For the first time in English history an English army refused to fight — positively retreated before the Scottish skirmishers! and the king, finding how matters stood, was fain to consent to what was called

Digitized by Google

the "Pacification of Berwick." A good understanding had been early arrived at between the Scotch and English malcontents. At the London meetings of the Scottish conveners, headed by Lords Loudon and Dumferling, it is well known that not only Pym and Hampden took an active part, but also the Earls of Essex, Holland, Bedford, and Lord Say and Sele; and that it was to the sagacity and genius of Sir Harry Vane the subsequent union between the English and Scottish malcontents was due.

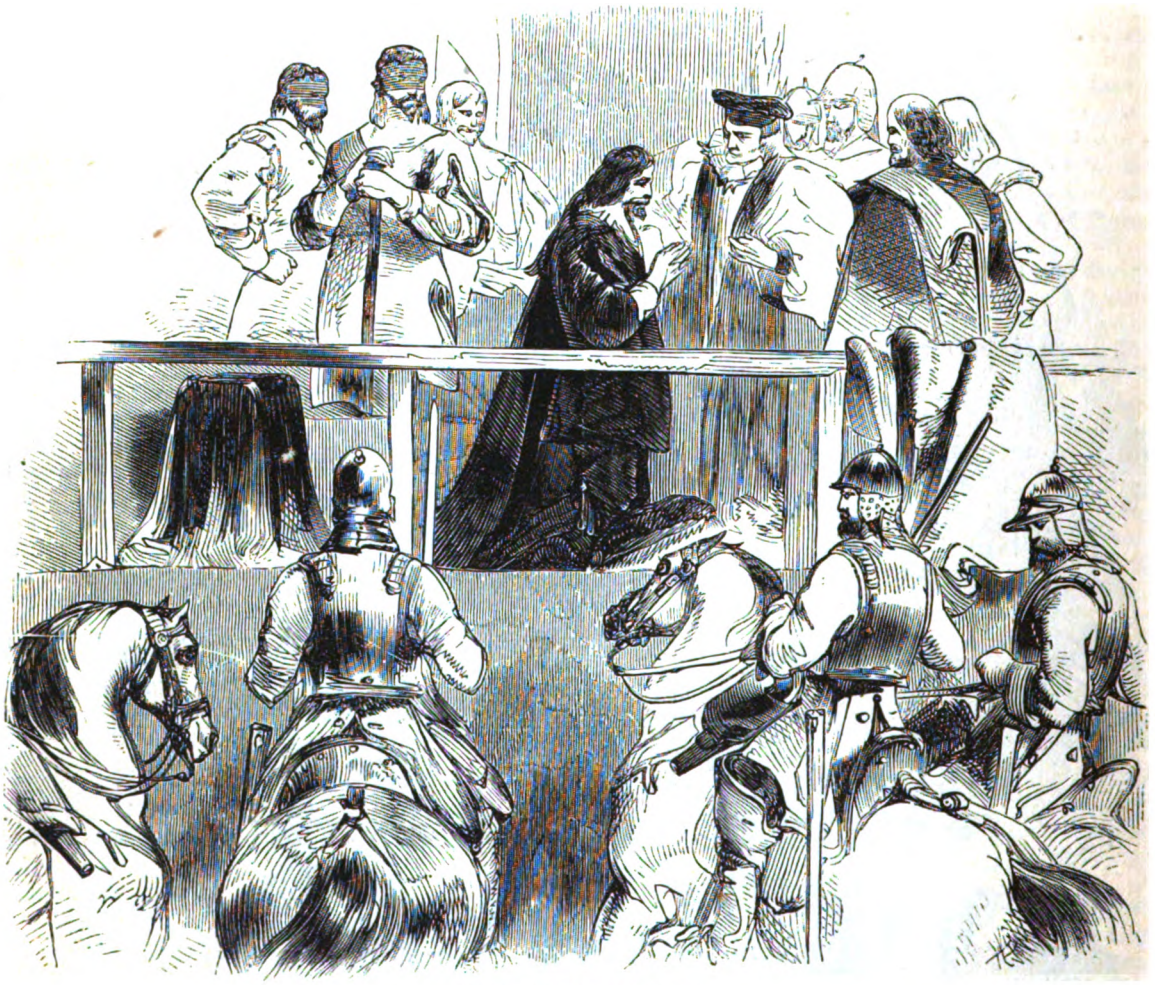
Strafford was in the meanwhile getting on prosperously in Ireland. He established the linen-trade there, and put down all opposition to his will. He had got together a considerable army, with which, he suggested to the king, his majesty "might subjugate *this* kingdom." This was the grave and fatal charge urged against him by the Commons in support of their impeachment.

And now we come, passing over as immaterial the short-lived Fourth Parliament, to the famous one which met in November, 1640, overthrew the monarchy, and remained rulers of the nation till the day on which they, in their turn, were compelled to yield to violence. Hampden was member for Buckinghamshire; Cromwell represented Cambridge, where he had been elected by a majority of one over Wheatfield, poet. Coke and Eliot were dead, but Pym, Sir Harry Vane, Holles, Denzil, and Valentine, were again returned.

The king opened the session with a threat, though he in the same scornful breath said "he disdained to threaten any but his equals;" and the chiefs of the opposing parties were at last fairly in the presence of each other. Strafford had come over from Ireland, where he had summoned a Parliament, and not only procured from them a supply of money, but a declaration that they were ready to aid his majesty with their lives and fortunes in all eventualities. The earl, it was rumored, had obtained written, incontestable proofs of the collusive "treason" of the Scotch and English leaders, and meant in a few days to make efficient use of them.

On the 11th of November, the House of Commons sat with closed doors for four hours. Then the doors were suddenly thrown open, and forth issued the Commons of England. "The Commons of England," pealed forth the firm, sonorous voice of Pym, "impeach Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, of high treason!"

The astounded peers could not, after the recent examples of Bacon and Middlesex, refuse or delay to entertain the accusation; and my Lord Strafford, ignorant of what had passed, was suddenly arrested as he walked gravely into the House with his hands full of official papers, and immediately hurried off in custody to the Tower. His carriage was not in attendance, and he would have waited for it. "You must go in mine," said Maxwell the usher. There was no help for it, and the so lately haughty lord passed forth—"no man," says Baillie, "capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would have stood discovered."



EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

This blow for a time paralyzed the court. Mr. Secretary Windebanke and the Lord-Keeper Finch fled at once—one to France, and the other to Holland. Archbishop Laud was next impeached.

Digitized by Google



HENRIETTA OF FRANCE

Digitized by Google

The sheriffs who had executed the writs of ship-money and other vexatious exactions were passed over in this retributive visitation; not so the judges who, through corruption or cowardice, had pronounced manifestly false judgments. They were subjected to the full penalty of their misdeeds. Sir Robert Berkeley, one of the most favored of them, was dragged from his seat in the King's Bench to prison, and the others were obliged to find heavy bail to answer the charges to be brought against them. The Commons soon afterwards declared their sittings permanent, and the revolution fairly began. Early in the Spring of this year, 1641—a large number of long, heavy swords, marked in the hilt with the letters O. C., arrived at St. Ives, and were distributed.

The Earl of Strafford was convicted, and the king, with great pain and reluctance, gave his formal assent to the bill of attainder, which sent the ablest, the most devoted, and the most unscrupulous of his friends and servants to the scaffold — partly, it appears, induced to do so by a romantically-generous letter from the prisoner, absolving him from his promise to save his, the Earl of Strafford's life, and requesting that no thought or care for the attainted victim should be permitted to interfere with the chances of a reconciliation between the king and his people! That the earl never for a moment believed the monarch he had unhesitatingly served would take him at his word, is manifest from his indignant and reproachful exclamation when the news of the king's assent was brought to him—"Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation." The unfortunate earl, a man perhaps as much sinned against as sinning, soon recovered his usual sad equanimity. He died calmly, almost heroically.



SIR RICHARD WILLIS'S PLOT AGAINST CHARLES II.

There is not much else of importance to be noted till the beginning of January, 1642, when the attorney-general preferred a criminal information before the Lords against Lord Kimbolton and five members of the House of Commons—Hampden, Pym, Haselrig, Halden, and Stroud—and warmly requested their lordships would order their immediate arrest. The peers, all aghast, hesitated—knew not what to do; they would, however, search for precedents, and report thereon. The next day the king, having, we suppose, no faith in precedents, went personally to the House of Commons, accompanied by a large number of armed men, to demand the five members. But the birds were flown.

Four days afterwards the five members returned to the House by water, escorted by the civic authorities and two thousand armed seamen. Four thousand horsemen came up from Buckinghamshire to receive and greet their representative, and it was evident to the dullest eyes that the decision of the question had passed from the men of the gown to the men of the sword. The king retired, first to Hampton Court, next to York, and finally set up his standard at Nottingham—as nearly as may be the centre of the kingdom—on the 16th of August, 1642.

The Parliamentary commander-in-chief, the Earl of Essex, had not received authority to levy forces and do battle, in the legal jargon of the time, for the king *and* parliament, when Cromwell was at work down there at St. Ives and Huntingdon, getting his troopers into order and practical soldiership. The friends, neighbors, with whom he had so long held spiritual communion, eagerly enrolled themselves to fight what they deemed the "battle of the Lord" under his guidance. They formed the nucleus of the world-famous Ironsides, so called from the long, heavy swords they wore; and their leader was indefatigable in his exertions to train them for efficient and decisive service. Incessantly active also was the leader in other matters besides drilling. He promptly stopped the plate of the Cambridge University from being sent off to be melted down for the king's use, then waited upon his uncle, Sir Oliver, a stanch Royalist, accompanied by a few troopers—craved his blessing, would by no means be covered in his presence, but at the same time respectfully and positively insisted that Sir Oliver's plate must be delivered up, that it might not be misappropriated! At Lowestoffe in Suffolk, where a considerable amount of arms and stores had been collected, a meeting of persons of influence and distinction, partisans of the king, was held to devise plans for his majesty's sustainment. Thirty-two gentlemen attended, and so did Cromwell with a sufficient number of his half-drilled troopers, and carried the meeting unanimously off, not forgetting the stores and weapons. The next act of this terrible farmer was to seize Sir Thomas Coningsby, high-sheriff of Herts, who, on market-day at St. Albans, was reading to the shouting populace a proclamation of the king, which declared the Earl of Essex,

Digitized by Google

the Parliamentary general, and all who should aid or abet him, to be traitors. Six of Cromwell's troopers first dived into the mob after the high-sheriff, but were repulsed; then twenty, and Sir Thomas was effectually secured, proclamation and all, and trundled up to London. Cromwell was rewarded for these services by the commission of a colonel of cavalry, and the independent command of a thousand horse, which he was to raise, arm, and train, as speedily as possible. He set to work at once. Night and day he drilled and exercised his stalwart yeomen, nearly all freeholders or the sons of freeholders—preaching, exhorting, instructing, with tameless activity and zeal, and fully determined to undertake no work of importance till his men sat in their saddles as if they grew there, and handled their long, heavy swords as freely as if they had been willow-wands.

Every county, city, village, and hamlet of England now resounded with the din of warlike preparation. The queen, Henrietta of France, sped to Holland to pawn the crown jewels for arms and ammunition. The great mass of the nobility, gentry, and populace, except that of London, were gathering, or preparing to gather, round the king. The burgess class and the yeomanry, especially of the south, west, and midland counties, were arming for the Parliament. In London, four thousand men enlisted in one day. Hampden was down in Buckinghamshire at the first signal, and soon got together two thousand men, dressed in green coats, and waved over by smart flags, bearing their leader's motto, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* The Earl of Essex, Sir William Waller, the Earl of Manchester, held chief commands in the Parliamentary army. Hampden served as colonel under the Earl of Essex. Neither of the Parliamentary generals possessed military talent, though individually brave. The opposing armies first met, it is well known, at Edge Hill, and fought an indecisive battle. The king's nephew, Prince Rupert, was met at Keyning, three miles from the field of battle, by Hampden, at the head of his green-coats, and Grantham's regiment, and sent quickly to the right about. Hampden, however, it seems, could not follow. It is unnecessary to enumerate the marchings and countermarchings of Essex, Waller, Rupert, Newcastle, and others. Their victories, when they gained any, were indecisive. Neither the fate of Charles nor that of England lay with *them.*

At last Cromwell had got his thousand troopers ready. They were disciplined to perfection, and every man of them was brimming over with enthusiasm. He posted, Heath tells us, a number of trusty men in ambush, who, as his soldiers trotted by at exercise, were to suddenly burst forth upon them with blare of trumpet and war-shoutings. It fell out as Cromwell desired; and his keen eye marked about twenty men affected by panic. Men liable to panic were not fit soldiers for him; and, having called them together, he mildly pointed out that, willing and zealous as they might be, they were not fitting instruments for the required service, and they would not, therefore, he trusted, object to transfer their horses and accoutrements—their own property, be it remembered—to men more capable of fighting the battle of the Lord. They acquiesced with as good a grace as possible; and, all being ready, the men drawn up and awaiting the signal, Cromwell addressed them: He would not, he said, seek to perplex them as others did, about fighting for the king *and* Parliament. He was a plain man like themselves, and did not understand such subtleties. It was for Parliament alone, for the liberties of the land, for the establishment of God's righteous rule on earth, that they were about to fight. For himself, he declared that if he met King Charles, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him as upon any private man; and any soldier present who was troubled with a conscience that might not let him do the like, he would advise to retire at once. A fierce shout from the Ironsides was the welcome answer; the trumpet sounded, and away went the first levy of that astonishing cavalry, the most decisive soldiers the world has perhaps ever seen—men who never hesitated before any odds, however great, or any enterprise, however perilous, and with whom the day of battle was invariably that of victory,

On they swept through Lincolnshire, overawing Royalists as they passed. Stamford and Burleigh House were taken, and they at length came up, near Grantham, with young General Cavendish at the head of a large body of cavalry, "twenty-one colors of horse and four of dragoons"—rather more than double the number commanded by Cromwell. He had been dispatched to secure Lincolnshire for the king.

After some slight skirmishing, Cromwell gave the order to charge; and the Ironsides burst furiously upon the Royalists, and overthrew them with prodigious slaughter. Many prisoners, colors, horses, and arms, were the result of the action. "I believe," says Cromwell in his letter—"I believe some of our soldiers slew two or three men a-piece."

Cromwell's next considerable exploit—for the sleepless man rested not by day, and scarcely, it should seem, by night, and numerous services, small, singly considered, but of immense general result, must be omitted from this brief summary — was the relief of Gainsborough, unprovided against the attack of Newcastle's army, who, having beaten Fairfax at Atherton Moor, was advancing against it. When Cromwell's cavalry arrived in sight of Gainsborough, they found they had been anticipated by the advanced division of Newcastle's army, which, in thrice the numbers of the Ironsides, were drawn up upon an eminence commanding the town, and the only means of approaching which was through a narrow gap in a high, impassable fence.

Cromwell did not pause a second. Regardless of a plunging fire of artillery, he passed through the gap, drew them up section by section, and then charged at their head *up the hill* upon the opposing force, pushed them fiercely over the ridge, and pursuing them into a bog, slew them without mercy!

Gainsborough was provisioned with powder and other stores, and then it behoved Cromwell to retire, for Newcastle's main victorious army was coming swiftly on. The Ironsides retreated slowly, before that overwhelming force, halting occasionally in defiance, and to pour forth, in unwavering chorus, a verse of a psalm, and then again slowly, leisurely retiring. Newcastle, it appears, thought it better to let them go quietly—was very glad, indeed. that they *did* go, slowly as it might be.

This exploit not only flashed the name of Cromwell vividly before the nation, but procured the victorious colonel a distinguished associate; Ireton, once a B.A. of Oxford, and at the breaking out of the war an embryo barrister, was so charmed with Colonel Cromwell's conduct in the Gainsborough affair, that he immediately exchanged into the Ironsides, and two or three years afterward married Bridget, Cromwell's eldest daughter. Ireton, a valiant and sagacious soldier, saw at a glance where the true hope of the revolution lay, and very wisely associated himself with the rising fortunes of the farmer of St. Ives.

The successes of Cromwell were gratefully recognized by the Parliament, and he was empowered to increase his cavalry to 3,000 men, or as many more as he could contrive to mount and discipline. Recruits, attracted by the commander's growing fame, were numerous; but none but God-fearing men, and of them only the strong-limbed and bold-hearted, were accepted. The drilling of these men, as heretofore, was incessant. Cromwell prayed with them, exhorted them, showed them especially how a cavalry soldier should always have his horse well fed and in good condition, himself a secure seat, his sword sharp-edged and freely-handled, his powder always dry, his trust in God perfect and unchangeable

Digitized by Google

The campaign of 1643 was disastrous to the Parliamentary armies, and one death-note especially, which rang through the heart of the nation in June of that year, awakened emotions of the deepest sympathy and grief. Hampden had fallen!—had perished, too, in consequence of the sluggish incapacity of the Earl of Essex.

After the fall of Reading, in Berkshire, so loose a discipline was maintained by Essex, that Prince Rupert surprised two regiments at Portcombe and Chinnor, and slew them almost to a man. A few days after this disaster, news was brought to Hampden that Rupert had attacked a detachment posted at Wallingford. First dispatching a message to the Earl of Essex to occupy Chiselhampton Bridge, which would intercept the Prince's retreat, Hampden threw himself on horseback, and hastened, at the head of Captain Sheffield's horse, to engage Rupert till a sufficient force could be collected to bar his return to Oxford.



OLIVER CROMWELL, FROM HEADE'S COPY OF THE COOPER PORTRAIT IN THE BUCCLEUCH GALLERY.

Hampden encountered the Prince at Chalgrove, and in the unequal fight was struck by two balls; and Rupert ultimately got safely back to his quarters unmolested by the Parliamentary general. Hampden withdrew slowly from the fight, with bridle ungrasped and loose, and his arms dropped nervelessly upon his horse's neck. It is said that he was seen to turn for a moment wistfully towards the house of his father-in-law, Sir Richard Symeon, visible from Chalgrove, from whence in his youth he had borne his first wife, Elizabeth, as if he would fain die there; but Rupert's troopers ranging between him and the desired haven forbade the attempt. Very slowly, and in great agony, he continued on his way towards Thame, reached at last the house of one Ezekiel Browne, and was there assisted off his horse, and carried to his deathbed. Several days of extreme anguish were patiently endured, and then with the words "O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to"—— trembling from his choked and fainting voice, the noble spirit fled.

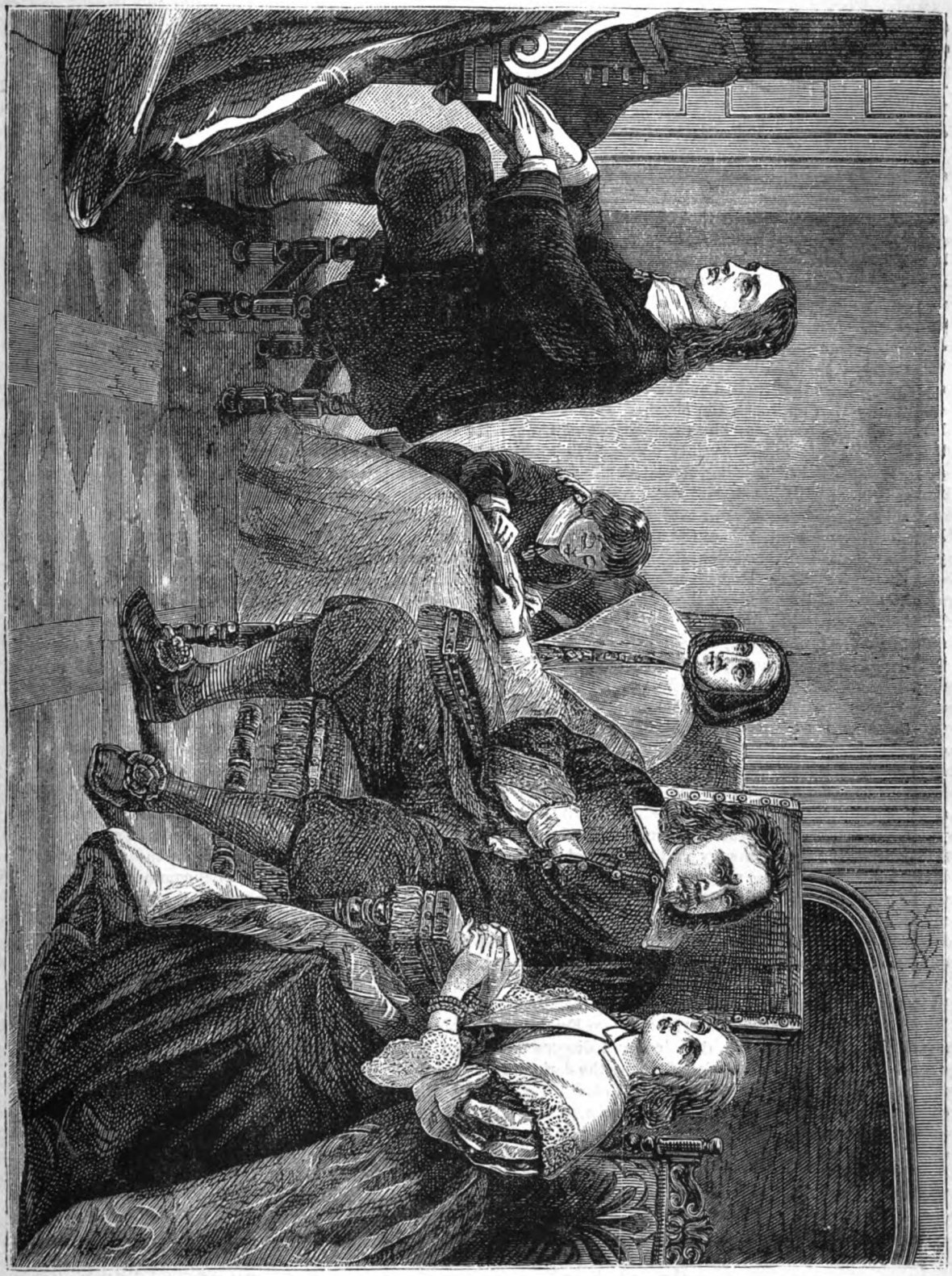
In the Fall of the year, the Earl of Manchester was ordered to join Cromwell with 7,000 infantry, and Sir Thomas Fairfax's horse. The junction was effected on the 9th of October, and on the 11th the earl, urged into activity by the restless zeal of Cromwell, commenced the campaign. On the 12th, Sir John Henderson, at the head of a considerable body of troops, intercepted Fairfax and Cromwell's march at Naseby Field, near Harborough. Slow-moving Manchester was several hours behind with the infantry, and the royal troops greatly outnumbered Cromwell's. He and Cromwell hesitated for a moment, for Henderson was an experienced leader, and his troops tried soldiers.

The keen eye of Cromwell glanced along the serried ranks of his troopers; there was no hesitation there, and his own vanished in an instant! The words "Peace and Hope" were passed along the line, the triumphant psalm pealed forth, and as the last accents died on the ear, the swords of the Ironsides flashed in the sun, the piercing tones of Cromwell, as he galloped along their front, bade them charge home, "in the name of the most High God!"—the trumpet rang forth its signal-peal, and away they went, a destroying whirlwind! A close volley, fired in their faces, did not for an instant check their speed; they closed upon the astonished royalists, and resistance soon became as hopeless as it was desperate. Cromwell's horse was killed, and he himself wounded, it was said by Sir Ingram Hopton; luckily he caught the "sorry horse" of a slain soldier, and was again in the *mêlée*. Henderson's troops gave way in utter confusion and hopeless rout, pursued with terrible slaughter for

Digitized by Google

upward of six miles. This success threw a gleam of triumph over the otherwise unsuccessful campaign. "I would," exclaimed the king, when he heard of Henderson's defeat—"I would that some one would do me the good service of bringing me this Cromwell, alive or dead." Bring him Cromwell! They could as easily have brought him the Tower of London or the Peak of Derbyshire! Soon after this the Earl of Manchester persisted, after the fashion of those times, in going into Winter quarters, and Cromwell was compelled to acquiesce.

Early in the following year twenty thousand Scots, chiefly veteran soldiers, under the command of Lord Loudon and General Leslie, entered England in aid of the parliamentary cause. This timely reinforcement was counterbalanced by the arrival of numerous detachments of the Irish army to the assistance of the king. Indeed, Ireland remained devoted



MILTON PLAYING BEFORE CROMWELL AND HIS FAMILY.

Digitized by Google

to Charles throughout the struggle; it was his great recruiting field; and this accounts for, though it in nothing excuses, the revengeful animosity afterward displayed by Cromwell and others toward that country. One Irish detachment of 3,000 men, under Lord Byron, laid siege to Nantwich. They were attacked by Fairfax, and utterly routed. Monk, afterward Duke of Albemarle, was amongst the prisoners. After a short confinement, he purchased his liberty by abandoning the king's service, and obtained a commission in the army of the Parliament.

The Scottish army laid siege to York, garrisoned by the Marquis of Newcastle. The Scots were soon joined by 14,000 men under Manchester and Cromwell, and the siege was pushed with vigor. Essex and Waller were at this time marching and countermarching in the vicinity of Oxford and Worcester, marking time with that of the king, who in this playing-at-soldiers' game seems to have possessed considerable talent. At all events, he puzzled and out-bothered the Parliamentary generals. Essex went off to the west, leaving Waller to try conclusions with his majesty, and Waller got, of course, very roughly handled. But before this, the king had sent off a very pressing order to Prince Rupert to hasten to the relief of York, and, in conjunction with Newcastle, attack and disperse the English and Scottish forces. Rupert obeyed, and at his approach the siege of York was raised, and the investing army—much to the disgust of Cromwell and Fairfax, who, it is said, vainly opposed Loudon and Manchester—instead of fighting, retreated.

Prince Rupert, with his characteristic impetuosity, determined, spite of the remonstrance of Newcastle, to pursue the retiring forces, and compel them to an action. It was necessary, he said, "to disperse—annihilate" those audacious rebels. They overtook the Parliament army drawn up in grim array on Marston Moor. Along the front of the Parliamentarians ran a deep, wide drain; their left, where Cromwell commanded, was protected by an extensive tract of broken and difficult ground. The right was free and clear. Rupert hesitated to attack men so strongly posted, and the two armies, together perhaps about 60,000 men, stood gazing at each other till a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening of the 4th of July, 1644. Cromwell could remain inactive no longer, and with a brief, passionate address to his Ironsides, he went off to make a circuit on the left. Manchester and Loudon, seeing this, advanced their infantry, and the battle on the right commenced at the same time. The fight in the centre was terrific: the infantry and cavalry of Newcastle and Goring sweeping the men, as they emerged from the drain they were compelled to pass, with fiery destruction. Some writers assert that the Parliamentary troops were, after prodigious efforts, thrown into irretrievable confusion, and that Manchester, Loudon, Fairfax, and others, abandoned, or were about to abandon, the field. Others say that the fight in the centre was obstinately and equally disputed. It is, however, quite certain that the right, where Fairfax commanded, was broken through, defeated, and dispersed. It was more than half-past eight o'clock when the dark squadrons of the Ironsides, having at last extricated themselves from the broken and tangled ground, were seen charging upon Newcastle's flank. In brief space the aspect of affairs changed, and the royalist infantry were either dispersed or slain.

But the victory was not yet won. There was Rupert's triumphant cavalry returned from victorious pursuit, and far more numerous than Cromwell's horsemen, to encounter. The ranks of the Ironsides, slightly disordered by victory, closed sternly up at the call of their chief, and again his piercing tones, echoed by thousands of voices, rang along the line—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"—and Prince Rupert was literally swept from the field, with frightful carnage. Cromwell, in his letter to the Speaker of the Commons, dated July 5th, 1644, says: "God made them as stubble to our swords"; and of the large army the prince brought into the field, Oliver, though he was too hurried at that moment to give the particulars, is of opinion "that Rupert has not more than 4,000 men remaining with him." It was ten o'clock before the battle and pursuit had ended, and the Summer moon, as she arose, threw her pale, melancholy light upon the white death-faces of 5,000 Scotch and Englishmen, slain there by kindred hands!

The Scotch and English forces soon separated: the former remaining in the north, while Manchester and Cromwell turned to encounter the king, who was strongly posted at Newbery. The left of the royalist forces was protected by the castle of Donnington, and the centre and right were held by numerous troops, masked and shielded from attack by the nature of the ground, and the numerous buildings by which it was dotted. Spite of an obstinate resistance, supported by the fire of the castle, the king's position was forced, and the royalist troops driven into the town. Manchester's attack on the right failed, and it was a drawn battle. The king, however, finding that, from the success of the Ironsides, his position was no longer tenable, withdrew silently in the night. The sleepless vigilance of Cromwell detected this movement, and hurrying to Manchester's tent, he urged him to throw himself at once upon the king's flank. The earl refused. "A forward movement of the horse, then?" "No." The commander-in-chief would not permit it, and in gloomy discontent Oliver returned to his quarters, not, we may be sure, to sleep.

What was to be done? must have been the incessant self-questioning of Cromwell. Waller had been beaten all to pieces at Devizes; Essex had got cooped up in Cornwall, and though his cavalry, bursting through the royalist lines, had escaped, the infantry had surrendered, and the earl had narrowly saved himself from capture in a fishing-boat, which had landed him at Plymouth; and now this Earl of Manchester was refusing to fight, or to allow others to do so! A sad termination to a campaign that had witnessed Marston Moor! Oliver's mind was soon made up. He was off to London, and in close conference with Sir Harry Vane. The result of their counsels was the proposition to the Commons of the "Self-Denying Ordinance," which enacted that no member of either House should hold any civil or military commission. The proposal had all the gloss of high-flying patriotism; and it apparently aimed at Cromwell himself as member for Cambridge, as well as the military earls. The ordinance passed, and the noble commanders were in consequence deprived of their commissions and authority. The army generally was also remodeled—weeded of all whom the "Independents" deemed untrustworthy. The king appears to have been much pleased with the new arrangements in the army of his foes. The new commander-in-chief, Sir Thomas Fairfax, although as brave as steel, was a general of slight capacity; and the royal forces had never been so numerous, so completely equipped, or in higher spirits.

His majesty opened the campaign of 1645 by taking Leicester, garrisoned by 1,500 men; and he wrote to the queen, on whom he appears to have literally doted, "that his affairs were never in so hopeful a way." The dreaded Cromwell was no longer in his path, and the crown appeared once more within his reach.

If he could have perused the resolutions of the Commons "*permitting* Sir Thomas Fairfax to confer the command of the horse upon Lieutenant-General Cromwell as long as the House should be pleased to dispense with that honorable member's services," it might have enlightened him. The resolution was instantly communicated to Fairfax, and he the same day wrote to Cromwell soliciting his immediate presence with the army. The letter reached Cromwell on

Digitized by Google

the 9th of June, and on the 11th he had joined Fairfax at Northampton with 1,000 chosen horse.

"Well, where was the king—the king's army?" Fairfax did not quite know. Cromwell suggested that this should be ascertained at once. Ireton drove in one or two of the king's outposts, and from the prisoners ascertained that Charles was posted a few miles distant on a rising ground, not far from Harborough. Cromwell at once decided for battle—decisive, thorough battle on the next day Fairfax agreed, and the generals, with Ireton, immediately surveyed the ground in the neighborhood, and selected a fallow-field about a mile and a half in width, about half-way between Harborough and Naseby, as an eligible spot whereon to intercept and encounter the king's numerous and formidable forces.

There, accordingly, the parliamentary army drew up at sunrise the following morning. Cromwell was on the right with his Ironsides; Fairfax and Skippon commanded the infantry in the centre; and Ireton, with a strong body of horse, was posted on the left.

Charles, yielding to Rupert's impatience, advanced to battle. The main body of the infantry, more than 15,000 men, was commanded by Lord Ashley; and Rupert on the right, Sir Marmaduke Langdale on the left, headed his fine and numerous cavalry. The king's Life-guards, Prince Rupert's regiment, and the Royal Horse-guards, formed the reserve, commanded by the king in person. Rupert's impetuous charge on the king's right, spite of Ireton's fierce and valiant resistance, was completely successful. Ireton himself was wounded, and taken prisoner, but rescued during the subsequent rout. Rupert, as usual, went off in search of the baggage, from which, however, he was driven back by a few smart discharges of the strongly-posted baggage-guard. The fight in the centre was bloody and obstinate. Fairfax and Skippon, forgetting, in the growing confusion and thickening danger of defeat, their position as generals, fought desperately in the ranks. Spite, however, of their frenzied efforts, their troops were manifestly giving way before the terrible odds opposed to them, when decisive help came from that astonishing farmer of St. Ives. He had pushed Langdale completely off the field, and leaving one or two squadrons to hinder him from rallying, wheeled with the mass of his Ironsides full upon the flank of the almost victorious royal centre. The shock was decisive; the king's infantry gave way at once, and the reserve shared the same fate. One regiment, more obstinate than the rest, was destroyed almost to a man. Rupert returned to the field; but his exhortations, aided by the prayers and commands of the king, failed to induce the cavalry to encounter that of Cromwell. They fled, and with them the last hope of King Charles. The victory was thoroughly decisive. Eight thousand prisoners, a hundred colors, the royal standard, the king's carriage, and his cabinet of letters remained in the hands of the victors; and all effectual resistance on the part of the Royalists was over.

Then Cromwell swept like a destroying tempest through the land. Taunton, besieged by Goring, and defended by Blake, was relieved. Leicester had been retaken. Bristol, into which Rupert had thrown himself, surrendered upon terms after one assault. Devizes, Cromwell carried by storm. Berkeley Castle and Winchester surrendered to him. Basing House, held by the Marquis of Winchester, and in those days esteemed almost impregnable, was carried by assault. Sweeping westward, he overthrew Lord Wentworth at Bovey Tray almost without an effort, capturing 500 prisoners and six standards. Lord Hopton he routed at Torrington. The last English force in the field for the king was about 3,000 cavalry, commanded by Sir Jacob Astley. These were overthrown, and Sir Jacob himself made prisoner

"Your work is done," said the baronet to his captors, "unless, indeed, you choose to fall out and fight among yourselves."

Cromwell was approaching Oxford, where the king had sought refuge. His majesty could not but perceive that he had lost the game. The defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh had quenched the hopes raised by the meteor successes of that remarkable man in Scotland, and by the advice of Montreuil, the French envoy, the king left Oxford, disguised as a groom following his master Ashburnham, and surrendered himself to the Scottish forces at Kelham. The English Parliament at length claimed the custody of the king, and the Scottish generals surrendered him, it is said, for £200,000.

Captivity and misfortune, especially of fallen greatness, appeal strongly to the sympathies and imaginations of mankind, and thousands of persons who had strenuously resisted Charles the despot, were moved with compassion for Charles the captive. An insurrection in his favor, headed by Colonel Poyer, broke out in Wales; the English fleet, consisting of six ships of war fully equipped, mutinied, and sailed for Helvoetsluys, to place themselves under the command of the young Duke of York; and, worse than all, the Scotch government, having secretly concluded a treaty with the king to restore him upon conditions, sent an army across the Tweed under the Duke of Hamilton.

Cromwell, having finished with Colonel Poyer and the Welsh insurgents, hastened with rapid strides to the north. Hamilton was near Preston, on the left bank of the Ribble, when Cromwell joined Lambert at Otley Park; but his rearguard under Munroe were miles off, at Kirby Lonsdale. Cromwell, as usual, attacked at once, and Hamilton and Langdale were overthrown with immense loss.

The defeat of the Scottish Royalists induced the Covenanters to rise in arms again; and headed by Lords Loudon and Eglington, the Whiggamores marched on Edinburgh. They could not, however, have successfully withstood the disciplined forces under Lanark and Munroe, and Cromwell proffered his assistance. It was accepted, and Oliver marched to Edinburgh; matters were arranged, and the English general turned slowly towards the south.

The army, through its officers, now openly demanded judgment on the king; and the "purified" Commons sent up a declaratory vote to the Peers, "that it is high treason in the king of England to make war upon his people." The Peers' House, consisting of but twelve members, negatived the proposition. On the next day they again met, to the number of six, disposed of some formal business, and adjourned till the morrow. That morrow was the 25th of April, 1660; for a few hours after their adjournment the Commons voted their Lordships' House "useless and dangerous," and abolished it.

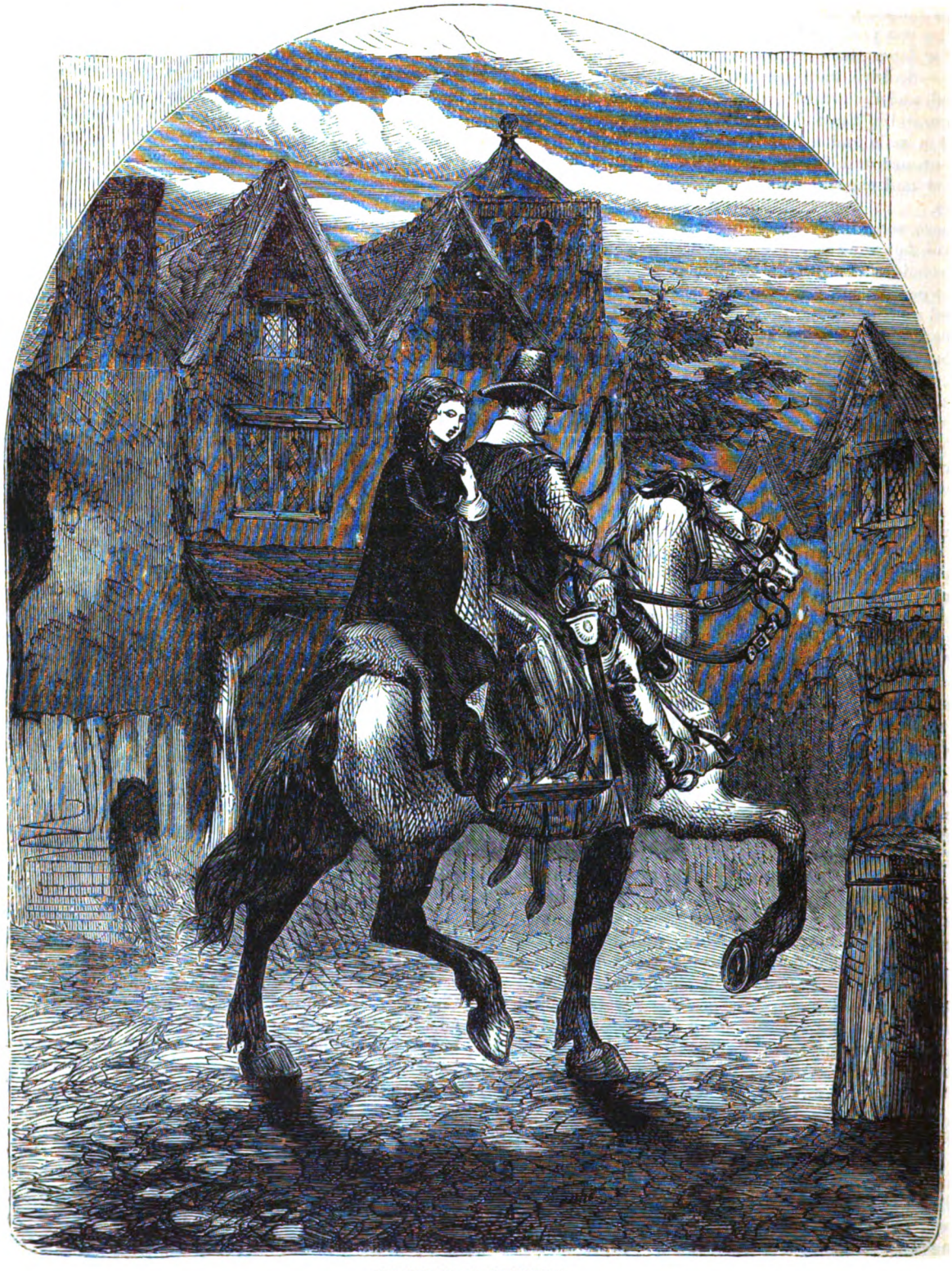
With the particulars known of the trial and execution of Charles I. for high treason every reader must be abundantly familiar. The men who presided there were executioners; but certainly not *judges* met to inquire into the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and to decide calmly and impartially according to the evidence. It was previously determined to execute the king; and better far—more manly and honest at all events would it have been—to have pronounced his doom without going through all that hideous and mocking formality. The palpable hypocrisy of the whole affair makes even the king's assumptions of divine irresponsibility appear respectable. And if the putting the monarch to death under the pretext set up was a crime, it was far more conclusively a blunder: the instant the head of Charles I. rolled on the scaffold, Charles II., who was beyond the reach of Parliament, started into life.

There was much work yet to be done by Cromwell. The royal cause was again in the ascendant in Ireland. The revolted fleet under Prince Rupert rode triumphantly along the coast, for Sir Harry Vane had not yet had time to

Digitized by Google

organize the dreaded fleets which afterward won England the sovereignty of the seas. Inchiquin in Munster, the Scottish regiments in Ulster, and the great body of the Catholic population, had proclaimed the king. Cromwell, armed with the highest civil and military authority, must go over with his Ironsides, and quench that mischief. He did so effectually and remorselessly. We cannot, after a careful perusal of the pleas put forward in defense of those Irish massacres, find any, even the slightest valid excuse for them. They appear to have been as unnecessary as they were frightful, hideous.

Scotland again rose for the king. Charles II. was invited over and crowned there. This was esteemed a declaration of war against England, and Cromwell hastened to meet the new danger. He crossed the Tweed at the head of 20,000 veterans, before the raw levies of the Scots were in any condition to encounter him. The battle of Dunbar followed; Cromwell was once more in Edinburgh; and although his



THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II.

Digitized by Google

military measures were vigorous, he appears to have treated the Scottish people with respect and consideration.

Some years afterward, in his correspondence with New England in America, he expressed to the Puritans there the deep regret he felt at fighting against the Scottish Covenanters. "He was afraid he had slain many of the godly at Dunbar."

In the next campaign his flag waved over Perth; and further resistance seemed hopeless, when the young king, seeing that the country was clear toward the south, prevailed upon his Scottish army to march upon England. A wilder project, with such a general as Cromwell in his rear, was perhaps never conceived. Oliver, as soon as he heard of the king's march, dispatched letters to the Parliament to be under no alarm at the southward movement; and to Harrison he sent directions to press the flank of the Scottish forces from Newcastle. Lambert he at once dispatched from Fifeshire to hang upon the king's rear, and speedily as possible follow him with 10,000 veterans along the east coast toward Yorkshire.



MAKING UP.—"'POOR WILL OSMOND HAS GONE!' SAID HARRY BLAKE. 'THE DEUCE HE HAS!' REPLIED FRED TRACY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Charles was overtaken at Worcester, and, spite of the gallant resistance offered by the Scottish troops—"five hours of the hottest fighting he had ever known"—Cromwell obtained a complete victory on the 3d of September, 1652, the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, and thenceforth called his "lucky day." The young king, at the head of a brigade of cavalry, burst out of the city by the northern road, and escaped. This event Cromwell called "a crowning mercy." It was the last military resistance offered in England whilst he lived.

The next important page in this eventful history records the dissolution of the remaining members—the Rump, as they were called—of the Long Parliament by Lord-General Cromwell, who, with the aid of his soldiers, turned them unceremoniously out of the House, locked the doors after them, and walked home to Whitehall with the keys in his pocket. The Parliament had just before been debating, and were about to pass, a "reform bill," of which one of the provisions was, that the present members should continue to sit without re-election.

The only possible justification of this act of violence would have been to immediately assemble a new, full, and legal House of Commons. A Parliament of a certain sort was, it is true, summoned. Gospel ministers were directed to take the sense of the congregational churches in the several counties, and return the names of "faithful men, fearing God and hating covetousness," and out of these the Council, in the presence of the lord-general, selected one hundred and thirty-nine for England, six for Wales, six for Ireland, and five for Scotland.

These men assembled, only two being absent, on the 4th of July, 1653, and set about reforming the common law and abolishing the Court of Chancery, until one day Colonel Sydenham proposed, as they had evidently no talent for government, they should resign their authority into the hands of the lord-general. This was accomplished by the aid of a little gentle violence, and the "Little Parliament," as it was termed, was dismissed. Others followed of various patterns and devices, none of which, however, suited Cromwell, now Lord Protector, with a civil list of £200,000 per annum.

In 1658 the last new constitution had extemporized two Houses, and we find his highness addressing the new Parliament as "My Lords and Gentlemen!" To further show how power had corrupted, dwarfed, vulgarized, shrunk up, this once great, vigorous-minded man, we make one quotation from the *Court Circular* of that day: "Yesterday afternoon his highness went to Hampton Court; and this day the most illustrous lady, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of his highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble the Lord Fauconbridge, in the presence of their highnesses and many noble persons."—*Merc. Pol. Nov. 19th*, 1657.

The old fire had not yet burned out; but its flashes were visible only in the Puritan-farmer's foreign policy. "I will make the English name more terrible than ever the Roman's was," was Cromwell's vaunting expression; and had life been granted him, he appeared likely to have gone nigh to realize his vain-glorious boast. The undisputed maritime supremacy of the Dutch, supported as it was by the genius and bravery of Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witte, was destroyed during the protectorate chiefly by the skill and

Digitized by Google

valor of Blake. Prince Rupert took refuge from the pursuit of that admiral in the Tagus. Blake demanded permission to pursue and attack him there. Portugal refused, and Blake made reprisals upon the Portuguese commerce. The king was forced to submit, paid a large sum of money for the expenses of the war, and conceded a commercial treaty which secured great privileges to English merchants. The piratical powers of Barbary were humbled; Spain was crippled on the seas, and Jamaica was wrested from her. The last exploit of Blake was the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbor, and defended by the batteries, of Vera Cruz. France courted the protector's alliance, and four thousand of his veterans co-operated with Turenne in the reduction of Dunkirk.

But the bright page of the Protector's foreign policy was the firm stand he made in the defense of the Vaudois, persecuted by the Duke of Savoy "for conscience' sake."

The once lion-hearted man, betrayed from the high path he had once so firmly trod by the enticements of power, and vainly struggling in the mires of intrigue and fair-seeming falsehood, now visibly declined in mind and body; became even personally afraid of the miserable Royalists who threatened him with private assassination. How could he be otherwise than afraid as the names of Eliot, Hampden, gleamed through his troubled brain, and he felt that he had betrayed the great cause for which they died; brought it in the eyes of the unreflecting into derision and contempt? Albeit as the Lord Protector, after patient watching by the lingering deathbed of his favorite daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, came himself visibly within the shadow of the tomb, his old spiritual strength seemed to return again.

The world with its vain shows was vanishing, and as it rolled away, the Heaven of his youth and healthy manhood flashed, with its awful and unspeakable splendors, light upon his soul. They read to him, at his own request, a passage of St. Paul to the Philippians—"Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." As these words fell upon his ear, he ejaculated in broken accents, "This Scripture did once save my life when my eldest son—died; which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did." He alluded to his son Oliver, slain in the civil war.

The day before the Protector died, when his wife and children were weeping round his bed, he exclaimed, speaking of the Covenant of God with man—"It is holy and true—it is holy and true—it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the Covenant! The Covenant is one. And even if I do not, He remains faithful. Love not the world," he continued, addressing his family; "no, my children, live like Christians. I leave you the Covenant to feed upon."

The tempest of the night of the 2d of September, 1658, extending to the shores of the Mediterranean, and strewing land and sea with wreck, was the appropriate death-dirge of that great, stormy being; and on the morrow—his fortunate day, the 3d of September—the mighty, reverential, erring—for he was human—spirit passed from earth, its last aspiration a prayer for the country he had strongly loved and bravely served.

MAKING UP.

"I HATE 'em!"

"Singular!"

"I don't think it is singular."

Fred Tracy lit his cigar over again, and resumed his favorite recumbent attitude. His friend, Harry Blake, kept on whittling, now and then casting wondering glances at this handsome woman-hater. After a moment's silence, Harry remarked:

"How any man can dislike women, is more than I can tell."

"Bah!" interrupted Fred; "you forget that I had a step-mother, and——"

"Was jilted?"

"No, *sir!*"—this with emphasis—"no woman ever jilted me!"

"But what about your engagement with Sue Osmond? Something happened. Whose fault was it—yours or hers?"

"If you want to know, I'll tell you, and leave you to judge whose fault it was. That girl ran away with every bit of sense I had, for a brief period—only a brief period. I woke up one night to a realization of what a fool I had been! Of course, every fellow who is engaged to a girl supposes he has won perfection. I did."

"A very foolish thing to suppose, to begin with."

"Pshaw! You don't know what you are talking about. For about six weeks after our engagement, everything was lovely. She was pretty, fascinating, deucedly intelligent and accomplished; and I spared no pains to take her everywhere she wanted to go. My team was kept pretty busy in those days, I can tell you. Sue couldn't ride in a hired coach; and as for the cars or stage, why, bless your heart! I should never have dreamed, in any emergency, of suggesting either."

"Do you mean to tell me that Sue Osmond is such a fool as that?"

"She never said anything about the way she should go; but, don't you see, I made such an idol of her that I couldn't bear to feel for a moment that she had stepped outside of her own especial sphere?"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"All right. Fall in love yourself, and then see! Well, this was my manner of treating her. One evening, last Winter, I was returning from the office. It was about seven o'clock, and it never rained harder since the deluge. It was a cold, slippery, horrible night, and Jim Hawkins and I walked straight through the crowded boat, and stood outside under the awning. There weren't but two or three there beside us. I noticed a woman leaning against the opposite side of the window. I saw that she had on an old waterproof cloak, and the hood was drawn over her hat. Finally, after considerable squinting at the figure and side-face of the woman, Jim said, with a nudge:

"'Don't you know who that is, Fred?'

"'How the mischief should I know?' I asked.

"'You ought to, if anybody. Take a good look, now.'

"Just then the boat touched the dock. I looked, and as sure as I live, there stood Sue Osmond, my lady-love. She drew the hood closer over her face, and while I was deciding what to do the chain was lowered, and Sue was lost among the crowd."

"'The man who hesitates,' you know."

"Yes, I know all about it. An hour after, I called on Miss Osmond. She was dressed, ready to receive me. I never saw her eyes so bright; there was an indefinable glitter all over her, and her manner was fascinating to the last degree. After a while said I:

"'Sue, I could have sworn an hour ago that I saw you on a ferryboat!'

"'Could you?' she laughed, without changing color. 'Never swear to personal identity. I knew a man who got into a horrid scrape once by doing so.'

"'Well, it wasn't you, was it, Sue?' I asked.

"'How ridiculous!' she answered; and then, with a most unusual touch of defiance in her manner: 'Suppose it was—what then?'

"'Nothing much,' said I; 'only good-by, Miss Osmond!'

Digitized by Google

"'Truly?' said she, in the calmest possible manner.

"'Yes, truly,' I answered, 'unless you can account satisfactorily for conduct so questionable!'

"'So what?' she asked, growing as white as death.

"'So questionable,' I repeated.

"She rose in a white heat. This is what she said:

"'About seven o'clock this evening I crossed the ferry from New York to Brooklyn; and I refuse to give any account of the circumstances which made such questionable conduct necessary. So good-by, Mr. Tracy.'"

"What then?" inquired Harry.

"Why, she swept out of the room like a tragedy queen, and I haven't spoken to her since."

Three weeks after. Same room, same company.

"Poor Will Osmond has gone," said Harry Blake.

"The deuce he has?" replied Fred Tracy.

"Yes. I was over there this afternoon, and had a talk with his widow. Will's health failed immediately after his marriage, and his father was so angry with him for marrying his daughter's governess, that he would not do the least thing for him. Mrs. Osmond said that if it had not been for Sue they would have certainly starved. She pawned and sold most of her jewelry, and managed so skillfully that Will was surrounded with every comfort. I found out something, Fred."

"What was it?"

"Do you remember the date of the night you saw Miss Osmond on the ferryboat? Was it the third of December?'

"Yes, *sir!*"

"Well, that day Sue spent with her brother. He was a great deal worse, and she was determined, come what would, she would not leave him until he was easier. He grew more comfortable, and when she got ready to start for home, it rained hard. So she borrowed her sister's waterproof, and hurried off. Now, what do you think?"

"That I was a brute, and I'll make it up this very day."

Evening. Scene—parlor in the house of Osmond. Sue Osmond in the library, alone. Fred Tracy is announced.

"Good-evening, Mr. Tracy;" and Sue extends a very steady little hand to her visitor.

"I have just heard to-day of your brother's death, Miss—Osmond—and—and——"

Fred Tracy was never known to stammer, but now the English language failed him.

"Will had been ill several months," was the calm answer.

"And to think," said Fred, almost sobbing, "that I should have been such a brute! I found out all about it to-day! I wonder if you can ever forgive me?"

"Certainly," replied Sue. "I forgave you a long time ago."

"Angel!" whispered Fred. "How can I ever be thankful enough!"

The hands he tried to seize were withdrawn as she replied:

"By remembering, Mr. Tracy, that no woman worth having will endure the high and lofty treatment you attempted with me! and that where there is true love, there is true confidence!"

"Sue, dear Sue, what do you mean? Why are you so cold?"

"Mr. Blake!" announced a servant.

"Good-evening, Fred," cried Harry, cordially.

"And how's my little Sue?"

"Very well, thank you," cried Sue, lovingly.

"This, Mr. Tracy," she continued, with a deep blush, "is my intended husband."

"How long has this been?" inquired poor Fred.

"About three months," replied Blake, nonchalantly.

"And you allowed me to come round here and make a fool of myself in this manner?"

"What manner? I was delighted that you and my Sue were going to make up and be good friends again."

Before Harry had concluded his sentence Fred was gone. The hall-door shut with a bang, and the lovers were alone.

THE KING OF SIAM OPENING A MINT.

Some time ago the King of Siam opened a new mint at Bangkok. We are told that the king arrived at the mint at five P. M., the time appointed, and repaired to the upper hall, where his Majesty lighted sacred tapers as offerings, and the priests worshiped in their usual manner, as a commencement in the ceremonies of opening the new mint. The worship continued two hours. The next morning the ceremonies were completed. The king lighted the tapers, and a high priest recited in the Bali language the five commands—that is, do not kill, do not steal, do not commit adultery, do not speak falsehood, do not drink strong drink. At the propitious moment instrumental music was played, and the priests worshiped, dedicating the place. The king sprinkled with sacred water the new mint machinery, and from a consecrated cake of flour with his finger rubbed the flour on parts of the different kinds of machinery. Then the workmen set the machinery to making the new coins. In the meantime the king fed the priests who had performed the ceremony, with his own hand. After the repast the king distributed the new money among the princes and nobles and officials present, and the decree to use the new coin. When the money and the decree had been distributed the king viewed all the halls and the grounds, and at noon returned to the palace. In the year 1869 the old mint ceased to be usable, and the king and councilors consulted, and ordered new machinery from England. When it arrived a building was erected for the new machinery similar to the former. The new money is the same in quality and value as formerly. The stamp is as follows: On the one side is the bust of the king in a military dress, with a decoration called Nopp'a-ratana-racha wara-p'aun, and the decoration of the new order Chula Chaum Klow. There is an inscription around the figure of the king, viz.: "Somedetch P'ra Paramindr Maha Chula Longkorn P'ra Chula Chaum Klow Chow Yu Hua." On the opposite face is inscribed the seal of the kingdom, in three divisions. In one is the triple-headed elephant, in another an ordinary elephant, and in the third a speary sword, the royal crown, sceptre, staff, shoes, etc.

WRITING AND SPEAKING.

An eloquent piece of writing gains much by being read or spoken with good elocution; and even an inferior production will often appear well when delivered with effect. On the contrary, the most splendid composition may be spoiled by a poor delivery. Lord Erskine, one of England's most distinguished orators, said of Burke: "He is, of all writers, the most eloquent, and of all speakers the most tedious." The person thus addressed expressed surprise at this startling dictum, but he proceeded: "One evening when Burke was delivering one of his interminable harangues, I became anxious, with many others, to go away. But I sat just under Burke's eye, and I was afraid I could not leave without his noticing me. At last I dropped my handkerchief, and, stooping to pick it up, I crawled on all fours behind the benches, and thus succeeded in escaping. The next morning, on reading the report of his speech in the newspapers, I was astonished. What a splendid effort! No longer marred by his wearisome manner and Irish accent, it riveted my attention. I read it through again and again, and carried the paper with me into the country, and kept it in my pocket till it was completely worn out."

Digitized by Google



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

By Claire Crofton.

Over the snow, over the snow,
Like a shaft let loose from an archer's bow,
Like a deer on the foot, when the hunters are nigh,
Like a bird on the wing, when the fowler is by,
Like the rush of a stream when its frost-fetters break,
Like the surging of billows when tempests awake,
Like the crash of the avalanche quitting its place,
Like a red-streaming meteor careering through space,
Like the sweep of the whirlwind when forests are bowed,
Like the flash when the thunderbolt leaps from its cloud,
Like the swoop of the eagle as he darts on his prey,
Like the message the lightning speeds forth on its way,
With a wild sense of freedom exulting we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

Bear away! for our comrades are drawing too near;
Be alive, man and horse! lest we fall in the rear;
To your speed, Bucephalus! the van is our place!
Hurrah! we have won! and we lead in the race.
I knew that not one of their coursers in speed
Could match for a moment our mettlesome steed.
Clear the track! is the word, as we dart on our way,
And inanimate objects the mandate obey;
The farmhouses wheel to the left and the right,
And stupidly stare as we vanish from sight;
The fences fall back, and the trees stand aside,
And make way, with a will, for our hurricane ride,
As on like a band of wild huntsmen we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

How the stars wink and laugh as they watch our mad course,
And the moon gravely quizzes each rider and horse;
Laugh away! in your orbits celestial you go,
Much faster than we, in our planet below.
Then the girls—bless their hearts—how their sweet voices ring,
Like the gushing of bird notes that welcome the Spring!
Bright-eyed! cherry-lipped! Oh, 'tis glorious to ride
With the girl that you love nestled close to your side!
While you talk in low tones—for the others are near,
And the dear little head bends closer to hear
The whisper that sends the soft cheek all aglow,
Under the rose and over the snow.

What a volume of melody surges and swells
Abroad on the air from our musical bells!
The clash of the cymbals, the clarion's breath,
The trumpet that summons to glory and death,
The peal of the organ where censers are swinging,
The harp of the minstrel through lordly halls ringing,
The blast of the bugle when squadrons are wheeling,
The strain of a lute on the charmed air stealing,
Are less sweet to the ear than the ocean that swells
In the rhyme and the chime of our musical bells.
And life seems more glorious, humanity dearer,
The heart, hand, and brain, warmer, firmer, and clearer,
And our pulses keep time with our bells as we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

MARRYING A "MUFF."

"I'm so disappointed, Harvey, you can't think! Here we have hurried all the way from Italy, to Juliet's wedding, as if she had been going to marry a perfect Prince Charming, and behold the bridegroom is—well, I call that man a 'muff'! There now!"

Pretty Mrs. Courtenay Barrington, as she uttered this indignant protest, flung herself back in her velvet *marquise* chair with such energy that her chignon shook, and one of her slippers—wonderful things!—flew off.

"Harriet, you are terrific!" exclaimed Courtenay Barrington, "and you speak too loud. What if one of those servants, who perpetually haunt the neighborhood of our door, should hear you express this horrid opinion of our brother-in-law elect?"

"I hate him!" exclaimed Harriet, with tears in her eyes. "For Juliet of all girls to throw herself away so! A queenly creature like that!—for you'll admit, Courtenay, that we saw no one to compare to her the whole time we were abroad—to marry a light-haired, lackadaisical, languid, lolling—oh, I've no patience with her!"

"My dear Harriet, you really do not pay proper attention to rounding your periods. The natural termination of such a sentence as light-haired, lackadaisical, lolling, is Launcelot; don't you see?"

"Well, his name is almost as bad; it's Lawrence."

Harriet beautified the name by drawing it out till it seemed as if it must be a quarter of a yard long. "Lawrence Lathrop—L a w r e n c e L a t h r o p."

"He did not name himself," said Courtenay.

"If he had, that's just the name he would have chosen; he looks exactly like it. I'm sure I should have guessed his name to be either that or Jeremy Diddler," persisted Mr. Barrington's pretty, pouting wife.

Now we all know that if we go to the root of the matter, there's a want of truth as to hair now-a-days, but certain it is that, in spite of her chignon—false as a traitor's heart!—Mrs. Barrington's would have stood on end, could she have imagined who was under the window, listening to her. Whisper! Lawrence Lathrop himself!

Courtenay Barrington, still defending the absent—that was his way, good soul!—quietly remarked that "he had had no evidence that Lathrop was a tool;" at which observation the invisible auditor below Harriet's window calmly caressed his rather faintly-hued moustache, and smiled behind his hand.

"I don't believe he's a fool, Harriet. Quiet people are not always empty-headed, you know."

"He don't look as though he were able to say a word in defense of self or friend," cried Harriet.

Perhaps Harriet changed her mind a little that evening when she entered the parlor. The gentleman whom she had stigmatized as a "muff" formed the centre of a brilliant group, all of whom were listening, with animated countenances, to Mr. Lawrence Lathrop's anecdotes—for, lo! a change was there.

"Capital, 'pon my soul," laughed a young lieutenant, who was courting a third pretty sister, Ida Fairham.

"The cook came in with the dish of *cappelletti*. Madame Ristori asked the price.

"'Five dollars,' replied the cook.

"'What!' exclaimed Madame Ristori; '*che? che?* I have bought it of you, when you were in Rome, a thousand times, for a *mezzo-paolo*.' (About five cents).

"'And I,' retorted the cook, 'only paid—the Signora Marchesa will remember when she acted in Rome—five cents for seeing her play.'

"Ristori refrained from further speaking, and handed the cook the price. "But I think the *cappelletti*," added Mr.

Digitized by Google

Lathrop, "did not taste quite as well as it might have done had she held her tongue."

Harriet listened with surprise. Lawrence Lathrop not only conversational, but anecdotive!

Presently music was suggested, and, to Mrs. Barrington's surprise, the "muff" got up, walked to the piano, at the request of his fair *fiancée*, and played, with a charm of execution suitable to the subject, a well-chosen and excessively difficult selection from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Mendelssohn. The company were in raptures.

"Won't you sing?" said pretty Ida.

Lawrence Lathrop ran his fingers over the piano.

"Now he's going to be horrid," thought Harriet, with a kind of triumph.

But when the glorious tones of that *aria* from the "Ione" of Pacini, which the tenor gives voice to previous to entering the amphitheatre, where he is about to encounter the wild beasts—the plot of the opera is taken from "The Last Days

"Why, he fences better," muttered Harriet to herself, "than that young officer in Vienna, who, they said, used to be on Bismarck's staff!"

Juliet, who during all these developments of the novel and charming had looked on with a quiet smile, seemed. from the laughter lurking in her eye, to think it was too good.

"Lawrence does not often show off," at last remarked she, demurely. Harriet did not reply.

About a week later there was a riding party formed. Two foreigners, an Italian artist, one Giovanni Lammi, and a Frenchman, a writer on political economy, named Gassier, who were rusticating in the neighborhood, and who had become acquainted with the Fairhams in New York, at balls, the Winter before, had been invited to join the party "to *excursh*"—as the lieutenant termed making an excursion—to a lovely lake near by.

All went merrily till—cause unknown—the horse which



MARRYING A MUFF.—"'BRAVELY DONE!' SHOUTED COURTENAY BARRINGTON, AS LAWRENCE, GASPING, LAID HIS SENSELESS BURDEN ON THE GRASS."

of Pompeii," by Bulwer—flowed through the rooms, and the faces of the guests turned pale with emotion, Mrs. Courtenay Barrington changed her mind, and rather regretfully remembered that her lord and liege could not sing.

On the morrow the gentlemen proposed to fence a little while. Both the lieutenant—Ida's suitor—and Courtenay were considered perfectly *au fait* in that exercise. The former challenged Lathrop to a trial of skill. Perhaps both he and the husband of Harriet were a trifle vexed at being shone down by the suddenly attractive bridegroom-elect.

At all events, Lieutenant Hale had rather more color, and an angrier sparkle in the eye, after his foil had flown three several times to the right of the long vaulted hall where the gentlemen were fencing, than the exercise, violent though it was, would altogether account for.

Harriet Barrington bit her lip.

But she bit it to a deeper crimson when, his turn having come, Barrington's foil was three times sent whirling away precisely as that of Lieutenant Hale had been.

Juliet rode suddenly began to behave as no well-bred horse, especially with a pretty and rather timid young girl upon his back, would ever have done or thought of doing.

Lawrence Lathrop, riding near Mrs. Courtenay Barrington—not for love; oh! not for love, for there was none of it lost, as the phrase is, between them—and brilliantly conversing, now in French, now in Italian, with the foreigners, showing himself equally "well up" in both art and political economy, began to look anxiously toward the restive steed and the nervous rider.

All at once, and as if a whole pack of fire-crackers had been set off at his heels—no earthly provocation, however, was visible—the absurd "Zephyr," as Juliet insisted upon calling the brute, started off and dashed madly forward. Harriet turned pale. Not so Juliet; she had nerve when the trial came, and held bravely on to her seat and the reins.

The party had by this time neared the lake, when Zephyr developed his sense of humor by some scandalous circus

Digitized by Google

capers, and betrayed his antecedents, which no one would have previously suspected—for this daring impostor had hitherto managed to keep his footing in good society as a "desirable lady's horse." The lake, which the party had preferred to reach by a path called the Mountain-way, was but a few yards off. It was after his capers that Zephyr made his forward rush, and, in doing so, went "over the hill and far away"—went, in fact, into the water!"

Lawrence Lathrop had set his teeth firmly, and started his steed after the runaway horse; but, as usual in such cases, the fact of being pursued only urged the runaway forward, and it was not many minutes before all the formerly smiling faces looked pale, for fair Julia Fairham was—in the lake and sinking!

So, in a moment more, was Lawrence. He had sprung lightly from his horse, cast off his coat and hat, and leaped into the water.

The heavy riding-dress of Juliet, despite all the efforts of her lover to reach her, twice bore her under. They had been borne many yards away, and the pale faces had grown paler still, ere, by one tremendous effort on the part of her lover, her robes were grasped, then her hand caught, and the hero of the day appeared, bearing his lovely prize ashore.

"Bravely done!" shouted Courtenay Barrington, as Lawrence, gasping, laid his senseless burthen on the grass, where Juliet lay, white as the pond-lilies her habit had caught and borne along with its clinging folds.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the Frenchman, who—perhaps he was afraid of depriving the world of the light of his knowledge in political economy—certainly had not honored the *Tri-color* by any exhibition of bravery on this occasion, "it ees vayray mooch like one *ballade* of Goethe, or one *rôman* by Vilkie Collins."

The Italian—he had seemed about to make a plunge, when the riding-habit and its pretty wearer had been whelmed—assented.

"*In questo momento*, the young *signorina* would make a subject fine for a picture;" and he twirled his beard till it looked like an emaciated leech.

Juliet, talking to Harriet next day—by which time a sherry cobbler—oh! tell it not in Gath!—hot blankets and sleep had "brought her round," mildly remarked—she was never otherwise than mild—"I felt perfectly safe when I heard him behind me. I knew he would plunge in after me, dear, and I *felt* that he would save me, for, the way I came to fall in love with him was seeing him, last Winter, in that horrid fire back of our house in the city. He flew up a ladder into a third story, and brought out *on his back*—would you believe he could, Harriet?—that poor crippled daughter of the woman whose husband takes care of papa's stables. He looked *magnificent!*"

At the wedding, which took place the other day, Mrs. Courtenay Barrington bestowed her benediction, in a sisterly way, upon the young couple; and a diamond bracelet, joint gift of self and husband, upon the bride.

"I'll attend to all the little commissions you have left in my hands, and especially have the new cards sent you at once. Lathrop is quite a pretty name," added she.

"Yes," replied the bridegroom—and he never betrayed in any other way that he had been *under the window*—"it *is* rather better than Jeremy Diddler!"

THE STUMP OF A PIPE.

We were making the upward trip from Memphis. A motley crowd, such as is usually found on a Mississippi steamboat, thronged the saloon, but a party of us, ladies and gentlemen, had withdrawn to one side. We were having quite an animated discussion on the use and abuse of that universally esteemed narcotic, tobacco, brought on, no doubt, by the fumes of an old clay pipe, held tightly between the teeth of a rough, weather-beaten man, sitting at no great distance from us.

Though our words were not intended for his ears, many of them, no doubt, reached him, for who ever heard a discussion carried on in a low tone? He apparently paid no attention to us, however, until Miss Carr, a beautiful brunette from Southern Georgia, gave her opinion.

"For my part, I do not like the stuff," said she, in a clear, musical voice, at the same time casting an arch glance at the unconcerned knight of the clay pipe; "but there are many things that I do like, and I should feel very angry if any one presumed to take them away. So I say, if any one enjoys a good smoke, let him enjoy it; and if you, or you, or you, do not like the particular kind of pipe that one uses, move out of the way of it, or—buy another."

"That's so, every time!" said the smoker, rising and coming toward us. "Beg your pardon, all of ye, but I've heard everything ye said, and if ye've no objections, I'll tell ye what makes me think so much of an old clay pipe. And I'm obleeged to ye, marm," turning to Miss Carr. "Them's my sentiments every time.

"You see, I'm an out-and-out backwoodsman, hunter, trapper, and guide; born in Tennessee, edicated in Indiana, and went into business from the Missouri to the mountains, and there I've flourished ever since.

"I was way out in the mountains. I had just took a train through, and was on my way back with two other chaps, old trappers like myself. Somehow I took sick, and we were obliged to camp for a week, to give me a chance to pick up again. It was real purty weather, and I enjoyed myself rollin' round on the grass, while Jack and Joe were scoutin' round for game. But I did feel a leetle anxious to be goin'.

"One day I was layin' down under a tree, and I got sleepy. All at once I thought I heard something moving through the brush. I raised my head and looked all round, but I couldn't see nothing, the bushes were so thick. Thinks I to myself:

"'Ye're dreaming, old boy. Better take a smoke, and get waked up!'

"So I drawed the old stump. It was just like this, only four or five sizes bigger—a reg'lar old settler, and black as yer hat, sir. I'd smoked it a sight, and got kinder 'tached to it. Well, I filled it—Joe used to say it took a quarter of a pound to fill it handsomely—and then went to the fire to light it. When I got onto my feet agin I heard a noise, and I was sure of it then. I turned purty quick, and there was a good-sized grizzly, just ready to make for me.

"Now, ye see, they ain't no pleasant chaps to run afoul of, even when ye have yer shootin'-irons with ye; and I tell ye I felt as though I'd rather be excused. My rifle was in the wagon, and the critter was between me and *it*. I couldn't no more have got there than I could have jumped over the moon; so as he was comin' purty lively I thought I'd tree.

"The trees wasn't much—scraggy little oaks and elms; but they were enough sight better nor none—so I sprung for a limb just within reach, and commenced to swing up.

"Old grizzly knowed in a minute what I was up to, and afore I could get out of his reach, he raised and grabbed me. He got his paws round my legs, and one of my old boots into his mouth, and there he stood, and there I hung. He didn't pull very hard, but I was kinder weak, and couldn't have hung onto the limb an awful while if there hadn't been any bear at the lower end of me. I knowed if ever I dropped it would be my everlasting drop, so I set my wits to work to scare up some plan to make the grizzly let go.

"The old pipe was atween my teeth yet, and I was smokin' away right smart, and thinkin'. I looked down and seen

Digitized by Google

a corner of his mouth that my boot didn't fill. Don't laugh, stranger. 'Twasn't because the boot was small, but the b'ar respected the size of it, and only took hold of the heel.

"Well, as I said before, there was a little corner open, and I thought I'd jest drop the old pipe into it, tobaccy, ashes, fire, and smoke, and see how he'd like it. It was a leetle risky, for, you see, I should have to hang by one hand; but something had to be did, so I loosened my right hand and got the pipe.

"I never shot a rifle ball truer than I sent that old pipe, plump right into old grizzly's mouth, and when I seen that it was in, I kinder give a kick with my old boot, and kept it from falling out again.

"I tell ye, stranger's, b'ars don't like tobaccy much better than you do, especially when it's mixed with ashes, and fire, and an old clay pipe. Soon as ever he got a taste of it, and 'twan't long, he let go of me and commenced playing about on the grass, spitting and chewing and snorting, to beat the old scratch, while I naturally climbed up into the tree and watched him smoke.

"I enjoyed it more than he did, for ye see it was a new thing to him. He rolled and tumbled about beautifully, for I expect the fire burnt his throat, and the tobaccy didn't help it any. At last he got into the camp-fire, and that ended the performance.

"He started off through the brush, tumbling along quite funny, and I watched him, or, rayther, I watched the bushes as long as I could see 'em move. Then I climb down, and went to gettin' supper for the boys, feelin' purty well tickled with the way I'd escaped.

"I felt kinder sorry for one thing though, and that was because the varmint had chawed my pipe all to bits. I found some of the pieces, and I've got 'em yet. I might jest as well have saved the old pipe, if I'd only thought, for, ye see, the tobaccy and the fire would have done him jest as well."

THE DEAD MAN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.

I could scarcely at first believe that they were all dead—that I was never more to hear the voice of parent, brother or sister—that I was utterly alone in the world. But so it was: within the space of eight months, as the worthy curate told me, the grave had closed over the whole of my family. It was some consolation that my mother had died blessing me; but, nevertheless, I now bitterly repented that I had gone to sea, instead of remaining, as I might have done, to stay and comfort her in her old age. Yet she had approved of the step I took, and, after all, I acted for the best.

It was now necessary for me to shape my course anew. So now, being a tolerable seaman, and seeing nothing else to do, I made up my mind to stick to the only profession I had acquired and seek another ship.

On reaching Devonport, I found there was no ship fitting out for sea just then; but as I still had some money left, and could afford to be idle for a week or two, I resolved to wait for a short time and see what might turn up. I lodged at a tavern called the "Rodney," and the time went by quickly enough, for I had never been in that neighborhood before, and there is a good deal to be seen there.

However, at the end of a fortnight my reckoning at the "Rodney" was presented; and when I paid it, I found I had not money enough left to keep me afloat much longer. I told my situation to the landlord, a very honest man, who said it was not probable that any king's ship would be commissioned at Plymouth for some time.

Just as we were talking about it, over a glass of grog, a man came in and said:

"Here's a rum go, Jem (that was the landlord's name); that other chap has left the stone, too! I'm blest if it isn't the third within the last eight weeks!"

"Why, now," said the landlord to me, "that's the very thing for you, my man—that's to say, always supposing you don't dislike a little confinement and regular hours!"

"What is it?" said I.

"It's one of the keepers of the Stone Light," replied he, "who has given up the job. What do you say to it? It's the very thing for a man like you, who seem to be a bit of a scholar, and not to like to work overmuch."

Nothing at the time could have been more to my mind, for I little imagined what the nature of the situation was. I lost no time in applying for the post, and my certificates being good, and besides—most unaccountably, as I then thought—no one else offering, I was almost immediately accepted. They said I must engage for six months, as they were tired of men leaving the place almost as soon as appointed. I said I would engage for a year if they chose; but they smiled, and said six months was enough to begin with.

When all was arranged, I began to congratulate myself on my good fortune. I thought, with the landlord, that it was the very thing for me. I could not understand why my predecessors had given up the service, and thought they must have been men who did not know when they were well off. Nevertheless, I thought I might be a little dull now and then; so, that I might have something to amuse myself with, I bought a pack of cards to play with the other keeper, a second-hand musical snuff-box, and an excellent jest-book, with a collection of songs at the end of it. Next morning I went on board the lighthouse tender, and we sailed for the Eddystone. On the way, one of the men remarked to me, significantly, that it was a Friday.

"What of that?" said I. "All sensible people ridicule your suspicions about a Friday."

"Well, well," said he, "we shall see."

The weather was fine, and the wind favorable, though light; in about three hours we reached our destination, and effected a landing without difficulty. There was little time lost; some stores the tender had brought off were quickly got out of her; in half an hour she was standing back for Plymouth, and I was left to establish myself in my new abode.

"Well," said I to myself, as I looked about me, "here I am, snug and comfortable! After knocking about the world as I have done, it is something to find such a resting-place; and, disgusted as I am with the coldness and selfishness of society, it is still better to find myself so effectually removed from it."

The other light-keeper—good reason I have to remember him—was an elderly man, and a Scot. I was by no means taken with his appearance, for he looked grave and unsocial, anything, in fact, but a jolly companion. However, he was courteous enough at first, showing me all over the lighthouse, pointing out the different apparatus, and explaining to me my various duties.

The day passed away pleasantly enough; I had never before seen the interior of a lighthouse, and I found considerable amusement in examining everything about it. The lower part is solid; above that there are four small chambers, one over the other, besides the lantern, or light-room; the lowest two are for holding stores, the third is the kitchen, and in the fourth are the men's berths.

I found everything fitted up with the same economy of space and neatness of contrivance which distinguished the arrangements of a ship; indeed, at times, I fancied for a moment I was actually on board of one. The great difference was, that there was so little room to move about in—at least, horizontally; for as to going up and down, I soon found that very tiresome. Of that, however, I thought little;

Digitized by Google

keeping a watch in that comfortable lantern was evidently a very different thing from keeping one in cold and darkness on a wet deck, step fore and aft as one might there; and if I had now and then the trouble of going aloft, it was not to reef topsails in a gale of wind.

The first day passed pleasantly enough, and I was more than contented with my situation, till the evening came. As it began to grow dark my comrade and I went up to the lantern, and he showed me how the lighting was managed. After this lesson, being tired of his prosing, I left him to keep his first watch; and, understanding that I was to relieve him at midnight, I went below again to our berth. And then I first began to feel a little lonely.

I sat awhile, musing over my past life and adventures, and then it occurred to me that now was a good time for carrying out a project I had often formed, but never had found opportunity to execute — namely, that of writing my memoirs. I jumped at the idea, and immediately began to think how I should begin; but after I had smoked two or three pipes, my musical box had run down several times, and I found the time had passed more quickly than I had thought it would, and that it was within an hour of my watch. So as it was not worth while setting myself to begin my memoirs that night, I thought I might as well go up and sit with the Scotchman for the remaining time.



THE STUMP OF A PIPE.—"HE ROLLED AND TUMBLED ABOUT BEAUTIFULLY. AT LAST HE GOT INTO THE CAMP-FIRE, AND THAT ENDED THE PERFORMANCE."—SEE PAGE 694.

I do not know how it was, but there was something about this man which, from the first, exercised a most dispiriting influence upon me; there was something so fixedly melancholy in all he said and in all he looked. However, I was resolved not to let myself yield to the impression. The hour passed away; and at midnight, after much prosing about the lamp, the reflectors, and so on, he went below. When he was gone, I could not help thinking what a hard thing it was that a man like me, gifted with natural ability, and having received so excellent an education, should have the same fate assigned me as that stupid and uncultivated old Scotchman.

These and such thoughts occupied me some time. I then wound up my watch and tried to settle myself for the night. It was, however, in vain; I was in a restless humor, so I thought I would go down and bring up a glass of grog to keep me company, and also my musical box, which I had forgotten. I went down, therefore; the Scotchman was asleep; but some slight noise I made in passing by the berth awakened him, and he started up.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Speak—quick!"

"Nothing at all," old fellow, I coolly replied; "I only want a can of grog and my musical box."

"What! and have you dared to leave the light for that?" exclaimed he; and as he spoke he rushed up the ladder like a lunatic.

When I had mixed my grog and put my box in my pocket I followed him, laughing exceedingly at his excitement; for though I knew it was a little irregular for me to have left my post, I thought his conduct most ridiculously absurd.

"Come, old boy," said I, when I reached the lantern, "don't look so glum. Where's the harm of my mixing myself a little three-water grog? Off to your cot with you, or else you'll catch cold in those thin legs of yours, and then I shall have to nurse you. Down with you; I shall not leave the light again."

"Can I depend on you?" said he, in a doubting way, that made me laugh anew.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "there is nothing more I want. There, down with you, and turn in again—all's well."

He said nothing more, and went below; I played my musical box for some time, and finished my grog. Then, whether or not the grog acted as a soporific, or I was tired after the jovial night we spent at the "Rodney," I do not know; but I fell fast asleep, and did not wake till daybreak. When I awoke, and found the day dawning, I instantly

Digitized by Google



THE DEAD MAN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.—EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE. SEE PAGE 595.

extinguished the lamp and descended to rouse my mate. We breakfasted, and then, as I expected, he began.

"Young man," said he, "it was not right for you to leave the light last night, and you must not do it again."

"This morning, you mean," said I. "But never mind that. As to leaving the light for a moment, why, what harm could it do?"

"You have been to sea," returned the Scotchman, "and you must know you should not leave your post when upon duty."

"Yes," said I, "but a lighthouse is not a ship. There is no fear of squalls for this craft; there are breakers enough around, but there is no danger—at least, for us."

"That's just the thing! that's just the thing!" cried he. "We are, perhaps, safe enough; but if anything were to go wrong with the light, what would become of those for whose benefit the lighthouse was erected?"

"But for five minutes——"

"Not for a single moment may your post be deserted," interrupted he. "You are here to tend that light; and if through our negligence anything happen to it, and a vessel were to be lost on the rock, the deaths of all and each of the crew would lie at our door! we should be manslayers—murderers! Do not attempt to justify yourself, for you know you were wrong. If I thought—but I dare say it was mere thoughtlessness on your part. You will not do it again? Let us forget it!"

And I did forget it at the time; at least, I did not think of it. But deeply did subsequent events—and they came very soon—grave his words upon my mind: "If through our negligence a ship were lost, the deaths of her crew would lie at our door!"

How often has that dreadful sentence rung in my ears; how often have I in vain tried to shut out the conviction that it was true. Manslayer!—Murderer! Long after that man's tongue became forever silent, the words seemed to sound in my ears like the voice of an accusing angel. But, as I have said, I thought nothing of them at the time; nay, I secretly laughed at the old man's language—secretly, for there was then something imposing about him, which prevented my doing so openly.

However, though I did not care for what he had said, I disliked him more than ever, and it was fated that the day was not to pass over without a downright quarrel between us. It arose thus. I had helped myself several times to a little grog—more from want of anything to do than because I cared for it. This he discovered from seeing the rum in the case-bottle getting near low-water mark. When he observed it, he locked the place where the spirits were kept, and put the key in his pocket, without saying a word. I pretended at the moment not to see this; but soon after, wishing another glass, I went to him (he was aloft out on the gallery) and said, civilly:

"I'll thank you for the key of the locker where the rum is."

"No, young man," said he, "I will not give it you. You don't seem to know when to stop; therefore you shall have your allowance regularly, every day, and no more."

"What!" cried I; "what right have you to stop my grog in this fashion? Give up the key, or I'll make you!"

I seized his arm as he spoke; but with the quickness of lightning, and before I could prevent him, he heaved the key over the gallery into the sea.

"Now!" said he, "you thought to use force, because you are younger and stronger than I am. See the consequence! You'll get no grog at all now, for you dare not break open the locker; at least you had better not, since if you do it will speak for itself; but if you let it alone I shall say nothing, for I am no tell-tale;" and from that moment we were enemies. It was true enough what he said about my not daring to break down the locker; that would have been discovered the next time the tender came, and the whole story would so have to come out. I tried all the other keys I could find, but none would fit. It was also unfortunately high water when he threw away the key; and though I went at ebb to seek it with some faint hopes, my search, as might have been expected, was fruitless.

After a day or two had passed, I could no longer conceal from myself that my situation was insupportable; and after a long but fruitless effort to keep up my spirits, I abandoned the struggle. I had nothing—nothing to do, nothing to look forward to, nothing to wish for, nothing to care about, nothing to excite an idea. And then I was condemned not only to mental but also to bodily inactivity. I could not relieve my mind by taking physical exercise, for I was caged



THE DEAD MAN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.—"I WAS STANDING AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS TO LET THE WIND COOL MY FEVERISH HEAD."

Digitized by Google

in that slender tower, and a single step brought me to the extremity of my den. I began to understand and sympathize with the restlessness of wild animals in captivity; but I considered them much happier than I was, seeing that they did not possess, as I did, a soul to which imprisonment extended.

The ships that occasionally passed brought none of that interest and excitement which at sea the appearance of a sail always does. I knew that their crews were socially united together—merry, careless, and happy. A ship's appearance only tantalized me; I felt like a wretched castaway, who sees a vessel sail by which sees not him. The land had the same effect. With a glass I could make out various objects—one or two houses; there the laborer returning from his toil found his fellows to associate with, but I, who could almost see this, was doomed to utter and unchangeable solitude. Sometimes I burst into tears and cried like a child for an hour; but tears brought me no relief. Each day seemed as if it would never end; and when it did come to a close, there was no satisfaction for me, for I knew all succeeding ones would be like it.

I had heard that people often came off to see the lighthouse, and I looked wistfully for such a pleasure, but none ever came in my time. And so day after day passed. I need not describe each; I could not if I would, for I have no distinct recollection of them. That time is a blank to me—I even lost my reckoning, and ceased to know the days of the month or week. The time seemed an eternity; nevertheless I knew it must be short, and that it bore a very small proportion to the six months I had to endure.

Every day I grew worse and worse. Well did I at last know why they had smiled when I offered to engage for a year, and why my predecessors had given up the place. It was, indeed, terrible. At times I was inclined to dash my head against the wall, and so end my miserable life at once; often I was about to throw myself into the sea—it was easy, and all my wretchedness would be ended with the plunge. Several times I went down at low water with the fixed resolution of leaping from the rock, and each time I recoiled. I could not take the decisive step. An indistinct hope of better days withheld me. It was not want of courage, but every time something seemed to say to me, "Not yet—a moment longer."

Time went on, and still I grew worse and worse. Sometimes I thought I was going mad—nay, sometimes I even thought that I had gone mad. I detected incoherency in my thoughts; strange and fantastic ideas wandered incessantly; they were without object or connection. I do now believe that I was in a state of incipient insanity, and I would fain be sure of it, for if such were the case, I was not, of course, responsible for what afterwards happened. Sometimes, in those terrible days, I doubted if I were walking or not; sometimes, indeed, I thought and hoped that the whole was but a frightful dream, from which I should soon be relieved, and smile at having been so troubled at it. But the time passed on, and there was no awaking for me.

Such was my life in the Eddystone Lighthouse.

During this terrible period I sought refuge as much as possible in sleep. After the first few days, whenever I had the second watch, I regularly laid myself down for the purpose on the floor of the light-room, and generally at that time I slept. This ultimately led to another quarrel with the Scotchman. It took place thus: One night, soon after my watch had commenced, my mate came up and found me asleep. This, as I found out afterwards—for I had lost all my reckoning of time—was just three weeks subsequently to my arrival. When I awoke I found him quietly seated beside me, reading his Bible. He merely said that I might go below if I liked. I took him at his word and went down. Next day he asked me if I was not ashamed of myself for having fallen asleep, and said he wondered I had not a more conscientious feeling of my duty. I told him my conscience was my affair, not his; and that as for sleeping, I slept so lightly that I certainly awoke the moment anything went wrong with the light.

"What!" exclaimed he, "do you really excuse and defend your conduct, friend? Suppose the lighthouse were to take fire—don't you know it has been burned already, and that the lead from the roof ran down the throat of one of the keepers, and was found to the weight of eight ounces in his stomach when the doctor opened his body?"

"Humbug!" said I. "Do you think to frighten me with your ridiculous inventions——"

"It is as true as I am here," interrupted he.

"What!" cried I, "do you persist in your lying story? I wonder what your conscience is made of, since you talk of conscience—who can believe that molten lead could run down a man's throat? Such tales won't go down mine, I can tell you. Keep them for those who are fools enough to swallow them."

He looked at me steadily for some time, but made no reply. Then taking down the signal-book, he consulted it for a moment; next he selected two signals from the rest and went up to the gallery. He soon returned, drew the table aside, and took the writing materials out of the locker he kept them in. Then he said, "I have made the signal for the tender, and now I am going to write a letter to the board—it is my duty to let them know that you will not do yours."

"Do what you like," said I, carelessly.

The truth was, that I heartily rejoiced things had taken this turn, for though I knew I had rendered myself liable to punishment for a breach of my engagement in having fallen asleep at my post, yet the prospect of being released from the dreadful place, even though it were to go to prison, was perfect ecstacy to me. I immediately went up to the gallery and fixed my eyes eagerly on the point where I expected the tender would appear. For a couple of hours I remained there; and so wrapt in the idea of escape, that it was only then I remarked, what I might have seen in a moment, that the sea was running so high that it would be impossible for any boat to come near the rock. My disappointment was great, for it was the time of the equinox, and there was every prospect of a continued gale. Nevertheless, thought I, even if it blow for a fortnight, a fortnight is not six months. So I kept up my spirits.

"Come," said I to the Scotchman, "you may keep your epistle till the next post. No boat can come alongside in a sea like this. Your letter can't go, nor I neither—more's the pity."

"We shall see," said he; and as he spoke he made up his letter into a large roll, took up a bottle which he had placed beside him, and slid the paper into it. He then corked the bottle and sealed it carefully.

"Well," said I, "there's a new kind of envelope. I understand now, but I confess I did not think of that."

When the tender came off, which it did in the afternoon, my comrade signaled them to lie-to a little to leeward; and when they had done so he heaved the bottle into the sea. It soon drifted down to them, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that my misconduct was fully made known. On each of the three following days the tender came off, and they made an attempt to land, but in vain. On the fourth and fifth it was blowing a tremendous gale from the south-west, and they did not come at all. During this time the Scotchman did all the duty of the lighthouse, and took all the watching every night, for he said he would not trust me again. I was very well pleased he would not. During these five days I was much less miserable than before, for I had the certainty before me of a speedy release.

Digitized by Google

On the night of the fifth day I turned in shortly after sunset, as I usually did. I had slept, I suppose, some hours, when I was awakened by the sound of the alarm-bell, which communicates between the lantern and the berth. I threw on a pea-jacket and ran up the ladder, not without a smile at the idea that it was during the watch of my careful comrade that something had gone wrong. "We shall, perhaps, see the experiment of the molten lead performed," said I, laughing to myself. But my laughing was quickly to be stopped. When I reached the lantern I found the Scotchman stretched upon the floor. He had evidently been taken suddenly ill, and he seemed to be suffering great pain.

"Ah," said he, as I appeared, "you are come at last—what I was afraid of has happened—I feel I am dying, young man."

"Nonsense," returned I, much terrified at the idea. "Cheer up, old boy; what is the matter with you?"

"Worn out—too much anxiety—worn out," said he; "but no matter for that—what will become of the light when only you are here?"

"Never mind the light," said I. "What can I do for you? What will do you good? I'll get you anything you wish——"

"It's of no use," replied he, beginning to speak with difficulty. "Come near, and attend. You must keep watch to-night; and, as soon as day breaks, signal that they must come off at all hazards—do you understand? The signal-book is there, under my Bible."

"Yes, yes," said I, scarcely noting his words, for I began to fear his anticipations might be but too well founded, and I was very anxious.

I knelt down beside him and took his hand—it was cold and clammy, and I let it fall again. A minute or two elapsed; I remained silent and motionless, for I did not know what to say or do. Then a strange expression passed over his face—he was evidently getting worse. I grew very frightened. "What is to become of me? I cried. "Rouse yourself, man, throw it off—rouse yourself."

He tried to articulate something, but I could not make out what it was; after a while, however, he suddenly exclaimed distinctly, "I have done my duty; I could do no more." Then his face brightened—he started convulsively, and made a feeble effort to rise; but, failing to do so, he fell back again, murmuring, "The light! the light! the light!" Thon he was still.

I watched him for a short time in silence, and with terrible feelings; then I called to him several times, speaking louder and louder, but there was nothing except the echo of my own voice. At last I ventured to touch him—a strange thrill passed over me as I did so. I raised his head; his lips were contorted and his eye was glassy.

Through me shot a frightful shudder at the look of that eye, whose fixed, unmeaning stare—for he was dead—nothing can ever efface from my memory; a cold sweat came out on my brow, and I fled from the place in an agony of fear. I rushed down to the chamber below, drew to the hatchway and made it fast. Death was in the place with me. I lay there in a half-frenzied state, all huddled together; and in an agony of fear I pressed myself against the wall lest something should get behind me. Every now and then a shiver of horror passed over me; my blood seemed to flow backward in my veins; I was utterly overwhelmed and possessed by a tremendous fear. For I was left alone with death.

That night seemed as if it would never pass away. At last, however, the morning began to dawn, and, worn out with excitement, I fell asleep. My dreams, strangely enough, were pleasant, and I awoke with a smile on my lips—it was then broad day. For a moment, a single moment, I did not remember what had happened, but instantly it flashed across my mind, and I fell back as if I had received a blow. I felt the full horror of my position. Death was beside me, and I was alone!

Nevertheless, I endeavored to fullfil the old man's last injunction; indeed, I was most desirous to do so, for it was the way of escape for me. Once I began to ascend the ladder for the purpose of making the signal, forbidding myself to think, what, of course, I was but too well aware of, that I would have to pass by the dead body to accomplish it. I took a few steps, but it was in vain, and I descended again.

Afterward I strenuously endeavored to brace my nerves to the resolution of going up and throwing the body into the sea. It occurred to me, however, that if I threw away the body without any one having seen it, I might subject myself to the suspicion of having murdered my companion, more especially as I might easily be supposed to bear him no good will after the informing and accusing letter he had written. So, even if I could have brought myself to go near the corpse, I would not have touched it. As for the signal, it would, after all, have been of little use, for the storm continued unabated, and it would have been utterly impossible for the tender to have come off.

The evening came. Of course I did not light the lamp in the lantern; I wished to do so, and that most earnestly, for I knew my responsibility and the dangerous consequences that might follow from my not doing it. But it was in vain for me to strive to perform the duty; I dismissed the thought of it from my mind in despair. How often since have I wished that I had had the resolution to do it. But it is idle to think of it; no fear of punishment or future suffering could have induced me, in my then state, to have entered the place. I felt the presence of Death all about me, but that lantern—it was his very throne!

The night came—that never-to-be-forgotten night! The gale was at its height; the weather, though cloudy, was clear. I was standing at one of the windows, which I had opened to let the wind cool my feverish head. I was looking seaward, listlessly watching the waves breaking on the rock, as they rolled on in huge masses, fell against it with the weight and thunder of avalanches, and streamed away in long, diverging sheets of phosphorescent foam I had been observing them for some time, carelessly and calmly, for to my first paroxysm of horror and fear, a kind of idiotic insensibility had succeeded, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the momentary appearance of a light to windward. I thought I must have been deceived, but in a few seconds I saw it again. I then watched for its re-appearance with intense excitement. Again I saw it—there could be no mistake now—again it disappeared. Then I knew for certain that it was the light of a vessel, which the heave of the waves was alternately showing and concealing. The next time I saw it I marked its position carefully, that I might determine what course the vessel was steering, and fervently I hoped to find it was moving across my line of vision. But, alas! no; at each successive appearance it was still in the same direction, and then I knew that the vessel which bore it was steering straight, or nearly so, for the fatal rock on which I stood. Then a tremendous foreboding seized me, and the voice of my self-accusing conscience spoke terribly. For through my fault the faithful lantern, which should have warned that ship from the path of destruction, was dark, and gave no caution; the noble purpose of the lighthouse was defeated through me, and before me, rapidly approaching, was the sacrifice of my crime.

My first impulse was to run up and light the burners, and I think at that moment I could have braved the horrors of the lantern. But a moment's reflection told me that half an hour would not suffice to put it in working order, for, as it had burned till it had gone out of itself, all the oil must have been exhausted, and to arrange such a lamp requires some

Digitized by Google

considerable time. And half an hour! I knew that in a few minutes the vessel must be either on the rock or have passed by in safety.

The light came on—rapidly. What were my feelings as it approached! I forgot all my own suffering in my absorbing anxiety for that ship. She was bearing directly for the rock. I was shaking all over, and could scarcely keep my post at the window. There came the ship; only one man in the world knew her danger; that was I, and I could do nothing.

The ship still came on—the light was within half a cable's length of me. There was no chance now of her passing by. She must have been steering right on the point where I stood. Swiftly and steadily she came on. I screamed uselessly at the top of my voice. Suddenly the light swerved from its course. I saw that they had descried the breakers, and put down the helm; they had kept a good lookout—it was no fault of theirs, poor, faithful, and trusty crew. I heard the creaking of the yards as they swung round, and the fluttering of the canvas as it shook in the wind. I saw something white fly past—probably it was a sail blown from the bolt-ropes. But I was now in no suspense, for I knew it was too late, and that all was over. The next instant there came a booming crash, the light disappeared, and I heard the crackling and rattling of the masts as they fell over the side. There was a moment's pause. Then rose loud over all the noise of the storm a confused and general cry; then I distinctly heard the ship's bell tolled—it was their knell, for after that there was nothing more.

I shut the window, and seated myself on a stool. I must have become insensible immediately after, for I recollect nothing further till I came to myself and found it broad day. I rose, and began putting the place in order; once or twice I stopped to curse the memory of my late companion, who had been the chief cause of all; but I did not then think much about the catastrophe of the night—it was not to be realized in a moment. "It is all over now, and what cannot be helped should not be regretted; besides, after all, it is only a ship lost, as many a good ship has been before her; we all owe heaven a death."

Even so did I talk with myself as I continued busying myself about the apartment, moving things hither and thither without a purpose. But lightly as I thought of it then—it was a kind of insanity to do so—ever since has the burden been increasing which that night laid upon my soul—less and less rest has my troubled conscience known from day to day. The secret, too, which I carry about with me—for no living being, except I, knows where that ship was lost—is insupportable. I have been, and am constantly, in dread of telling it out in my sleep, and I perpetually think that people are making allusion to it, or that they suspect me. What, however, is more strange, and I cannot in any way account for it, is, that I have a perpetual desire to tell it to some one—I feel as if I should be better if I did. This, however, of course, I dare not do. It is this feeling which has led me to execute my often-formed intention of writing my life, and although, before my death at least, no eye will ever see this, I do feel some relief in having reduced it to narrative. Heavy, heavy has been the load I have borne these many sad, weary years—fain would I hope that the few which may remain for me may be less painful.



THE WHITE-CRESTED HORNBILL.—SEE PAGE 702.

As it happened, the wind had completely fallen soon after the catastrophe, and that day the sea went down sufficiently to allow the tender to come off. Two or three men landed from her; the first was he who had remarked to me, when I was on my way to the place, that I had set off upon a Friday.

"Told you so, my boy," said he, as soon he as saw me; "you've found out what comes of sailing on a Friday. Sleeping on duty! A pretty idler you are! What if the light had gone out?"

I groaned involuntarily. The man, mistaking the cause, said:

"You may well be ashamed of yourself. Where's the old man?"

"He's dead," said I.

They all started.

"His body is in the lantern," I continued; "I did not like to move him, and so left him where he died."

I then detailed the circumstances, giving as my reason for leaving the corpse untouched the fear I entertained of being suspected of foul play.

"It must have been bad enough sitting watching the light, and he lying there," said the officer, an old midshipman; "you must have had an uncomfortable time of it, my lad. I did not think you were in such an unpleasant situation when I saw your light last night."

"When he saw the light last night!" Was he mocking me? Was it all known?

It was not. Unaccountable as it may seem, that man was perfectly convinced that he had seen the light the previous night. I am sure he would have sworn to it.

And no one, indeed, suspected the truth. It was soon known that the ——— Indiaman had been lost on the coast,

Digitized by Google



ON TIPTOE.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

Digitized by Google

for spars and pieces of her, indicative of the ship to which they had belonged, came ashore in a day or two. But no one for a moment thought of her having struck upon the Eddystone.

As for me, the authorities, considering what I had undergone, contented themselves with mulcting me of my wages and discharging me. I sold my watch to a Jew for twenty-seven shillings and a glass of grog. I was sorry to part with it, for it was my mother's; but what could I do? On this small sum I lived miserably enough for a fortnight, when I got a berth in a coasting vessel, the *Margaret Turnbull*.

ON THE TIPTOE.

In one point of view the happiest part of a man's life is when he is on the tiptoe. Expectation is the cream on the top of every day's life. Pope puts this fact in the well-known line:

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

A celebrated gourmand declared when he had eaten his dinner that the glory of the day had departed; and a cynical philosopher defined gratitude as a keen expectation of favors to come.

Thus, in every aspect, the anticipation is the real sweetness of all things. Dead Sea apples look fair at a distance, but turn to ashes on the lips. Even so with human life, the hidden woe is the poisoner of enjoyment.

The artist has painted the moral of this story in the celebrated picture which we have engraved, and it is as eloquent as one of Chapin's sermons.

TWO PETS.

Two pretty birds, so bright and gay,
Sing and frisk the livelong day.

The father's pet, with light-blue eyes,
The daughter's pet—the cage's prize.

Each guards the trust, each loves the treasure,
Rejoiced they seem in equal measure.

Intent upon their pets, the pair,
With faces flushed with joy, stand there.

THE WHITE-CRESTED HORNBILL.

There are many strange and wonderful forms among the feathered tribes; but there are, perhaps, none which more astonish the beholder who sees them for the first time, than the group of birds known by the name of hornbills.

They are all distinguished by a very large beak, to which is added a singular helmet-like appendage, equaling the beak itself in some species, while in others it is so small as to attract but little notice. On account of the enormous size of the beak and the helmet, which in some species recede to the crown of the head, the bird appears to be overweighted by the mass of horny substance which it has to carry; but, on a closer investigation, the whole structure is found to be singularly light, and yet very strong.

On cutting asunder the beak and helmet of a hornbill, we shall find that the outer shell of horny substance is very thin indeed, not even as thick as the paper on which this description is printed, and that the whole interior is composed of numerous honeycombed cells, with very thin walls and very wide spaces, the walls of the cells being so arranged as to give very great strength when the bill is used for biting, and with a very slight expenditure of material. The whole structure, indeed, reminds us greatly of that beautiful bony network which gives to the skull of the elephant its enormous size and lightness. The general appearance of the dried head of a hornbill, with its delicate cellular arrangements, and its thin, polished bony shell, is not unlike the well-known shell of the paper nautilus, and crumbles in the grasp almost as easily.

The white-crested hornbill is a bird which is remarkable for the peculiarity from which it derives its name.

Its beak, although very large in proportion to the rest of the bird, is not so prominent a feature as in the other hornbills; and its beautiful white, fan-shaped crest takes off much of the grotesque aspect which would otherwise be caused by the large bill. Very little of the helmet is visible in this species, as it is of comparatively small dimensions, and is hidden by the plumy crown which decorates the head. The tail is very long, and, as will be seen by the engraving, is graduated and colored in a very bold manner, each feather being black except at the extreme tips, which are snowy white. The general color of this bird is deep, dull black, through which a few very small, white feathers protrude at distant intervals; the tail is black, each feather being tipped with white; and the crest is white, with the exception of the black shaft and black tip of each feather.

THE DIAMOND RING;
OR,
ROXIE'S FLIRTATION.



"ROXIE, Roxie, child!"

A young girl, lovely as the morning, disengaged herself from the laughing group about her, to reply to the lady who called her.

"Well, auntie?" she said, with a backward toss of the softest, brightest curls, and a look of saucy defiance out of arch, hazel brown eyes.

"What did you say just now?"

Roxie colored and laughed.

"I don't care," she said, pouting very becomingly; "I do like Frank Thorley, although he is papa's clerk. I shouldn't have said so, only Ellen Richmond was making fun of what she calls his assurance in dancing with me so often to-night."

"I wouldn't dance with him again, my dear."

"Why not, pray?" Roxie exclaimed, elevating her graceful eyebrows.

"Because you are a very pretty girl, and he is a very handsome young man. You may do him much harm."

"I?"

"Such flattering preference as you are evincing for young Thorley's society is enough to turn any young man's head; and coming from a girl in your position, to a man in his, is calculated to do harm. Take my advice, Roxie; he already sees no one in the room but you. Lavish your witcheries on some one less liable to lose his wits through them."

Roxie turned away from her aunt a little pettishly, and stole from under her thick lashes a furtive glance in young Thorley's direction. He was indeed watching her, with his heart in his handsome eyes; and the vain little beauty flushed with pleasure.

It was not long before Frank Thorley asked her to dance with him again.

"He is so handsome, and graceful, and so entertaining," Roxie mused during the instant's hesitation before she put her little white gloved hand in his, "I will dance with him—there!" And away she floated in airy circles.

Digitized by Google

"It can't do any harm," she continued with some inward misgiving, as her eyes met auntie's mildly-disapproving look, or fell beneath the impassioned and almost too frankly admiring glance of her companion; "of course he knows I am particularly kind to him, because he's papa's clerk; and he can't be so ridiculous as to fall in love with me really, and it isn't likely we shall ever be together this way again."

Miss Roxie, however, was mistaken in her calculations. She had indulged a momentary whim, and had insisted upon his attending her party.

As a consequence, somebody else invited him, and then somebody else, and he was so handsome and entertaining—such a graceful addition to any circle—that before the Winter was over he had become very popular, and received more invitations than he was able to accept. Roxie was surprised, but secretly pleased at this, and at the continuance of his undisguised and almost romantic devotion to herself. Roxie accepted this devotion with occasional reluctance, occasional misgivings as to where it was to end; but she liked it too well to lose, and was, perhaps, more interested at heart than she realized herself.

Imagine her consternation when Frank Thorley asked her to marry him.

"I—I'm sorry, Frank," she murmured, almost incoherently, as she dropped into a seat.

Thorley's eyes flashed momentarily.

"You've done a wicked thing, Miss Roxie Lyle," he said. "If ever woman led man to believe she loved him, you did me."

Roxie stopped him there with a haughty gesture, and an angry—"You forget yourself, Mr. Thorley;" and she swept imperially past him, back to the drawing-room she had quitted a moment before on his arm.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was at the head of one of the oldest firms in the city. He was a man of sterling integrity and uprightness himself, and sternly severe upon any dereliction in another. His clerks were all liberally paid; and a young man who could obtain a situation, be it ever so subordinate, with Lyle & Co., was considered to have secured an uncommonly good start in life. Dishonesty or unfaithfulness among the clerks of the firm was rare; partly because of the discrimination exercised in engaging them, partly because of the severe and summary reckoning exacted from the few offenders.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was not inclined, therefore, to deal leniently with the author of some small but daring peculation that had been going on of late. Woe to the guilty one, when he discovered him; and from the searching investigation he was making, he was likely to do that soon. The matter worried him so long as it baffled him; and he was sitting in his luxurious library at home, pondering it, when Frank Thorley sent in a note to him.

The merchant started, as he read, muttering, "Sharp fellow, Thorley. I wasn't deceived in him! Show him up, John."

Mr. Lyle shook hands with him warmly when he came in; but Thorley seemed strangely reluctant, and remained standing on the hearth opposite, his face pale, and his eyes in an unwonted glitter.

"Glad to see you, Thorley, glad to see you. Shan't forget it if you can give me any clue to the author of this scandalous business," Lyle said.

"Behold him!" Frank said, getting whiter yet.

Mr. Lyle started.

"It was I who stole your money," Frank repeated, with a half desperate emphasis on the words.

Mr. Lyle stared incredulously a few moments still, before he could realize the stupendousness of the fact. He was terribly angry then. He remembered suddenly the gay life the young man had been leading of late, vague rumors of which had reached his ears, and said, sternly, as soon as he could master his voice enough:

"If you come here, thinking to move me to thoughts of clemency, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Not for myself, Mr. Lyle," he said, at last, speaking with difficulty; "but for my mother's sake, I do ask your clemency; not to retain me in your employment, but to give me a chance to begin again somewhere else."

"And serve some one else as you have me?" the merchant exclaimed, with ironical anger; "it is rather late to think of your mother, young man."

"I know it, sir. If I had suffered no other love to enter my heart but love of her, I should not stand here the guilty wretch that I am to-night. I am her only son—her only support. If you expose me, you strike her to the heart."

Mr. Lyle made an impatient movement.

"I tell you, you should have thought of this before. It is too late now; you have had your chance, and abused it wickedly. You must take the consequences."

Thorley was trembling, and could hardly stand.

"Mr. Lyle," he said, huskily, "do you know how old I am? I am nineteen, sir, and I never touched a farthing that was not my own before."

"It is time to end this," Mr. Lyle said, rising and approaching the bell.

"Wait one moment, sir," Frank Thorley said, passing between him and the bell-pull; and his desperate, anguished look stayed Mr. Lyle an instant; "shall I tell you who tempted me to do this—whose beautiful face came between me and right, and lured me on to my ruin? As you hope for mercy hereafter, sir, hear me! Hear how I came to fall, and then refuse to be merciful, if you can."

"I am listening," said the merchant.

"I never saw New York till two years ago, and you yourself have commended me for withstanding its temptations. You know, sir, that I neither drink nor gamble. The smallness of the amount I have taken must prove that your money was not spent in that way. You have been pleased to be very kind to me, sir. Do you remember urging upon me the acceptance of an invitation to a party given by your daughter? I was reluctant, but I went, and from that hour my fate was sealed. The most fascinating, as well as the most heartless coquette, did not scorn to set her snares for me, to dazzle me with her loveliness, and lure me with her smiles. There is no intoxication like the first love of youth, sir; don't you know that? There is no frenzy like that inspired by a woman who makes you love her. I lived in a delirium; I was mad on account of this woman whom I loved, and who seemed to love me, and I incurred a debt for her—a debt which, in a wild moment, when I had just been scornfully cast off by her—I paid with your money."

"What was your debt?" Mr. Lyle asked, briefly.

"It was for a ring."

"A ring with a diamond set in a cluster of rubies?" the merchant asked, with a flash of remembrance.

"Yes, sir," Thorley said, reluctantly.

The merchant sat down, and, motioning Thorley to a seat, remained some moments thoughtful, and with his face averted. Then touching the bell, he waited, while Frank Thorley covered his face with his hands.

"Tell Miss Roxie I wish to see her here," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

Roxie was just going out; and she came dressed as she was for the party, fleecy white floating about her; her lips red, her cheeks aglow and her eyes sparkling.

She reddened at sight of Frank Thorley's ghastly face.

"Did you send for me, papa?" she asked of her father, who sat with his face in shadow.

For reply he reached and took her ungloved hand in his. It was a dainty hand, slender, small and white, glittering

Digitized by Google

with rings. He put his finger upon one, a small diamond surrounded by rubies, and lifted his glance to hers.

Roxie shrank a little, and looked as if about to cry.

Turning toward Frank Thorley, Mr. Lyle said, "Upon one condition I will forgive you. Repeat what you have just said to me, in the presence of this misguided girl."

Poor Frank Thorley! Perhaps he thought even exposure would be preferable to such humiliation before her whom he loved. Perhaps a second thought of his mother came and nerved him. He hesitated only a moment, and told the story with a half desperate, half sarcastic eloquence, that took the vivid color out of Roxie's brilliant face.

"Won't you forgive me, Frank?" she cried, and clung to her father with a burst of sobs.

"Will you forgive her, Frank Thorley, or not?" demanded Mr. Lyle.

"Heaven knows I forgive her, sir, as I hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, sir. I think she has wronged you more than you wronged me, and I will show you, young man, how I can forgive to-morrow."

But when the morrow came, Frank Thorley had left New York, with his mother; and vain were all Mr. Lyle's efforts to discover him.

Years passed. There came a financial crash; and though everybody supposed Lyle & Co. too firmly established to be shaken, they were unable to outride the storm.



THE TWO PETS.—SEE PAGE 702.

Scrupulously honest now as ever, Mr. Lyle gave up everything; made no effort to save so much as Roxie's piano from going under the hammer.

"Never mind, papa," she said softly to him that last night before the sale; "we have still each other, and I am young. Perhaps I may find some use now for those accomplishments you have lavished upon me so freely. You did'nt think," she added, with an attempt at gayety, "that you were putting money by when you were spending it on me, did you?"

"Heaven knows what is to become of us!" moaned the unhappy merchant. "To-morrow, at this time, we shall have no right even to the roof that shelters our heads. But heaven bless you, my child, for this sweet courage. It is something to have so brave a child. You have been used to such freedom from care, though, Roxie—I wish you had married, dear, and you would have had a home now."

"I have got you, papa, and there's nobody I like better——"

"Nobody, Roxie?"

The soft cheek flushed a little, and the red lips trembled.

"Don't ask me, papa; there's nobody *now*," she said, her face on his shoulder.

"Was it some one who went away?"

"Yes," faintly.

"I thought so, dear. It's like you women to love the man they have wronged most."

The two hid away in the remotest corner of the house while the auction was going on next day, and Roxie exerted herself incredibly to sustain her father's heavy heart. He grew old fast in those few hours. This losing his home seemed to hurt him cruelly.

The sale was over, and they still sat there alone, waiting, perhaps, to see if some friend would not come to speak a word of comfort in this trying hour.

There was a hesitating knock at the door presently, and a gentleman came in.

Mr. Lyle, seeing that it was a stranger, said: "You are, perhaps, the new proprietor?"

The stranger bowed, and said: "I bought everything in trust for a friend of Mr. Lyle's, who requested me to say to him that his home was as much his now as it ever was."

Mr. Lyle lifted his head and looked at the man, and from him to Roxie, in a sort of bewilderment.

"What does he mean, Roxie?"

Roxie had come forward, breathless, her face red and white in swift changes.

"Papa!" she cried, running up to him and sobbing on his neck, "it's Frank Thorley."

"No, no, Roxie," the merchant said, incredulously.

"It is Frank Thorley, sir," Frank said, now coming nearer; "I am a rich man, Mr. Lyle, thanks to you, for giving me another chance in life, and I have come ready to discharge my obligation to you with my all. I have nothing that is not yours also.

"Don't, Frank! I was only just, scarcely that; it seems good to see you, though, like the face of an old friend. We haven't many friends now, you know."

Roxie had not spoken. It seemed she could not lift her face from her father's arm. But when Frank asked gently, "Have you no welcome for me, Roxie?"

"Have you forgiven me yet?" she asked, looking up.

"I have never married," he said, in a low voice; "and you——"

"Nor I," flushing and trembling.

"Roxie"—with sudden heat and eagerness—"I have loved you all these years."

"And I you."

The firm is Lyle & Thorley. Frank would have it so.

Digitized by Google



AFTER A DAY'S HAYMAKING.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRETON.

GLADYS ARDEN'S DISLOYALTY.

By the Author of "She Never Told Her Love," "The Last of the Carnes" Etc., Etc.

Chapter I.

The quaint old streets of Mount Linford were well-nigh deserted under the still golden glory of a hot June sunshine—a cloudless, sultry afternoon sunshine. The broad, though rather uneven, pavement lay white and dry and littered over thickly with fine Summer dust. But there was not a breath of wind in the air to whirl the dust unpleasantly about—not a restless breeze even to fan gently the narrow, glinting, arrow-shaped weather-vane, graceful and exalted, rising heavenward from the cupola on the roof of the Town Hall, which stood with blinking windows in the sun-rays, square and substantial, at the end of the Market Place, which in Mount Linford was also known as the High Street, being, as it was, the widest, cleanest, and best part of the town, as in well-to-do provincial towns generally the High Street is usually supposed to be.

Mount Linford, in the pages of a modern gazetteer, would perhaps be described as an old-fashioned borough, governed by a mayor, with markets on Wednesday and Saturday. On those two days the thoroughfares were lively enough. Business in the High Street was particularly brisk, and the friendly encounters amongst the neighboring country-folk numerous and characteristically hearty.

This day, however, was not a market-day, and Mount Linford in consequence was very still. The grocers' shop-windows in the quiet High Street looked as if they were asleep beneath their motionless, blue-striped awnings, upon which the flies crawled drowsily in discontented exile, driven forth by the yellow-bodied wasps from the sweets of the bulky sugar-barrels, empty, and rolled clumsily over into the dried-up gutter opposite the grocers' shop-doors, and blistering and bursting their withy bands under the intensity of the fierce golden light streaming down from the clear sky above them.

Up the whole range of the wide, sunny street there was little or nothing of importance going forward, or any sound to cleave the sleepy stillness, save the harsh, monotonous droning of a dismal barrel-organ grinding out "Ah, che la morte," in another and distant part of the town.

Within the very shadow of the white Town Hall, and on the shadier and pleasanter side of the Market Place, was situated a big red-brick house, massive, and of an imposing aspect. In the front there were three rows of windows, all long and narrow, and with heavy, old-fashioned frames; and the door, before which was a lordly flight of steps, was likewise heavy and old-fashioned, with a ponderous brass knocker in the middle of it. Adjoining the big house, on the left, was a much smaller one, with "Office" marked plainly in faded gilt letters on each of the lower windows. Upon the office-door, which was hung on swinging hinges, there was a polished metal plate, and on this metal plate the name "Paget" was engraved.

The larger house of the two was Mr. Paget's private residence, the smaller his offices or business-place. He was the chief and most respected solicitor in all Mount Linford, being distinguished in that town from other gentlemen of the same vocation as himself by the appellation of "Lawyer Paget," as his father, and even grandfather before him, had been similarly distinguished for many years.

The present Lawyer Paget was a magistrate, and naturally, therefore, of very high standing in Mount Linford; but he was nevertheless a thorough and most indefatigable man of business, and was noted for his abhorrence of idleness in any shape or form whatever. He worked simply because he liked work, and active life agreed with him; not because there was a necessity for toil did he stick to his musty offices.

The lawyer was a widower, with a family of three children—one son and two daughters—his wife having died when the youngest was born. Leah, the eldest of the three, was now four-and-twenty; Rooke, the son, just one-and-twenty;

Digitized by Google

and Mattie, the youngest, to whom the blessing of a mother's love had ever been a sorrowful mystery, on the threshold of her twentieth year.

The interior of the Pagets' big house was comfortable and roomy in the extreme. The hall at the entrance was wide but low, and all the sitting-rooms opened into it. Opening into it also was a passage which led to the office—a passage seldom or never used except by Lawyer Paget himself. At the farther end of the hall the great staircase rose up grim with dull oaken sides of quaintly-twisted banisters; and near to the stairs was a green baize door, which opened on to a spacious lobby and another passage leading off to the kitchen. In the lobby—which, in reality, was more like a conservatory—and facing the green-baize door, was a long and unusually broad French window, which looked out upon the many-tinted shadows of Lawyer Paget's garden, rich in a wide expanse of lawn and borders dotted plentifully with old-fashioned flowers, with here and there a ragged, spreading cedar, dusky and sombre as their ancestors on Lebanon's gloomy hills.

On this hot June afternoon, between the hours of three and four, Leah Paget and her sister Mattie were seated deep in the shade of the cedars grouped on the lawn, reading, in a desultory sort of manner, a couple of gayly-bound volumes out of Mount Linford circulating-library. They were fond of the old garden, with its abundance of cool shade, its hilly lawn, and straggling, ancient flower-beds. All their idle half-hours in the glorious Summer time were spent in this quiet old retreat.

They sat, one at either end of a rustic wooden bench, two fair, sweet-faced girls, with their pocket-handkerchiefs thrown negligently over their smooth dark hair. Their complexions were clear, though slightly tanned, and their eyes soft and womanly in expression.

Leah Paget was much taller than Mattie. Both were dressed simply, and pretty much alike, in pale-hued clinging muslin dresses, adorned tastefully about the neck and sleeves with a bow or two of faint-blue ribbon.

On the closely-mown grass, at full length at his sisters' feet, was Rooke Paget, lying, half asleep, upon his back, with a cigar between his boyish, hairless lips. His hat was tilted forward over his forehead and eyes, and his hands were clasped indolently at the crown of his dark head. He was "taking his ease," as he phrased it.

It was a well-grown herculean young form that lay stretched here in the noontide shade—strong, athletic and muscular; the face, almost hidden by the hat, was dark, warmly tinted, and wonderfully handsome, in spite of its present boyishness and want of either beard or whiskers, and in the clearly-cut features and molding of the firm square jaw there were obstinacy, will, and determination in lines that were very powerfully marked. It was a face in which the bright, frank beauty of a lingering youth was reluctantly giving place, as it were, to the graver dignity more befitting the consciousness of an approaching manhood—a brave, fearless kind of beauty, with an outline as perfect as a Grecian god's.

Rooke Paget for two years and a half had been reading hard at Oxford, but for the last month or so—since the short Easter recess—he had been resting at home in pleasant idleness after recent labor, and would not return to college again. The choice of his future profession was altogether in his own hands; but betwixt himself and his father there had always been a sort of understanding that he—Rooke—at the termination of a brief university career, should become a student in the venerable family offices, that eventually he might succeed his father in the honorable calling which was his, and thus, by so doing, maintain, as head solicitor in the town of Mount Linford, the long-standing credit and reputation of the Pagets.

And yet ever since Easter he had been doing nothing—absolutely nothing—and now it was the early part of June. His father on this afternoon was busy in the next house—had gone there to his assistant-clerks the moment luncheon was over in the dining-room. Rooke, instead, with the girls, had left the table for the garden and the shade. For the very life of him, he told himself, he could not have settled down steadily during this beautiful Summer weather in those dusty, musty offices, smelling so strongly of parchment, and so horribly, so insufferably hot, although he was quite aware that his father would have been better pleased with him could he have betaken himself cheerfully to parchment and pens at once without further murmuring or idle delay. For surely, if Lawyer Paget could stand the offices, his son could too.

It was not that Rooke had any objection to follow in the well-beaten track of his forefathers—on the contrary, he was rather proud of the idea than otherwise; but somehow he could not make up his mind clearly and thoroughly and to his own satisfaction just yet. A vague unrest had taken firm hold of Rooke Paget of late, and try how he would, he could not shake it off. It made him unstable as water, unsettled as shifting sands, though no one penetrated the secret cause of all this unrest.

The afternoon sunshine, fast losing its power, cast the shadows of the dense, dark cedars longer and deeper athwart the lawn. Rooke Paget, throwing away the stump of his cigar, jerked his hat from his brows, and looked up helplessly into the two fair faces above him.

"Girls, what's the time?"

Mattie, at the sound of his voice, closed her book and yawned gently behind it. Leah pulled out her watch.

"Just four," she answered. "What an endless afternoon it seems! It is strange that no one should have thought of calling."

"Too hot," observed Rooke, catching Mattie's yawn. "Couldn't reasonably expect a fellow to turn out on such a day as this."

"Leah didn't say 'a fellow,'" corrected Mattie, with her light girlish laugh; "she didn't specify at all. She means, of course, lady visitors. We usually have such an influx on ordinary afternoons."

"This is by no means an ordinary afternoon," murmured Rooke, pathetically; "I should call it extraordinary—preternaturally warm."

"I have been thinking that perhaps Miss Robinson might call," explained Leah, mildly, her cheeks redder and redder as she spoke. "I know that she is anxious to consult me about the election of the other matron for the infant school. I have been expecting her daily."

"Oh, hang Miss Robinson!" muttered Rooke, with closed eyes, his handsome mouth parting in a scarcely perceptible smile. "That dreadful old woman is forever repeating to you girls all the scandal she can think of. What does she come for really though, Leah?"

Leah Paget's fair face turned scarlet, and she bent her head low over her book.

"You are not very kind or respectful, Rooke," she said, with quiet severity. "You know that I at least am fond of Miss Robinson. She may be eccentric, but nevertheless she is a harmless old gentlewoman. You may smile, but it is the truth."

"And I suppose the Reverend Michael Robinson is a harmless young clergyman, eh, Leah dear?" put in Mattie, "Ah, the exquisite fineness of his white ties!"

Leah looked greatly displeased; Rooke, still at full length on the grass, whistled softly to himself.

"Her father, isn't he?" asked he, innocently, ceasing his whistling and looking up again into Mattie's face. "I surely have heard as much, haven't I, Mattie?"

Digitized by Google

"Michael Robinson, do you mean?" interrogated Mattie, with praiseworthy gravity. "Oh, no, Rooke! That is quite a mistake. He is Miss Robinson's own nephew—not her father. Whoever could have told you such nonsense?"

"Leah, I think," answered Rooke, hypocritically. "Didn't you, Leah?" he added, looking up to that young lady, now grown suddenly dignified.

"You know I did not," said she, coldly.

Mattie shook her head at her brother, as an intimation that he had gone too far, so he obediently, but with a feigned glance of blank surprise in return, checked the words that rose on his tongue, and said no more.

It was tolerably well known in Mount Linford that the new Rector of St. Jude's Church, who lived at the Rectory belonging to it, with his maiden aunt Miss Robinson, was often to be seen on the doorstep of Lawyer Paget's big house. It was also tolerably well known that he was smitten with the charms of Leah Paget; and Mount Linford, in its wisdom, had decided that it would be "a case."

"Hark!" cried Rooke, presently, lifting his hand from the turf. "Wasn't that the bell and knocker, girls?"

"Yes, I heard it," Leah said, now nearly recovered from her passing displeasure. "Somebody has called at last, I presume."

"Miss Robinson, doubtless," ventured Mattie.

"The Reverend Michael, for a wager," sighed Rooke.

"Hush!" whispered Mattie, reprovingly. "We mustn't annoy Leah again—it is too bad."

In a minute or two the great French window facing them opened, and a shrill feminine voice came out upon the afternoon stillness. A servant held the glass doors back, and two ladies—one young, the other much older—passed through into the quiet of the garden.

"We won't trouble you to accompany us any farther," said the elderly lady, who was the owner of the squeaky voice, to the prim parlor-maid; "I see the young ladies yonder on the lawn, and—ah, yes!—Mr. Rooke, I declare, with them. We will go to them, thank you."

The maid retired, and the old lady nodded her head in smiling friendliness towards the three in the shadow of the cedars.

At sight of their visitors Leah and Mattie threw aside their books and rose from the rustic wooden bench. Rooke Paget, too, sprang up from the grass, a deep crimson blush overspreading his boyish face. Into his dark eyes came a glad, restless light, and his breath came quickly.

"Dear Miss Robinson!" exclaimed Leah, ecstatically, to no one in particular. "I thought she would come soon."

Amongst the callers on the new arrivals were the Pagets, and Leah had at once established quite a friendship with them. Miss Robinson liked her, and so did the Reverend Michael; for Leah Paget was a great authority on parish matters generally, and the training-up in the way they should go of neglected little urchins in particular.

She was an odd-looking individual, this elderly maiden lady—indeed, as odd-looking as her manners were queer. Her nose was unfortunately red at the tip, and her face pale and painfully shriveled. The small twinkling eyes were very kindly though, and the old lady's puckered-up little mouth was forever on the smirk. Her iron-gray corkscrew curls were parted altogether on one side; and she did not mind confessing to her friends that to part them in the centre was impossible—any more than she hesitated to inform them that the redness of her nose was owing to indigestion—which was the truth. She seldom sallied forth without a huge brown silk umbrella, which served her alike for wet days and fine. She had her umbrella with her this afternoon; and, standing in the garden, she put it up.

"My dears," exclaimed Miss Robinson, after shaking hands all round, each hand-shake accompanied by a nod and a smile, "are you not surprised to see us arrive together—myself and Miss Arden, I mean? But it so happened that we met at the street-door, and so of course one knock answered for both of us. I said to Michael, after our early dinner, 'Michael, when my unfortunate complexion'"—gingerly tapping her nose with her finger, and dropping her voice to a mysterious and confidential whisper—"'is a trifle less ruddy, I will venture out to call upon my dear Miss Paget. There are many things I am anxious to speak to her about, especially as to the formation of a committee for a Winter Clothing Club, which is an institution that I think is sorely needed amongst the poorer classes of Mount Linford.' And Michael, you must know, my dears, said, 'Do, aunt Priscilla—by all means call upon Miss Paget.' And so," concluded the little old lady, with another beaming smirk all round, as though she really had something witty reserved with which to wind up her explanation, "when my complexion had cooled down to a respectable hue—indigestion is perfectly dreadful, my dears—I came."

"I am sure we are charmed to see you, dear Miss Robinson," said Leah—"as we always are."

"Mr. Rooke, am I to believe your sister?" queried Miss Robinson, playfully turning, with marvelous agility, to the young fellow who stood by quietly amused. "She is truthful?"

"She is everything that is good, madame," answered he, gravely.

"A youthful philanthropist where forlorn little ragamuffins are concerned," put in Mattie, "but a very dear sister, with all her faults."

"Ah, that I really believe," nodded Miss Robinson, energetically.

Leah Paget laughed.

"The garden-paths will be nice and cool," she said, taking the old lady's arm; "let us walk round them, and talk over our business quietly, dear Miss Robinson—if you are not too hot or too tired for the stroll."

"I am neither, my dear, and should like to go," returned the rector's aunt, briskly. "Your shady, old-fashioned garden is always pleasant, always sweet and cool, let the day be ever so warm."

With a parting smile to the others, Miss Robinson moved off with Leah, and was soon chattering glibly away about infants and the raiment the raimentless ones required.

Not until the old lady was out of sight, hidden by an angle of the garden-wall, did the other visitor—Gladys Arden—open her lips to speak.

"Mattie," she began, abruptly, with something after the manner of a spoilt child, "whatever can Leah see so irresistibly bewitching in that chattering old horror? One would think that her tongue must grow weary with such incessant wagging. I detest her!"

"Leah says she is quite harmless," laughed Mattie, "and so I suppose she is. Did you walk, Gladys?"

"Yes, I was obliged to do so," answered the girl, petulantly, "for the pony has gone to Great Linford. Mamma would send him, although she knew I was coming into the town to-day. Let us return to where we found you—there, in the shadow of the cedars—and I will tell you what I am come for."

"On purpose to see us, I hope," said Mattie.

"Yes, of course," returned Miss Arden, lightly, "and to ask you something as well."

They sauntered back to the rustic bench, Miss Arden between Rooke and Mattie Paget. The young man's face was clouded and moody now, and his firm mouth and chin looked firmer than ever. Gladys Arden seemed as though totally ignorant of, or indifferent to, his presence.

The girls sat down on the rustic seat, and Rooke Paget, on one of the rough wooden arms, kicked his long legs

Digitized by Google

restlessly to and fro. The light was gone from the brave, dark eyes—the sunny smile that had lurked in their quiet depths.

Miss Arden, near to him, felt that those eyes were fixed upon her, but not a sign or moving muscle was there in the girl's clear, half-averted face to tell him that she was conscious that he was there. And what a rarely beautiful face it was, too—beautiful with a certain willful loveliness, an insolent, nonchalant beauty, as charming as it was faultless—white eyelids deeply fringed, vailed eyes as darkly violet as the flower the color of which they outrivaled, with soft, richly-colored red-brown hair, shimmering like burnished gold beneath the wide brim of a coquettish straw hat; small, disdainful nose and curved red lips, a low forehead, and dusky, straightly-marked brows, over which the soft, gold-tipped hair strayed lightly in feathery negligence.

She was a beautiful, graceful, slender-waisted woman, and perhaps a cruel and willful one; and lately she had grown inexpressibly dear to Rooke Paget. For him the world held no fairer woman than his sister Mattie's dearest friend, Gladys Arden—Gladys Arden, who was more than a year his senior.

They were friends of many years, the Ardens and the Pagets. In the days of Mrs. Paget's lifetime, Mrs. Arden, the comfortably-rich widow of a military officer, together with her fatherless little girl, had come to Mount Linford in heavy mourning, and had taken up her abode at a house called Linford Grange, which was situate about half a mile from the borders of the town itself.

The widow was thought much of at the time, when her advent was yet new, because her appearance was youthful and her worldly advantages were good, which of course was everything in the opinion of admiring would-be-friends—at first. By-and-by people said that Mrs. Arden was not a woman to be depended upon, that her tongue was as false as the smile of her lips, that she was very fickle, and as vain and frivolous as she well could possibly be. But her little girl had taken wonderfully to the children of Lawyer Paget, and the friendship from childhood upwards had never flagged or dropped; Mattie and Gladys had ever been inseparable allies.

Miss Arden had had a wearying walk from Linford Grange to Lawyer Paget's house; and now, in the shady garden at the back of it, she was thankful for the rest she found there.

Rooke saw that the lovely face was looking tired and pale, and, forgetting for the moment her utter indifference to himself, he spoke in the kindness of his boyish heart the thought that came into his mind.

"I am sure you must be thirsty, Gladys," he said, wistfully; "let me get you some lemonade or——"

She raised her eyebrows, and glanced up at him languidly.

"You are very kind, Rooke," she interrupted, slowly, "but I wouldn't trouble you for the world. Now please don't move—I shall not have anything if you bring it here."

"As you will," he returned, almost rudely, resuming his position on the arm of the seat. "Perhaps you will let Mattie get you a cup of tea?"

"Yes, Mattie shall, if she will be so good—by-and-by," Miss Arden replied, turning to her friend, laying a small determined and detaining hand upon hers, and ignoring Rooke completely. "Not at present, but at five o'clock, when you and Leah have yours, dear; and then afterwards I must hasten home as quickly as I can, or mamma will be in 'fits,' or desperate at my absence. We have some one coming to dinner to-night, Mattie."

Rooke Paget's brow grew dark.

"Who is it, Gladys?" asked Mattie, curiously. "Anybody we know?"

"He is mamma's guest," explained Miss Arden, indifferently; "don't run away with the notion that he has anything to do with me."

"Well?" Mattie interrogated shortly, stealing an anxious glance at her brother's discontented brow.

"He is only our landlord," answered Miss Arden, speaking softly and distinctly—"our landlord, Sir Bethel Oswestry. He is often at our house, Mattie, as you may perhaps have heard lately. People in Mount Linford will talk, I know."

"Miss Robinson has told us a little," admitted Mattie, quietly, "but Leah and I scarcely believed what she said."

"What have you heard, Mattie?" broke out Rooke, with fierce impetuosity, the warm blood leaving his cheeks, his attitude interested and eager. "Why didn't you tell me? Why——"

Gladys Arden lifted her beautiful eyes in capricious gentleness to meet his above her, and interrupted him again.

"She has probably heard—though she may not have told you—that Bethel Oswestry is going to marry me," she said, simply—"me, Rooke, of all women. It is not likely, is it? I am not a girl that would marry for title, wealth, or position, even if the chance were mine—am I? It is not likely, is it, Rooke?" she repeated, the transient gentleness vanishing and a light mocking tone taking its place.

"Heaven knows," he returned, roughly—"I don't."

"Nor care?" said Gladys, inquiringly, the willful mouth smiling, while her heart ached.

"No, nor care," he echoed, savagely, lying boldly in the sharp temptation. "Why should I?"

"Ah, why should you?" she rejoined, heartlessly.

Rooke Paget got up, and strode without another word towards the house. Miss Arden sighed.

"He is very quick-tempered, Mattie," she said—"very impatient."

"And do you wonder?" asked Mattie, warmly. "You are cruel and unjust to him, Gladys, and it is not fair. The game you are playing is a dangerous one, and you will suffer from it if you do not take care. Gladys, darling"—lowering her voice and taking one of Miss Arden's hands caressingly into her own—"I always thought you cared for Rooke; and not long ago I know you did. Since he has been home for good you have altered strangely in your manner towards him, and yet I am convinced that he would lay down his life for yours, so great is his love for you. I am certain of it," concluded Mattie, enthusiastically and, womanlike, illogically.

"He is only a boy," observed Miss Arden, dreamily. "How could I love him, Mattie, in—in the way you mean? I am older than he, you know."

"A year!" cried Mattie, contemptuously. "And what is that?"

"A year on the wrong side, as everybody would tell you," returned Miss Arden, emphatically.

Mattie Paget was getting angry—angry in Rooke's cause more than her own. Idolizing her brother as she did, she gloried in fighting his battles when he was absent and could not fight for himself.

"We never used to have secrets from each other," she cried, indignant and reproachful. "Gladys, you are not fair to Rooke; nor are you to me."

For a few moments Miss Arden became thoughtful, as though Mattie Paget's appeal had fallen upon deaf ears, and then a smile stole over her face—a smile so full of sadness that, seeing it, her friend's impulsive, short-lived wrath changed quickly to forgiveness and the old trustful love.

"I don't believe you're happy, Gladys," cried the girl, tenderly. "I did not mean to speak angrily. Oh, dear, I wish you would confide in me and tell me what it is that makes you so variable! Why do you snub Rooke so persistently and unmercifully? Why do you——"

Digitized by Google

"Mattie," came the sudden interruption, "don't waste your words on me; I'm not worth them—indeed I am not. I cannot confide in you, for I don't believe I have anything confidential to tell you. But listen, Mattie—this is no confidence, recollect, but what all the world may know, for aught I care. I am selfish, heartless, mercenary to the very core; I am of the world worldly, and would not be different if I could. That, dear Mattie, is my character; and I for one will not have it called despicable."

"You are not speaking the truth," said Mattie, with deliberate solemnity; "and you know it as well as I, Gladys."

"I am—I am!" cried the girl, recklessly, sweeping feverishly back with her hand the red-brown feathery hair from the low, white brow it was straying over. "And the sooner you acquaint Rooke with what I have said the better."

"You may tell him yourself," said Mattie, stoutly. "I will not."

"Let him find it out for himself, then," answered Gladys, with a bitter little laugh. "It would be the wiser way, perhaps. Who knows?"

Mattie looked up sharply, and was about to make another attack, but footsteps warned them that Leah and Miss Robinson were near.

"Come," said Miss Arden, rising hurriedly, as though anxious to avoid all further parrying with Rooke's sister, "we will go to them. I have not yet told Leah or yourself what I came expressly for this afternoon. If the weather should continue fine, mamma and I hope to have a croquet-party next week. You must come, of course, although at present the day remains unfixed."

"Oh, Gladys, how jolly!" Mattie exclaimed, quite naturally.

"Rooke and all," said Miss Arden, doubtfully. "He must not refuse."

"My dear Miss Arden," called out Miss Robinson, "I am about to say good-by. Are you coming with me?"

Mattie and Gladys joined the other two.

"I cannot persuade Miss Robinson to stay for tea—and it is nearly five o'clock," said Leah, in deep distress. "I do so wish she would."

"It is out of the question, my dear," cried the old lady, who upon the subject of parish babies and parish babies' clothing had undoubtedly talked herself dry-throated enough. "My nephew will be waiting for his by the time I reach home. No, I really must not stay, much as I should like to do so. Do you come with me, Miss Arden?"

"She is more sociable," interposed Mattie, smiling. "She will stay with us."

"Well, then, good-by once more, my dears," Miss Robinson said, nodding and smirking, eyes, mouth, and little red nose all twitching together. "Good-by!"

Miss Paget accompanied the old lady into the house, saw her depart, and returned to the garden. Gladys told Leah then about the croquet-party in prospective, and Leah was—as Mattie had been—delighted with the news, though croquet parties and picnics were not such very rare occurrence in Mount Linford.

"Are you going to ask Miss Robinson?" said Leah.

"I dare say mamma will call at the Rectory and invite both her and her nephew," replied Miss Arden.

"Oh!" Leah Paget ejaculated, with gentle satisfaction.

A maid appeared at the broad French window, and rang a hand-bell.

"There's tea!" cried Nell. "Leah, Gladys — come along!"

"But where's Rooke?" asked Leah, looking back.

"Indoors," answered Mattie, carelessly.

So the girls went in to the kettledrum.

Chapter III.

THE skeleton clock on the mantelpiece in the drawing-room at Linford Grange was striking, bell-like, the hour of six. It was a pretty, spacious apartment, with books and flowers, draperies and chintz coverings of the palest green and white, and faintly scented in every nook and corner with dry and invisible last Summer rose-leaves.

Before the two long, low windows stretched a tastefully-planned flower-garden, bordered with delicate evergreens, and divided from the roadway by a high, thick hedge. The croquet-lawn was on the southern side of the house, where were elms and larches and cool groves of laurel to shield the dark, springy turf from the heat of the Summer sun.

Linford Grange was not at all a large house, as the rather high-sounding name by which it was known might indicate, but, on the contrary, a pleasant-sized, stucco-walled, cheerful-looking habitation that had sprung up in the neighborhood within the last half-century. The old lord of the manor had built it upon a waste acre or so of his estate—that is to say, the father of the living Sir Bethel Oswestry, who was the reigning lord of the manor now.

Oswestry Wold, the family seat of the Oswestrys, was immediately opposite to Linford Grange, but it lay considerably farther back from the Great Linford Road, which, running between the grounds of the two houses, separated them from each other. Great Linford was the county town, and from Mount Linford it was seven or eight miles distant. There was a beautiful and well-wooded park surrounding Oswestry Wold, the tiled roof and great tall chimneys of which ancient building were visible above the park timber from the dainty, sloping flower-garden of Linford Grange.

It was undeniably a grand and ancestral-looking place, Oswestry Wold; and Mrs. Arden was more than proud to be on friendly, not to say on intimate, terms with Sir Bethel, the present owner. But doubtless, had she not been his tenant, she could never have boasted of the acquaintance. He had returned only within the last few months from his wanderings in other lands; he had been traveling for several years preparatory to settling down at Oswestry Wold as country squire amongst his friends and tenants.

Linford Grange had been originally let to Mrs. Arden under an agreement with Sir Bethel's father, when Bethel Oswestry was still a lad at Eton, and the old gentleman himself in the full possession of his vigor and health. But a stroke of apoplexy killed the old squire, and the young one, as people said, now reigned in his stead. Lady Oswestry, the mother, followed her lord soon afterwards, dying with startling suddenness from unsuspected disease of the heart.

After the death of both parents, Sir Bethel shut up the grand old house, which just then was too mournful a place to live in alone, and went abroad. He had neither brother nor sister to leave behind or take with him, and everybody said that it was about the best thing he could do, and pitied the young man in his wealthy loneliness.

Sir Bethel Oswestry had departed from Mount Linford in the days of his youth, leaving his tenant's daughter a child of thirteen at Linford Grange, to return himself a man of thirty years, and find the child he had left a beautiful, capricious woman with a woman's every attribute, with a face more beautiful than any he had met with in his travels, fairer than his wildest dreams of loveliness or any hazy poetical conception. And since his return his visits to the Grange, at first originating in a quiet, ceremonious call, had gradually and almost imperceptibly grown very frequent indeed;

Digitized by Google

and worldly Mrs. Arden, noting well the fact, sketched out a future in her mind's eye wherein her daughter Gladys should play no mean or inconsiderable part. Next to contracting a wealthy marriage for herself—and Mrs. Arden at an early period of her widowhood had fondly cherished the idea—an idea, which, in spite of her own share of the good things of this world, had been, however, doomed to die a natural death—was surely the settlement of her child in most advantageous circumstances for life. And Mrs. Arden told herself that it should be no fault of hers if Gladys should fail to win the prize which her mother would have her win.

Something of this Miss Robinson had carried to the Paget girls in one of her morning calls; but they had only laughed at the news. Still they had never mentioned it to Rooke.

As the clock in the drawing-room at Linford Grange struck six, a lady who was seated by one of the long windows, in a sort of lounging-chair, tapped her small foot impatiently on the soft velvet pile of the carpet. She was watching from her post by the window-curtains the iron gate at the end of the gravel-drive which, turning with a curve from the Linford Road, led up to the front entrance of the house.

Mrs. Arden strongly resembled her daughter, but the mother was fairer-skinned and stouter, while her beauty was spoiled in a general way by gross affectation and falseness. She lacked, too, the glorious tawny coloring of the eyebrows and eyelashes which made Gladys Arden's violet eyes so rarely and wondrously lovely. Mrs. Arden's brows and lashes were of an insipid flaxen hue, and her white even teeth had been bought many years back. As a girl, she had been admired as the belle of a garrison town, and the forgotten fact was one that she herself had never forgot, and she thought she was irresistible still. Certainly she did not look her age, which was nearing the brink of fifty; but she wore no cap on her fashionably-dressed hair—nothing save an end or two of flimsy ribbon, and a bunch of fine cobweb-like lace nestling amongst the heap of natural-looking, false plaits that crowned the top of her head.

On this evening, though full early, she was already dressed for dinner, and, across her white smooth forehead a frown was slowly gathering.

"Tiresome girl!" she muttered, as she took her watch from her pocket, speaking in a natural and ordinary voice, for, alone or with her daughter, she could be sensible or unaffected. "She ought to be home—fidgeting me like this! The man coming to dinner, too; and her dress not on, and——"

The iron gate clanged to, and Miss Arden appeared in the garden. She walked up the lawn, nonchalantly swinging her sunshade.

Mrs. Arden opened the window.

"Come in this way," she began, fretfully. "Where on earth have you been all this while? At the Pagets'?"

"Yes, I stayed till after tea," said Gladys, stepping into the room through the open window and throwing herself into a chair opposite to her mother. "I am very tired," she added; "the heat was intense."

"You might have waited until to-morrow, and had the pony-carriage," observed Mrs. Arden.

"I preferred going to-day," rejoined Gladys. "It didn't matter."

Her mother made a gesture of impatience.

"Did anybody come part of the way home with you?" she asked, suspiciously.

"No," answered Gladys.

"Not Rooke?" interrogated Mrs. Arden, nervously.

"No," said Gladys, again. "Why should he? It was daylight. But, if you must know, he didn't offer to do so, and I didn't ask the girls."

"And what did they say about the croquet-party?"

"Oh, they will come!" replied Gladys, indifferently, as she rose from her chair wearily and went towards the door.

"All?" inquired Mrs. Arden.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a strange, angry flash of the eyes at her mother—"Leah, Mattie, Rooke—all!"

Mrs. Arden bit her lip, and her flaxen eyebrows twisted themselves into a pucker of secret displeasure.

"Well, I shall be pleased to see them," she said, hesitatingly; "but I do hope that Rooke will—will—make himself civil to Bethel Oswestry."

"I did not tell them that Bethel Oswestry would be here," observed Gladys, carelessly. "And I suppose Rooke Paget is capable of behaving himself as a gentleman should. Mamma"—with the door-handle in her hand, her hat dangling from her arm—"at what time do we dine?"

"At seven to-night," answered Mrs. Arden; "but Sir Bethel will come early. I—I asked him to do so. Make haste with your dressing, or he will be here before you are down. Do hurry a little."

Miss Arden shrugged her shoulders as she moved away, and the door closed.

She had barely gone, when the iron gate clanged to again, and again Mrs. Arden looked quickly and expectantly out of the window. This time she got up suddenly, and crossed hastily to a hanging mirror. She returned to the window after a few seconds, her pale face wreathed with smiles.

Coming up the lawn, amongst the flower-beds, was a big, bronzed, broad-shouldered man, a light Summer overcoat partly concealing his black evening-dress, and with a beard so long and luxuriant that it flowed down over his chest.

For the second time this evening Mrs. Arden opened the window wide, and now stood framed within its wood-work, in a gracefully-studied attitude, her white jeweled hands extended in flattering welcome towards the man in the garden.

"Ah, Sir Bethel," she called softly to him, showing all her teeth, and craning out her neck, "how good of you to keep your promise, and to come so nice and early! Come in—come in."

And Sir Bethel Oswestry, hurrying forward, courteously raised his hat to his sweet-tongued graceful hostess.

Chapter IV.

IN the waning light of the purple June evening Gladys Arden sat playing to Sir Bethel Oswestry. He stood by the side of the instrument, reverentially staring down at the slim, girlish hands flitting lightly between the black and white ivory keys; and, standing there in the dusk, dreamily spell-bound with the melody around him, he longed, with a longing that he could scarcely control, to hold those wandering little hands within his own, to tell their owner how much he had learned to love her, and to lay his name and wealth at her feet for acceptance, in humble hope that she would not spurn the offering.

Somewhat after this fashion his musings were shaping themselves; but Mrs. Arden was at the other end of the room. It was after dinner, and Sir Bethel had joined the ladies. Gladys, at his earnest request, was playing some of Beethoven's noble music, and Mrs. Arden discreetly, in a far shadowy corner, was reclining in a low easy-chair, one eye partly closed, the other really shut. She was supposed to be asleep; but the partially-closed eye in reality was peering through the gloom towards the piano. Sir Bethel Oswestry was passionately fond of music, and presently he called Gladys to sing.

Digitized by Google

"Sing!" she said, listlessly. "I don't think I can to-night."

"Do," he pleaded, bending wistfully over her—and Mrs. Arden pricked up her ears—"you have sung to me before."

"But I am not in the humor now," she answered, capriciously, nay, pettishly. "I cannot always sing, Sir Bethel."

He sighed, as though disappointed, and her hands glided idly over the keys. Mrs. Arden thought it was high time that she awakened; so accordingly she cunningly performed a little restless movement in her chair, as though rousing from a refreshing nap, and spoke softly.

"Did I hear you say that you were going to sing, Gladys?" she asked, meaningly, though sweetly. "Ah, Sir Bethel likes singing, I know, and so do I! What are you going to give us, Gladys—something dreamy and pathetic that you can play without your notes, so that we needn't have the lights just yet—is that it, dear? The dusk is so lovely for singing."

Bethel Oswestry grew eager again.

"Yes, yes," he said, gently. "Don't refuse, Miss Arden."

And Miss Arden, intensely angry with her mother for placing her in a position that she could not well withdraw from with grace and becoming ease, answered, maliciously and quietly:

"Since mamma and you both really seem anxious to hear me, I will try to oblige you. Will you ring, Sir Bethel, so that the candles may be lighted? I sometimes play, but cannot sing in the dark—and won't," she added, with great calmness to herself.

"But, Gladys," begun Mrs. Arden, with soft reproach—inwardly wrathful, outwardly unruffled—"you always say, dear——"

"I cannot sing without the lights," insisted the girl, with a quiet, peculiar obstinacy of her own which annoyed Mrs. Arden. "Sir Bethel, will you ring? The song which I think I can sing you I do not remember without my notes."

And yet, at the old red-brick house in the Mount Linford High Street, how often had not she and the girls sung songs to Rooke Paget in the gloaming—ay, songs without number?

Had Gladys Arden been less sure of the stake that she, in her earthliness, was playing for—the game that Mrs. Arden herself, too, kept from flagging, by her tact and airiness of touch, as it were—less confident of the success that must come to her sooner or later—never surely would she have been so utterly reckless, so utterly forgetful as to the possible construction Sir Bethel Oswestry might put upon the indifference which, since the full knowledge of her own power over him had dawned upon her, she had not hesitated to display towards him, whenever it so happened—and it was not seldom—that they were thrown together.

As dear as life almost to Gladys Arden were wealth and position and the good things of the world; but still there were times when Mrs. Arden positively trembled for the future realization of her hopes and dreams. She always trembled more, though, when Gladys had been with, or was in the company of, her friends, the Pagets. She did not know—if she had known, her mind would have been easier—that the girl was striving with all her wavering strength to steel her heart's best love against Rooke Paget. And with Gladys Arden there were moments when life seemed very dreary, when she despised herself, hated herself, and was—as she deserved to be—thoroughly miserable.

Sir Bethel rang for candles, and they were duly lighted in the Linford Grange drawing-room, but they showed Mrs. Arden all smiles and affected interest, and Gladys's nonchalant, exquisite face as stolidly calm and indifferent as ever.

In the full light Sir Bethel Oswestry looked, as he truly was, every inch an English gentleman of birth and breeding. His features were not handsome, but his figure was fine and powerful; a good, noble, and earnest face it was, with patience and sweet temper in the candid brown eyes. His beard was very long, and the tropical sun had bronzed him; and his hair, sparse on the broad high temples, gave signs of premature baldness.

Miss Arden, after quietly turning over several heaps of music, at last found the piece she was seeking. She never inquired what her eager listener might care to hear.

"I will sing you this," she said, then glanced up at him and smiled—the smile thrilled the man's very soul—and struck a few chords on the board.

"Something very dainty and light, dear, I hope?" cooed Mrs. Arden from her corner. "Is it one of Claribel's last?"

For answer, Gladys commenced in a low, plaintive voice the well-known ballad, so touching and tender in its mournful simplicity, "Auld Robin Gray."

And Mrs. Arden, listening with Sir Bethel, writhed in torture—not that the song was exactly applicable to the case in her thoughts, but it certainly was not the most *àpropos* selection that her daughter Gladys could have made to please him.

Presently the last notes ceased to quiver, and Miss Arden's hands dropped into her lap.

"Thank you so much," Bethel Oswestry said, gratefully. "I am fond of old ballads; that one especially is a great favorite of mine."

"Thank you, love," murmured Mrs. Arden, devoutly hoping to herself that Sir Bethel Oswestry was a man who meant what he said.

"And do you care for it really?" Miss Arden inquired very listlessly of Sir Bethel.

There was a vacant chair near to the music-stool, and he sat down on it. Mrs. Arden dozed immediately.

"Yes," he said; "but it is a sad love-story, very sad—one of the saddest and simplest I know."

His words appeared to rouse the girl, for she faced him sharply in a moment.

"And are not all love-stories sad?" she cried, with suppressed passion. "Do not love and misery ever go hand-in-hand together?"

Sir Bethel Oswestry leant forward, his long beard almost sweeping a pale rose at her bosom. His kind brown eyes were all aglow with his love; she felt his breath upon her neck and cheek.

"Not always, Miss Arden," he whispered. "Believe me, some love-stories end happily and beautifully. Love glorifies many lives—it certainly destroys few."

The perfume of the rose at her breast seemed to intoxicate him, the marvelous loveliness of her face was dangerously near to his. His breath came shorter and quicker.

Miss Arden trembled from head to foot. She did not speak.

"Gladys," he breathed, softly, her Christian name springing to his lips for the first time; "Gladys——" more passionately.

What more he might have said then she never knew. A sense as of suffocation was strongly upon her, and she put up her little hands involuntarily, as if to stop all he would say.

"Let me pass, Sir Bethel, please," she uttered, faintly, rising abruptly from the music-stool. "This room is so terribly warm—I want a breath of fresh air."

He rose likewise and stood aside, miserable lest he had offended her, mute contrition in every line of his face. She passed him swiftly and left the room.

When she returned to it, Mrs. Arden was making tea, gingerly and affectedly, as she was accustomed to make it before a guest.

"Naughty child!" exclaimed the mother, blithely.

Digitized by Google

"Naughty truant, where have you been? We have been quite lost without you. Oh, fie, to desert us for so long!"

But there was no answering false gayety on Gladys Arden's countenance; it was cold and serenely listless in its usual insolent beauty.

And Sir Bethel Oswestry was happy again, for he was once more in the presence of the woman he loved.

* * * * * * *

He was gone at last. He had grasped her hand almost to pain at parting, but, thank Heaven, he had left unsaid those words the utterance of which Miss Arden dreaded with a dread as inconsistent as it was deeply rooted and intense. Did she not know the answer she would give him when the evil hour could be put off no longer? Ah, yes, she knew—and she hated herself right well for knowing!

He was gone, and she was alone—alone in her own chamber, with no eye to witness her pain and abandonment. She was kneeling by the bedside, crying unrestrainedly—crying bitter, willful, passionate, scalding tears, the tide of which she could not nor wished to stem.

"Oh, Rooke, Rooke, my love!" she was sobbing, the proud, insolent face all wet and dejected now, "what must you think of me? How you will hate me, base, sinful as I am! Ah," cried Miss Arden, vainly and foolishly, "if things were only ordered differently—if positions might only be reversed sometimes, and those we loved be blessed as one would have them if one could—happiness, then, in this world, would be very cloudless, and there would be fewer heartaches and still fewer tears to water the graves of buried hopes!"

Chapter V.



It was the early morning of the day that Mrs. Arden had fixed upon for her croquet-party at Linford Grange. Rooke Paget, undecided at first, had at last promised Mattie that he would go, and she, not caring to go without him, had been made happy by the promise he had given her. As for Leah, she was delighted at the prospect of meeting Miss Robinson and her clerical nephew, the rector. She—Leah—anticipated great pleasure from the impending excitement of the afternoon.

Lawyer Paget was in his private office, and, for a wonder, Rooke was in there, too. There was a clock in the room, and its hands pointed to the hour of ten. The substantial mahogany chairs were seated with dark crimson leather, and the carpet which covered the floor was a Turkey one, and rich in color. On the whole, Lawyer Paget's private room was not unlike a banker's parlor.

The father was at his desk, in the full light, and the son stood leaning by the shutters of the window, his dark eyebrows drawn together in thought. His hands were thrust deeply into his pockets, and his legs crossed carelessly as he stood. Breakfast over, father and son had come straightway to the office, for Lawyer Paget had expressed a wish this morning at the table, before the girls, that something definite should at once be settled as to Rooke's future plans, before, as the lawyer said, the baneful indulgence of too much play had made the idea of work distasteful.

"You know, my boy," the old man was saying, "that you, in my opinion, have been idling quite long enough, as I have remarked several times before to-day. 'Make hay whilst the sun shines' is no doubt an admirable old proverb; but 'Work in your young days, and you'll never regret it in your old,' is, in my opinion, as good a one, if not a better, to go upon. What say you, Rooke?"

Lawyer Paget's favorite phrase was "in my opinion," always spoken with great stress on the pronoun.

"Yes, father," Rooke answered, thoughtfully and slowly, "I've no doubt you are right. But still——"

The young fellow hesitated, and his dark eyes sought the carpet.

"Well?" said the lawyer, interrogatively.

"I—I—if you have no objection—— That is," went on Rooke, vaguely. "I should like a little more time, father, before I decide anything irrevocably and finally."

Lawyer Paget tugged viciously at his high white collar, with equal viciousness pushed up his gray hair on either side of his bald forehead, set his thin lips together in ominous firmness, and looked as determined as Rooke himself could look occasionally when the lion was roused within him, and a strong will clashed with his own.

"In the name of goodness," said the lawyer, gruffly, at length, "how much longer do you want? If you intend becoming a lawyer like me—and, in my opinion, that is about the best and only thing you can do with propriety—what is there to prevent your settling down here with me this morning, or to-morrow, or the day after—eh?"—sharply. "Nothing, I should think."

"I do not ask for long," Rooke said, looking up—"not many hours, in fact. Father, you know I am going to the Ardens' this afternoon"—speaking hurriedly, his handsome boyish face flushing hotly—"and whilst there I mean to ask Gladys Arden to be my wife. Should her answer be favorable—and I pray with all my heart that it may be—I will settle down here with you then, father, and will help you, and work for you unwearyingly until you may think fit to give your consent to our union. I love her dearly. I have known her nearly all my life. You, sir, have known her, too, and therefore can have no personal objection whatever to make in the matter of my choice. Should she"—drawing in his breath hard—"refuse me—why, then I must go away for a time. I cannot stay here, but will embrace your profession all the same, father, only with this stipulation—I cannot, will not, make the beginning within fifty miles of Mount Linford."

Lawyer Paget was not astonished at this outbreak and confession. It was not at all wonderful, he thought, that Rooke should entertain a warm regard for Gladys Arden, the two having known each other from earliest childhood, when they had been lovers together even then.

"This, then, Rooke," said his father, reflectively—"this uncertainty and doubt as to whether Gladys's love were yours—has been the cause of your late instability, eh?"

"That, and nothing else," the young fellow answered.

"Why haven't you asked her before?" inquired the lawyer, naturally.

Rooke Paget shrugged his shoulders.

"I really don't quite know," he said; "but there are times when one feels an experiment to be hazardous, and when one shrinks, although it must be tried sooner or later, from the actual trial, until very cowardice makes one ashamed of oneself."

"Umph!" was all the old man said, in reply, adding, "Then, my boy, I may expect your answer to-night."

"Yes. We shall not be late."

"I shall be at home," said the lawyer.

"Very well, father. You have no objection to raise?" Rooke asked, deferentially.

"None, in the least."

"I suppose," the young fellow said, wistfully, his dark face flushing again, as he moved towards the door of the office, "you would not be very hard upon us, father, if Gladys were to say 'Yes.' I mean you would not require us to wait an unconscionable number of years before we could—could——"

Digitized by Google

"No, I understand," the old man interrupted, grimly, but charitably, helping him. "There would be no occasion for you to wait longer than Gladys wished, if she should agree to have you, you know. Why," continued Lawyer Paget, generously, for he loved and was proud of his only boy, and this morning particularly, since he had decided and spoken without reservation to his father, "should you wait? You are rich, and so, I should think, is she. There must be a decent engagement, I suppose; but what more is required—eh?"

Rooke Paget went back again to the old man, and grasped his hand warmly.

"Thank you, father," he said, gratefully, earnestly—"thank you!"

Just then Rooke had entirely forgotten all about the rumor concerning Miss Arden and Sir Bethel Oswestry which was afloat among the busybodies throughout Mount Linford; and, as for the lawyer, gossip and scandal with him went in at one ear and out at the other.

"Tut, tut!" he said, hastily. "I hope there may be no disappointment in store for you, my boy." And then, recurring again to the old question, he added, "And I am to understand you will be a lawyer in either case?"

The young fellow had once more reached the door.

"Yes," he answered, cheerfully, looking round—"either way." And then he went out and closed the private door behind him, passing through the midst of the scribbling clerks in the outer office, with a nod and a pleasant smile to each one there involuntarily envying him his handsome presence and superabundance of worldly advantages.



PATIENCE AND IMPATIENCE.

Rooke Paget's heart was feeling very light, and all presentiment of failure in his love-affair with Gladys Arden was for the time being wholly cast aside. His father's genuine kindness, and promised graciousness towards the girl whom

Digitized by Google

he loved, had doubtless done wonders towards dispelling the young man's fears on the score of the success of his wooing. All her past indifference and strange, unaccountable vagaries were likewise, for the time, forgotten; and he felt confident that, if he could only gain a favorable opportunity for speaking with her quietly, during the time that he would be at Linford Grange, in the end it would all come right, and be satisfactory both to himself and to Gladys.

Crossing the hall on his way from the office, he met his sister Mattie. She, seeing him emerge from the business-passage, guessed that the conference was over.

"Well, dear boy?" she cried, lightly. "What have you said, and what has he said?" nodding her head mysteriously in the direction of the passage-door. "Nothing settled, I hope—nothing, I mean, that will take you from us?"

"I hope not, too, Mattie," he said, gravely; "I pray not. But I cannot tell you for certain until by-and-by."

Mattie opened wide her eyes.

"Why cannot you tell me now, Rooke?" she asked.

"I will tell you after the Ardens' party is over," he answered.

"You puzzle me, Rooke," said the girl, thoughtfully. "What do you mean?"—lifting her fair, frank face inquiringly to his.

He smiled at her evident curiosity.

"I will whisper the secret," he said.

She raised herself on her toes, and he lowered his dark head to a level with her neat chignon. The whisper seemed rather a long one, and, when it was finished, Mattie exclaimed:

"Oh, Rooke, is that it, really?"

"Really! Won't you wish me joy?"

"I do," she replied, with soft earnestness.

"You needn't mention it to Leah," Rooke observed—"not until I give you leave, you know, dear—or she, in all probability, will get telling that awful old Miss Robinson, and she, in her turn, will——"

"Rooke," interposed the girl, reproachfully, "do you not know me better?"

"All right," he answered, smiling again. "Hark, Mattie! There's Leah upstairs calling you."

"But you do trust me, Rooke?" pleaded Mattie, a trifle hurt at his apparent want of faith in herself. "I do not like to be doubted by you."

"You are as true as steel!" he returned, tenderly. "That was only my nonsense. Leah's calling again. Trot along!"

And Mattie did "trot along," but her face, when she joined Leah upstairs in the small sitting-room which the two sisters shared in common, was clouded and sorrowful. It was strange, but somehow Mattie Paget could not bring herself to view in so hopeful and confident a light as he himself viewed it, that which Rooke had just now told her.

"Is he too sanguine?" she asked herself over and over again. "I trust not. Oh, if he should be disappointed! Is it possible that my fears may be groundless?"

Chapter VI.

The afternoon proved very pleasant, and most propitious for a garden-party, the sunshine being tempered by a soft, sighing wind that blew restlessly from the southwest.

By half-past three o'clock the lawn at Linford grange, shadowy and tolerably cool under the clustering elms and larches, was gay with the colors of the many pretty dresses of the lady-visitors who had honored Mrs. Arden with their company.

They had not yet commenced the play, but were strolling and chatting in small detachments beneath the pleasant shade of the trees. Some were sitting on garden-seats, which were placed round the stumps of the elms, and some of the gentlemen were hovering at that part of the lawn which was near to the house, where, by the open dining-room windows, the elegant refreshment-tables were situated.

Mrs. Arden was undoubtedly a woman of taste, if not a woman of genius. Her taste and delicacy of arrangement in such an affair as this were acknowledged generally to be unquestionable; and, being conscious that it was so, she naturally always did her graceful best to keep up the reputation she had won.

Nearly everybody expected was already at Linford Grange except the Pagets, and Gladys refused to make up the sides until their arrival.

She and her mother, Sir Bethel Oswestry, the rector, and Miss Robinson—whose shrivelled little nose was unfortunately brighter than usual, due to the combined effects of an early dinner and a walk immediately after it along a dusty, sunlit road—together with a few more of Mrs. Arden's "dearest friends," were in lively consultation by one of the garden-tables.

"Oh, let us begin at once!" cried Mrs. Arden, lightly laying her plump white hand, with affected pleading, on Sir Bethel Oswestry's coat-sleeve. "We are wasting all the afternoon, and everybody is growing impatient."

Mrs. Arden looked inexpressibly juvenile, in pale mauve silk and Honiton lace. She wore nothing on her hair except a dainty mob-cap, with a band of black velvet round the crown of it, and a half-blown maiden's blush-rose on the side. She was not going to play croquet. Her part was to move about the lawn, look graceful, smile sweetly upon all, and see that each one present did exactly that which he or she liked best.

"I am quite agreeable," Sir Bethel answered, glancing toward Gladys, lovely and nonchalant as usual, in a misty white muslin dress—"only we must make up the sets first."

"Of course," said Mrs. Arden; "nothing can be done until that is accomplished. Gladys, we must see about it."

"The Pagets will soon be here," returned Miss Arden, willfully. "You, mamma, and Sir Bethel may make up a set. I am going to wait for Mattie."

"Ah, then," said Mrs. Arden, annoyed at what she secretly termed Gladys's obstinate blindness, and determined nevertheless on getting the two, if possible, into the same game, "I must leave my daughter in your charge, Sir Bethel, for here come the Templetons, and I must go and speak to them. Miss Robinson, you do not know the Templetons, I think? Come with me, and I will introduce you."

"With pleasure," simpered Miss Robinson.

With the maiden lady under her wing, Mrs. Arden rustled off, smiling.

"I suppose, Miss Arden," remarked the Reverend Michael Robinson, anxiously, "it is not likely the Pagets will disappoint you? Miss Paget told my aunt yesterday that without fail——"

"They would come, I hope?" interposed Gladys, smiling graciously. "We need not fear, I think, Mr. Robinson; they are sure to come. They are only a little late. Ah, here is the wagonette just turning the corner of the road, Rooke driving, and the girls behind!"

At the distant sight of Leah Paget's hat the Rector of St. Jude's Church flushed a joyous pink. Gladys Arden turned abruptly to Sir Bethel.

"You know the Pagets," she said, "do you not?"

"I know young Paget slightly," he answered. "I have never had the opportunity of knowing his sisters."

"You will like Mattie," she returned.

"Shall I?" said he, with a certain gentle humility. "If you say so, I do not doubt it."

The wagonette stopped at the iron gate.

Gladys Arden went to meet the Misses Paget, and Sir

Digitized by Google

Bethel Oswestry sauntered after her. She could not fail to notice how dark Rooke's face became on observing Sir Bethel Oswestry so near to her side. The two men shook hands civilly. Although Rooke Paget regarded Sir Bethel in the light of an enemy and rival, Paget, in Sir Bethel Oswestry's eyes, was nothing more than a very old and privileged friend of the Arden family.

"Sir Bethel," said Gladys, "let me introduce you to Miss Paget. Miss Paget—Sir Bethel Oswestry; Miss Mattie Paget—Sir Bethel Oswestry."

The girls bowed gracefully and easily in acknowledgment of the introduction; and Mattie Paget, glancing swiftly up at him from beneath the border of her sunshade, told herself that she liked the kind, bronzed, bearded face much on close inspection, and wondered if, upon further acquaintance by-and-by, the baronet would prove as nice as he looked.

Mrs. Arden, in all the splendor of her mob-cap and mauve-colored silk, now bore down on the little group.

"Ah, Rooke," she said, prettily, "how do you do? Leah—Mattie, I am delighted to see you both. What a beautiful day for us, is it not? Gladys, perhaps now, dear, you will help me to get the people together, and find out those who want to play, and those who prefer sitting about. Sir Bethel, I am sure, will assist you—will you not?"—this very sweetly to Sir Bethel.

Of course he would only be too glad! Miss Robinson suddenly turned to Leah.

"You will play with us, I know," she began, gushingly. "I am not going to make any rash attempts, but Michael is an execrable player; and so you must come and fight his battles for him whilst I look on. Lady Templeton is making up the side over there. Come along, dear Miss Paget."

Blushing brightly, Leah willingly acquiesced and went.

"Mattie," whispered Rooke, "you stay here with me. If I take a mallet at all, it will be with you and Gladys—not otherwise. That fellow will play on her side, of course."

"Which fellow, Rooke?"

"Oswestry," he answered, shortly, staring gloomily at that part of the lawn where Miss Arden and Sir Bethel were beating up recruits.

"Oh, he is not so bad!" observed Mattie, magnanimously. "People, I think, must be wrong in saying that there is anything between him and Gladys. Observe, dear, how cool she is to him!"

"That is her way, Mattie," was the young fellow's reply. "Presently I'll tell you the truth."

"Mattie and Rooke, we want you here," called Gladys, "and Agatha Templeton and Beryl Summers. That will complete our set exactly."

"You'll be near Gladys, at any rate, dear boy," whispered Mattie, soothingly, to Rooke. "It will be a jolly game—mind and play your best."

"I hate a side of four," returned he, discontentedly; "the game is always interminable."

"There's such a lot of people to amuse," she reasoned gently. "It is impossible for them to arrange matters differently."

"Hang the whole lot of 'em!" he muttered, unkindly, as with Mattie he crossed over to their party.

And then, in a business-like manner, friends and enemies intermingled, and the first player on Gladys Arden's side commenced. Sir Bethel was voted "captain" of one four, and Rooke of the other.

Rooke Paget, after all, was on Miss Arden's side, as that young lady, in a moment's caprice, declared that she could not possibly do without him.

"I shall want your strong arm and unerring aim, Rooke, to rescue me from all chance perils," she said.

And this slight and unexpected mark of favor from her completely restored his good-humor, and for the time rendered him unspeakably happy. Sir Bethel was too much of a gentleman to reveal by either word or deed the deep chagrin which he felt at being against, and not for, Miss Arden's interest, as he had fondly hoped to be. As her enemy in the game, he was separated from her continually; and separation, no matter in what shape or form, from Gladys Arden meant misery to Sir Bethel Oswestry.

The stillness was broken very pleasantly with the sharp "click" of the croquet-balls and the laughter and voices of the players. The lawn was an extensive one altogether, and several sets were in full play. But many of the guests preferred sitting about on the wooden garden-chairs, beneath the cool shade of the whispering elms, sipping claret-cup and seeing that the games were played in accordance with the most approved rules.

"I for one," confessed Mrs. Arden, slyly, "do not care for croquet unless I can play unmolested in my own peculiar way."

"Which way," laughed Lady Templeton, coming up, mallet in hand, to the group of which Mrs. Arden formed the centre, "is, I suspect, illegal."

"You would perhaps call it so," said Mrs. Arden, all teeth and smiles—"a leetle kick with one's foot, if one's ball is at all fractious, you know, and a clever cavalier who will aid one in getting it through the hoop either by hook or by crook, and after that style, you know."

"I should not care to play with you," said Lady Templeton, laughing; "I——"

"Three Red wanted!" called Leah Paget.

"I am Three Red," said Lady Templeton; "I must leave you."

Miss Arden's side, with Rooke's strong arm and clever aim dealing out destruction wherever the ball sped, was doing well. The young fellow's spirits were as light as air again, for he was near Gladys. She snubbed him unhesitatingly. But then she snubbed Sir Bethel Oswestry likewise, so he didn't care. And Mattie too saw with relief that he was perfectly civil to Sir Bethel; and, if they did not fraternize quite so readily as she could have wished, it was a great deal better than she had expected. On the whole, it was a pleasant afternoon for all.

Toward seven o'clock, however, the combatants began to show symptoms of weariness; the idlers and strollers about were growing tired also, and some of them, thinking of dinner-time, were impatient for the ordering of the carriages.

Miss Arden's side had come off with flying colors; after a fight of nearly three hours, the victory had been signal and complete—thanks to Rooke Paget's judgment and skill.

Mrs. Arden had ordered tea and coffee, and her guests now, cup and saucer in hand, under the cool, spreading branches of the trees, were laughing and chatting gayly over the late contests; Gladys on a camp-stool, with Sir Bethel and Rooke Paget both in her vicinity.

"Look at them," whispered Miss Carrisford, a gossip-loving spinster; "which is the favored one?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Lady Templeton.

"There, yonder—Miss Arden," said Miss Carrisford; "is she engaged to Sir Bethel Oswestry?"

"My dear Miss Carrisford, how should I know?" returned Lady Templeton. "But I should say not—Sir Bethel is merely a friend—their landlord, in fact."

"But he is here more frequently," rejoined Miss Carrisford, significantly: "at least so Miss Robinson tells me. It would be a remarkably good match for the girl."

"I don't believe she's trying," said Lady Templeton. "Come, Agatha"—to her daughter—"our carriage is waiting, and, besides, is stopping the way for others. Come, my dear." And mother and daughter moved away to bid adieu to Mrs. Arden.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

REST AFTER SORROW.

By the Author of "Magdalen's Legacy," "Could Aught Atone?" Etc., Etc.

Chapter IX.

"We had been living in Paris for some months," Pearl resumes, paying no heed to Christian's outburst—"Deighton is partial to Paris. Only a few evenings back we were together at a grand reception, and most unintentionally I gave him great offence. It was such a simple matter; no other man would have thought of noticing it; and—I speak in all truth—the fault was not mine. But I had to bear the blame, and upon our return to our hotel the storm of his passion burst. Such fury I never saw before; I pray Heaven that I may never witness such a scene again. At last he left me to myself, swearing, as he went, a terrible oath that on the morrow my child should be sent away from me. All my mental strength appeared to fail me then; my courage died out. Entreaties, I knew, would avail me nothing. What he had sworn to do, that he would accomplish. He would force my boy from me unless I took some decisive step; and of what value would my life be without my child? I was half mad at the thought. I declare to you, Nell, that I scarcely knew what I was about. All my thought was that before the morning dawned I must be far away from his reach, if I would keep my treasure. I went hastily to the room where my little one slept, and took him from his bed. The nurse was sleeping heavily; she never heard me. Then I dressed him hastily, but I did not forget a single thing that would add to his warmth or comfort. I never waited to remove my own dress—I was afraid; I tucked it up under a thick cloak, donned a bonnet and vail, and, taking my boy in my arms, I stole quietly from the house. Oh, Nell, how my heart beat as I descended the stairs! I dreaded at every step lest I should meet my husband; but I escaped unnoticed. I had picked up my purse, and I found, on examining it, that, with care, there would be sufficient to bring me here—so I came; I could not think where else to turn. Ah, dear, you will not send me away?"

"Never!" Nell Verny says, her voice scarcely audible through her sobs. "My home is yours and your boy's, as long as you choose to make it such."

"But your husband? What will Mr. Verny say?" Pearl asks, in doubtful hesitation.

"That he will help me to take good care of you both."

"Do you suppose that your husband will seek for you?" Christian asks.

There comes again into Pearl's eyes the old look of terror.

"He surely will. Once, when I was begging that he would let me go away in peace, he told me that, if I ever attempted to leave him, he would hunt me through the world till he found me."

"Never fear," Nell says; "we will care for you, and the law will protect you."

There comes just then a low knocking at the door. It is from Royce.

"Hannah has just told me that the master has returned," she announces, addressing her mistress. "I thought, ma'am, that you would like to know."

"Christian," Nell says, turning to her brother, "will you go to Frank and tell him whom we have with us, and then bring him here?"

"I am very pleased to welcome Mrs. Frith," Frank Verny says, coming in a few minutes later with Christian, and taking the delicate hand Pearl extends tremblingly towards him in his own. "I hope you will make a very long stay with us. Your little fellow will make a capital companion for our daughter. Christian says he is a fine boy. He has quite excited my curiosity."

Poor, sorrow-stricken Pearl looks up into the honest, handsome face of Nellie's husband, and from it she gathers confidence and strength; she listens to the kindly words, the kindly tones, and her wounded, sorely-tried heart gains new hope, new courage. She has found rest at last!

A few days later Christian sits alone in the old room which Time has run past and left unaltered—the study with the one window looking out over the old-fashioned garden. Bare now are the apple-trees, save for the thickly-growing, white-berried mistletoe; shorn of their fleeting glory are the rose-bushes—standing now to outward view only as dry, sapless briers and branches. But a few months more and the apple-trees will put forth tender leaves and blossoms; a little golden sunlight, a few southerly breezes and refreshing showers, and the dead-looking briers will bud and blossom, and break forth into glorious living beauty.

But something to be seen from the other window attracts Christian's attention—it is a sight not often visible at the gates of the quiet, unfrequented Parsonage. A gentleman, a stranger, is alighting from his horse, opens the gate, and, with bridle thrown carelessly over his arm, walks deliberately up the garden path.

On hospitable thoughts intent, Christian turns toward the fire. That is blazing brightly; so he again looks out. The man is by the window now—Christian can see him plainly. The dark, handsome, sensual face, bloated from excesses—surely he has seen it before? Only once—but it can never be forgotten. It is the face of Deighton Frith. A mingled expression passes over Christian's face. He sets his teeth firmly, and, when Judith ushers in the visitor, is calm and composed, and quite prepared to meet him.

The two men regard each other for a few moments in perfect silence. Deighton Frith is the first to break it.

"Christian Graham," he says, "I am come for my wife! I demand that you give her up to me!"

"Then you must seek her elsewhere," Christian answers him, coolly; "she is not here."

"You lie!" Deighton Frith shouts, hoarse with passion. "I have followed her, step by step, from Paris to Hallam; she must be here. Where else should she be?"

"And I repeat," Christian says, still with calmness of voice and manner, "that she is not here, and never has been."

"I do not believe one word you utter! Give me my wife!"

In silent indignation, mingled with a strange pain, Christian regards the man—evidently beside himself with drink and passion—standing before him. Sorrowfully he calls to mind the pure, dainty, sensitive woman whose sweet springtime of life he has shadowed and blighted.

"Why don't you answer me?" Deighton Frith demands, his tones coarse and loud. "Why don't you bring her forth, you mean, sneaking hypocrite?"

"She is not here," Christian Graham replies, naught but a slight accession of color in the cheeks and a slight compression of the lips telling how keenly the insult is felt. "I am not given to lying, Mr. Frith."

In spite of Deighton Frith's blind, besotted fury there is something in Christian's voice and manner that partly convinces him that he is upon the wrong scent.

"Why should you think your wife was here?" Christian demands.

"I suppose I am not bound to account for my thoughts or actions to every one who asks," Mr. Frith says, sullenly.

Digitized by Google

"Certainly not, Mr. Frith."

"I have not forgotten"—and the momentarily smothered passion blazes out again—"how years ago you went to my wife's father and tried to prejudice him against me, in order that you might clear the way to win his daughter for yourself. I have not forgotten! When I first heard it, I wished that you had been standing before me, that I might have struck you to the earth; but I found a better and surer revenge. I struck at all your fine hopes and wishes; I taught you, in an effectual lesson, how useless was any attempt at interference when Deighton Frith had once set his mind upon obtaining anything."

All the color has faded from Christian Graham's face, the pupils of his eyes are distended, his hands are clenched tightly.

"Mr. Frith," he says—and his voice is very low—the man whom he addresses can perceive that it is only by a violent effort that he controls himself—"I am by nature a peace-loving man, by profession a minister of that Gospel which inculcates lessons of peace and forbearance; but I am only human, and human patience has its limits. Mine is exhausted; I can hear no more from you, and I insist that——"

"You shall hear me!" Deighton Frith cries. "I will not stir one foot until I have said what I have come to say. I hate you—the very sound of your name, the sight of your face, the tone of your voice! I have never forgotten you—I never shall. So, for all your white, hateful face and solemn, canting manner, you can feel passions the same as other men! But for the remembrance of that same hateful face, Pearl might have cared for me. I know that I could have loved her if she would have let me—madly, passionately loved her. But no, my lady was cold and disdainful; she took no pains to conceal how more than indifferent I was to her. So at last I grew to hate her. When her child was born, the love which should have been given to me she lavished upon him, and then I hated him too. I hate both, yet none the less am I determined that they shall not live apart from me. If she is not here, you know where she is. Ah," he continues, as he sees a flush come to Christian's white cheeks, "deny it if you can! Minister of the Gospel, as you term yourself, I defy you to say that you do not know—that you have not seen her!"

"I do not attempt to deny it—I could not."

"Where—where? Tell me where I shall find her?"

"That I decline to do," Christian replies, firmly, meeting unflinchingly the fiery eyes, the passion-worked face. "I will only tell you that she is with friends who will care for her tenderly—in a home where she will find the rest for which she has sought and longed through many a weary month and year."

"Then you will not tell me?"

"Most decidedly I will not."

"Then, by the heaven above us, you shall! You shall, or I will murder you!" Deighton Frith cries, springing forward and laying a heavy hand upon Christian's shoulder.

But with one prompt, decisive movement Christian puts the infuriated, senseless man aside.

"You are mad, Mr. Frith," he says, his tones a little louder, his manner more haughty than before. "You are surely beside yourself when you imagine that force will compel me to forego my resolve of declining to say where your wife is."

Something in Christian's voice, in Christian's bearing, cows the man. He steps backward a few paces; his arms drop nerveless at his side. Then there is silence, save for the crackling of the fire and the heavy breathing of Deighton Frith. Suddenly he raises his head; a triumphant smile flickers across his face, his sullen eyes light up with a glitter of crafty intelligence.

"Your sister married young Verny, of Birchfields!" he cries. "It is there I shall seek Pearl. Once more, Christian Graham, your well-laid schemes will be defeated! Once more I shall triumph over you!"

Chapter X.

With the words, "Once more I shall triumph over you!" ringing in his ears, Deighton Frith rushes out of Christian Graham's presence, muttering curses vindictive, bitter, and deep. Down the gravel path, through the gate he goes, blindly and madly, to his doom.

With a rough hand he releases the reins of his horse, which he had secured to the trellis-work of the verandah before entering the house. With a cruel dig of the spurs into the flanks of the noble, impatient animal, he essays to pursue his merciless, pitiless errand. But the horse is of high breeding, and resents the unusual treatment; his nostrils distend, he plants his fore-legs firmly on the ground, and kicks out viciously.

Then there ensues a struggle for mastery between man and beast, so akin in their wild, ungovernable fury. Deighton uses both whip and spur unmercifully; Christian, standing within his shadowy room, sickens at the painful sight.

At last, with a great bound, the horse darts forward down the path. The movement nearly unseats Deighton Frith. He has scarcely recovered himself when the loud slamming of the gate behind him further alarms the animal, and the contest is again renewed. Now the horse dashes furiously to one side of the road and now to the other, and now he rears wildly, his feet beating the air. Christian can bear to look no longer. Though the man has insulted him with bitter insult, hard to be borne, shall he stand by quietly and see his life in danger, and never put forth a helping hand? Knowing the Master he serves, shall he return cruel indifference for scorn and contumely, hatred for hatred?

He rushes out of the house, never waiting even to snatch up his hat as he passes through the hall, and hurries down through the gate and out on to the broad high-road.

All too late is any interference from him. Just then there came from Deighton a blow heavier and an application of the spurs sharper and severer than any that have preceded him, and from the horse a plunging and rearing and kicking more vicious, and then Deighton Frith is thrown to the ground. His head strikes heavily against a large stone by the roadside; his foot is entangled in the stirrup, and for some few yards he is dragged along; then another jerk and it is free, and all that remains of Deighton Frith, battered, bruised, and bleeding, lies upon the wayside.

Christian hastens to him. He kneels down, and raises the crushed head; he wipes tenderly the soiled, ghastly face; he speaks low, soothing words of kindness. Others have reached the spot now, others begin to gather around him, but he never heeds them. All his attention, all his interest, is centred upon the still form he holds, breathing so faintly that the respirations can scarcely be heard—upon the face, gray with death's shadows—upon the closed, darkened eyelids.

"He be dead, Maister Graham, for sure!" says a voice close beside him.

"Lor, if it beant the new Squire as belongs to Banner Cross!" another announces, in a hushed, scared whisper.

"The new Squire?" the first whispers, in response. "How do 'ee know that? I thought un wor away in furrin parts."

"That be him, for all. I see'd him years ago, afore ever he married Miss Pearl, the old Squire's daughter."

"Well, he be dead enough, any way."

"My men," Christian says, turning to them, agitated as he has never been before, "the Parsonage is nearer than Banner Cross—help me to lift Mr. Frith and carry him there."

Digitized by Google

Not all at once has Christian brought himself to utter those words—there has been another secret struggle, a conflict with passion and self.

"He be dead, sir."

"Not so," Christian replies; "his heart still beats."

Yes, the heart beats, but very faintly; it has almost ceased. Another moment, and the dark eyes open; and then they close again. A little, hasty movement of the trembling hands, a quick, gasping breath, a shudder that convulses the whole frame, and Deighton Frith's heart has given its last beat; his eyes have looked their last forever upon earth's brightness.

* * * * * * *

A soft westerly wind goes gently breathing and whispering throughout the heart of the bounteous land. Through the fruitful cornfields near to the Castleford Parsonage it moves, murmuring soft, plaintive sighs to the gorgeous scarlet poppies, all aflame in the radiant sunlight, and to the intermingling blue thistles; and the ripe, full-eared, golden-brown grain bends its stately head to listen to the sweet complaining sounds.

It sweeps up the prim, broad alleys of the quaint old Parsonage garden, robbing the rose-bushes of some of their treasures, and strewing the smooth lawn with sweet-scented leaves. It rustles amid the foliage of the great apple-trees and pear-trees, and shakes with quiet oscillation the rosy, golden fruit, the tempting lusciousness of which seems to cry, "Come, gather us!" And the blue of the sky is fair to behold, with its radiance of gold and purple and crimson surrounding the sun, whose day's work is almost ended, and who is sinking to rest in his gorgeous bed. Earth and sky alike are pleasant to look upon.

"It will soon be two years since Pearl returned to us," Christian Graham whispers to himself, as he stands in his garden, the murmuring westerly wind playing amidst his chestnut curls, in which a few streaks of gray are very perceptible. "She is very quiet and reserved when we meet. Her smile does not greet me so freely and gladly as it did months ago—her sweet, frank eyes do not turn to me so frequently as they used. She never seeks my opinion or asks my counsel. She is gentle and kind and courteous—she could not fail to be all that—but she shuns me, I am sure. Perhaps she sees my love, and in her pitying gentleness would save me the pain of a refusal. Must I go on through life unblest and uncheered by her sweet, dainty companionship, an alien and outcast, as it were, from the joys that crown other men's lives, no little hand resting trustingly in mine for protection and guidance, no gentle woman's heart leaning upon the strength and love of mine, no little child's head to nestle against my breast, nor prattling baby-tongue to lisp the name of 'father'? Shall I go on through life, content to be lonely and sorrowful, with this great, craving hunger ever unsatisfied? Or shall I risk a refusal—even cold, averted looks—and tell her that I love her?"

And the soft, westerly wind coming up the alley seems to whisper to the fruit-trees and the rose-bushes, "He should tell her that he loves her." Then Christian Graham lifts his eyes to the blue sky above him, and their gaze lingers upon the spot where the sun is going down in a grand sea of golden glory.

"What a magnificent sunset!" he thinks, as he looks in reverent admiration. "I wonder if Pearl is looking upon it and enjoying it. I am resolved that I will go to her to-morrow and tell her that I love her. Anything is better than this uncertainty. I will know to-morrow."

And the soft westerly wind seems to repeat to the fruit-trees and to the roses, "To-morrow, to-morrow!"

* * * * * * *

The branches of the trees that, surrounding Birchfields, give the house its name are no longer bare and naked; they are covered with abundant green, luxuriant foliage, and amidst them the soft westerly wind also goes gently, murmuringly, whispering; and the golden sunlight fades, watched by Nell Verny and her husband.

"What a lovely day it has been, and what a glorious sunset!" says Nell. "I wonder, Frank, that Christian has not been here. I quite thought that he would come."

"The day might have tempted him, one would think. Nell, don't you think, dear, that your brother grows quieter and graver every day—more inclined for solitude?"

"I often think of it, Frank; it is my one trouble. When I contrast my life, blessed with the dear home-ties of husband and children, with his—cold and barren and lonely—it grieves me, dear."

And Nell leans her head upon her husband's shoulder, and he kisses away the tears which gather thickly in her eyes, and, brimming over, fall quietly down her cheeks—kisses them away as fondly and as tenderly as though he had not been her husband for six years.

"I cannot think why he does not marry," he says; "he would be better and happier in every respect. I used to fancy at one time that he really would grow attached to Pearl Frith; but it appears that it was all fancy. He never attempts to go near Banner Cross, though, as a minister, one would imagine that he might pay an occasional visit. And she, when they meet, is freezingly polite, and has lately become aware that Christian has a second name."

"What do you mean, Frank?"

"Why, she has always addressed your brother as 'Christian.' The last time she was here he called, if you recollect, and I noticed that she never failed to address him as Mr. Graham. I felt rather disappointed at the frustration of my hopes, I assure you, Nell. I should have liked Pearl for a sister-in-law."

A great wistfulness appears in Nellie's eyes.

"Oh, Frank, if it might only be!"

"But I cannot hold out the slightest hope, Nell. I don't really think there is the faintest chance that your wishes will meet with fulfillment."

"One cannot tell, Frank," Nell returns, her manner and voice alike eager and hopeful. "Don't you remember, dear, the time when you thought that I was cold and indifferent toward you? And yet all the while—— But I won't say another word; you are vain enough already."

"But then you know that I loved you, Nell; whereas Christian does not love Mrs. Frith."

"I am not so sure of that," Nell declares, in dreamy thoughtfulness.

"Not so sure of what?"

But Nell makes him no reply. Not now—not for many long months to come—does Frank Verney learn from his wife the story of her brother's long, almost hopeless waiting, for his patient, enduring love.

"I wish Christian were as happy as we are," Frank says, after a few moments' silence.

A beautiful smile, a smile of great, inexpressible happiness, lights up Nell Verny's face.

"As happy as we?" she says, very softly. "Would that he were! Ah, dear, we are, indeed happy—very happy!"

* * * * * * *

The soft westerly wind also goes faintly, sweetly murmuring amid the Banner Cross woods; and from the windows of the great house Pearl Frith and her child watch the sun go down.

Very small and delicate still is the child, Mark Elton Frith, heir to Banner Cross, but not so frail, not so pallid now, as on a past, well-remembered, stormy, gusty, November day. Very sweet and grave and thoughtful is the face of the

Digitized by Google

mother, but it has lost the expression of fear and dread it then wore. The boy clasps his tiny hands in delight as he looks upon the gorgeous golden sunset.

"It is pretty, isn't it, mamma?" asks the lisping, soft, childish voice.

"Very," Pearl replies, fondly caressing the eager, upturned face—"most beautiful!"

"Mamma," the child whispers, with slow, lingering hesitancy, "am I a very naughty boy?"

"A very naughty boy?" Pearl repeats, in her great amazement. "My darling, what makes you ask such a thing?"

"I was coming through Castleford yesterday with nurse," the child replies, "and I saw Mr. Graham—you know Mr. Graham, mamma?—go into a little house—such a small, funny place it is! Mr. Graham had to stoop his head ever so low when he went inside. I asked nurse why he went there, and she said it was to see a little boy who was ill."

"There have been many children ill in the town," Pearl says to herself rather than the boy.

"But I asked nurse why Mr. Graham should go and see him if he was ill; and then, mamma, she said it was, she supposed, because he was good—Mr. Graham always went to see good boys."

The tiny voice hesitates again, but a silent caress from his mother encourages him to proceed.

"Mamma, Mr. Graham used to come and see me, but he doesn't now. Am I naughty?"

A shadow passes over Pearl's face; the expression of the dusky eyes is almost sorrowful in its great, intense wistfulness.

"You are my own good darling," she says, her voice a little tremulous, "mamma's only comfort and great blessing."

But she thinks of the child's words long after the bright eyes are closed for the night—long after the childish tongue has hushed its prattling, and the dimpled, agile limbs are laid down quietly to rest.

"No, he never comes here now," she thinks; "and every time I meet him elsewhere he seems to have grown more and more cold and reserved. Well, I have still my child, and I ought to be more than content."

Pearl's life at Banner Cross is one of quiet rest and carefulness—necessarily of carefulness, because at Deighton's death she found his liabilities something enormous, and determined that when her boy succeeded to his estate he should find it unincumbered by debt or claim of any kind. She remained at Birchfield, an honored and welcome guest, lovingly tended by Nell, until she recovered from the shock of her husband's death, and was able to remove, with her little son, to the home of her childhood.

Chapter XI., and Last.

"Mr. Graham, this is an unexpected pleasure! I feared that I had in some way offended you."

Christian Graham still holds in his own the dainty hand, which has been given in greeting. Now that he has come to say the words that he hoped to have spoken years before—now that he stands before the woman whom he has loved so long, with the full resolve of learning his fate, his heart beats wildly, his courage seems to fail him. His face is very white—his eyes are full of grave, earnest wistfulness; there is something in their depths that causes those of Pearl Frith to drop beneath their prolonged gaze.

He cannot stand there with those throbbing pulses, that fluttering, bounding heart, and exchange empty compliments, vain, idle words. No, let him try his fate at once—let him speak now.

"Pearl," he says, in tones very low—a little unsteady too, from his great emotion—"I love you! I am come to Banner Cross this morning to ask you to be my wife!"

The words are spoken now; as to whether they will be rejected or favorably received he cannot form the least idea For all time they are spoken; they cannot be recalled.

For a few fleeting moments she fails to comprehend his meaning. He sees pass over her face an expression of mingled doubt and wonderment.

"I have loved you so long," he whispers, "I cannot tell you when my love had birth—it seems as though I had always loved you."

The blushing face is not turned away, the delicate hands are not withdrawn; and yet Pearl fully understands the meaning of Christian Graham's words. He puts his arm tenderly around her, and draws her a little closer to his side, and yet she makes no resistance.

"May I hope? Will my darling bless me with her sweet companionship?" he murmurs, fondly, his heart elate with joy.

He bends his face close to hers—he catches the soft, low response. Oh, the gladness of the moment—the joy which no words can express! The days of his sadness and lonely, patient waiting are ended—Pearl's love crowns and beautifies his life. At last—at last!

Then, presently, still holding her in his arms, he tells the story of how, long before, he sought her father and told him of his love for her—of the cruel, bitter disappointment that was his fate, and the long years of sorrow he lived through, uncheered by even the faintest glimmer of hope—tells the plain facts truthfully, but with a rendering so softened that it is very evident to Pearl—remembering those days preceding her father's death—how much he holds back.

"If I had only known that you loved me then," she whispers, "how many years of pain, how many days of sorrow and anguish, might have been spared both of us! It seems a little hard, Christian, that such things—so much misunderstanding and wrong—should be permitted."

"But, since they are permitted, be very sure they are for the best. Should we have appreciated our present happiness as we do, would it have appeared so bright, if we had not suffered, if there had been no storms and cloudy weather? Oh, my darling, be very sure that the all-wise, all-seeing Father knows what will be well for each of His children, and that in His own good time He causes all things to work together for good!"

"I have been presuming that marriage with me will make you happy," Christian says at last, endeavoring to speak in a tone of light gayety, but entirely failing in the attempt. "Pearl, my dear one, let me hear you speak the words; let me have the assurance from your own lips. Tell me that you will be happy with me—happy and content."

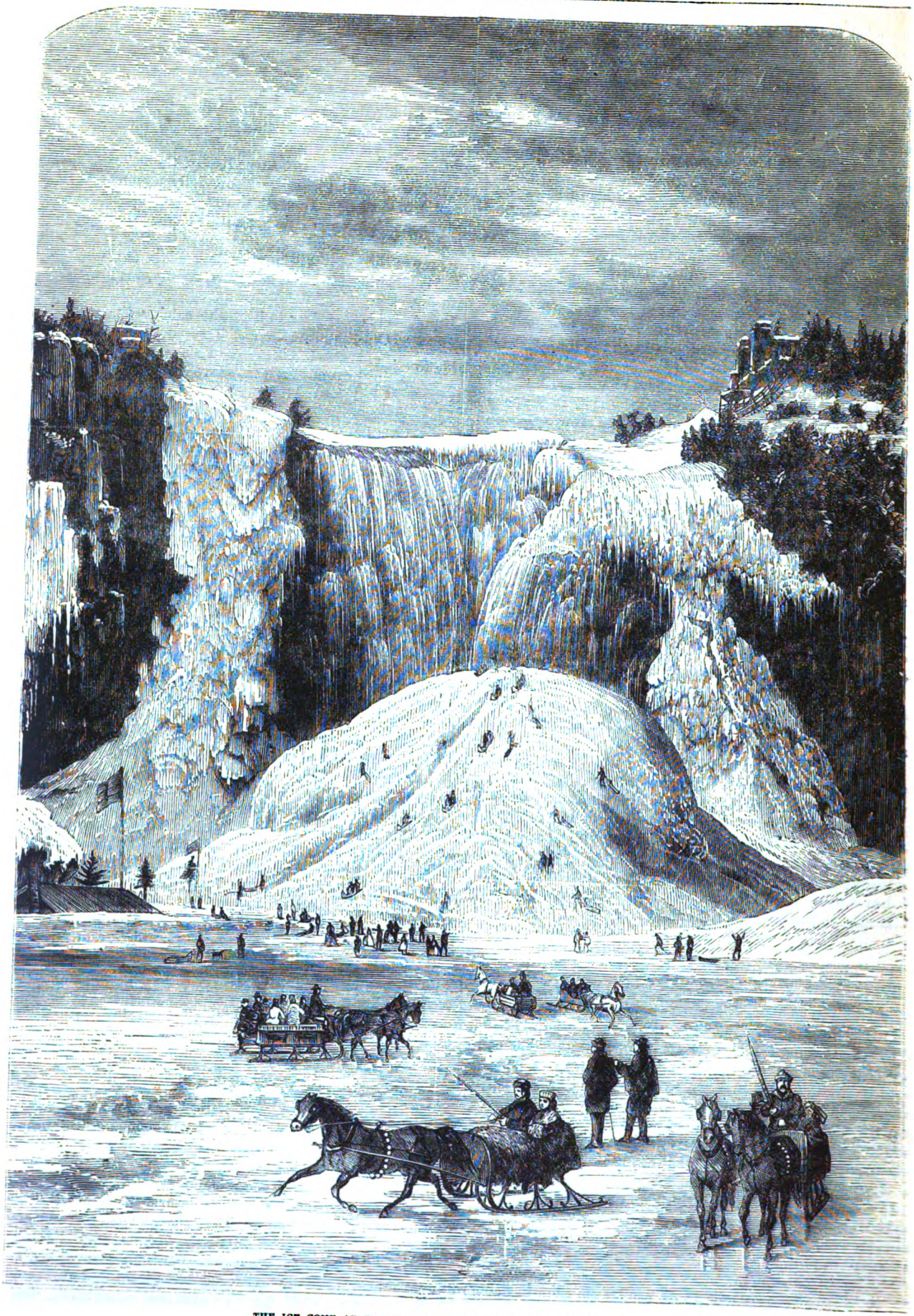
There is a passionate quiver in his voice; from his eyes looks out his deep, earnest, abiding love.

"I am happy," Pearl replies, speaking very steadily, but with the tears standing in her sweet eyes—"with a calm, restful happiness, with a sense of joy and thankfulness too deep for words. It is like light after darkness—sunshine after clouds and rain—rest after sorrow!"

* * * * * * *

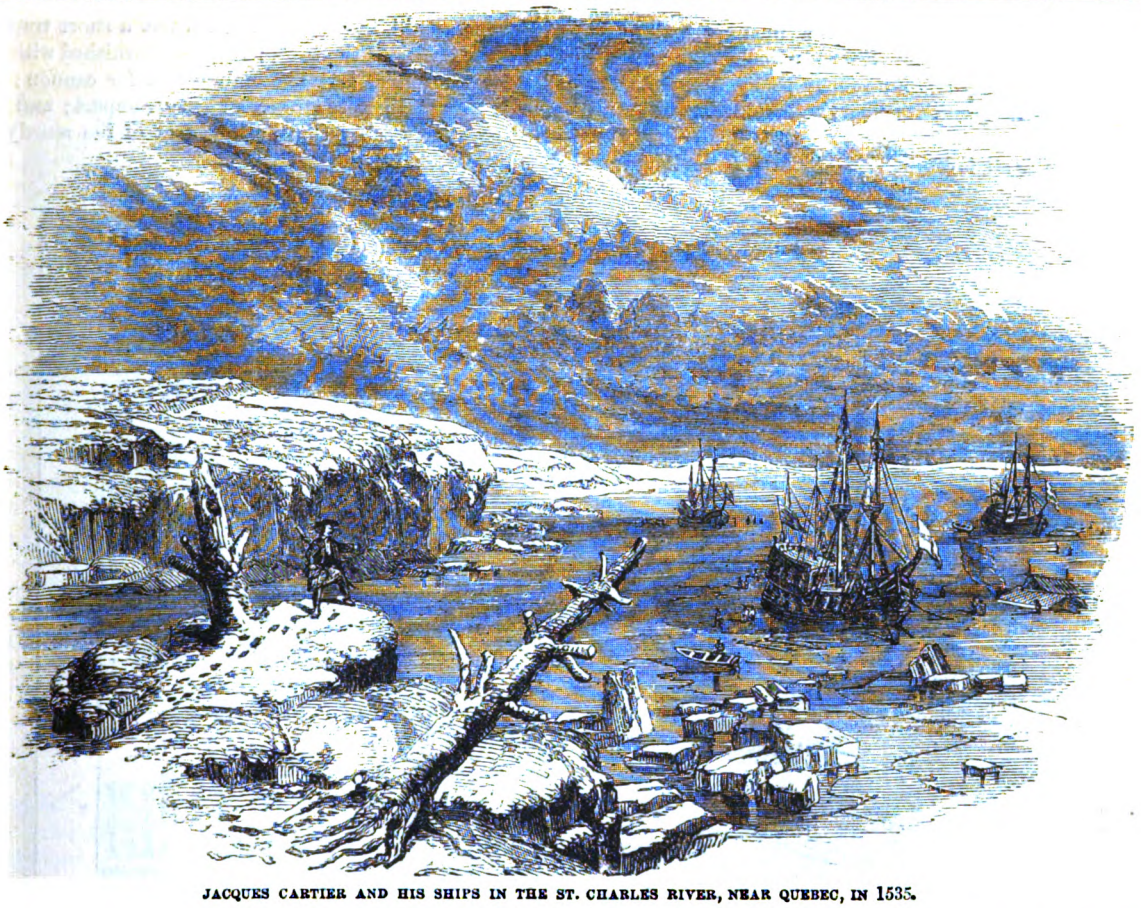
There are no happier homes in all bonnie England than Birchfields and the Castleford Parsonage; there are no happier wives and mothers, no prouder husbands and fathers, than Pearl and Nellie, Christian Graham and Frank Verny. Over their lives love casts a radiant halo; in their dwellings peace and contentment and happiness abide. From old Judith's heart Nell's first-born is dethroned; but Nell does not complain. Through the Parsonage and along the broad alleys of the quaint garden patter the feet of Christian's children; in the shadowy rooms the prattling tongues make sweet music, while the tiny forms bring light and gladness. Nell does not complain, for she knows that to her brother has come the fullness of joy—Rest after Sorrow.

Digitized by Google



THE ICE CONE AT THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI, NEAR QUEBEC.

Digitized by Google



JACQUES CARTIER AND HIS SHIPS IN THE ST. CHARLES RIVER, NEAR QUEBEC, IN 1535.

THREE DAYS IN QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, the old capital of Canada, and now second only to the city of Montreal, has a triple claim to the title of the most picturesque and interesting city in North America, from its historical associations, its numerous monuments, and the lovely scenery that environs it. Every foot of the city and surrounding district is hallowed with mementoes of the past; and of the monuments with which the streets of Quebec are thickly strewn, many have been silent witnesses of the greatest events in the history of the country.

For years the pristine glory of Quebec has been on the wane, but it still possesses wonderful attractions for tourist and traveler, upon whom it produces an impression that is not easily effaced.

We give a *résumé* of a recent visit to the old city, accompanied by numerous illustrations of some of the chief objects of interest. Although we must confirm the verdict of other visitors as to the dullness of Quebec, and the entire absence of the bustle which we meet with in our own cities, and even in other cities in the Dominion of Canada, we nevertheless love the old spot, and can never resist the pleasure of revisiting it. We can, therefore, heartily recommend tourists not to ignore the claims of Quebec, assuring them that it will take a week "to do" properly the objects of interest in the city, and the charming adjacent scenery.

A traveler who combines a taste for the picturesque with a love of letters, ought not to omit a visit to Quebec, and ought not, we suppose, to pass through this, "the most picturesque city in America," without making an attempt to commemorate his impressions, the first of which will certainly be that Quebec is a city not in America, but in Europe.



JACQUES CARTIER.

No matter whether you arrive by steamboat or railroad, this feeling is certain to arise. After a somewhat tedious night-journey, as you rattle toward your destination in the faint dawn, you begin to consult the misty window-panes of state-room or railroad-car, and descry through the glass darkly, little but a huge monotony of most unstoried wilderness, and you feel that the land will have much to do to take on the graces of antiquity, but, in fact, the feat is achieved with an almost magical suddenness. The Old World rises in the midst of the New in the manner of a change of scene on the stage. The St. Lawrence shines before you, gray with

Digitized by Google

smoke and masts, and edged by a bustling water-side *faubourg* of an unmistakably European coloring; and beyond it, over-against you, on its rocky promontory, sits the ancient town, belted with its hoary wall, and crowned with its granite citadel.

The place, after all, is of America—American; yet it appeals to you so cunningly with its little stock of Old World associations, that you overlook its flaws and swallow it whole.

The walls, to the American vision, are of course the sovereign fact of Quebec; they are neither very high nor, after all, very hoary. The clear air is hostile to those mellow deposits and incrustations which enrich the historic masonry of Europe. Still, they are walls; till but a short time ago they quite encircled the town; they are garnished with little slits for musketry, and big embrasures for cannon; they offer here and there a stretch of gray rampart; and they attest most agreeably that antique fact of the sturdy and definite personality of the city.



FLIGHT OF STAIRS COVERING THE GRAVE OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, WHO FOUNDED THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

Before you reach the gates, however, you will have been reminded at a dozen points that you have come abroad. What is the essential difference of tone between American and French-Canadian street life? It seems something subtler and deeper than external accidents—than the names on the street-corners—than all the pleasant crookedness, and

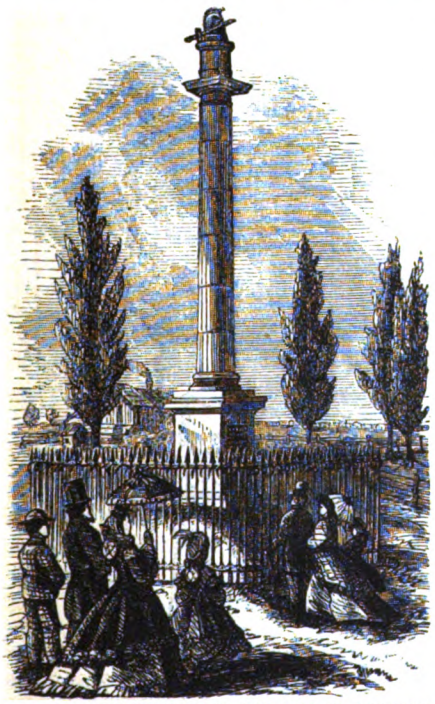
Digitized by Google



DEATH OF WOLFE, FROM BENJAMIN WEST'S PAINTING.

narrowness, and duskiness, the quaint economized spaces, the multifarious detail, the brown French faces, the ruddy English ones. It seems to be the general fact of detail itself —the hint in the air of a slow, accidental accretion, in obedience to needs more timidly entertained, and more sparingly gratified, than our own.

But, apart from the metaphysics of the question, Quebec is rich in the superficial graces of foreign towns. You note the small, box-like houses, painted with uncompromising *naïveté* in some bright hue of the owner's own choice. You also note with joy, perhaps envy, the innumerable *calèches* and cabs which contend for your selection; and you note, on your arrival at the hotel, that it has a true provincial aspect, with slender promise of the "American plan." On the occasion of our last visit we resorted to a private house, where we enjoyed a transitory glimpse of the *vis in-time* of Quebec. We fancied that it would be a compensation for worse quarters to possess the little bit of picturesqueness enjoyed from our windows. Certain shabby sheds encumber the foreground, but we will not relate of them. Beyond is a piece of garden, attached to nothing less than a convent of the cloistered nuns of St. Ursule. The convent chapel rises inside it, crowned with what seems, in view of the circumstances, a neat little "*clocher de France.*" The "circumstances," we admit, are simply a couple of stout French poplars—French, because planted here by French hands; they thrive lustily, and most notably Gallicize the landscape, whilst in our latitudes they decay utterly, as if unconscious of any picturesque commission. We do not say that the little convent belfry, roofed and coated as it is with quaint scales of tin, would, by itself, produce any very deep illusion, or that the whispering poplars would transport us to the Gallic motherland; but poplars and belfry together constitute an "effect"—strike a musical note in the scale of the picturesque.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

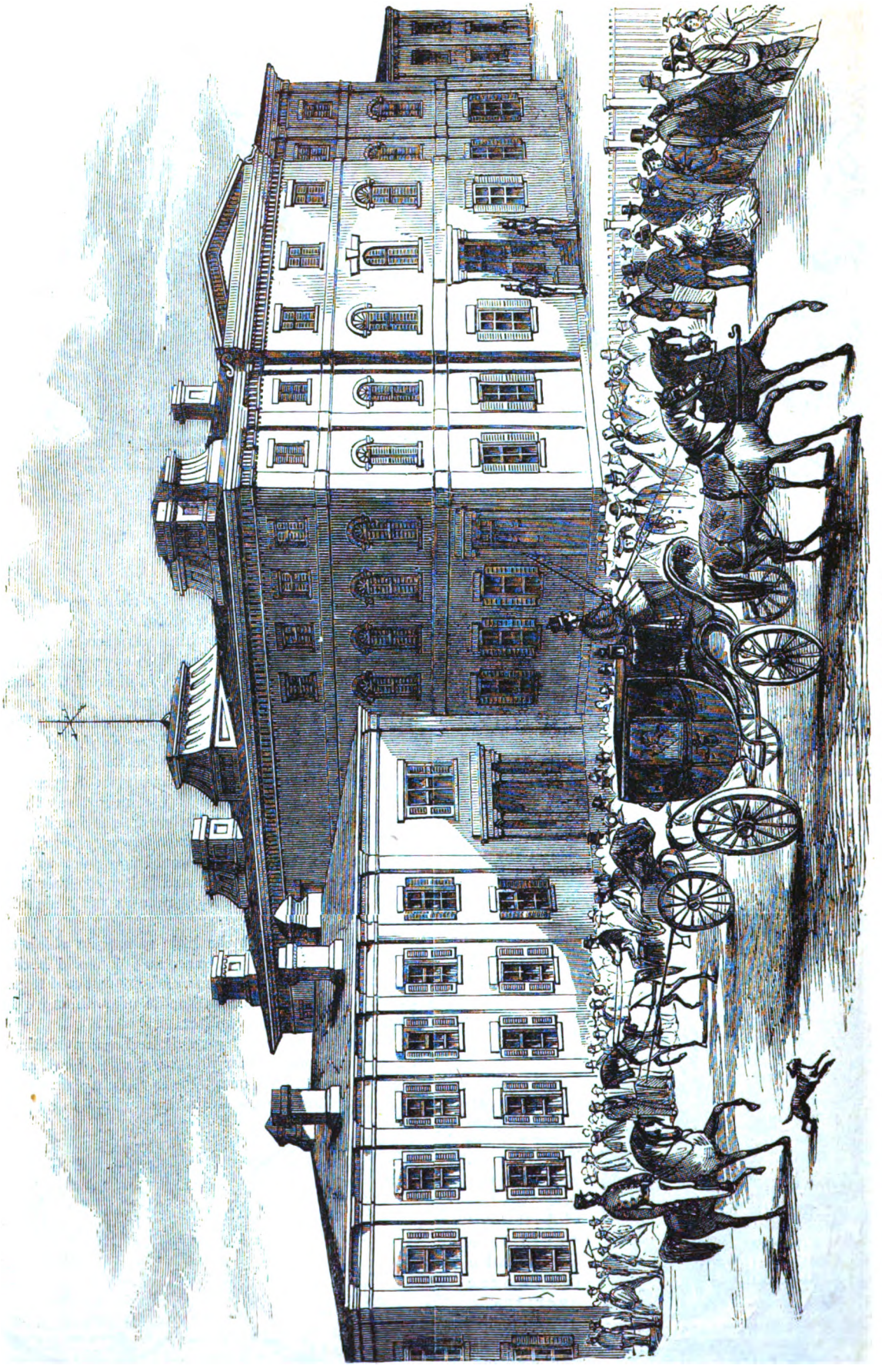
We look fondly even at the little casements which command this prospect, for they too are an Old World heritage. They open sidewise, in two wings, and are fastened together by that bothersome little iron handle over which we have fumbled so often in European inns.

The convent is well worthy a visit, and many paintings of high merit, and many other pleasing works of art, are exhibited. In a glass case, on a table in the chaplain's parlor, is the skull of Montcalm, with its base inclosed in a military



MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

Digitized by Google



THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

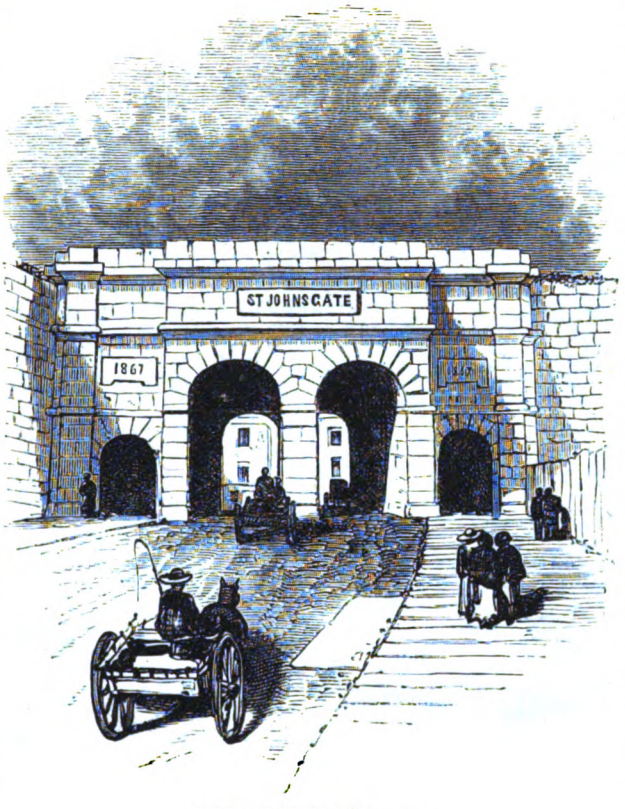
Digitized by Google

collar. His remains were buried in the garden of the convent, and when they were disinterred a few years ago the skull was thus preserved. Upon the wall of the chapel is a small mural monument, erected by Governor Lord Aylmer in memory of Montcalm, bearing the following inscription in French :

HONNEUR
Á
MONTCALM !
LE DESTIN EN LUI DEROBANT
LA VICTOIRE
L'A RECOMPENSÉ PAR
UNE MORT GLORIEUSE.

"Honor to Montcalm ! Destiny, in depriving him of victory, recompensed him with a glorious death."

The convent was founded in 1641 by Madame de la Peltrie, a young widow of Alençon, a person of rank and fortune, who left France for that purpose in 1639, devoting her entire fortune to accomplish the work. She is said even at one time to have worked with her own hands in the cultivation of the ground on which the convent now stands. She divested herself of all superfluous clothing, and parted with her wardrobe to supply raiment to the poor children of the colonists, whom she fed as well as clothed; indeed her whole life was a series of charitable deeds, which have rendered her name illustrious in the annals of Canada. The fruits of her valuable foundation are to this day experienced, in the excellent education which is afforded to young females in the school of the Ursuline Convent.

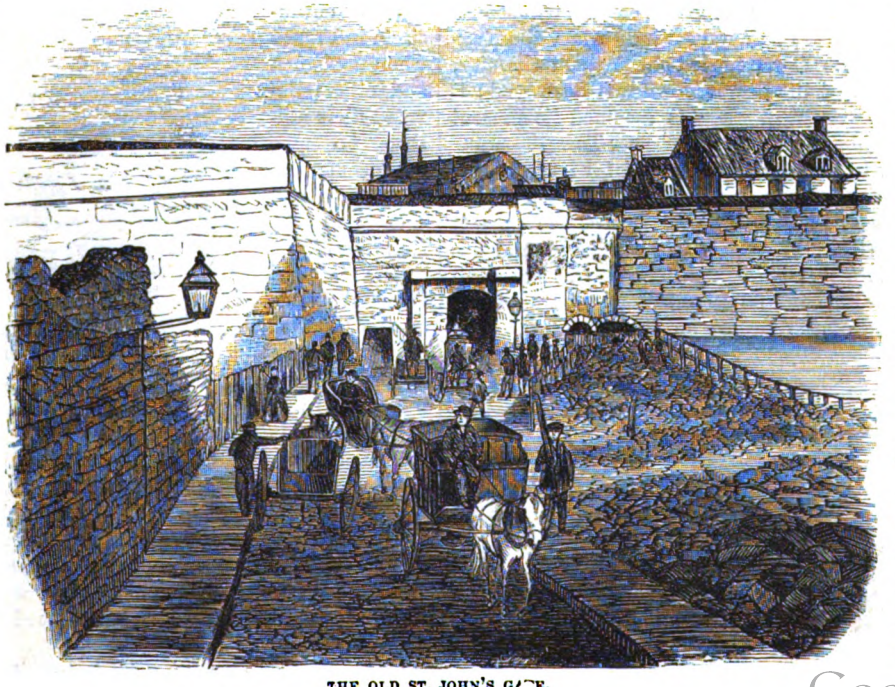


THE NEW ST. JOHN'S GATE.

In this paper we do not propose an exhaustive treatment of the sights of Quebec; this we may leave to the guide-books, but we prefer to ramble hither and thither and find "something to please, and something to instruct" at every turn in our walks through the quaint old city.

Your very first steps will be likely to lead you to the market place, which is a genuine bit of European-ism. One side of it is occupied by a high edifice of yellow stucco, with stone copings painted in blue, and a manner of *porte cochère*, leading into a veritable court—originally a college of the early Jesuits, in later times, barracks and military stores. On the other side stands the French cathedral, with an ample stone façade, a bulky stone tower, and a high-piled tin-scaled belfry—not architectural, of course, nor imposing, but with a certain gray maturity, and, as regards the belfry, a proper antique quaintness. Round about are shops and houses, touching which, it is no mere fancy that they might, as they stand, confine some dull *Place* in France. The stalls are booths in the centre — tended by genuine peasants of tradition—brown-faced old French women, with hard wrinkles and short petticoats, and white caps beneath their broad-brimmed hats (and more than one price, we think you'll find)—these, and the stationed *calèches* and *cabriolets*, complete a passable French picture.

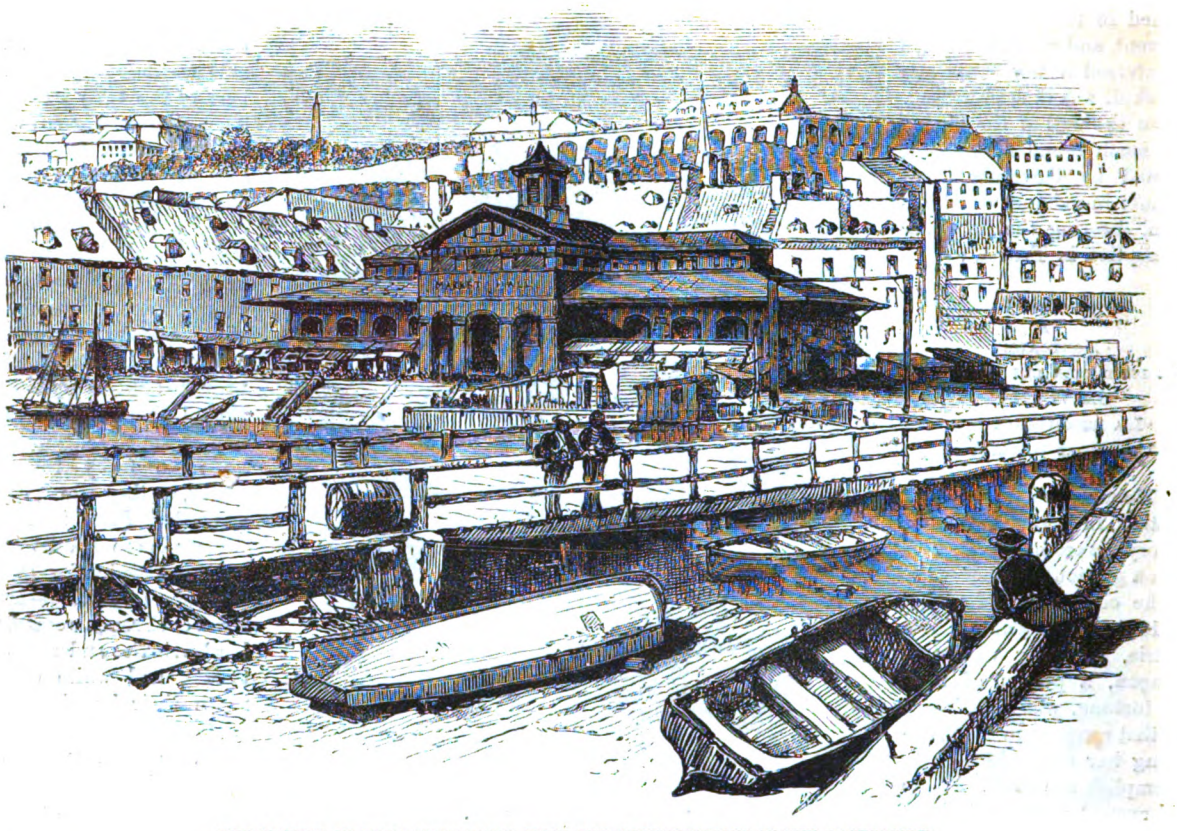
Of course you enter the cathedral, and how forcibly that swing of the door recalls old strayings beneath other skies; you find a big, gairish church, with a cold, high light and a mild renaissance promiscuity of stucco and gilding. It is, perhaps, a shade or so more sensibly Catholic than it would be with ourselves; but, in fine, it has pews and a boarded floor, and the few paintings are rather pale in their baldness, and you are forced to admit that the Old World tone which sustains itself so bravely elsewhere, rather falters in its application to the needs of ecclesiasticism. It is one of the oldest churches in the city, having been erected by Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, and consecrated in 1666. It was nearly consumed by fire during Wolfe's bombardment, but it was afterwards repaired, when the Province was ceded to England.



THE OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.

The English Cathedral is a pleasing though plain specimen of architecture, borrowing much of its beauty from the elevated ground

Digitized by Google

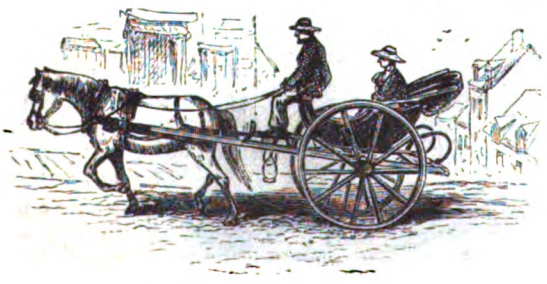


THE MARKET IN THE LOWER TOWN, WITH THE FORTIFICATIONS IN THE BACKGROUND.

on which it stands, amidst a cluster of verdure. The glittering tin-covered steeple is seen from afar, and is one of the most prominent objects in a view of the city. The church was consecrated in 1804. There is here a handsome monument to the memory of Dr. Mountain, first Protestant Bishop of Quebec; and beneath the altar are the remains of the Duke of Richmond, a former governor-general, who died of hydrophobia near Ottawa, in 1819.

In the Lower Town stands the ancient church of Notre Dame des Victoires, which fronts upon the little market-place, and stands upon the site of the fort erected by Jacques Cartier's men in 1535. It suffered severely when the English batteries at Pointe Levis hurled shells upon the city, and a great portion of the Lower Town was destroyed; it was subsequently renovated, when it assumed its present form. It is the only church in the Lower Town.

The old capital has ever been renowned for its extensive charitable and educational institutions. Bishop Laval founded the seminary in 1663—the nucleus of the present flourishing university. It adjoins the seminary, and has also attached to it a massive edifice intended as a medical college. The collection of philosophical and astronomical instruments is one of the largest on the continent. The library contains about 40,000 volumes, amongst which are some manuscripts on the early history of America, of priceless value. A museum of the birds of Canada has been added; and a collection of Indian remains and curiosities, dug up in the neighborhood of the old Huron settlements, on Lake Simcoe, and elsewhere, are likely to add much to the interest of the Laval University. The founder, the Rev. L. Casault, died only a few years back, and has left a name justly venerated by all friends of education in Quebec.



A FRENCH ROCKING-CHAIR.

The Hotel Dieu is another institution which dates back to that era of religious enthusiasm in France when noblemen and others devoted their millions to the advancement of religion and charity in the New World.



A MARKETWOMAN DRIVING INTO TOWN.

The General Hospital stands on the bank of the St. Charles, opposite the peninsula of Stadacona. It was founded in 1603 by M. St. Valier, Bishop of Quebec. The object of the institution was the relief of sick and disabled poor of all descriptions. It is in charge of the nuns of St. Augustine, a separate and independent community.

The building has the same appearance as when Arnold and many of his companions-in-arms were carried thither from the field of battle and experienced the kindest treatment.

It is a singular piece of good fortune for Quebec that she has so many illustrious names intimately connected with her

Digitized by Google

history. Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Richelieu, Wolfe, Montcalm, Montgomery and Arnold, all rise to memory in visiting the old city. One of the earliest points of interest is the peninsula of Stadacona, formed by a bend in the river St. Charles, where, in a little estuary, Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, passed the Winter of 1534–35.

Quebec is the oldest city in British North America, having been founded by Samuel Champlain in 1608, on the site of the Indian village of Stadacona, signifying "the place of a strait."

Being the key to Canada, and having witnessed beneath its walls the two foremost nations of Europe arrayed in battle to decide the fate of the empire in the New World, Quebec must ever awaken the deepest interest in the eyes of every student of history. Viewed from any one of its approaches, it impresses the stranger with the conviction of strength and permanency. The reader of American history, on entering the gates of Quebec or wandering over its squares, ramparts and battle-fields, puts himself at once in communication with the illustrious dead. The achievements of daring mariners, the labors of self-sacrificing missionaries of the Cross, and the conflict of military heroes who bled and died in the assault and defense of its walls, are here re-read with tenfold interest. Here, too, the lover of nature, in her grandest and most rugged forms, as in her gentle and most smiling moods, will find in and around an affluence of sublime and beautiful objects.



THE CATHEDRAL, QUEBEC.

We have seen that it is an old city. We may add that it is also very quaint, but very respectable. It was laid out by its original founders, who followed all the surface irregularities of the bold, rocky bluff on which it stands, and its crookedness and other defects are now past cure. The old French notions which presided at its erection seem to have become peculiar institutions; and even the modern houses display the solidity and gaunt solemnity which distinguish the earlier edifices.



CHRISTIAN BROTHER AND POLICEMAN.

The city is divided into the Upper and Lower Town; the former stands perched upon a rock 350 feet above the level of the river, and is surrounded by massive walls, surmounted by cannon; here and there are embrasures from which equally ugly-looking specimens protrude their gaping mouths, which speak as plainly as guns' mouths can do, that they would deliver very powerful arguments against an uncivil approach. The fortifications cover 40 acres, and shut in the ground upon which the city is built. The Upper Town includes the citadel and fortifications, and the Lower Town is an aggregation of stores and warehouses, wharves, shops, and other adjuncts of trade, with hundreds of dwellings for mechanics and laborers. It is situated directly at the foot of the cape upon which the Upper Town sits enthroned in pride, but it is here that the shipping trade of Quebec is transacted. Yet, the small slip so occupied, is not over an eighth of a mile wide by a mile in length. Wharves and stores, booms inclosing untold quantities of timber, piles of deals and boards almost defying measurement, bewilder the eye, and suggest the question, When and where will it all go?

It is one of the greatest sights in Quebec, to behold, from some eminence in the neighborhood, the acres upon acres of squared pine, oak and elm logs which the coves present, and the sight cannot fail to impress the observer with the vast extent of the lumber-trade of Canada. Back of Quebec are situated the two suburbs, inhabited chiefly by mechanics and traders; each of these is much larger than the walled-in city, and they assist in swelling the population to about 70,000 souls. Back of these suburbs, again, are the residences of the



OLD MARKETWOMAN.

merchants who prefer a country residence to the narrow streets and circumscribed dwellings in the Upper Town; and no city in Canada has finer or more tasteful cottages or villas in its vicinity than Quebec.

It is famed for the courteous manners of its citizens, and not less for their generous hospitality. On the whole, it is a most comfortable and cozy old affair; and as it is the only city which boasts of walls and ramparts all round, and of old reliquary buildings which remind you of the Old World, one could hardly wish to modernize it much, for then all its poetry would be gone. Seen from the river on a sunny

Digitized by Google

day, it is a most gorgeous spectacle, and always elicits the enthusiastic admiration of visitors.

One of the chief branches of industry here is shipbuilding, which is carried on very extensively; as many as forty or fifty vessels being often on the stocks at the same time. One fact in this connection may not be generally known, viz.: that the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic, wholly under steam, the *Royal William*, was built at Quebec; launched there on the 29th of April, 1832, and left Quebec for London on the 4th of August, 1833. On her arrival in England, she was sold to the Spanish Government, and did satisfactory service as a frigate.

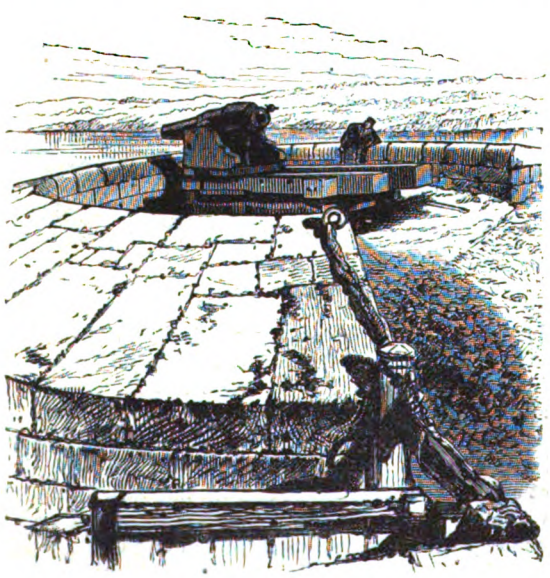
Durham Terrace, a favorite promenade of the citizens, and an object of great interest to visitors, occupies the site of the old Castle of St. Louis, the foundation of which was laid by Champlain in 1620; and although when originally built it was intended as a stronghold of defense rather than an embellished ornament of royalty, it became the residence of the Governors-General of Canada for more than two centuries. It was destroyed by fire in 1834, and since then the spot has been preserved as a public promenade. The old castle was a fine old building, over 200 feet in length. It stood near the precipice; and on that side its walls and spacious gallery were supported by solid stone buttresses. These yet remain; and the platform of Durham Terrace, from which fine views down the St. Lawrence, and of the shores opposite, are obtained, occupies the place of the old broad gallery. On Summer evenings the Terrace is usually filled with promenaders, who linger until the light fades, as the air is delightful and the views unsurpassed.



THE MONTCALM HOUSE, WHERE HIS BODY WAS LAID OUT.

The present popular and enlightened Governor-General of Canada proposes to rebuild the old Château St. Louis as a Summer vice-regal residence; and while beautifying and improving the old city, keeping in view the preservation of its historic monuments. Plans have been proposed, and we hope that such a grand project may promptly be carried into effect.

The Citadel is entered through a massive portal, the Dalhousie Gate, and occupies the summit of Cape Diamond. The fortifications, consisting of bastions, curtains of solid masonry, and ramparts 25 to 30 feet in height, mounted with cannon, encircle the Upper Town. The approach to the Citadel, which is nearly 200 feet higher than the ground on which the Upper Town is situated, is by a winding road through the acclivity of the *glacis* from St. Louis Gate, and commanded everywhere by the guns of the different bastions. From the flagstaff a panoramic view may be obtained which may rank among the finest in the world. From this point the position of the city is well defined—the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles are seen forming the promontory



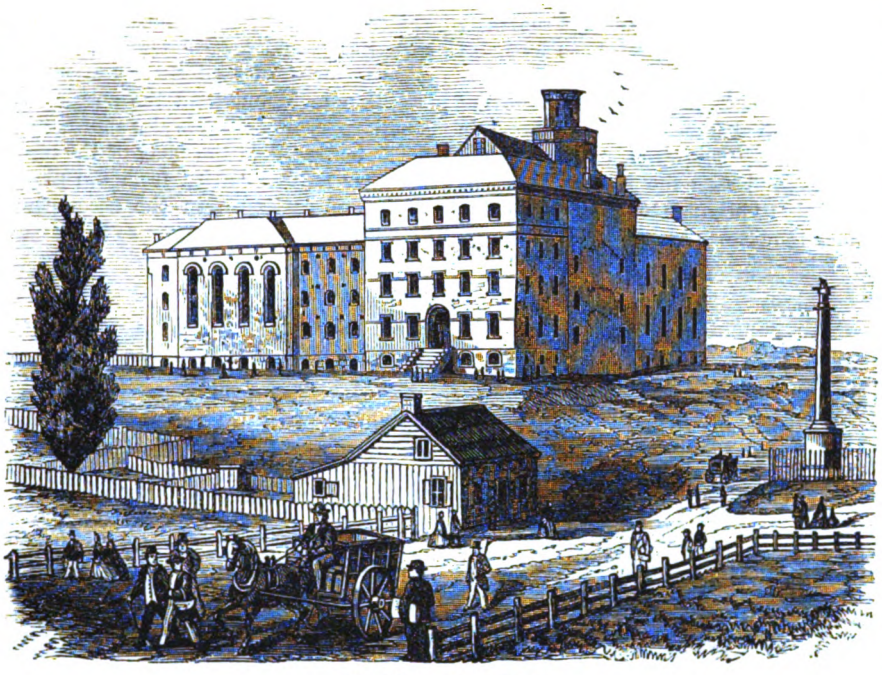
INTERIOR OF THE CITADEL.



HOUSE TO WHICH GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S BODY WAS CARRIED

Digitized by Google

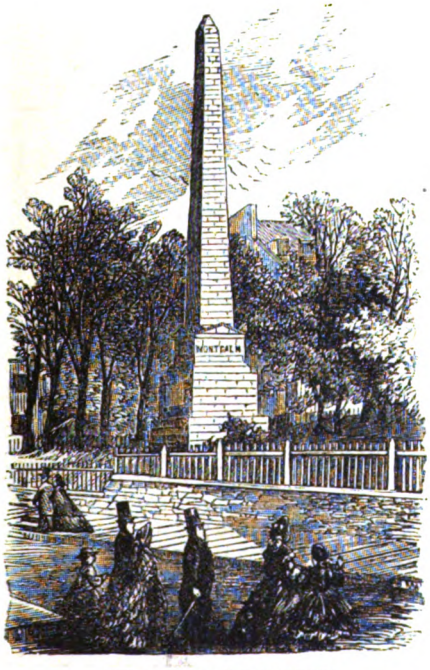
on which it is built. The beautiful Isle of Orleans, with many a picturesque spot; the long, bold, wooded line of the river, as far as the eye can reach; the range of hills to the left, indicating the portals of a country traversed only by the Indian hunter; the St. Charles River, winding through a beautiful undulating plain to the northward, and the spires of the parish churches of Beauport, Charlesbourg, and Lorette, with the neat, whitewashed cottages of the French habitans, form pleasing features in the landscape. The bustling village of Pointe Levis on the opposite shore; the railroad terminus, with its wharves and wood-cribs, and antiquated and picturesque situation—houses and people nestled at the winding base of a wooded declivity; the grand St. Lawrence, with its ever-changing, ever-interesting scenery of merchantmen, ocean steamers, mighty rafts of timber, ferry-boats, river steamers, yachts and canoes, form a fitting foreground to the lofty mountains in the distance encircling the whole.



THE NEW JAIL, QUEBEC.

The gates (five in number: Prescott, Hope, St. Louis, St. John, and Palace) were interesting to visitors. Prescott was the chief entrance to the city, from the Lower Town up Mountain Hill. It was built in 1797, and demolished in 1871. Hope Gate, built in 1786, demolished in 1873. St. Louis, built in 1751, removed in 1871. Palace, probably built originally about 1720—not, however, the handsome structure with which we have been familiar of late years, which was a copy of one of the gates of Pompeii, and was erected in 1831. This was also demolished in 1873. The earliest of them all, that of St. John, was commenced in 1694, and, after many alterations, was re-erected in 1865. This is the only one of the city gates now remaining, and this, we hear, is likely to be removed during the coming Spring, and a new market erected on its site.

Quebec has been five times assaulted. First in 1629, when, in the infancy of the colony, it fell into the hands of



THE MONTCALM MONUMENT.



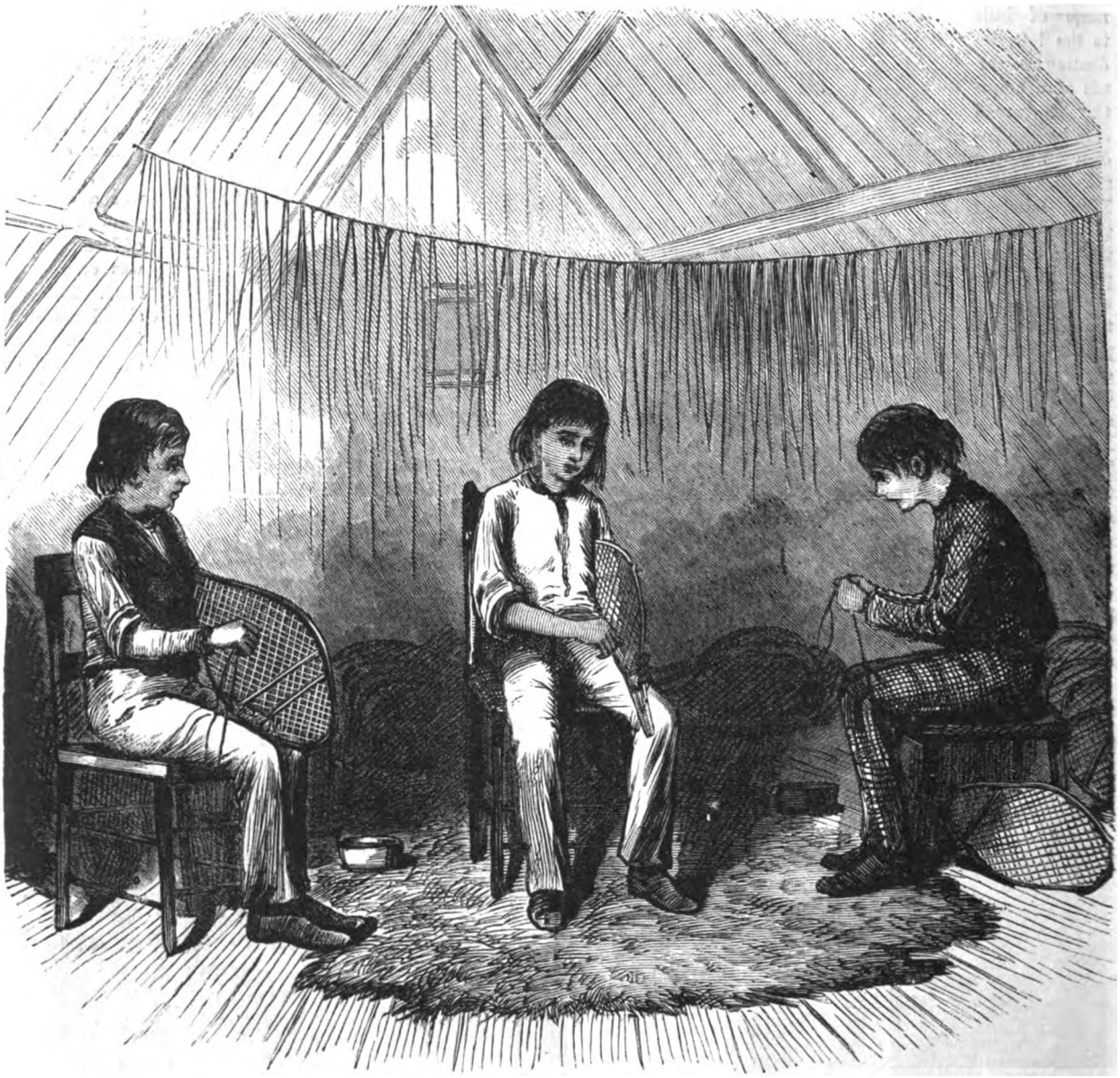
VIEW IN LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET.

Digitized by Google

the English, and was restored to France in 1632. Secondly in 1690, when under the command of the gallant Frontenac, a vigorous and successful resistance repulsed the forces of Sir William Phipps, Governor of Massachusetts.

Immediately on receipt of the intelligence of the defeat of the English, Louis XIV. ordered a medal to be prepared in commemoration of the event. The obverse of this medal bears the head of Louis, whilst on the reverse France is seated on a ledge of rocks (typifying Quebec), surrounded by banners and other emblems, with the inscription, Montgomery had formed a plan of attack which promised success, and it is not improbable that had his death not occurred, he would have entered the city in triumph. The place under the Grand Battery where Arnold was wounded is still pointed out, and the spot at Pres-de-Ville where Montgomery was killed is also shown.

The house where the body of the brave general was laid out after he was carried from the place of his death still exists, and is shown in the accompanying sketch. The sword which Montgomery wore that night is still to be seen



INDIAN BOYS, AT LORETTE, MAKING SNOW-SHOES.

"Francia in novo orbe Victrix"—"Kebeca Liberata, MDCXC."

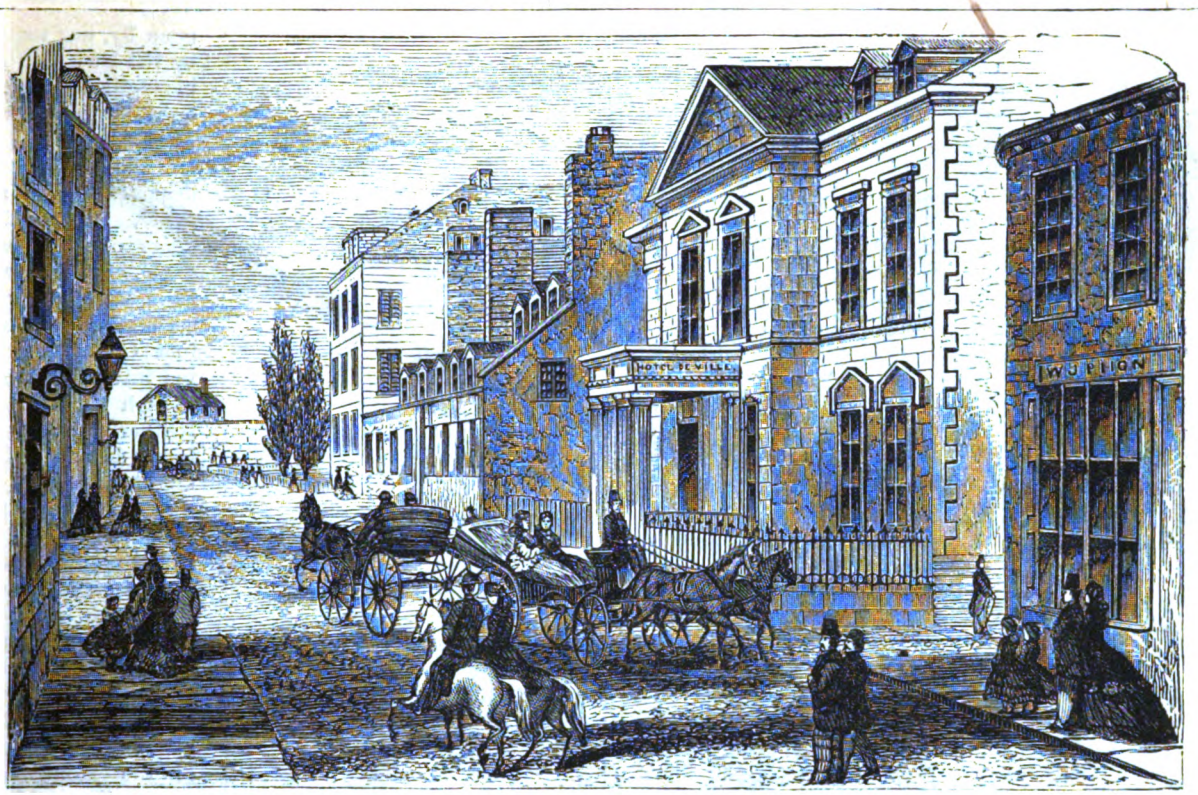
Thirdly, in 1759, when, after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, it was once more won for England by Wolfe. Fourthly, in 1760, when it was unsuccessfully besieged by De Levis; and lastly, in 1775, when, after it had sustained an unsuccessful siege and blockade of six months, General Arnold was obliged to abandon his camp in despair.

The details of the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, and the unsuccessful assault, on 31st of December, 1775, by Montgomery and Arnold, are too well known to be repeated here.

in the museum of the Literary and Historical Society. The body was removed and buried near the bastion at the St. Louis Gate, and in 1818, at the request of his widow, presented through the Governor of the State of New York, the remains—having been identified by one who had been present at the funeral forty-three years before—were disinterred and given over to the State, and were deposited in a vault under St. Paul's Church, in Broadway, N. Y.

On the centennial anniversary of the midnight attack of Montgomery and Arnold (December 31st, 1875), a ball and other festivities were held at Quebec in commemoration of

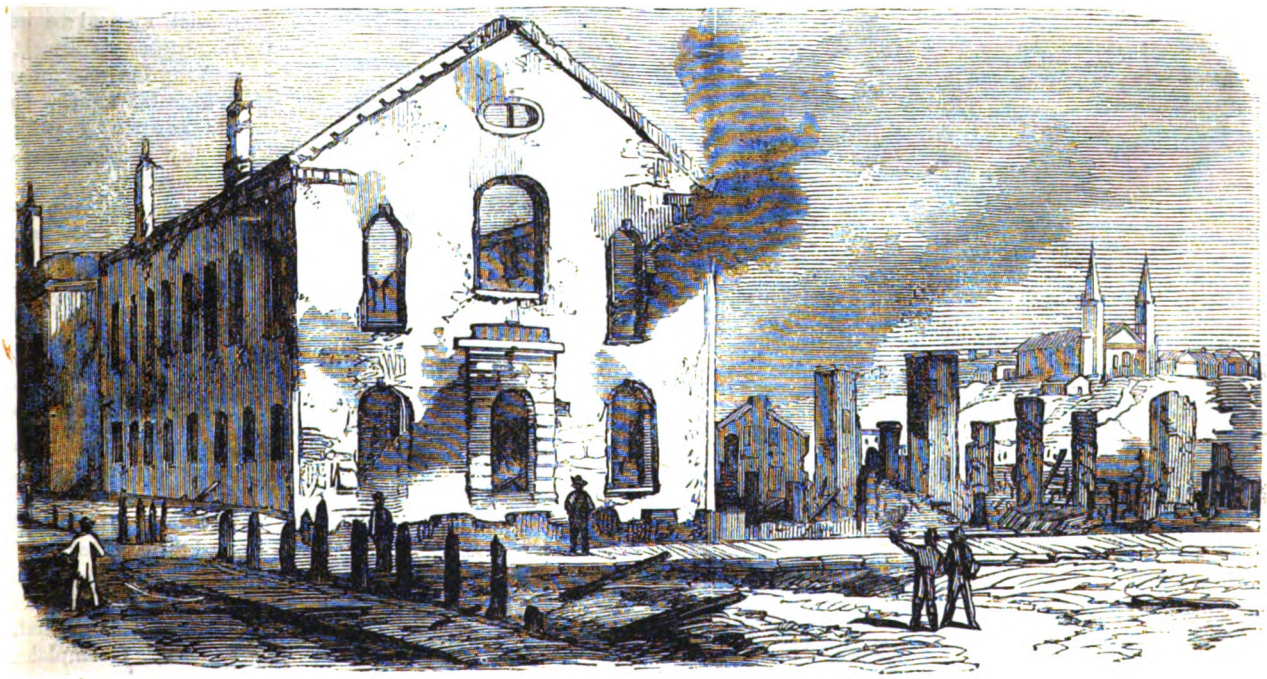
Digitized by Google



CITY HALL AND ST. LOUIS GATE.

the event, and amongst the interesting incidents of the programme, we find the following:

"As the hands of the clocks verged on the midnight hour which should add still another year to our earthly existence, there were mysterious signs and evidences that something unusual was going to happen. There was a hurrying to and fro, but so noiselessly and carefully were the preparations made, that the throng who perpetually circulated through the rooms took little heed; when suddenly the clear, clarion notes of a trumpet sounding the 'assembly,' thrilled the hearts of all present. A panel in the wainscoting of the lower dancing-room opened as if by magic, and out stepped a jaunty little trumpeter with the slashed and decorated jacket of a hussar. The blast he blew rang in tingling echoes far and wide, and a second later the weird piping and drumming, in a music now strange in Quebec, was heard in a remote part of the barracks. Nearer and clearer every moment came the sharp, shrill notes of the fifes, and the quick detonation of the drums. A silence grew over the bright *cortége*, the notes of the band died into the nothingness of quiet, the company clustered in groups around the stairs where was placed the thin steel blade whose hilt, a century



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR, BURNT IN 1866.

Digitized by Google



SCENE OF THE DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION IN THE ST. LOUIS SUBURB OF QUEBEC, MAY 30, 1876.

gone by, was warmed by the bounding, blood-filled pulse and hand of the brave Montgomery!

"The rattle of the drums came closer and closer, two folding-doors opened suddenly, and through them stalked, in grim solemnity, the 'Phantom Guard,' led by the intrepid Sergeant Hugh McQuarters. Neither regarding the festive decorations, the bright faces, nor the dazzling uniforms around them, the Guard passed through the assemblage as if they were not; on through saloon and passage, past ballroom and parlor, they glided with measured step, and halting in front of the Montgomery trophy, they paid military honors to the memento of a hero's valiant, if unsuccessful act! The Bombardier, Mr. Dunn, who impersonated the dead sergeant, actually wore the sword, and blood and brain-bespattered belt, of a man who was killed in the action of 1775."

Quebec may well commemorate the successful repulse of Montgomery's attack, and the foregoing was a graceful tribute to the memory of a worthy and generous opponent.

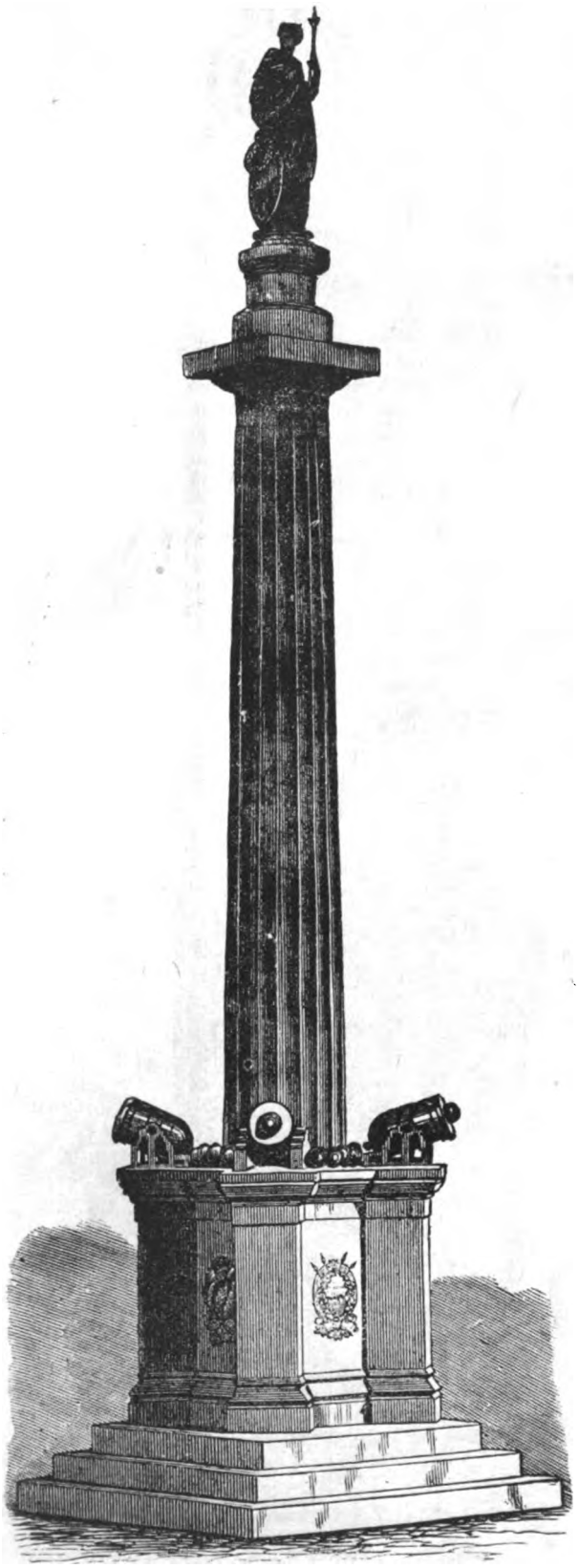
Interesting memorials of the past meet us at every turn. A flight of steps for pedestrians, leading from Mountain Hill to Little Champlain Street, are somewhat oddly called "Breakneck Steps." They are quite a curiosity in their way, and to add to their interest, it is well established that 200 years ago the old church of Recollet stood on this ground. Samuel Champlain, the founder of the

Digitized by Google



MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS, WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF QUEBEC.

Digitized by Google



MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF STE.-FOY.

city, who died on Christmas Day, 1635, was buried in this church. Some years afterward the church was destroyed by fire, and for a long time the place of his tomb was unknown. At length, however (in 1867), some workmen employed in laying some water-pipes, discovered the old vault, with the remains of the illustrious navigator. Also, a little to the west of Hope Gate, within the fortifications, stands the building once inhabited by the brave Montcalm. It is now divided into three private residences. The entrance appears originally to have been through a court-yard in the rear; and it is very probable that it was once intended for defense on the side looking to the basin.

The ruins of the Intendant's Palace may still be seen in Craig Street, in the rear of some stores. The Intendant was next in power and influence to the Governor-General. It was built of the black lime slate with which the locality abounds. In this palace the deliberations concerning the province were held, and when those who had the management of the police and civil power met, the Intendant presided.

When affairs of great consequence demanded a general council, the Governor-General usually attended. After the conquest of Quebec by the English, in 1759, this building was neglected. It fell into decay, and its ruin was completed in 1775. When Arnold blockaded the city, he established a body of troops in it. These were soon dislodged by shells thrown from the garrison, which set it on fire. It was nearly all consumed, and in the great conflagration of the suburb St. Roch, in 1845, the destruction of its woodwork was completed.

On the Plains of Abraham stands a monument erected over the spot where Wolfe fell in the moment of his victory, on September 13th, 1759. This monument stands upon the site of an older one which Lord Aylmer had caused to be erected a quarter of a century earlier, but which had become shamefully defaced by the hands of relic-seekers, who were carrying it away piecemeal. It was of granite, about ten feet in height, surrounded by an iron railing. The new monument is a beautiful Doric column made of granite blocks, crested with a Roman sword and helmet, and bearing upon the eastern side of its pedestal the following inscription, which records its history:

THIS PILLAR WAS ERECTED BY THE
BRITISH ARMY IN CANADA, A. D., 1849.,
HIS EXCELLENCY LIEUT.-GENERAL D'URBANA, G.C.B., K.C.B.,
K.C.T.S., ETC.,
COMMANDER OF THE FORCES,
TO REPLACE THAT ERECTED BY
GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORD AYLMER, G.C.B., IN 1832,
WHICH WAS BROKEN AND DEFACED, AND IS DEPOSITED BENEATH.

On the western side is the inscription upon the old monument:

"HERE DIED WOLFE, VICTORIOUS, SEPT. 13, 1759."

While rendering this tribute to the bravery of Wolfe, the memory of the chivalrous Frenchman, Montcalm, is not ignored, and to Quebec belongs the honor of having erected a joint monument to the two heroes. A most appropriate spot in the Government garden was chosen for this memorial. This garden was formerly a part of the grounds attached to the old Chateau St. Louis, and the part where the column stands is finely shaded with ornamental trees. The corner-stone was laid November 20th, 1827, by Earl Dalhousie, the Governor-General. It bears two Latin inscriptions, one setting forth the laying of the foundation-stone, date, etc., and the second, from the pen of Dr. J. C. Fisher:

WOLFE—MONTCALM.
MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM,
FAMAM HISTORIA,
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT.

Valor gave them a common death,
History a common fame,
Posterity a common monument.

Probably this idea of erecting a joint monument is unique in history.

Digitized by Google

We must not omit notice of the four Martello towers erected at different distances across the heights of Quebec from the St. Lawrence to the St. Charles. These towers have cannon mounted upon their summits, with which the Plains might be swept, and are so constructed that, if taken by an enemy, they can easily be laid in ruins by heavy shot from the garrison; while on the opposite side, facing the open country, the walls are of immense thickness.

Near the city walls and the bank of the St. Lawrence, the mounds and ditches of the French lines are still visible, and on the other side of the city, facing the River St. Charles, towards Beauport, the remains of an extensive "horn-work," erected by Montcalm, are still distinctly visible.

The ruins of "The Hermitage, or Château Bigot," should also be visited. They may be seen in the forest near the hamlet of *Bourg Royale*, at the foot of the mountains seen northward of Quebec. There is a (we fear) well-authenticated story of a scandal against the last Intendant, Bigot, told of the old château. The house was abandoned, and, during the siege by Wolfe, in 1759, the ladies of the city found safe refuge there. Bigot returned to France at that time, where he lost his fortune and his liberty, and the château fell into decay. Thick shrubbery has grown up around and within its broken walls, and nothing but the lines of some walls and some old currant-bushes show that the hand of civilization was ever there.

Near Beauport we see the house occupied by Montcalm as his headquarters in 1759. It is yet inhabited, and is owned by Colonel Gugy. It is a short distance eastward of Beauport Mills. It is a stone building, covered with stucco, and commands a fine view of Quebec and its environs. In the vicinity of the house are to be found slight traces of the French works. In short, wherever we turn, it is "classic ground," and some point of historical interest awaits our admiration.

Quebec *en fête* is a noteworthy event; and to see this, one should visit the city on the great anniversary of the Roman Catholic Church, and see the procession of Corpus Christi, when the population turns out *en masse*. On October 1st, 1874, Quebec celebrated with great splendor the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the old diocese of Quebec. The procession, the religious services, the music, and the illumination, had their significance to those who profess the same creed as those who worshiped in the old cathedral two hundred years ago; but even to those who hold different tenets this bi-centennial was invested with curious importance, on account of the historical associations which were connected therewith.

In this country, where everything is new, it is something to be able to go back two centuries in an unbroken line, thus uniting, in a kind of living sympathy, the present with the respectable past. Quebec is a legendary city; in war and diplomacy it is replete with recollections, and in religion it presents a record of unrivaled interest. On the 1st of October, 1674, François Laval de Montmorenci was appointed Bishop of Quebec. Canada was then only a sparse settlement, fringing both banks of the St. Lawrence, as far up as Montreal. But there were plenty of Indian stations in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and in the neighboring State of New York. To these was specially to be devoted the attention of the new prelate. Within a few years, however, his spiritual domain was destined to be immeasurably enlarged. In the list of the clergy resident at Quebec in 1674, we find the plebeian name of Jacques Marquette. We might perhaps pass it over without notice, did we not remember that at Mackinaw, a small station on the road to Thunder Bay, is a little cross bearing the same name, which the State of Michigan intends to replace by a granite column, looking out afar on the blue waters of Lake Superior. Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi! In his birch canoe, accompanied by Joliette, this great man descended the Father of Waters from the Falls of St. Anthony to the mouth of the Red River of Louisiana. All the lands which he discovered became the property of his king, and the harvest-field of his bishop. The cross was everywhere entwined with the *fleur-de-lys*.

Thus it came to pass that the Diocese of Quebec extended over the whole Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, and 59 bishoprics are now said to comprise what was once the spiritual jurisdiction of Laval's successors. This is, indeed, a striking picture. But it was soon succeeded by another more striking still. The empty basin of the St. Lawrence is at present covered with flourishing provinces. The Huron and the Iroquois survive only in the obscure hamlets of Lorette, St. Francis, Caughnawaga, and Two Mountains. A few Mohawks linger near Oneida Lake and at Brantford. The great Valley of the Mississippi has become the granary of the world. The Illinois and Missouris are only a name, and the last of the Delawares turned his face eastwards from Council Bluffs for a farewell look, then disappeared in such a mist as bore Hiawatha away for ever. The old Diocese of Quebec still remains beneath the sway of Laval's fifteenth successor, but under circumstances of wondrous change. Not the least remarkable of these changes is the fact that the sermon at the ancient cathedral of Quebec on the day of the bi-centennial celebration was preached in English. New France has been merged into New Britain, and though the beautiful language of the pioneers is still spoken, the spirit of British institutions is every day manifesting itself more and more, in freedom of thought, in energy of action, and in noble aspiration after more exalted forms of civilization.

When we think of the many illustrious names connected with "Nouvelle France," and especially the city of Quebec —Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Laval, St. Vallier, Frontenac, Richelieu, Montcalm, Wolfe, Montgomery, Arnold, and others, whose names flow in the pages of the Canadian historian Garneau,

"Departed spirits of the mighty dead!"

and remember that memorials of these men exist in every crooked street; when we recall their heroism, their devotion, their hardships, their self-sacrifices, may we not say:

"Fairer seems the ancient city,
And the sunshine seems more fair,
That *they* once have trod its pavement,
That *they* once have breathed its air."

From "Lambert's Travels in Canada," published in 1813, we take the following description of the dress and manners of the Canadian "*Habitant*," or countryman, and they are so conservative in their habits, that they are almost without any change to this time:

"The dress of the *habitant* is simple and homely; it consists of a long-skirted cloth



PORTRAIT OF F. X. GARNEAU.

Digitized by Google

coat or frock, of a dark-gray color, with a hood attached to it, which in Winter time or wet weather he puts over his head. His coat is tied round the waist by a worsted sash of scarlet or varied colors, and sometimes ornamented with beads. His vest and trousers are of the same cloth. A pair of moccasins, or swamp-boots, complete the lower part of his dress. Upon his head is a blue or red nightcap. The *tout ensemble* of his figure is completed by a short pipe, which he has in his mouth from morning till night. The visage of the '*habitant*' is long and thin, his complexion sunburnt and swarthy, and not unfrequently of a darker hue than that of the Indian."

A curious sort of jargon is carried on in the market-place, between the French who do not understand English, and the English who do not understand French. Each endeavors to meet the other halfway, in his own tongue, by which means they contrive to comprehend one another, by broken phrases, for the common French marketing terms are soon picked up.



MADAME DE LA PELTRIE WASHING AND DRESSING INDIAN CHILDREN.

The carriages made use of in Lower Canadian cities and villages are for the most part *calèches* in Summer, and *carioles* and *berlins* for the Winter. The calèche is in general use, and employed alike by gentry and *habitants*. It is a sort of one-horse chaise, capable of holding two persons besides the driver, who sits in front upon a low seat, with his feet resting upon the shafts. This carriage has no spring, but it is suspended by two broad leather straps, upon which the body is fixed. These straps are secured behind by two iron rollers, by which they are tightened when too loose. The body of the calèche has a wing on each side to prevent the mud from being thrown in by the wheels. Those of the better sort are handsomely varnished, and fitted up with linings and cushions; the inferior sort used by the country people are roughly built and miserably painted.

We are bound to admit, however, that the calèche is fast going out of use, and is being superseded by carriages of a more modern construction

The post-calèches, which are the very worst of the kind used in the country, are most abominable machines for a long journey. They are most commonly driven by boys, but if you are unfortunate enough to have a fat, unwieldy driver sitting in front, the body of the calèche bears forward, and renders your seat not only extremely irksome, but also difficult to maintain; added to which, your shoulders and hips are jolted against its sides without mercy, and your journey becomes completely painful and distressing.

The *carioles* nearly resemble the body of a horse-chaise, placed upon two runners like the irons of a pair of skates. The driver generally stands up in front, though there is a seat for him similar to that in a calèche. Between him and the horse there is a high panel, which reaches to his breast, and prevents the splashes from being thrown into the vehicle. The body is sometimes placed on high runners of iron, though the low, wooden runners are preferred, as they are not so liable to be upset as the others.

In addition to its other attractions, Quebec is singularly fortunate in the numbers of picturesque drives to places of interest in its vicinity. To Cap Rouge, eight miles above the city, the road is surrounded by beautifully-wooded scenery, studded by the country houses of the gentry and merchants. Ste.-Foye, Sillery and Mount Hermon Cemetery are also well worthy of a drive, the road commanding very extensive and charming views.

The Falls of the Chaudière are on the opposite side of the river; they are only a short distance from the junction of this river with the St. Lawrence, and are extremely beautiful.

The village of Lorette is about eight miles distant from Quebec. The winding course of the St. Charles is followed along a fine road fringed with hawthorn hedges, and leading past many pleasant mansions. There are two villages at Lorette, occupying both sides of the St. Charles at the Fall, one containing French *habitants*, the other half-breed Indians, who claim to be lineal descendants of the ancient Hurons, who welcomed Jacques Cartier nearly 350 years ago.

But the chief attraction outside of the city is a drive to the Falls of Montmorenci.

We cross the St. Charles by Dorchester Bridge, and the road is macadamized all the way. On both sides are pleasant embowered residences for about two miles, when, on crossing a stream, the old Canadian village of Beauport is entered by a gentle slope. The one-storied houses are nearly all alike in size, form, and feature. They stand obliquely to the street, to let the drifting snow pass by, and to each is attached a narrow strip of land, extending in the rear. The village is upon an elevation known as the Heights of Beauport, whereon Montcalm established his fortified camp.

The rest of the distance to Montmorenci is over a good

Digitized by Google

road, dotted here and there with the white cottages of the peasantry. Following a pleasant pathway through sloping meadows and along shaded fences to a zigzag road that leads to the bottom of the almost perpendicular bank of the St. Lawrence—near where General Monckton, with grenadiers and other troops of Wolfe's army, landed, and had the first conflict with the forces of Montcalm—and along the river's edge for an eighth of a mile, we reach an admirable position to view the Fall from below.

The waters descend in a bright, fleecy sheet twenty-five yards in width (unbroken except by an enormous rock halfway down) into a gulf about 250 feet below, so that this Fall is about 100 feet higher than those of Niagara. From brink to base the sheet is covered with sparkling foam; and from the cauldron rises a continual mist. The banks on each side rise many feet above the crown of the cataract, and are nearly perpendicular, presenting bare rocks at the base, but covered with vegetation and shrubbery at the summit.

We climb the steep banks along the zigzag road and rest in the shade of a pleasant grove near the residence of the Seigneur of Beauport. It is an elegant old mansion, close by the bank of the Montmorenci, at the head of the Fall. It was built by General Haldimaud, the last Governor of the Province of Quebec, before the union of the Canadas. The Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria) resided here while he was a sojourner in the province; it is now owned by G. B. Hall, who is the proprietor of the extensive saw-mills at the foot of the Falls. It is a most delightful spot, commanding a fine view of Quebec and the country on the south side of the St. Lawrence, the harbor, and the beautiful fertile Isle of Orleans, which here divides the river into two broad channels.

It was near this place that General Wolfe made his first attack against the French works, and was repulsed with the loss of 700 Hessians.

From the opposite bank, over-against this mansion, is the best view of the Falls, as it also embraces a fine view of the village of Beauport. The road to it is over a wooden bridge thrown across the River Montmorenci, which here rushes down with considerable impetuosity. Another good view of the Falls may be taken from the top of the aqueduct by which the water is conveyed from the river, above the Fall, to the saw-mills.

A few years ago a suspension-bridge was constructed over the Fall, from which passengers might look into the gulf below. It hung over that fearful spot but a short time. The first persons (a man and his wife and child, in a cart, on their way to visit a daughter in one of the nunneries in Quebec) who attempted to pass over it after it was opened to the public lost their lives. The supporting cables were drawn from their shore-fastenings by the weight upon them, and the whole structure, except the towers, with its living burden, fell into the boiling cauldron and disappeared forever. The towers yet stand, mementoes of a sad calamity.



THE FRIGHTENED TIGER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The Fall should also be seen in the Winter, for then the mist from the falling foam forms a huge cone of porous ice, sometimes 100 feet in height, and when the river below is frozen, a lively spectacle is exhibited, for hundreds of people may be seen slowly climbing to the summit of the mist-hill, and shooting down it upon sleds with an arrowy swiftness. It is true that accidents happen occasionally, but the exhilarating out-door exercise makes amends for all the risk which is run.

It must not be supposed that the good people of Quebec are compelled to stay in their houses throughout their protracted Winter, for the Winter sports of Canada are unsurpassed—hunting, snow-shoeing, toboganing, skating; and lastly, when the Winter has fairly set in, and they have good roads, the true enjoyment of sleighing begins.

Quebec, even in Winter, is not such a bad place after all; and Canada, from being styled "a few arpents of snow" in the time of Louis the XV., has gone on from that day to this, until she numbers within her borders nearly four millions of souls. "Canada in Winter" was once an awful theme of terror to nearly everybody out of Canada. Canada has often been unjustly condemned for her climate. Canada is not Paradise, neither is England (think of 240 rainy days per annum in Lancashire, while Canada boasts of having only 120). Every country has its disadvantages and its objections; national perfection was apparently never intended.

Digitized by Google

We have said enough of Canadian Winter sports and pastimes to show that it is possible to live and enjoy oneself even in Quebec, with the ground well covered with snow. It may not be generally known that skating, snow-shoeing, and sleighing have each found (we hope) their road to immortality in song. An unknown poet thus sings of snow-shoeing:

"Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But full well our comrades know,
We can beat the fastest engines
In a night-tramp o'er the snow!
They may puff, sir; they may blow, sir,
They may whistle, they may scream,
But gently dipping, slightly tipping,
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam!

"Tramp, tramp! on snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go!
Till at night, by fires encamping
We find couches 'mid the snow!"

It is a fortunate event that the gifted Irishman, Samuel Lover, timed his visit to this country in the Winter, for he has placed on record his impressions of a Canadian Winter's pastimes in his charming song of "Slaying the Deer":

"But I know a sport
Which is safer resort,
For wives will repine when too far
You are tempted to steer
In pursuit of the deer.
And they wonder "wherever you are.'
So give me the sleigh,
On the white frozen way,
With woman beside me to cheer,
Who is never complaining
How long you're remaining,
When *thus* you are *sleighing the Dear.*

* * *

"If she would, she can't scold,
For the weather's so cold,
Her mouth she can't open at all,
In vain would she cry.
For the tears in her eye
Would be frozen before they could fall.
Then hurrah for the snow
As we merrily go,
The bells my fleet horses can cheer,
While the *belle* by my side
Is my joy and my pride;
Oh, there's nothing like *sleighing the dear!*"

On November 12th, 1871, Quebec received a severe blow in the withdrawal of the English troops and the removal of the British flag, which through all changes had floated so proudly from the flagstaff on the citadel for 112 years. By a singular coincidence, the honor of removing it was reserved for the Sixtieth Regiment, which regiment had been present on the occasion of its being first planted there on the 18th of September, 1759, five days after the capture.

Quebec had survived the removal of the seat of government, but the withdrawal of the troops was a deathblow; for Quebec was *par excellence* a garrison town, and the brightest, cheeriest, most hospitable, and most entertaining garrison town over which the royal standard ever floated. Society never closed its front doors, and "welcome" was written upon every lintel. The chief difficulty with the youthful ensign was to find time to get through the business—that is to say, the amusements, of the day. Picnics, dinner-parties, and balls ("kettle-drums" had not at that time been invented); and then the Winter sports, skating, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, and sleighing, kept them pretty well employed, and the Queen, we suspect, had to be satisfied with a small portion of his services. But however much hospitality the British soldier received, it must be admitted that he amply repaid it. He may have "loved and ridden away" occasionally, it is true, but such things will happen sometimes, and on the whole his conduct was "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" Quebec thinks so, at any rate, for she would be glad to have him back again, and she sadly mourns over his departure. Quebec, the cheery, the genial, the hospitable old garrison town is no more, and she is endeavoring to turn over a new leaf, and go in for "commercial enterprise." But the change is difficult, and the ancient city going in for business is almost as much out of place as an elderly lady in high-heeled boots and a Grecian-bend screaming out for women's rights. There are, no doubt, several large and prosperous firms, mostly engaged in the lumber trade, but they appear to have it very much to themselves.

Time was when a robust trooper took charge of you at the entrance to the fortifications, and conducted you through endless acres of belligerent masonry. We do not speak of the place as engineers, but only as tourists; and the tourist is chiefly concerned with the view. This is altogether superb, and if Quebec is not the most picturesque city in America, it is no fault of its incomparable site. Perched on its mountain of rock, washed by a river as free and ample as an ocean gulf, sweeping from its embattled crest a vast expanse of village-studded plain, and surging highlands of nearer and further blue, single, beautiful, and strong, the warden of an imperial province—as it has managed from our scanty annals to snatch an honorable past, we pray, in the name of all that's handsome, it may enjoy a well-earned, glorious and peaceful future.

THE TIGER.

It was proverbial among the ancients, that "as the peacock is the most beautiful among birds, so is the tiger among quadrupeds." Nothing can be more beautiful than this animal; the glossy smoothness of his hair, the extreme blackness of the streaks with which he is marked, and the bright color of the ground which they diversify, cannot fail to excite the admiration of every beholder; while his slender, delicate, and truly elegant form, bespeaks extreme swiftness and agility. Unhappily, however, this animal's disposition is as mischievous as its form is admirable; for it is fierce without provocation, and cruel without necessity.

In attacking a flock or a herd, it gives no quarter, but levels all indiscriminately, and scarcely finds time to appease its appetite, while intent upon satisfying the malignity of its nature. The beasts, both wild and tame, become victims of its insatiable fury, and it not unfrequently ventures even to attack the lion, the "king of the forest."

The tiger's method of taking his prey is, in general, by concealing himself, and springing suddenly on his victim, with a voice or roar horrible beyond description.

Mr. Pennant relates "that a company seated under some shady trees near the banks of a river in Bengal were alarmed by the unexpected sight of a tiger preparing for its fatal spring, when a lady, with great presence of mind, quickly unfurled an umbrella in the animal's face; which, being confounded by so extraordinary and sudden an appearance, instantly retired, and thus gave the party an opportunity of escaping."

SOUTHERN SCENES.

RETURNING FROM THE AFRICAN CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.
AN ARTIST SELECTING AN INSTRUMENT.

Music is the one thing in which the negro is not liable to imposition, and this characteristic is clearly indicated in Mr. Sheppard's spirited sketch. There is no cheating this artist—no palming off on him a worthless instrument. The

Digitized by Google

dealer may flatter himself at the prospect of getting rid of an inferior article, but if the strings will not yield a clear, resonant, and agreeable sound, he had better let it remain on his shelves; for if there is anything suggestive to a negro of agony, it is a violin, banjo or guitar that does not realize his musical conceptions or respond to the skillful manipulation of his fingers.

The dealer may delude himself with the idea that, if he can convince the purchaser by argument that the instrument is the best of its kind ever made, it will be quickly taken. But he will soon realize his mistake. A lively description of the beauty of shape, costly ornamentation, ease of manipulation, purity of tone, and notoriety of manufacture, does no more good in this instance than if applied to a horse. One brush of the fingers across the strings is convincing, and if the result is not satisfactory, the dealer will very likely be advised to lay the instrument aside for some person who knows nothing of musical harmony. A negro's ear never fails to catch a pure, sweet tone, and when the instrument which produces it is found, no argument will prevent its purchase. A banjo may lack the highly-polished rim and gorgeous silver-plated screws and bosses with which the "minstrel" likes to ornament his favorite "cremona," but if it responds harmoniously to the touch all other considerations are of little account. And despite the advantages of superior musical training, no white imitator can hope to equal the intuitive power and facility with which the untutored darkey "strikes de ole banjo."

The old African Church in Richmond, Va., stands on the north side of Broad, corner of College Street, and was built by the Baptists, in 1808. It was the first Protestant church erected in Richmond, except the old St. John's, on Church Hill, which belonged to the Episcopalians, and was rendered immortally memorable as the place where Patrick Henry made one of his most eloquent war speeches, prior to the Revolution.

The African Church is substantially built, of English brick, and, like all the Virginia churches of that day, in the form of a cross, but without tower, spire, or any external architectural ornament. It would, probably, seat two thousand persons; but the roof being low in proportion to its base, destroys the effect, and gives to the whole edifice a contracted, suppressed look.

Many memorable events, both of local and political interest in the history of the city, are connected with this church. One of the first occurred when the old theatre, which stood on the square above, was destroyed by fire, in 1811. Both history and romance have recorded and reproduced this fearful event, in all its harrowing details of aggravated horror, that curdle the blood and make one's nerves quiver, even now, at the repetition.

The Governor of the State, and many representatives of its first families, were victims of this terrible tragedy. Those who were snatched from the furious flames—scorched, suffering, writhing in agony, or in the dead stupor of insensibility, some crushed by the crowd or in leaping from the windows—were carried to the African Church, near by, and laid on the floor, till assistance was rendered, or the mangled sufferers could be recognized and claimed by their friends.

This church has also been, for fifty years past, the scene of many memorable and exciting political events; as the Democratic and Whig Assemblies were held here in the great Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison and Tyler, Clay and Polk nominations and public debates.

It was in the African Church that the sessions of the Virginia Conventions of 1820 were held, and rendered illustrious by the talents of James Madison, James Monroe, Randolph of Roanoke, Benjamin Watkins, Leigh, and others of the mighty dead—those giant intellects, in comparison with which the corrupt and crafty politicians of the present day are mere dwarfs and pygmies. They were statesmen, these are politicians; and around those old walls there lingers the memory of masterly orations, whose thrilling, fervid eloquence once made them ring, and their echoes haunt them still.

The large white congregation, who, until 1842, had worshiped in this church, then divided, and built two other places of worship, in more modern, ornate style; the First Baptist, on Broad, the Second, on Grace Street—Dr. Burroughs and Rev. Mr. Peter, pastors; while the colored congregation, of some two thousand members, organized separately, under the Rev. Dr. Ryland, and retained the old church, which they have ever since held as their peculiar property.

The first pastor of this church, Rev. Mr. Morris, was succeeded in his ministrations by John Courtney, widely known and distinguished in the traditions of the city as "Old Father Courtney."

In 1841, when the colored congregation was formed into a separate church, they numbered about seventeen hundred, but have increased rapidly, and now estimate their numbers at thirty-five hundred. Their first pastor, the Rev. Dr. Ryland, of Richmond College, continued his ministrations until the close of the war, when he resigned; and a colored man was elected to fill his place, who is assisted by twenty-five or thirty deacons. These visit among the congregation, acquaint themselves with their wants, and assist the pastor in his general work. The members of this church have been remarkable for the exercise of rigid discipline, and for liberality in supporting their pastor and promoting the missionary cause. The Baptist missionaries from this country to Africa—Lott Carey and Colin Teague—were sent out from this congregation.

The choir of this congregation were distinguished for their splendid singing. The sacred concerts on Sunday afternoon attracted many white persons, both citizens and strangers, who loved fine music, or sought amusement and excitement.

On a beautiful afternoon in the sweet Spring-time, when even the birds seemed sending forth glad "Hosannas," in wondrous warbling, from their tiny throats, the writer and a party of friends found themselves among a crowd that swept steadily down the street, and into the open doors of the quiet, sombre old church.

To describe the various colors of complexion and costume would be utterly bewildering, so the reader must compromise for a slight sketch as memory serves us. The complexions can best be portrayed in the words of a popular song of the olden time, known as "Dan Tucker":

> "Some were black, and some were blacker,
> An' some was de color ob a chew o' tobacker."

The almost grotesque gorgeousness of costume at once struck the eye—it was simply stunning—while the prevailing passion for every shade of scarlet was especially noticeable.

Blue, green, yellow, were mingled in distracting contrast, while the frantic-looking flounces and furbelows would have rendered a Parisian *modiste* hopelessly insane.

After entering and seating ourselves, a glance around revealed the striking features of the scene. Near us, and corpulently conspicuous, sat a portly matron, flanked on each side by her progeny—fat, frolicsome little darkies, sandwiched between "mammy and daddy," and some "auntie" on the other side. Over her ample bust floated broad strings of scarlet ribbon from a bonnet of gigantic proportions, compared with the present microscopic marvels of millinery, that rest like brilliant butterflies over the complicated combination of braids and curls adorning the cranium of the "girl of the period." In those days bonnets were respectable

Digitized by Google



SOUTHERN SCENES.—RETURNING FROM THE AFRICAN CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.—SEE PAGE 738.

Digitized by Google

institutions, made to cover the head, though they *were* excruciatingly unbecoming, and made the belle's face look like a rose at the bottom of a coal-scuttle.

A dress of some light material, in brilliant colors, like an exaggerated bandanna handkerchief in pattern, accompanied the wonderful bonnet, and was completed by a thin shawl, of rainbow hues; yellow cotton gloves, which looked as if the fat hands had been melted and poured into them, and were shirt-bosom, buff vest, black inexpressibles, white cravat, and white cotton gloves; his hat—a "bell-crowner" once, evidently, "old massa's" best; shoes polished to painful brilliancy, the feet extending as much behind as before, while his arms were solemnly folded; his excellent, honest face wearing an expression of intense reverence. The two children were bobbing up and down between their parents, swinging their well-shod feet, rolling up their eyes till



SOUTHERN SCENES.—AN ARTIST SELECTING AN INSTRUMENT.

in peril of bursting out; while a large white handkerchief (about half an acre of cotton) was spread conspicuously on the expanse of lap, and a flourishing palm-leaf fan waved over the *tout ensemble*. Such was the "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" costume of excellent Aunt Phillis, my neighbor's incomparable cook.

"Daddy," or "Uncle Cy" (short for Cyrus) sat near, in a "long-tailed blue"—a "double-breaster"—with spotless nothing but the whites were visible, peeping over mammy's broad shoulders, grinning and stuffing handkerchiefs in their mouths—being frequently admonished to behave, by a sudden poke of her elbow into their ribs, which by no means extinguished their irrepressible spirit of mischief. This family group was a type of many others, while the youthful beaux and belles of darkydom occasionally exchanged amorous or coquettish glances, with sometimes a whisper and

Digitized by Google

suppressed giggle, behind their fans or handkerchiefs. On an elevated platform, at the extremity of the church, sat the choir, some forty or fifty in number, men and women, about equally divided, both young and middle-aged, with singing-books before them—the leader, a fine-looking man, in front. In a few moments there was a flutter, a turning of leaves, some whispered directions, some tittering among the young people, and then, at a sign from the leader, they began. It was a burst of magnificent music that filled the church, rolling, swelling in waves of melody that seemed bearing the listener's soul upward on the wings of heavenly harmony, plaintive, triumphant, as the exquisite prayer of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "Oh! had I wings like a dove," was chanted by those glorious voices; the effect was indescribable.

There followed a variety of hymns and anthems, all splendidly rendered; for the development of music in the African race, and their gift of voice and song, is remarkable. When the singers at length paused for a rest, the deacons, or elders, handed hats around *ad interim*, into which every one dropped a contribution—the money being used for charitable or church purposes of various kinds.

After this we were about to leave, thinking the *finale* had been reached, when suddenly, electrically, the singers burst forth again; but this time it was no solemn, sacred strain—only the inspiring measure of an old song, that went rippling, ringing around, to the words, "Riding on a Rail," fairly taking us by storm, and bringing down the house in irrepressible applause.

As the chaotic crowd surged out of the church into the street, it was pleasant to note the happy faces, cheerful voices (Mrs. Stowe to the contrary), and kindly greetings between friends, and occasionally a burst of laughter.

Soberly the old men carried their inevitable umbrellas, the young ones executing fanciful flourishes with their canes; while fans, handkerchiefs and ribbons were fluttering like a swarm of large butterflies.

Here comes a sable "Beau Brummel," with a couple of stylishly dressed girls on his arms; they were probably a gentleman's "body servant" and two "lady's-maids." This latter class were usually, in gait, dress, and manner, correct copies of their young mistresses; though sometimes the imitation became an exaggerated caricature.

We passed near the trio, who seemed enjoying themselves immensely, the two girls vieing with each other in coquettish attempts to elicit some expression of positive preference from the beau each wished to monopolize. But it was a "draw game"; he skillfully parried their attacks, and divided his admiring looks and remarks quite equally. *En passant*, we heard the following climax of compliment:

"I'm walking between you, ladies, an' ef I had to selec' my choice, 'twould be onpossible, for I'se mighty partic'lar; an' ef I choosed one, I'd lose de brightest jewel from my crown; ef I choosed de oder, den I'd lose de diadem itself!"

With a Chesterfieldian bow to his admiring audience, the darky diplomatist stepped along, with an air of triumphant satisfaction, evidently feeling himself master of the situation.

We have portrayed a scene in that past which is rapidly sinking into a gulf of forgetfulness, when the Peculiar Institution was happily unconscious of impending "irrepressible conflicts."

The illustration on page 740 represents the present enlightened era; with a congregation of "American citizens of African descent," or, as they call themselves, "colored gentlemen and ladies," coming from the same old church. Here we see the walking-dresses and high-heeled gaiters while jaunty hats and ponderous chignons, puffs, and panniers, illustrate the new *régime* of fashion.

Those respectable institutions, Aunt Phillis and Uncle Cy, have become Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Johnson; but they both look changed—somewhat by time, somewhat by being thinner, and lacking the well-fed corpulence of former days. Aunt Phillis's nose supports spectacles; and a cap, with imposing ruffles, fills the interior of her quiet, Quaker bonnet. Uncle Cy stoops, and leans heavily on his cane, though he still wears "old massa's" hat, and carries his well-preserved umbrella. Their grandchildren, hymn-book in hand, walk in front, while behind comes the youngest Miss Johnson, the colored "girl of the period," on the arm of an ardent adorer. Behind, another dainty young lady, with carefully elevated skirts, exchanges greetings with a smiling beau, who has just advanced to proffer his escort, while a promiscuous crowd follow.

Unconscious of change, we can see the old church looking grandly, grimly down; history, tradition, romance, weaving their charmed web about its uncompromising old walls, clinging to them like the ivy, and making their memory green.

HEROIC WOMEN OF AMERICA—REBECCA MOTTE.

Fort Motte, the scene of the occurrence which so strikingly displayed the patriotism of one of South Carolina's daughters, stood on the south side of the Congaree River. The height commands a beautiful view, several miles in extent, of sloping fields, sprinkled with young pines, and green with broom-grass or the corn or cotton crops; of sheltered valleys or wooded hills, with the dark pine ridge defined against the sky. The steep overlooks the swamp land through which the river flows, and that may be seen to a great distance, winding, like a bright thread, between the sombre forests.

After the abandonment of Camden to the Americans, Lord Rawdon, anxious to maintain his posts, directed his first efforts to relieve Fort Motte, at the time invested by Marion and Lee. This fort, which commanded the river, was the principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden and the upper districts. It was occupied by a garrison of 165 men, under the command of Captain M'Pherson, having been increased by a small detachment of dragoons from Charleston, a few hours before the appearance of the Americans.

The large, new mansion-house belonging to Mrs. Motte, which had been selected for the establishment of the post, was surrounded by a deep trench, along the interior margin of which was raised a strong and lofty parapet. Opposite, and northward, upon another hill, was an old farmhouse, to which Mrs. Motte had removed when dismissed from her mansion. On this height Lieutenant-Colonel Lee had taken position with his force; while Marion occupied the eastern declivity of the ridge on which the fort stood; the valley running between the two hills permitting the Americans to approach within 400 yards.

M'Pherson was unprovided with artillery, but hoped to be relieved by the arrival of Lord Rawdon to dislodge the assailants before they could push their preparations to maturity. He therefore replied to the summons to surrender—which came on the 20th May, about a year after the victorious British had taken possession of Charleston—that he should hold out to the last moment in his power.

The besiegers had carried on their approaches rapidly, by relays of working parties; and aware of the advance of Rawdon with all his force, had every motive for perseverance.

In the night, a courier arrived from General Greene, to advise them of Rawdon's retreat from Camden, and urge redoubled activity; and Marion persevered through the hours of darkness in pressing the completion of the works.

Digitized by Google

The following night Lord Rawdon encamped on the highest ground in the country opposite Fort Motte, and the despairing garrison saw with joy the illumination of his fires; while the Americans were convinced that no time was to be lost.

The large house in the centre of the encircling trench left but a few yards of ground within the British works uncovered; burning the mansion, therefore, must compel the surrender of the garrison. This expedient was reluctantly resolved upon by Marion and Lee, who, unwilling, under any circumstances to destroy private property, felt the duty to be much more painful in the present case.

It was the Summer residence of the owner, whose deceased husband had been a firm friend to his country, and whose daughter (Mrs. Pinckney) was the wife of a gallant officer, then a prisoner in the hands of the British. Lee had made Mrs. Motte's dwelling his quarters, at her pressing invitation, and with his officers had shared her liberal hospitality. Not satisfied with polite attention to the officers, while they were entertained at her luxurious table, she had attended with active benevolence to the sick and wounded, soothed the infirm with kind sympathy, and animated the desponding to hope. It was thus not without deep regret that the commanders determined on the sacrifice, and the Lieutenant-Colonel found himself compelled to inform Mrs. Motte of the unavoidable necessity of the destruction of her property.

The smile with which the communication was received gave instant relief to the embarrassed officer. Mrs. Motte not only assented, but declared that she was "gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight."

Shortly after, seeing by accident the bow and arrows which had been prepared to carry combustible matter, she sent for Lee, and presenting him with a bow and its apparatus, which had been imported from India, requested his substitution of them, as better adapted for the object than those provided.

Everything was now prepared for the concluding scene. The lines were manned, and an additional force stationed at the battery, to meet a desperate assault, if such should be made. The American entrenchments being within arrow-shot, M'Pherson was once more summoned, and again more confidently—for help was at hand—asserted his determination to resist to the last.

The scorching rays of the noonday sun had prepared the shingle roof for the conflagration. The return of the flag was immediately followed by the shooting of the arrows, to which balls of blazing resin and brimstone were attached.

Simms tells us the bow was put into the hands of Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade. The first struck and set fire; also the second and third, in different quarters of the roof.

M'Pherson immediately ordered men to repair to the left of the house, and check the flames by knocking off the shingles; but they were soon driven down by the fire of the six-pounder; and no other effort to stop the burning being practicable, the commandant hung out the white flag and surrendered the garrison at discretion.

If ever a situation in real life afforded a fit subject for poetry, by filling the mind with a sense of moral grandeur—it was that of Mrs. Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen—the benefit to her native land, by the surrender of her own interest to the public service.

After the captors had taken possession, M'Pherson and his officers accompanied them to Mrs. Motte's dwelling, where they sat down together to a sumptuous dinner.

Again, in the softened picture, our heroine is the principal figure. She showed herself prepared, not only to give up her splendid mansion to insure victory to the American arms, but to do her part toward soothing the agitation of the conflict just ended. Her dignified, courteous, and affable deportment adorned the hospitality of her table; she did the honors with that unaffected politeness which wins esteem as well as admiration; and by her conversation, marked with ease, vivacity, and good sense, and the engaging kindness of her manners, endeavored to obliterate the recollection of the loss she had been called upon to sustain, and at the same time to remove from the minds of the prisoners the sense of their misfortune.

FOR TWENTY YEARS.



IT don't seem much of a story to tell, though it was a tough one to live. You see, it was more than twenty years ago that my twin-brother and I sold out our homestead in New York, and went to California to seek our fortune. All the rest of the family were dead, and we two were the more attached to each other for that.

Well, we tried mining, and we tried trading, and we tried everything we could think of, but nothing seemed to prosper with us; we only grew poorer and poorer.

Finally, we thought of the idea of separating, so as to work two fields at once, before the last of our capital was gone. There was great talk just then of some new gold region, and we agreed that one of us should go there and try his luck, while the other staid in San Francisco, and carried on a little business we had started there.

Of course, everything was in partnership. I never thought of an interest separate from his, and he, I knew, felt the same.

Well, the question arose which of us should go. It wasn't very tempting, the mining life, and neither of us was anxious for it, and so we drew lots to see who should go.

The lot fell to me.

There was another reason why I didn't want to go, besides the uncomfortable life, but I wouldn't tell Rob; for I wouldn't drive him off to the mines, and I knew his generous heart so well, that I was sure he would insist on going, if he were aware of all.

But—well, the truth is, in a word, I was in love, and I couldn't bear to leave my dainty Susy to fight the world alone—she was a music-teacher, poor thing!—nor for other fellows to fall in love with.

However, I submitted, of course, to the lot, and made my preparations to go. It was a sad heart that I bore around to Susy's rooms that night, and I couldn't bear to tell her; but, bless you! she no sooner saw my face than she knew something was coming, and she braced herself up to meet it before she asked me a question. After we had spoken of the weather, and the book I had brought her the day before, at last she said, quietly:

"Well, Ralph, what is it? I know you have bad news for me."

"It's bad for me, Susy, and I'm afraid it will be bad for you; though you know——"

I couldn't go on, and she spoke again, brave as she always was:

"Ralph, you know I'm used to misfortunes. Tell me at once."

So I told her, and she bore it nobly—as I knew she would—though I was the only friend she had in San Francisco, except her pupils.

But I had thought of another plan to make my going a

Digitized by Google

little easier. That was, to make her my wife before I left, so as to leave her in the care of Rob, and relieve her from the hard life she was living.

After some persuasion, she consented to it.

So, a day or two afterward, we three—I had told Rob—went into a quiet church, and Susy was given to me to cherish and protect till death.

Brave little woman! how trustingly she gave me her heart, and how basely I failed her! How ready I was to believe——"

But let me go back. I took her to our cozy boarding-place, which was indeed a home to us, installed her as its mistress, made every provision that love could suggest for her comfort, enjoyed the bliss of a few hours' honeymoon, and then left hér.

I needn't speak of that. It was hard, I tell you.

Ah, well! I'm an old man now—older by sorrow than by years; but I shall never forget the fresh, dainty look of my darling, as I left her on the steps that bitter day—a bride in the morning, a widow at night. And I never did forget it through all the black years, though it seemed as if the very memory of it would drive me mad.



HEROIC WOMEN OF AMERICA.—"SHE SENT FOR LEE, AND PRESENTED HIM WITH A BOW AND ITS APPARATUS, AS BEING BETTER ADAPTED FOR THE PURPOSE THAN THOSE PROVIDED."—SEE PAGE 742.

Well, I went to the mines, and I triod faithfully, eagerly, for my heart was longing to get back to her. But I could not succeed. Mails were not then established, so I did not hear from my two dear ones; but all the harder I toiled, for never a thought of doubt entered my mind. I was only too glad to have my dear brother to care for her, and save her from all rough contact with the world.

Finding no luck in the mines, I determined to push on into the Indian country, and try a little hunting and trapping—for that was good business then. I succeeded a little better at that, but wandered on, and finally came out at Frazer River, where the gold excitement had broken out fiercely.

I don't know now whether it was months or years—days and weeks were alike to me for a long time—but at last I was successful, and got together five thousand dollars in the yellow dust. Of course, my only thought was of my wife, and I seized the first opportunity to send off the treasure.

A miner, going home, willingly took charge of my little pile, and soon I began to look for letters.

Bob's I could easily imagine—noble, manly, like himself. Susy's I thought of, and tried to fancy, hundreds of times, for I'd never had a letter from her. I knew it would be delicate and dainty, and like my pretty snow-drop.

Well, well, fancies may do very well, but they won't feed a hungry heart.

Day after day passed by, and no letters. My soul grew sick. I made all sorts of excuses for them. I imagined all sorts of delays. But the long, dreary days went by with leaden feet, and not a word came to the wanderer.

I grew morbid and bitter, and at last I wrote to an acquaintance in San Francisco, asking for tidings of my brother and wife.

The friend was not so neglectful as the wife and brother.

Soon—too soon—I got a reply. I can see it now, in letters of fire. "My dear fellow," it ran, "I have made inquiries, as you requested, about your wife and brother, and I can only find that they disappeared from here a few months ago, telling no one whence they were going, but evidently having plenty of money."

What more the letter contained I never knew; that much of it was burned into my brain, and at that point I lost myself. They do say I was a raving maniac. Perhaps so; I don't know.

I only know I found myself an old man, blasted before my time, like a tree struck by lightning.

Yet, I could not feel angry. How could I blame him? Was I not mad to leave him, with his loving heart, to care for a tender young beauty like my Susy? How could he help loving her? Wasn't she all that was lovely? He was not to blame, poor fellow.

And she? Did she not love me, and was he not my twin-brother? What so strange that, seeing his love, she should grow to return it?

What should I do? Should I search them out, and blast their lives for ever? Should I come with my ignoble revenge and tear her from his arms? Would she love me for it? Should I get back my wife and brother?

Oh, no! I had been gone long enough to give her a divorce—she had undoubtedly got it, and was even now his wife. His wife! Oh, God, and I could live!

Weeks, months, years, dragged on. I scarcely knew they passed. Mechanically, I worked on. Fortune, no longer sought, showered gold on me. I cared naught for it, but

Digitized by Google

instinct prevented me from throwing it away. Gambling was utterly repugnant to me. No form of dissipation lured me. I was an old, old man at thirty. I only worked and thought, and lived over the old days—my one brief day of perfect joy.

I never cursed them. The hurt was too deep and too sharp for curses. From the depths of my torn heart I pitied them.

Well, twenty years rolled on, and I had got to be forty-five years old, feeling and looking more like sixty-five, bent and stiff and gray-haired.

One day, in my wanderings, I came on a traveling party of miners, bound to the gold regions. I joined them, frontier fashion, and was soon seated at their fire, exchanging news of the Indians and from the States. I chanced to mention my name.

"We've got a namesake of yours in camp," said one fellow.

"Have you?" I said, carelessly. "It isn't a common name."

"No; and that's why it's odd," said he. "Besides, you somehow remind me of him, though you're much older than he. By-the-way, there he comes!"

I turned—something, I knew not what, shot through me; I rose, and knew my brother.



FOR TWENTY YEARS.—"I SAW THE COLOR COME TO HER FACE, THEN LEAVE IT PALE AS DEATH. I SAW HER TURN TO THE DOOR AND FLY. I SPRANG TO MEET HER."—SEE PAGE 743.

My heart gave one great bound. I forgot my wrongs. I saw only my dear other self, the companion of my boyhood. I sprang forward.

"Robert! dear old boy! is it you?"

He looked at me eagerly—incredulously.

"Ralph! it can't be you!"

"It is!" I cried, and—well, I don't know as I'm ashamed of it—I embraced him like a school-girl, and wept.

And so did he, poor fellow, though he could hardly believe the wrecked old man was his brother.

But what struck me, even then, as strange, he did not shrink from me, nor act as though he had injured me.

"Robert," I said, when we were alone, and calmer, "I've forgiven you long ago. We won't speak of the past—let me only be happy in the bliss of seeing you once more. I'll never come around to trouble you."

"Forgive me?" he said, inquiringly. "I don't understand. You'll never trouble me—and we'll not speak of the past? Why didn't you write to us, Ralph? Your poor little wife——"

"Don't speak of her!" I cried, in sudden agony. "I can bear anything else—spare me that!"

"But, Ralph, there's something very strange here. Why didn't you let us hear from you? Why can't I speak of her? Since you are not dead—as we supposed—why did you desert her?"

"Desert her! My God!" and I fairly laughed.

A horrible laugh, I dare say, for Robert turned pale. I could see he thought I was mad. I resolved to control myself, and since we must have it out, talk it over. So, after a turn or two, I came back, and stood by him once more.

"Now, Robert, if there is any mistake here, let us understand it at once. I left you, twenty years ago, in charge of my wife, in San Francisco——"

"You did, and I——"

"And you," I interrupted, "took good care of her, and did not hear from me; and she grew tired of waiting, and loving a shadow; and you—and you—loved her!"

"Hold!" he shouted, his eyes blazing. "Who told you that infamous lie?"

"And she," I went on, not heeding him—"she grew faint and tired; and she saw your love, and she—returned it."

Robert seized my arm as though he would murder me; but I went on, coolly:

"Hush, till I have done. When you received the money I sent, you were too far gone to go back. She got a divorce; you married her, and left the city. I don't blame you."

"And you!—you've believed this thing for twenty years?"

Digitized by Google

he said, calmly now, though it was the calmness of a smothered volcano.

"I have."

"You have for twenty long years believed that your wife and your brother were infamously false to you?"

"I have."

"Then, hear me, Ralph, while I swear"—and his form seemed to fairly dilate, and grow grand, as he said—"solemnly, that the whole story is a most infamous falsehood! That your wife is as true to you to-day as she was the day you left her, twenty years ago!"

"What do you mean?" I cried, frantically, overwhelmed by his manner and his words.

"What I do say, Robert. Oh! there has been some damnable mistake! Hear my story. After you left us, I struggled on with the business, though not succeeding very well. Susy drooped at first, but soon grew cheerful, and began to plan for your return."

His words brought the dear little creature so plainly before my eyes, that I sank to the ground, and covered my face.

"As weeks and months and years passed on," he went on, slowly, "her cheeks grew thin and pale, and a hungry look came into her eyes. I saw she was pining, and wrote letter after letter to you, but no word could we hear. There came to me in a simple envelope, directed to both of us, a draft of five thousand dollars, with not a word to tell how or from whom it came. Of course we know it was from you, but whether gift or legacy, who could tell?

"We instituted new inquiries. Nothing that love could suggest was left undone. At last we were forced to conclude you were dead. By my advice the money was invested in a farm some distance from San Francisco, and Susy went to live on it, while I started out on a sort of vagabond, wandering life, in hopes at least to find your grave—for we never believed you could be alive these long years and never let us hear. That life I have lived for fifteen years, returning once in three or four years to see to the comfort of Susy; and now I find you ——"

"You find me," I interrupted, "a wreck—a miserable wretch, who has blasted three lives by his criminal weakness, his childish credulity in believing evil, and who will soon rid the earth of his presence," and I started to go, for verily despair had seized upon me.

That I should have believed that horror for so many years, and find it all a stupid mistake; that I should have thrown away my life, the blessed love of my true wife, the warm affection of my brother, for an idle scandal! It was too much to endure.

Robert laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"But Susy, Ralph! what shall I say to the loving little woman who has suffered so much for you?"

"Let her still believe me dead," I said, gloomily.

"Nay, brother; let me rather restore you to her. Ralph, go home, and let us be so happy together as to partly make up for these years of mistakes and error and grief."

Well, he persuaded me, and soon I was eager enough myself. Now the gold I had despised was valuable, as it could add to Susy's comfort. I gathered it up, and we started for home.

Home! I had not spoken the word for fifteen years.

As we went, Robert tried to prepare me for a change in Susy.

"She has had a life of sorrow as well as you, Ralph, and you must remember she isn't the girl of eighteen you left. She is nearly forty years old."

As I drew near, I seemed to grow young again, and I wanted to rush through without stopping a moment. But Robert refused; and he wanted to get me into civilized clothes, and under the hands of a barber. He wouldn't take such a wild man of the woods home to the little, waiting wife.

So we stopped a few hours in San Francisco. I had my long white hair and beard trimmed, and my dress arranged to suit Robert, and hastened on toward home.

As we approached the blessed spot where my darling lived, I could scarcely breathe, and I dreaded to frighten her to death. In sight of the house, I sent Robert ahead to tell her, and I basely hid in the shrubbery, where I could look into the window.

There she was! the same dainty figure—the same lovely face; but dressed, oh, my God! in widows' weeds, and her bonny brown hair thickly sprinkled with silver.

I saw the rapid, eager conversation. I saw the color come quickly to her face, then leave it pale as death. I saw her turn to the door, and fly. And I sprang to meet her, and—and ——

Well, I can't tell about that.

On hearing her story, I found that Robert had left out the tale of his own griefs. That he had warmly loved a gentle girl, but never let her know it; had sacrificed his own happiness to spend his life seeking me, and caring for my wife; that she had married another, and Robert was forced to see her the very unhappy wife of a poor, miserable wretch.

And what said the little woman, when she knew that I had staid away all these long years, had blasted her life, disappointed my brother's life love, made deep misery for four, by my stupid belief of a piece of gossip that, even to hear repeated, she shrank from as though it would wither her? I always knew she was an angel. She said, though with quivering lips and tearful eyes:

"Dear Ralph, let us speak of it never again. It was a dreadful mistake. Let us be happy in the years we have yet to live, and leave it to another life to adjust the errors of this."

ADVENTURE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI IN NATAL (SOUTH AFRICA).

A FEW years ago, I arrived in the British colony of Natal (South Africa), well equipped for a hunting expedition to the far interior. I got there about the close of the regular annual drought, or dry season, at which time it is all but impossible to proceed far inland, owing to the great lack of water and almost total absence of grass for the horses, mules or oxen employed in the conveyance of travelers bound on such errands; and, as if intent upon rendering travel during that season an object utterly out of the question, the colonists and natives of the territory—extending between the Quathlamba, or Drachenberg mountain-range northwest of the colony, forming the frontier-line between Natal and the Republic of Orange River, or, as the colonists call it, the Orange River Free State) and the Orange River or Gariep itself, across which the road from Natal to the far interior leads—set fire to the dry grass of the plains, for the purpose, it is alleged, of improving the next growth of grass, and thereby effectually cut off for a few weeks all communication between Natal and the far interior, by which latter term I mean the whole of that hitherto but partially-known immense region of the African continent situated north of the Orange River and south of the equator.

Immediately after the dry season, the annual thunder and rain-storms set in, during which latter the rain falls in a perfect deluge, and causes brooks and rivers to rise so much, and the miserable roads, or, rather, wagon-tracks, to become so impracticable as to delay travel thereon for another month.

Under these circumstances, what was I to do? I was sim-

Digitized by Google

ply compelled to postpone my preparations for the inland journey for two months at least, by which time the young grass could be expected to cover the temporarily arid territory above mentioned.

Port Natal, or D'Urban, the small town built within a mile of Natal Bay (the only port of the colony), however, was not at that time the lively and attractive place where two months' leisure time might be spent pleasantly by a stranger who came to the colony with other intentions than attending weekly auction sales, knocking about bar-rooms, billiard-saloons and the like; and the two struggling semi-weekly colonial newspapers were, at that period, probably in consequence of the interrupted communication with the interior, so dreadfully innocent of interesting news, that I was soon completely at a loss what to do with myself.

In despair, I bought two strapping horses, just fresh from the breeder, and utterly "unbroken." To break these two animals well in for the saddle and chase, I thought, would give me for some time to come all the employment I wanted; but, experiencing a sort of philanthropical interest in a fine young fellow, who seemed to anxiously look around for somebody to save him from utter ruin, incident to a life spent in gin-mills and other resorts of the drone, and knowing him to be a professional horse-breaker, it struck me that I might as well kill two birds with one stone, as the saying is, by engaging him to accompany me on my daily excursions on horseback into the adjacent country, in the triple capacity of horse-breaker, guide, and companion, and I hired him for a trifling consideration.

On one of these excursions I happened to become acquainted with a middle-aged Scotch gentleman, a very successful sugar planter, and proprietor of the, at that period, largest and finest plantation in the colony.

A few days after making this gentleman's acquaintance, I paid him a visit at his estate, located on the right-hand side of a small lake known as Sea-cow Lake (Sea-cow is a colonial expression derived from the Dutch word "Zee-koe," Lake-cow), by which name the hippopotamus is known to the "Boers" (Dutch Africans). This little lake, about a mile in length, and from two hundred to three hundred yards in width, is situated close to the left bank of the river Umgeni, scarcely five miles northeast of the town of D'Urban, or Port Natal. It is fed by the waters of a sluggish but pretty deep rivulet, which meanders through the bottom of a narrow valley, called the Avoca Valley.

Both banks of the rivulet and lake are densely overgrown with tall, coarse reed grass, bulrushes, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants, which, in the course of time, have formed such a formidable and intricate network over the shallower portions of the lake, that it is strong enough to support the weight of a man. The water of the lake finds an outlet at the lower end of the latter, the one nearest to the Umgeni River, into which it flows through a narrow, marshy channel, lined with an almost impenetrable thicket of reeds.

Barring the sugar plantation referred to, which gently rises from the brink of the lake to the top of a low hill, upon which the plantation buildings stood, there were, at that time, no signs of civilization on either side of the lake, but the summits of the hills on the lake-shore opposite the sugar estate were crested by a few solitary Kaffir kraals (kraal is a word of Portuguese origin, meaning an enclosure or stockade, but signifying in the Caffir language a cyclus of huts or houses, a village).

The scenery of the valley at the bottom of which the silvery lake glitters was, at that period, highly picturesque; the soil was of the very richest kind, covered with a carpet of perpetual verdure of a truly tropical character. The slopes of the hills surrounding the lake were covered with patches of virgin forest and thickets of bushes, profusely interwoven with lianas, and endless other creepers, bearing blossoms of every hue and fragrancy—a very elysium for the gaudy-colored butterflies, brilliant beetles, and innumerable other denizens of the insect world; as well as for the ever-changing chameleon, the shining iguana or leguan (a species of the lizard tribe, measuring from two to six feet in length); the venomous tree-snake of lustrous green color; the lory, and thousands of other birds of equally magnificent plumage; the nimble monkey, the sneaking wild-cat, and the savage panther.

Whilst these representatives of the animal world inhabited chiefly the evergreen tree-tops and shady retreats of the thicket and virgin forest, the stag, the deer, the boar, etc., roamed among the tall grass of the localities which were free from forest and underwood, and hardly ever ventured into the gloomy twilight which reigned supreme in the dense forest and thickets, even during the hours of noon.

The lake was literally alive with fish of every size, and with huge alligators, numbers of the latter of which could be seen floating like logs on the surface of the water, some immovable and fast asleep, others drifting, hardly perceptibly, toward some drowsy water-fowl, which they had selected for their prey, and of which there was no lack indeed, as myriads of wild ducks, geese, water-hens, cranes, flamingoes, etc., could be seen scattered over the entire surface of the lake, rising only in the air when one of their number disappeared, fluttering and amidst loud shrieks, below the surface of the water, unexpectedly pulled down by some invisible alligator, snake, or voracious fish.

Turtles of great variety swam about the lake, and then suddenly disappeared in the carpets of water-lilies, which floated on the water-sheet, and looked like so many little islands.

Here you might see one of these flowery islets occupied by a solitary snow-white crane, standing immovable in a sort of pensive attitude; there, another one tenanted by a flamingo of rose-colored or even bright crimson plumage, combing its wings with the odd-shaped bill, and casting now and then a glance into the watery mirror, which reflects with wonderful accuracy the image of the bird.

The labyrinth of tall reeds and bulrushes along the lake, however, is the most dangerous locality in the whole valley, for there lies ensconced the horrid boa-constrictor, from twenty to thirty feet in length, patiently waiting to pounce upon some hapless quadruped of the forest, which may come down to the water's edge to quench its thirst, when it is sure to fall a victim to the deadly coil of the herculean snake, which squeezes the life even out of a full-grown buffalo in a very short time.

In the course of my conversation with the sugar planter above mentioned, I learned from him that Sea-cow Lake had in former years been a favorite haunt of sea-cows, or hippopotami.

He told me that none of these amphibious monsters had been seen there for nearly two years; but that, only a few weeks previous to our acquaintance, some of them had returned to their old quarters, whereof he would furnish me with convincing proofs if I would accompany him to the lower end of his estate. I did so, and I was grieved to see that nearly two acres of fine sugar-cane had been all but utterly destroyed by them. Some of the cane was torn out by the roots and strewn on the ground; some was still standing, but broken off or chawed off two or three feet above the roots. A large quantity of cane was trampled down and imbedded in the soft soil by the ponderous feet of the monstrous animals, and broad zigzag passages had been forced by the creatures through the entire cane-field closest to the lake. The damage from the sugar-cane consumed by the animals was not near so large as that caused by the uprooting, breaking-off, and tramping down of the cane;

Digitized by Google



CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Digitized by Google

nevertheless, the pecuniary loss of the planter by these devastations was scarcely less than one thousand dollars.

The various-sized foot-marks (from six to twelve inches in diameter), clearly pointed to the presence of several hippopotami at the time of the raid on the sugar-cane, although neither the plantation laborers, nor the Kaffirs of the neighborhood, had ever seen more than two hippopotami at one time.

The planter said he had offered a reward of twenty pounds for any hippopotamus slain within two miles of his estate, but that as yet nobody had succeeded in killing one, though some of the hunters had been lying in wait for them ten days in succession.

I told him, then, that if he would put a little flat-bottomed row-boat on the lake, and furnish me, at his own expense, with a small tent, two Kaffir servants, and provisions during the time, I would watch the monsters for a whole month, day and night, and would try to render one or more of them harmless, not for any moneyed remuneration in case of success, but for a young colt of the planter's, which took my fancy.

My offer was promptly accepted. I pointed out the crest of a hill adjacent to the lake, where I wanted the tent pitched, as from there I could have a full view over the entire water-sheet.

Thereupon I returned to D'Urban to fetch my traps, and already on the following day I was on guard on the top of the hill.

Nothing could be seen of the gigantic brutes for many a day. During the nights, however, I often heard their loud bellowing, which somewhat resembles that of an angry bull, but it was not yet full moon, and too dark for me to think of going after them.

As there was little probability of my ever getting a sight of them in plain daylight, I got tired of watching between daybreak and nightfall, and began to spend the day in going after other game, leaving my two Kaffir attendants, Pama and Inyamba, to take the watch alternately during my absence.

One day, about noon, while engaged with Pama in looking for one of my horses, which had strayed into the dense underwood at the back of the hill, I was unexpectedly and vociferously hailed by Inyamba, who had been left on guard at home. He appeared to be quite excited, and informed me hurriedly that several hippopotami could be seen gamboling on the lake. I could hardly believe the welcome news, but I knew the Kaffir wouldn't dare to tell me a lie. Running to the nearest spot where I could get a view upon the lake, I was agreeably surprised in espying not less than five hippopotami of various sizes. Two of them were very large animals, nearly as large as elephants, and most likely two bulls. The others were somewhat smaller, and probably female or cow-hippopotami.

The amphibious monsters splashed about the water in high glee, now appearing with their ponderous heads, necks, and shoulders above the water-mirror, spurting the water in jets from their nostrils, then disappearing again below the surface for a moment, but only to reappear above water in some other locality, just like dolphins on the ocean.

The two largest ones of them bellowed every now and then, chased each other madly above and below the surface of the water, and were undoubtedly quarrelling with each other. It did not take me long in ascertaining the cause of their animosity: it was jealousy, and they were fighting for supremacy in the favors of their female companions.

I was loth, however, to waste my time in idly witnessing the fight of the two rivals. Anxious not to miss this extraordinary chance of having a blaze at them, I hastened to my tent for my firearms, which I had kept constantly loaded and wrapped up in woollen blankets, so that the ammunition should not suffer from moisture. They were of the very best quality: one of them a double-barreled rifle, by "Reilly, of London," carrying six conical bullets, armed with steel points, to the pound; the other, a double-barreled elephant-gun by "Westley Richard, of London," carrying four spherical bullets, hardened with zinc, to the pound.

Armed with these two bone-smashers, I ran down to the water's edge, but was mortified to see that the hippopotami had gradually drifted to their old haunt, the deepest and most inaccessible part of the lake.

After waiting in vain behind the tuft of tall reeds for the monsters to return to their original playing-ground, and fearful that they might finally break into the reeds, and thus disappear altogether from my sight, I made up my mind to risk an attack upon them in my little boat, quite forgetful of the risk I ran by doing so.

Suiting the action to the thought, I crawled up to the boat, deposited my firearms on the bottom of the same, and pushed through the reeds out upon the lake. Anxious, however, to make as little noise as possible, and not to expose myself to their eyes, I took in the oars, lay down flat upon my chest, and paddled and steered with both my hands, an extremely dangerous proceeding, by-the-way, as I was liable any moment to have my hands bitten off by the numerous alligators which floated about the lake.

From time to time I raised my head a little in order to reconnoitre. I had shortened the distance between me and the monsters considerably, but had thereby naturally attracted the attention of the animals. They had abandoned their gambols, and, floating immovable, they all faced right toward the approaching boat, exposing only their noses and foreheads above water, and pricking their short ears, evidently wondering what on earth was coming down upon them so steadily and noiselessly.

Although I felt by no means safe in the frail little shell, I could not help smiling at the extremely ludicrous expression of unfeigned wonder depicted upon the physiognomies of my uncouth, amphibious spectators, especially so when I noticed for the first time two funny-looking baby-hippopotami, about six months old, and of the size of a full-grown pig, standing, the very picture of innocence, on the broad backs of their respective mothers.

This latter discovery, however, cooled down my bump of combativeness considerably, for I confess I was much more afraid of the two matrons than I was of all the rest of the family, because I had been informed, by hunters and others, of the terrible ferocity of female hippopotami when their offspring is wounded or killed. I therefore did not want to meddle with the matrons at all, and in order not to rouse their temper, I thought it about high time to stop the progress of my boat, as I had already got within sixty yards of the foremost of the monsters, which appeared to be the head of the family, a gigantic old bull, to judge from his enormously broad forehead over a pair of particularly wicked-looking, bloodshot eyes, a pet which would have probably tipped the scale at four thousand pounds. Believing him to be the leader of the gang, I thought it best to make him suffer for the damage done to my neighbor's sugar-cane.

Without taking my eyes for an instant off the ugly customer, I groped for my "Reilly," feeling confident to be able to perforate his monstrous head with the very first bullet, which, striking vertically, certainly would have passed through solid iron half an inch thick.

The sequel will show that my opponent was blessed with a pretty hard skull.

Owing to the current of the lake, my boat had drifted to within forty yards of the brute, when bang! went my first shot, which, as I could not get a fair aim at the eye, I had directed at the centre of the forehead of the animal, and I

Digitized by Google

felt sure that the bullet had done some serious damage there, as the recoil of my rifle, caused by the heavy charge of gunpowder, was so terrific that I was nearly knocked overboard.

As soon as the smoke had dispersed, I noticed that the hippopotami were gone except one of the cows with a calf, and the old bull, which latter was sprawling about in the water, apparently in a dying condition.

The former had taken up her position close by the reeds, and was continually appearing above, and then disappearing below the surface of the water, with the calf always steady on her back.

When, finally, the bull's head appeared above the water, it was quite in another direction than where it was fired at. The bullet had struck right into the centre of the forehead, but had, evidently, not penetrated the skull, as I could distinctly see the skin of the forehead ripped open several inches, with the blood trickling from the wound.

The reason of the bullet thus glancing off the skull, was owing to its not striking the latter vertically, but at an angle of about thirty degrees.

After having nearly recovered from the shock which his brain must have received from the bullet, the bull began to bob his cranium continually up and down, like the cork of a fishing-line pulled by a fish. He took, however, good care not to expose more of his body than was absolutely necessary for respiration, and every time his huge nose reappeared at the surface, the nostrils ejected powerful streams of water. I noticed, however, that by this dodge he managed to considerably increase the distance between himself and my boat.

Determined not to let him escape into the reeds, and emboldened by his apparent showing of the white feather, I bore down upon him, and got again within forty yards of him, when, to my surprise, he stood at bay.

Instantly my rifle was in position again, and bang went my second bullet, almost on the very spot where the first one left its mark, and again the recoil of the firearm knocked me nearly over.

Springing to my feet, I looked in the direction where I had last seen my antagonist; but lo! he had disappeared from me altogether, and the whirling and bubbling and seething water alone indicated the spot where the colossus had sunk.

This time I had no doubt that I had killed him stone dead; but I was not long in finding that I was again mistaken, for I had no sooner sat down in the boat, and seized my oars, than an unearthly shriek from the shore fairly chilled my blood!

On turning round to see what was the matter, I espied my Kaffir servant, Pama, half-way up a tree, close to the water's edge, pointing with his outstretched arm to a dark shadow in the water, which rapidly moved toward my boat!

The numerous bubbles that rose to the surface of the lake, all along the line of progress of the dark spot, at once convinced me that that spot was nothing else than the infuriated hippopotamus, either running on the bottom of the lake, or swimming below water toward me, in order to attack my boat!

My hair stood on end at the thought of the terrible onset which I was to experience before I was a quarter of a minute older, after the lapse of which time I should most likely be a dead man!

Never did a culprit, standing on the fatal drop of the gallows, feel closer to his doom than I did at that awful moment. I thought of my dear old mother, far away, who would never learn the sad fate of her reckless son.

But though I felt that I was doomed to die there and then, the same instinct which causes a drowning man to catch at a straw made me grasp my oars. Despair gave me superhuman strength, Providence piloted my little skiff, and, with the rapidity of an arrow, the boat shot clean over a perfect labyrinth of aquatic plants. And to those very plants, which have so often proved fatal to the boldest and most expert swimmers, I owe my safety; for my vindictive pursuer, maddened with rage and pain, already within three yards of my boat, dashed right into the midst of the inextricable network of extremely tough water-ivy, creepers and roots of water-lilies, and but for his mammoth strength, he would have got hopelessly entangled in them.

As it was, however, it only checked his furious onset for a moment, when, to my horror, I saw him close at my heels again, determined to annihilate me.

By this time I had fortunately arrived within about ten yards of the shore. Noticing that the water was not over six feet deep, and perfectly free from vegetation, and seeing with terror that the monster already opened his mammoth jaws to seize and crunch the boat, I grasped my firearms, and with one desperate leap, got clear of the boat and splashed into the water, which luckily did not reach beyond my shoulders.

The next instant, I heard a gurgling noise, a violent snort, a crash of breaking timber, and I knew that my boat was crunched into splinters.

I felt confident that my vindictive pursuer would not follow me into too shallow water; but I was not so sure of the safety of my legs, as that locality of the lake was fairly teeming with alligators.

Much to my astonishment, I reached the bank without further accident. On looking for my antagonist, I saw him fishing after the oars of my broken boat, determined to destroy them, too. By doing so, however, my opponent committed a sad blunder, for the oars had drifted into pretty shallow water, and in following them up, the vicious customer exposed a little more of his body than was good for his health.

Profiting by this slight indiscretion, I let fly at him the contents of my elephant-gun, aiming at the base of his neck.

A terrific snort, a plunge, a gurgling noise, a stream of dark blood gushing from his wide, open mouth and nostrils, and the monster reeled back into deep water, and was soon lost to me.

"*Moi! moi! baas!*" (Well done! well done! my master!) shouted a voice in South African Dutch—the only lingo by which the Kaffirs and I could converse together, as I did not then understand the Kaffir language.

On turning round, I saw Inyamba, my other Kaffir attendant, with a bundle of *assagais* (javelins) in his hands, near the water's edge, grinning and dancing with joy at my fortunate escape, and his good prospect for a large share of hippopotamus meat, of which the Kaffirs are very fond.

Inyamba and Pama had secretly followed me to the lake; but on seeing the hippopotamus making such a violent onset, the latter, being unarmed, had climbed the tree with the agility of a monkey; while the other hid in the reeds, well aware that he could be of little assistance to me with his miserable javelins against such a formidable enemy.

Early on the following morning I sent for my neighbor's other boat, and then turned to with all hands to search all over the lake and among the reeds for the dead hippopotamus. We did not meet with any success, however, though we all felt sure that my antagonist was dead by that time.

Nearly a fortnight elapsed. The hippopotami could be seen or heard no longer on Sea-cow Lake, for they had removed to quieter quarters, up the valley, and so did, probably, my old bull, I thought; for I began to believe that he had not succumbed to my bullets, after all, as his body would long since have floated on the surface of the lake, and been found by the keen-sighted Kaffirs.

One morning my attention was attracted to a large

Digitized by Google

number of vultures, which gyrated above the lake, and from time to time settled down among some of the tallest reeds along the border of the lake.

Wondering what might cause such a gathering of carrion-birds, I proceeded to the lake, jumped into my neighbor's boat, and, by dint of hard labor, managed to penetrate with it into the thicket of reeds in question, the atmosphere around which was impregnated with an intolerable stench.

Judge of my astonishment when I discovered that the carrion lying there was no less than the remains of my long-looked-for antagonist, who had retired into the thicket to die of the wounds which I had inflicted upon him.

As may be presumed, the huge body was by that time entirely putrid, and partially torn to pieces by alligators. Nevertheless, I resolved to save the splendid tusks of the animal as a trophy.

For this purpose, I returned to camp, ordered all hands to accompany me to the lake, where, by means of an adze and a rope, we secured the ivory without difficulty. Each of the two tusks was fully twelve inches long, and weighed five pounds.

The skull was nearly two inches thick in the centre of the forehead, and showed only two slight scratches from my two steel-pointed bullets, consequently, the monster must have died from hemorrhage, caused by the two large wounds which I had inflicted upon him at the close of our contest by means of my elephant-gun.

As soon as the planter heard of my discovery, he brought me the coveted colt, and congratulated me, and himself, too, upon my success.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

An old English record states that as early as in the middle of the eighteenth century some enterprising genius introduced umbrellas at Oxford and Cambridge, letting them out like Sedan chairs, to the students at so much per hour, thus enabling poor young men to pass from building to building to their lectures without being drenched by rain. But people no more thought of taking an umbrella through the streets of a city or town than they did of taking their beds to sleep in, or a stove to warm themselves by, as they went about their regular business.

The first person who ventured on such an innovation was Jonas Hanway — the same benevolent old gentleman to whose exertions England owes the foundation of its "Marine Society," and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hanway had traveled in China and other parts of the East, where umbrellas were in general use, and having brought one over with him as a sort of curiosity, he at length determined to avail himself of its protective benefits, and so one day ventured in the streets of London holding "the queer-looking apparatus" over his head during a heavy rain.

Perhaps if he had known what a shower of ridicule, and even abuse, he was provoking, he would rather have faced the rain. For groups of men hustled him on the sidewalks and called him mad; women from windows clapped their hands and laughed; and boys in crowds ran after him, hissing, hooting, and even pelting him with stones. But they soon grew tired of such shameful sport, and took it quite as a matter of course as Mr. Hanway, day after day, walked through the streets, umbrella in hand, whether in rain or sunshine. Occasionally he invited a friend to share the comfortable shelter, and all agreed in pronouncing it very pleasant; but so afraid were they of ridicule that it was more than three years after Mr. Hanway's first experiment before another man in London found courage to own or carry an umbrella.

Jonas Hanway died in 1776, and for the last thirty years of his life he carried an umbrella whenever sun or rain rendered one desirable; yet the present century had passed more than its first decade before the use of umbrellas became general.

THE POLAR BEAR'S CUNNING.

According to the Esquimaux, the seal constructs its habitation beneath the surface of the ice in such a manner that it can enter it from the water below; here the young seal passes its infancy, and when the returning heat of Summer has destroyed its igloo or dwelling, the young seal is old enough to take care of itself; but this mode of lodging its young beneath the ice is well known to the bear, who, with his keen scent, soon detects the whereabouts of the seal's nursery, and in order to gain entrance makes a spring and comes down heavily with all its weight on the top of the igloo, crushes it in, and seizes the young seal with its paw.

Here, it might be supposed, the hungry bear at once devours his prey; but no, it is far too wary to do so; it knows full well that where a baby is, there must of necessity be a mother, and that she will be in search of her darling; therefore the bear scrapes away the snow from the seal-hole, and, holding the young seal by the flippers, allows it to flounder about, and when the mother approaches, the bear slyly draws the young seal towards it until the old one is within reach, when he seizes her with the other paw, and thus captures both.

The mode in which the bear captures the seal on the ice is equally ingenious. When at a distance, the bear throws itself down and stealthily crawls towards the seal, and if the seal looks up it lies perfectly still, and makes, at the same time, a noise which lulls the seal. The bear repeats the operation until it approaches its victim, when it falls a prey to Bruin's appetite.

When attempting to catch a seal in the water, the bear sinks its body beneath the surface of the water, leaving only the head above, which resembles a piece of ice; and when the seal raises its head above the surface, Bruin quietly sinks, and swimming under the seal, seizes it.

A NEW USE FOR PARROTS.

That notable type of precocious depravity, the *gamin de Paris*, has again been distinguishing himself by a brilliant invention, which seems to have been a great success until detected the other day and exposed at the police court. The professor of the new science began by providing himself with a tame parrot, which was trained, like a falcon in the age of chivalry, to return to the fist of his owner in obedience to a particular word of command. Accompanied by this ally, safely housed in a small cage, the urchin would go into a grocer's shop, as if for the purpose of making a purchase. Hardly had he entered the shop, however, when the prisoner escaped, to the intense apparent alarm of the poor owner. Of course the sympathy of all present was instantly aroused, and every one—shopman, assistants, and chance customers—rushed about in pursuit of the lost bird. While the chase was at its height the adroit youth would be filling his pockets with all the most costly delicacies within his reach, and as soon as a sufficient quantity had been collected, would recall the bird to him, pretend to catch him, and having returned him to his cage, march off with him and with the booty. The trick was ruined by its own success, a too frequent use of it having excited the indignation of the tradesmen, and brought about an application to the police, who have now been down on two offenders caught in the very act.

Digitized by Google



ADVENTURE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI IN NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.—"THE NEXT INSTANT I HEARD A GURGLING NOISE, A VIOLENT SNORT, A CRUSHING OF BREAKING TIMBER, AND I KNEW THAT MY BOAT WAS CRUNCHED INTO ATOMS BY MY VINDICTIVE PURSUER."—SEE PAGE 746.

Digitized by Google

GOLD-BROW.

Long ago, a certain woman, named Audur the Wealthy, lived at a farm called Hvammur, in the west country. The farm stood on the bank of a river, on the opposite side of which were rich corn-fields. But Audur had forbidden any seed to be sown on a particular spot where the land happened to be best, nor did she allow her servants to graze any cattle there, and if by chance any cows had been there, she forbade them to be milked the next day.

Once it happened that when Audur was very old, a young and handsome woman came to Hvammur, who declared her name to be Gold-brow, but nobody knew either whence she came or who she was.

She bought the land of Audur's steward, at which his mistress was very angry. By her magic arts Gold-brow accumulated great wealth, but had to retire to a gloomy valley where she died. Audur did not endeavor to reclaim from Gold-brow the ground which she had bought, but destroyed all the corn-fields round it, from the sea to a rocky river-gulf in one direction, and from the mountain to the river in the other. She also set up three crosses where the gulf joined the mountain (whence its name Cross-gulf), and said, "During my life Gold-brow shall never cross the boundary." And this came true, for during the life of Audur, Gold-brow neither brought her sheep and cattle to graze anywhere near the crops nor approached them herself. Now Gold-brow built on her piece of ground a farm and a large temple, where she made great offerings, and performed all sorts of witchcraft.

On her deathbed she told her servants to bury her in a deep and precipitous gulf, where neither was the sun ever seen, nor church-bells ever heard. In the gulf she pointed out, there was a vast waterfall, and under the waterfall a cave, and the water at the foot of the fall was very deep and its eddying awful. To this cave Gold-brow was carried, and in it buried, with her head upon a chest of gold. Long afterward her ghost haunted all the mountains round, so that neither man nor beast was safe after twilight, and much mischief was done.

At this time a farmer lived at Hvammur, named Skeggi, who was a heathen, and addicted to witchcraft. This man suffered much from the persecutions of the goblin Gold-brow, who killed his herdsmen and his sheep for him one after the other.

Skeggi became more wroth with her every day, and in proportion to his anger increased his desire to become possessed of her golden treasures under the waterfall, for he considered that her gold would be of infinitely more use to a living man than a dead witch.



GOLD-BROW.—"IN THE GULF SHE POINTED OUT THERE WAS A VAST WATERFALL, AND THE WATER AT THE FOOT OF THE FALL WAS VERY DEEP, AND ITS EDDYING AWFUL."

With this idea in his head, he one day started off for the waterfall; but so long was the way that it was evening before he arrived there. He commanded his two servants, whom he had brought with him, to let him down into the gulf with a rope. They did so, and he disappeared into the cave under the waterfall. The two men who held the end of the rope, heard, after a little while, the sound of heavy blows and shrieks beneath the water, and it was plain that some fearful struggle was going on there.

At last they became so horrified as to be on the point of taking flight, when Skeggi gave them the signal to pull up the rope. When they did so, they found the chest full of gold fastened to the end of it. They had scarcely pulled it up to the edge of the gulf before they saw the whole valley filled with a strange and spectral fire, whose flames flared higher than the very mountains, and letting go of the rope in their fright, they took to their heels, while the chest fell down again into the abyss.

Skeggi came home some time afterward very weary, and covered with bruises and blood, but bringing on one of his arms a kettle full of gold, which he had managed to take out

Digitized by Google

of the chest of Gold-brow, and climb with up the rope. But though he had fought hard with the ghost of the troll, he had been unable to subdue her, and she now became more dangerous than ever, killing his sheep and his herdsmen, till at last he could get no servants at all.

Skeggi from this time became a changed man, and was so affected by the constant loss of his servants, that he fell ill, and took, for a long while, to his bed.

At last one day, after his recovery, being without any herdsmen, he went out himself as if to watch the flocks. But he did not return either that night or the next. On the third day, however, he came back, more dead than alive, bearing on his back Gold-brow's treasure-chest.

He said: "You will not see much more either of the troll or of me."

And after these words he took to his bed, whence he never rose again.

Before he died, he ordered that the gold contained in the kettle should be expended in timber for building a church at Hvammur.

"For," he continued, "the first time I went to the waterfall and struggled with the ghost of Gold-brow, I called upon Thor to aid me, but he deceived me and played me false. The last time I went to seek her, in my despair and anguish I called upon Christ, the God of the Christians, to aid me, promising to build a church to Him, and then leaped down the waterfall. Suddenly a bright gleam of light struck full into the eyes of the phantom-troll, and she became a stone in the midst of the gulf."

But in spite of all this, Skeggi died a heathen, and refused to be buried in the consecrated ground of the church which he had commanded to be built. So they buried him in the open country, and under his head placed the chest of Gold-brow.

YAN YOST, THE SPY;

Or,

THE SACHEM'S JOKE.



THE aborigines of North America are reputed a taciturn race, and not particularly given to laughing, or the perpetration of practical jokes. Yet nothing could be further from the truth.

It is true, that when at the council-fire, on the blood-path, or in the presence of the pale-faces, they are apt to put on a grave countenance; but none have a keener appreciation of a witticism, or indulge, in their own villages, in quainter conceptions than they.

During the War of the Revolution, which resulted in the severance of the American colonies from the "mother country," and the acknowledgment of their independence, Benedict Arnold, who had been appointed to be chief of the forces of the United States on the Mohawk River—a stream which courses through Central New York, contributing, above the city of Troy, to the waters of the "lovely Hudson"—found, on taking command, that his "body of troops" was altogether too weak to successfully, in the open field, cope with the British soldiers, under Colonel St. Leger, and the Indian warriors of the celebrated Six Nations, influenced and often led into action by Sir John Johnson.

Arnold, who was a master of the art, at once resorted to stratagem. His enemies must be dislodged, and without his firing a gun—but how was he to bring about the end he desired? While scheming and pondering, and arriving no nearer a conclusion than when he commenced—no one of his plans sound enough to "hold water"—accident put him in the way of furthering his ends.

In the valley of the Mohawk resided a man by the name of Yan Yost Cuyler, a reputed fool, but who was in reality a cunning rascal, and who had been employed, to his great profit, as a spy upon the Americans.

This Yan Yost had the temerity to enter the American camp on the German Flats, pretending that he was tired of serving the Indians and Canadians longer, and that he wanted to see his brother, who was in the American army, and stationed in the fort.

The arrival of so important a personage was at once made known to the general. But Yan Yost, instead of finding himself received with all the honors of war, was arrested and dragged to headquarters, where he was at once interrogated by Arnold.

"Do you not know, sirrah!" cried Arnold, angrily—"do you not know that you are a spy, a traitor, and that it is my duty to have you tried by a drum-head court-martial, and, on conviction, hang you from the stoutest limb of the nearest tree?"

Yan Yost put on an expression in which puzzled innocence and idiocy were about equally combined, as he answered the important question:

"I don't know. Perhaps it's so. I want to see my brother; and I'm tired of the Indians and the Britishers."

"Were you not sent here to spy out our strength?" asked Arnold.

"Oh, no," answered the prisoner with a grin. "They were a-going to hang me up there for being sent thither by you! I didn't like it, as I wanted to see my brother, you see; and, besides, the rope chokes so, and makes you black in the face, and your eyes stick awful out of your head!"

The general was confounded at this language. He turned to his aid-de-camp, who was standing near, and requested him to send for the prisoner's brother.

A few minutes later, a tall, powerful and sensible-looking man entered the apartment, and saluted his superiors.

"The prisoner is your brother?" interrogated Arnold.

"Yes, sir. He is not very wise. We never thought him smart in the family; although at times he does, very unexpectedly, shrewd things."

"Does he love you?" continued the general.

"He would lay down his life for me, sir," returned the soldier, casting an affectionate glance at his kinsman, who, during the conversation, had gradually worked himself to his side, seized one of his hands and placed it to his lips.

The commander noticed this action, and said, in a less severe tone:

"Yan Yost, are you willing to serve me, if I order your liberation?"

"Yes, if I can, sir. But I don't like to be hanged by anybody."

"You can return to the camp of St. Leger without danger?"

"Oh, yes. I can go back among the Indians. They wouldn't hurt me."

"You are a great rogue, Yan Yost, and deserve to be punished. Your brother is a true man, and I'm informed that you greatly love him. Now, I want you to return to the English encampment, and there say to the Indians that you have been in the American garrison on the German Flats, and that the soldiers, being very strong, are getting ready to march upon and destroy them; and so persuade them to retreat. Now listen, Yan Yost: if you'll do as I have told you, I will reward you handsomely. If you play the traitor, I will hang your brother to a tree until he is as dead as ever a man was made by bullet or rope. What say you?"

Digitized by Google

The spy was greatly terrified at this threat to take the life of his brother if he failed to accomplish the duty imposed upon him, and, throwing his arms around his neck, promised that he would do all that lay in his power to frighten the English and Indians, who, he said, numbered about one thousand fighting men.

On retiring from headquarters to set out on his adventurous journey, he was told by two or three Indians, whom he met, and who were not unfriendly to the cause of the Americans, that, if he would be believed by the English commander and the Indian chiefs, it would be well for him to have his clothes perforated in two or three places with balls, that it might show how very narrow was his escape from death or capture at the hands of the Continental soldiers. These also agreed to follow at stated periods, in order to confirm his story—namely, that two bodies, numbering one thousand men each, were approaching, and would be near enough the next day to offer St. Leger battle.

Yan Yost, on running into the English encampment, put on his face an expression of great alarm, and instead of going to the commander, he went among the chiefs, and told them that the Americans, in very large numbers, were marching upon them.

"How many are coming?" asked the excited savages.

"A thousand in one body," answered the spy and alarmist, "and a thousand in another, and how many more I can't say; but," looking into the surrounding trees, "they seemed to me to be as numerous as the leaves."

The chiefs at once ran to St. Leger, and told him what Yan Yost had seen.

The commander was not unacquainted with the asserted "fool," and believing him to be strictly honest, requested he should be conducted into his presence.

"How came," he said to the spy—"how came you to run to those chiefs with your strange story, and not to me? Is there truth in it?"

"Look at my clothes, colonel," answered the rogue. "See how near I came to going to the place you threatened to send me the other day, in your anger. There's a bullet-hole, there's another, and there's a third! How did I escape all that, eh?"

"How many did you say there were with General Arnold?" demanded St. Leger.

"Thousands—thousands!" answered the unabashed Yan Yost, looking exceedingly nervous. "And they'll be here soon, and wipe us all out."

While this conversation was going on, an Indian came into camp, and disclosed in a breathless voice that there were two large armies of the Americans coming up the valley, and they were afraid the English and Indians would run away before they could get at them.

This story, also, flew over the camp, and the savages insisted on an immediate retreat. St. Leger could scarcely credit the report that he had heard, and proposed waiting—placing three hundred of his best men in the front rank—for the enemy. If they were then too powerful for them to cope with, they could have time to retreat in good order, he sending his sick on in advance.

The chiefs were very angry at this, and upbraided him for daring to suggest such a policy.

"You mean to sacrifice us!" they cried. "When we marched down, you told us there would be no fighting for us Indians, and that we might go home and smoke our pipes. You spoke then, and do now, with a forked tongue. How many of our braves have you caused to be killed?"

The English commander used all his eloquence to allay the fears of his allies. In this—although they undisguisedly hated each other—he was seconded by Johnson. But words were useless. Go these braves of the Iroquois would; and, that the Canadians and English should follow them, they seized upon the personal baggage of the officers, and sent it far up the valley of the Genesee.

While the preparations for retreat were making, two more Indians came in, and repeated, with some little exaggeration, the story of Yan Yost and the first savage, adding that all Burgoyne's army had been cut to pieces.

The Indians now became panic-stricken, "grew furious, and," adds St. Leger, "became more formidable than the enemy we expected." The retreat was conducted in so disorderly a manner, that they even forgot the bombardiers who were asleep in the bomb-battery. Tents were left behind, and much valuable *matériel* of war.

The supposed idiot and his savage accomplices having succeeded in demoralizing the army and Indians under Colonels St. Leger and Johnson, stole out of the camp, and made their way without detection out to the German Flats, where they reported to Arnold the tricks they had played on St. Leger and the sachems of the Six Nations. They were suitably rewarded, and the brother of Yan Yost Cuyler was relieved from duress.

Arnold was not slow to take advantage of the disorderly retreat of the panic-stricken soldiers and Indians of the British camp. He hastily gathered his troops together, and, making with them as formidable an array as possible, marched toward the northern end of the valley.

The Indians, who had been induced to follow St. Leger, began to entertain for him great contempt, and very much enjoyed the constant altercations that were going on between him and Johnson. When, toward evening of the day of their retreat, they had reached a tract of land that was of soft clay, and exceedingly difficult to march upon, and next to impossible for horses to drag wagons and artillery over, two sachems, who were standing on a hill, with light enough to observe their situation, and near enough to hear the wranglings of the two white war-chiefs—who had proceeded so far in their anger as to come near to drawing their swords upon each other—directed an Indian to withdraw some considerable way behind them, and then to run after St. Leger and Johnson, crying out, with all imaginable earnestness and terror, in the Indian language, with which the white chiefs were conversant, "They are coming! They are coming!"

The dismal note, prolonged into a howl, so startled the undignified disputants, that, for the time, they forgot their quarrel, and started, like a trained pair of athletes, at their utmost speed to run across the clayey and slippery ground. In their efforts to get away from, as they imagined, imminent capture, they would lose their footing, and, puffing like a pair of brown porpoises, roll upon the dirt; then jump up, only to receive other tumbles further on.

The scene in the twilight was so ludicrous, that the Indians, who followed them, were convulsed with laughter, and kept up the joke until the whole command reached Oneida Lake, where the savages left them, to take their way back to Canada the best they could.

The *ruse* saved the American garrison in Fort Schuyler, and added no little to the reputation of Arnold as a strategist.

Our story, which is strictly historical, proves that, however imperturbable the Indians may appear to those unacquainted with them, they are not averse to a practical joke.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

When old Squire Abbott, of Southford, died, and I became his successor to the legal practice of the town, I was barely six-and-twenty.

Gilbert was the most influential name in town then. The old Gilbert House stood near the cross-roads—a solid brick

Digitized by Google



VAN VOST, THE SPY.—"'LOOK AT MY CLOTHES, COLONEL,' ANSWERED THE ROGUE. 'SEE HOW NEAR I CAME TO GOING TO THE PLACE YOU THREATENED TO SEND ME THE OTHER DAY. THERE'S A BULLET-HOLE, THERE'S ANOTHER, AND THERE'S A THIRD.'"—SEE PAGE 754.

mansion, painted cream-color, with old yews in the yard, and spacious stables in the rear. What first attracted my attention was a splendidly-handsome girl riding a blood horse out of the gates every morning. A servant would open and close them for her, and then, until her return, an unbroken stillness and silence would reign about the place. I used to wonder what the life within those stately walls was. At length I discovered.

One morning I received by a messenger a note written on creamy paper, thick and yellow, requesting me to call upon Agatha Gilbert, at the cross-roads, at a certain hour of the following day. I took occasion to inquire of a friend who Agatha Gilbert might be.

"Why, the old squire's rich client."

"Well, who is she?"

"I have told you *who* she is."

"*What*, then?"

"An eccentric maiden lady, aged sixty, who lives in the home of her forefathers, and worships her money. Though she is sixty years old she is more active and alert than most girls of twenty. Everything is under her direction. She sees everything; knows everything that takes place under her roof. She is whimsical, irascible, and leads those girls a pretty life, I imagine."

"What girls?"

"Kate and Bessie Staniels. Kate is a beauty. Bessie is a pretty little thing, hardly sixteen. They are the old lady's nieces, born South, and went North when their father died—poor as church mice, and may, or may not, be worth a hundred thousand at the old lady's death."

"Which is it I see riding a Black Hawk filly every morning?"

"That's Kate. Ain't she a Juno? The old lady has her match with her, I guess. She has been engaged to Rick Lawton two years, and she means to marry him."

"Who is Lawton?"

"A young doctor in the city."

"Why does the old lady object?"

"Because he won Kate without her consent."

"Characteristic."

"Exactly."

The next morning I drew rein at the Gilbert gate. A great wolf-dog approached, and after examining me carefully escorted me up the drive. A touch of the bell-handle made the bell peal loudly through the house. In a moment I heard light footsteps approaching, and the great door was unbolted from within, and swung back. A young girl, with golden curls about her neck, and very sweet blue eyes,

Digitized by Google

awaited my wishes. I asked for Miss Gilbert, and presented my card.

"Oh, yes," she said, sweetly. "Aunt Agatha will be ready to see you in a moment. She never keeps people waiting long," she added, as she ushered me into a large room wainscoted in mahogany, with horrible old portraits on the walls, and a fire upon the hearth behind a fender.

The April air was chill, and I stood before the blaze, getting the stiffness out of my legs, when the door opened quickly, and a little, withered woman in black entered. She was evidently near-sighted, and came peering across the room at me, without speaking a word. I bowed; she repeated my name, and begged me to be seated.

The interview was ordinary enough. During the time I sat there I tried with difficulty to realize that the tiny morsel of humanity before me was as important a personage as she really was. But figures proved her immense wealth and her power in the community. I was anxious for a sight of Kate Staniels; I imagined I had already seen Bessie. I searched the spare brown face, trying to discover some hope for these dependent girls; but Miss Gilbert, disdaining the back of a chair at sixty, seemed as far removed from physical enfeeblement as the Hebe Kate herself, and as little in need of sympathy and aid as a bronze woman. The interview was for legal purposes, as I expected, and at last I took my leave—possibly a little elated by the patronage of such a client.

As I drove slowly down the road, I met a gentleman on horseback—a handsome fellow, with a curly blonde beard, and with a pair of blue eyes keen as a Damascus blade. They met mine with a flash that I considered quite uncalled for, until I saw him enter the Gilbert gate, whence I had just emerged. He was Kate Staniels's lover. I snapped my fingers at the discovery. Though I might have been favored with brunette Kate's utmost graciousness, Rick Lawton need not have been jealous, for the little soft-voiced blonde girl was much more to my taste. The moment I met her lovely blue eyes, I was under the conviction that I would snap her up quickly enough if I had but a chance.

Wondering what kind of a reception Rick Lawton would get from Miss Gilbert, I drove on. It was a bright April day, the thin shadows of the half-leafed elms flickering in the grass, and the roads heavy with the late Spring rains.

Suddenly my horses pricked up their ears. An unusual object attracted their attention. It was a heavy coach, minus a wheel, deeply sunk in the mud—a break-down of the mail and passenger stage from the railroad station.

I came up and drew rein. It was the trip from the early train, and there was only one passenger. The driver was getting the horses out of harness. The passenger was standing daintily on the steps of the coach, and looking about in the gloomiest distress.

He was a weak-eyed young man, delicately attired, with a dressing-case in his hand, and hair so strongly red that it seemed to have drawn all energy and vigor from the rest of his body. He looked quite helplessly from the driver to the mud, and from the mud to the sky, as if he had sent for a chariot from the heavens (perhaps Apollo's), and momentarily expected its arrival.

"Can I do anything for you, Jem?" I asked the man who was unharnessing the horses.

"No, thank you, Mr. Ronaldson. The mail's to go up, and I can take that up on my leader. I've a passenger, and I s'pose he can ride on another of the horses, seein' the mud's so deep. Can't you, sir?" with an amusing glance of doubt at the gingerly figure on the coach-steps.

"Wide won of those animals! No, I couldn't do it, possibly. I've paid my fare, dwiver. You must manage some way to get me to town."

This, in a languid voice, from the young man with red hair.

"We're in town now," answered honest Jem, a little roughly. "You're wantin' to go half a mile to Miss Gilbert's house. Well, there's no way now but to ride one of these horses, or to wait here until I can go to the hotel and get a hack for yer."

"How long must I wait, fellah?"

"An hour or so. I've got to get the mail up to the office in time."

And, jumping on his horse, bareback, Jem seemed about to leave his passenger to his fate.

"If you like to take a seat with me, I will take you to Miss Gilbert's," I said, addressing the young man, whose pallid face was growing as red as his hair at Jem's unceremonious treatment.

"Thank ye, thank ye!" he said, eagerly; and then, seeing the oozing wheelruts—a pit of destruction to his polished boots—he gave me a glance of such pathetic appeal that I instantly



A LAWYER'S STORY.—"THERE WAS A TERRIBLE CRY, AND PETER GILBERT'S SALMON-COLORED PANTALOONS LEAPED IN AT AN OPEN WINDOW."—SEE PAGE 755.

Digitized by Google

turned the buggy within reach of the steps, and in a moment received the weak eyes, red hair, lilac pantaloons, and dressing-case in close companionship.

"Howwid wude these stage-dwivers are!" he exclaimed, settling himself comfortably beside me.

"I have just come from Miss Gilbert's," I said, as I turned my horses' heads.

"Aw, you don't say so! Well, how is she now? Do you know, I've never seen her!"

"Indeed!'

"'Pon my honaw, never set eyes on her."

"Miss Gilbert is well, I believe."

"Natural, now, my asking first thing if she's well. Ha, ha! You see, I'm her heir."

"Indeed!"

"She don't know it, though; don't know I'm living. I'm her brother's son. The old gent died down in Alabama a few years ago. All the brother the old lady ever had. Of course I come in for the property."

"I have understood that Miss Gilbert had a sister."

"Only half-sister. Married, and had some children; but they are only number two. I'm her own brother's son, you see."

"I can't see that you are unmistakably the heir."

"Can't ye, now?" with a look of bewilderment. "Oh, well, I am!" after a moment, brightening up; and, evidently in the most serene frame of mind, I put him down at Miss Gilbert's gate.

If I was anxious to know how Rick Lawton would be received, I wondered yet more how this newly discovered relative would be welcomed by the little brown woman. But I had no opportunity for observation for a day or two. Then, to my surprise, I received an invitation to a party at the Gilbert mansion.

It was singular—all the gossips said so; but who could account for Miss Gilbert's whims? People looked curiously at the lights streaming from the old mansion, as they passed the house that night.

A dignified servant ushered me into the drawing-room. It was filled with people. Miss Gilbert performed her duties with precision.

"Have you met my nieces, Mr. Ronaldson?" she asked, quite unnecessarily.

I said no; but I should be very happy to do so.

She led me across the room, and presented me to queenly Kate. That gracious young beauty gave me a rose from her bouquet, and presented me to Bessie. Bessie was looking a little pale, I thought.

"The dancers are forming a set in the other room; will you honor me?" I said.

She declined to dance, and I saw that she was trembling.

"You are fatigued. Pray be seated," I said, bringing her a chair.

She sank down wearily.

"Aw! how *are* you, Ronaldson? This is an unusual proceeding in this ghostly old house, they say," drawled a voice in my ear.

I turned, and encountered my red-headed friend of the stage-coach, stunningly gotten-up in a white waistcoat and salmon-colored pantaloons. He put his glass to one of his weak eyes, and stared about the room.

"My cousin Kate's a beauty, now! Don't you think so?"

"Miss Staniels is very handsome," I assented.

"Wouldn't be a bad match," he added.

I was silent.

"I wouldn't like to live in this old castle alone—and Kate's got life, you see."

I bowed.

Dropping my glance upon Bessie Staniels's face, I thought she was going to faint. I bent down.

"Are you ill? I am afraid you are. Pray let me take you to a seat nearer the window."

She took my arm and crossed the room. A fiery glow burned upon her delicate cheeks. She looked back over her shoulder, with her violet eyes vividly bright. I involuntarily followed her glance, and saw it fastened upon her sister Kate, who, languidly fanning herself, was yet listening, with a glowing face, to a man with heavy black beard and bushy, ebon eyebrows, who was talking earnestly to her.

I could see nothing strange in this; but the delicate girl at my side was actually panting with distress.

"Something troubles you. Can I be of any service to you? Pray command me," I said, looking into those beautiful eyes, heavy with pain.

"You? What can you do? Nothing. Never mind. And yet," she added, incoherently, "if you would—if you only would attract my aunt's attention from my sister just now! You see," she said, earnestly, "my aunt does not like the gentleman Kate is talking with. Indeed"—the tears filling her eyes—"she would turn us both out of doors this moment if she knew. He knows, and yet he has come again. He and Kate will dare everything for the sake of meeting."

"Is that man with the black beard Rick Lawton?" I said, bewildered.

"Yes. He is disguised, but I should think any one would know him. Aunt Agatha would if she only happened to notice. Every one in town knows about Kate and Rick. He was here yesterday, and aunt ordered him out of the house. And when he had gone she told Kate and me that—that she would turn us bareheaded into the street if he ever entered these doors again! Oh, look! Mr. Ronaldson, do you think she knows him?"

Miss Gilbert was slowly approaching the couple. I thought she had a suspicion of the truth, and stepped into the arena.

"Miss Gilbert, this is a very fine old house of yours. Is there any truth in the report that it is haunted?"

Miss Gilbert's eyes flashed.

"*Haunted!* Where did you hear such nonsense as that, Mr. Ronaldson?"

"Why, I have heard repeatedly that an old mansion of the town has a well-located family ghost, and I have always supposed that this was the one."

"This is not the one. No such report was ever attached to my house. I should consider such a reputation an unpardonable injury, Mr. Ronaldson. Peter, give me your arm to the dining-room."

Miss Gilbert's red-haired young relative hastened to obey. I took Bessie; the rest swept after, with the exception of Kate and Lawton, who lingered under the chandelier, evidently oblivious to supper, or aught else but themselves and each other.

The crowd filled the old-fashioned dining-hall. The gentlemen found seats for the ladies, and circulated among them with oysters and creams. I brought Bessie a cup of coffee, and urged upon her a glass of wine, yet she still looked excessively weary and ill at ease.

"Don't be worried," I whispered. "He will be gone before we go up-stairs again, and there is Miss Gilbert enjoying her salad, yonder, with no thought for the lovers, I am certain."

"Perhaps we have escaped this time; but, ah, Mr. Ronaldson, if I could tell any one of half what I suffer! Oh, don't listen to me! I am crazy to talk like this to a stranger!"

"But I am not a stranger; I am very much your friend; and, more, I have become your family solicitor, so that the family secrets will be sure to get into my possession. Pray tell me what harasses you so, and very likely I can be of some use."

Digitized by Google

"You are very good. I have told you, partly. It was bad enough before that Peter came, but now it is dreadful! Aunt has taken a fancy to him. He assumes to be the heir, and she does not contradict him. Whether it is for the purpose of hanging a terror over our heads, or not, I do not know. I do not see how she can like him. He is familiar, disagreeable, arrogant, and presumptuous. It is torture to live in the house with him. Kate does not mind it as I do; she is dreaming all the time of Rick. My heart sinks every time they meet, for I suspect they will plan an elopement. Aunt Agatha's fury will then descend on my head; or, if I go with them, I shall be dependent on Rick, and he is poor. I never learned to work. Oh, Mr. Ronaldson, it is a life of constant apprehension!"

Just at that moment there was a terrible cry, and Peter Gilbert's salmon-colored pantaloons leaped in at an open window.

"Miss Gilbert," he shouted, "I saw a man in the garden take off his head!"

"Don't be a fool, Peter!" cried Miss Gilbert, forgetting politeness.

"I did—I swear I did. It's so, it's so!" shouted the young man, greatly excited. "There was a tall man standing right in the path. I was looking at him when he took off his hat, and then *took off his head!*"

"Where did he go?" asked some one.

"Do you suppose I staid to see? I wasn't such a cursed fool as to keep such company as that."

"Peter Gilbert!" cried Miss Gilbert, approaching him, and gesticulating forcibly, "how dare you raise such an infamous tale about my house? How *dare* you set such a disgraceful rumor afloat among all these people?"

"It was so! I'll give my right hand if it wasn't," said Peter, doggedly.

"The process of eating was entirely suspended. Consternation settled upon the company. Miss Gilbert's eyes glittered like two sparks as she heard the whispers:

"There never was such nonsense given rise to before. There never was a whisper of such folly connected with this place. I will have the garden searched. Bessie, Kate, call the servants."

Just after Peter's outcry, Kate Staniels had entered the the room, and stood for a moment quietly behind me. Then she suddenly disappeared.

Miss Gilbert sent two men into the garden.

"Of course they will find nothing," whispered the guests, with pale cheeks.

We stood about the doors and windows, when there was a scream of terror from the shrubbery, and Pompey came running toward the house.

"Oh, Miss Gilbert, I swear to de Lord dat dere's a white figger a-walking down by de summer-house."

"Fool! fool! *You're* a fool too. You senseless wretch!" cried Miss Gilbert. "Peter Gilbert, go out out of my house! You have disgraced it, and ruined my servants. There never was talk of ghosts and spectres until *you* came here. Leave my house this moment, and without a word!"

Interference and remonstrance were useless. She set her face against listening to any one, and when Peter literally took his departure before the assembled company, the irascible old lady surprised every one by sitting down on the stairs and crying like a baby.

"She had hoped to have a son in that fellow, and now he had brought disgrace upon her. She was all alone in the world, and would die as she had lived, unprotected against calumny!"

"Oh, aunt Agatha!" said little Bessie, affected to tears to see her sharp old aunt crying, "you are not alone; I love you—indeed I do! and so does Kate—and no one will believe that the house is haunted, I know."

"Where *is* Kate?" cried the astonishing old lady, jumping up. "She shall marry, and I will fix things so that I shall have some one to depend on. That Lawton isn't so bad a fellow after all, and she shall have him. Kate, you shall have Rick Lawton. I will see if we are to be jeered at and shunned by this town on account of that fellow's stupidity."

The guests had begun to retreat from this *melée*. Either the old lady's mind was breaking up, or she had a monomania on that one subject—ghosts. For hours she walked the the floor, cried, and threatened.

"You hear what I say, Kate? You shall marry Lawton, and live here."

"Yes, aunt,"

It was nearly daylight. I still lingered, fearing some catastrophe from all this excitement. Besides, Bessie seemed to have grown composed, and her blue eyes shone with something very like happiness. She looked so deeply fascinating, and Kate looked so mirthful behind her pocketh andkerchief, that I was bewildered.

But I got a whisper of the truth before I left. It was Rick Lawton taking off his wig in the garden that had frightened Peter, and Kate, taking advantage of the situation, provided her lover with a sheet, whereby he personified a walking ghost for the benefit of the poor darkey.

I went home for breakfast, and in three hours was recalled to arrange legal documents concerning a wedding dower. Kate and Lawton were married then and there. They made no tour, but settled down in the old mansion immediately. Privately, I think that it was fortunate that the old lady immediately took to her bed, or matrimonial bliss might have been a myth for the newly wedded pair.

She was confined to her room for several years before her death, but made no trouble. Sometimes when the bell would would peal half-a-dozen times in an hour, summoning the doctor to his numerous patients of the surrounding country, she would smile shrewdly, and say: "Folks don't seem to be afraid to come here."

I was sorry to take her little nurse away, but Bessie attended her a whole year, after she had promised to be my wife, and I could do without her no longer.

A year after Kate's marriage, we heard from the red-haired young man who had so befriended us. He had married a Creole heiress in New Orleans, and wished us joy of our haunted old castle. It *is* haunted with the laughter of merry children—that is all.

MILAN ARMOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THIS magnincent specimen of ancient armor is not, we confess, all parts of the same suit. The cuirass is in the Museum of the Louvre, and the helmet belongs to a private collection formed by the Emperor Napoleon III.

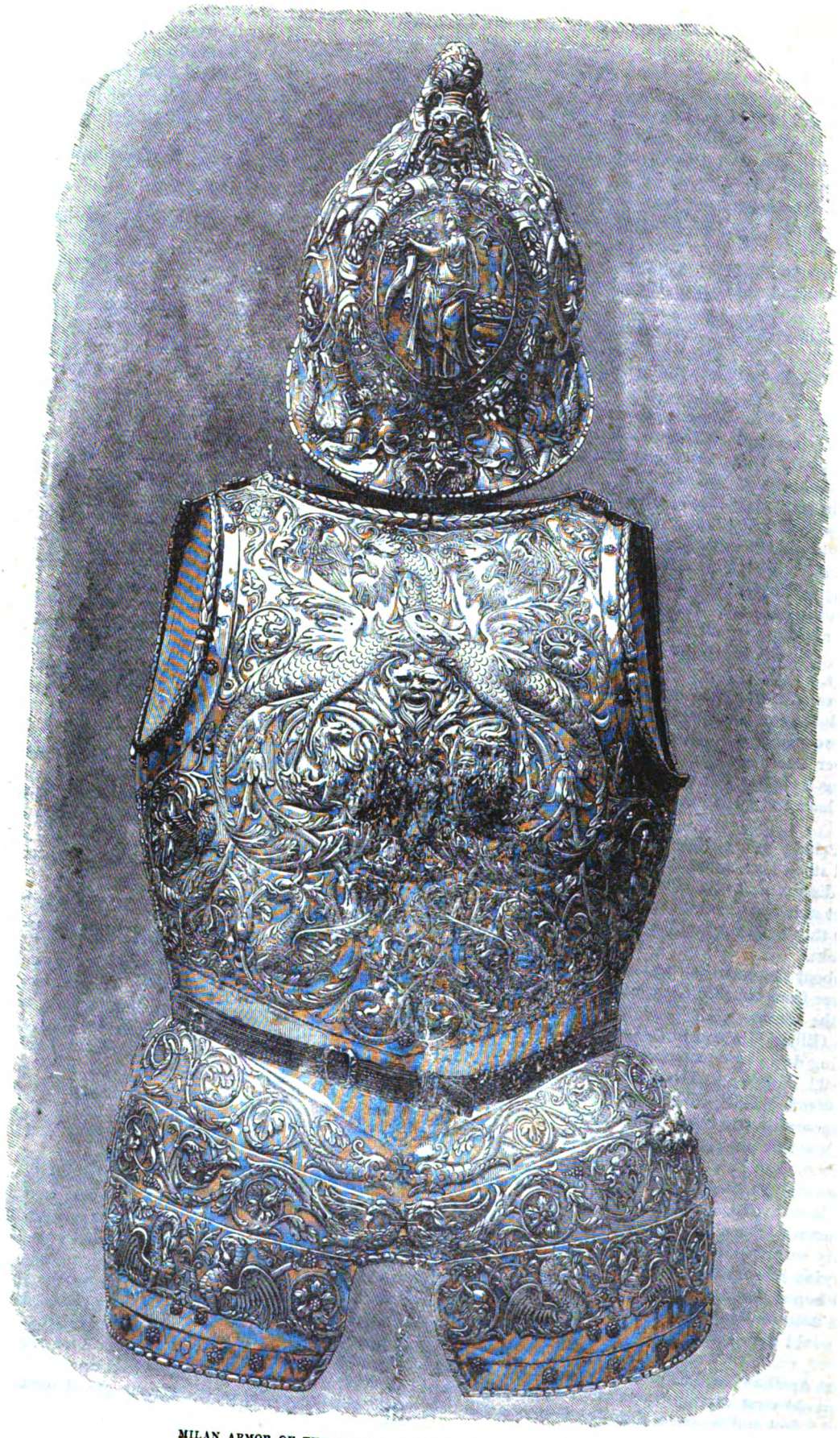
The helmet is surmounted by a lion-headed chimera, and is covered with elegant relievos, chiseled and worked from the interior. The figure of Pomona, and the vines and smaller figures, are extremely beautiful.

The cuirass is in the same style of ornament, and may have formed part of the same set.

Armor of this kind was in vogue in the middle of the sixteenth century, and was chiefly of Italian workmanship—Florence and Milan being the seats of its manufacture. The great masters of art did not disdain to execute designs for these elaborate works, as their sketches, carefully preserved, attest, while those who wrought, either in the form of the armor or the raised work, chiseling and damaskeening, are all remembered in the annals of decorative art.

As may readily be supposed, the cost of such work was enormous, and these arms were gotten up only for royal and noble personages, to wear on some grand occasion of display.

Digitized by Google



MILAN ARMOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—SEE PAGE 759.

Digitized by Google

WOOD-BORING BEES.

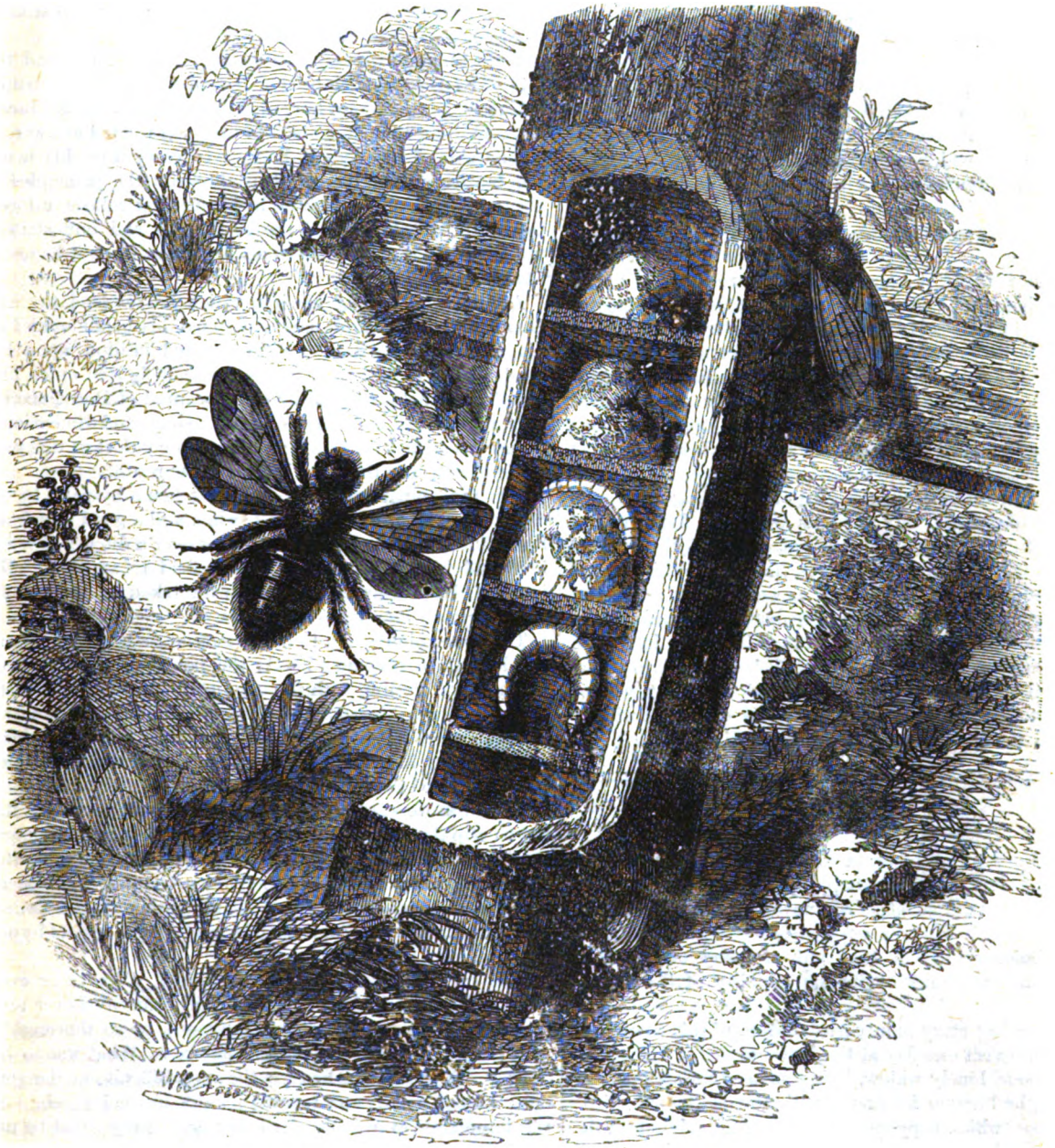
THESE insects work in wood; hence their title. In the beginning of Spring the carpenter bee fixes upon some decayed piece of wood, or upon an old weather-worn post, and commences her excavating labors. By hard dint of boring merely, she sinks a shaft of about twelve or fourteen inches in depth, and of a diameter sufficient to admit a person's finger. Her two strong teeth are the tools which perform this remarkable feat, and no wonder that it should be the task of several days. The work, too, is finished so smoothly that it needs no lining, nor is any given.

During the progress of the excavation, she is careful to remove to a distance all the chips which have been chiseled off. Here is an extraordinary incidental feature of her conduct, and is evidently designed, though not actually by herself, to escape detection. Who teaches her the necessity of the precaution? And what kind of strange impulse is that which obliges her to do it?

The next thing is to contrive the several cells for the prospective young, and that in such a manner that each one may have a separate apartment. A very singular course is taken for this purpose, and which at the same time provides against a serious inconvenience that must happen were it not anticipated and the remedy supplied.

The hole being properly bored, the carpenter bee deposits a single egg at the bottom of the shaft, and with it a ball of pollen; and in order to form a separate cell for this egg, she puts down a partition of clay and wood-dust glued together, at a short and proper distance up the tube. Above this partition another egg is laid, and in like manner another cell is formed for it; and so she continues until the whole tunnel is divided into six or eight compartments, each with its egg and pollen for the unborn grub. the entrance is well stopped up, blocking all safely in, lest they should become the prey of some devouring enemy.

But how is each weak and tender grub to get out of its casemated prison? The lowermost one, too, will be ready



THE WOOD-BORING BEE AND ITS NEST.

Digitized by Google

to come out first, and this makes the difficulty still greater. The old bee provides against the contingency, and meets the difficulty. She makes a lateral and horizontal opening at the lower end of the tube and fills it with saw-dust paste, which, being more soft than the wood, is more easy to penetrate by the tender mandibles of her offspring, and thus affords them greater facilities of escape. Through this sort of back door the bottom one can make its way out first, and all the others follow in succession, according to the time of their development. This sort of apparent foresight in the animal strikes man, who is endowed with rational powers and accustomed to reason, as something truly wonderful, and he pauses in amazement.

Then there is another thing that puzzles him with respect to the young themselves, and that is, each grub, on turning into a chrysalis, places itself in such a position that its head is turned downward, as if it was aware that it could not go upward, so that it then lies in a direction to break open the cell at the lower end, which is the right one.

And not less remarkable is it that the amount of pollen in each cell should be so nicely proportioned to the exact requirement of the grub it has to sustain, seeing it is neither more nor less than the quantity wanted. How extraordinary and curious is this fact! for the mother herself has no experience of what will be serviceable and necessary, having never before provided for a family, nor having ever known or seen her parents to be taught it by them. Yet she puts in the right kind of food, and all that will be essential for the purpose, and no more. Neither has she ever made a nest before, nor ever seen one made, for she builds but one during the period of her existence, and dies before the next season opens. She goes to work, therefore, not only without a pattern, but without even an idea of it, having never seen one, and without also any previous practice. Let the fact of the enduring uniformity of the plan, and of the manner of putting it into execution—that is, the scheme this bee was made to adopt in the beginning, as well as her method of completing all the parts, which have been continued by the same species unto this day, and ever will be so long as a decayed piece of timber can be found, be taken into reflection, and the reader will have an illustration of the workings of Instinct as beautiful and curious as he ever need wish to revolve in the intelligent and thinking mind.

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT.

A LANARKSHIRE minister (who died within the present century) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the well-known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of choice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart.

The following story is in corroboration of this assertion;

Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor, lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated with the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children.

He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely.

"Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot, "if ye like the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the manse. It's a kind o' orra (*superfluous*) pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use for the ordinar, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it over the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule."

"Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself."

After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he himself should carry home the pot.

Off then he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him.

Unfortunately the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat, so that he became heartily tired of his burthen before he got half-way home. Under these circumstances, it struck him, that, if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever.

Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and, having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in inverted fashion, upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was at first much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result.

The unfortunate minister, having taken a by-path to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch which intercepted him in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or at least, *into*, the dark as this.

The concussion given to his person in descending caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there, inclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new-born child was inclosed by the filmy bag with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favorite offspring.

What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patera*, being of such peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse.

Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *con'retemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in deafening reverberation, the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction.

To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation.

Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot!*

Digitized by Google

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit, or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister.

Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister traveled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge.

I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith, and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song;

> "Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted,
> Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted,
> And a' the town neighbors were gathered about it,
> And there was he, I trow."

Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the Great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was, accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and, having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer.

"Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot.

"As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chap i' the chafts than die for want of breath."

Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it inclosed, as the cookmaid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass of the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C——.

MONKEYS ATTACKING TRAVELERS.

Some of the larger species of the monkey tribe are rather formidable antagonists when enraged. Their affection for their young and for each other is well known; and instances are fully authenticated in which they have fearfully avenged insult and injury. The engraving on page 764 illustrates this trait quite clearly. A traveler in the East Indies tells us that, as he was passing through the country on one occasion, in company with the English President, several apes were observed on the trees around them. The President was so much amused that he ordered the carriage to be stopped, and desired his companion to shoot one of them. The attendants, who were principally natives, and well acquainted with the habits of the animals, begged him to desist, lest those that escaped might do them some injury, in revenge for the death of a companion. Being, however, still requested, he killed a female, which fell among the branches, letting her little ones, that clung to her neck, drop to the ground. In an instant all the remaining apes, to the number of sixty or more, descended in fury, and as many as could leaped upon the President's coach, where they would soon have strangled him, had not the blinds been immediately closed, and the number of attendants so great as, though not without difficulty, to drive them off. As it was, they continued to run after the servants for at least three miles from the place where their companion was slain.

ANCIENT INKS.

The ink used by ancient writers was formed of lamp-black, or the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from furnaces and baths. Some have supposed that the black liquid which the cuttle-fish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscript, from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as thick as oil, and from chemical analysis, the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than that which is used in modern times.

Inks of different colors were much in vogue; red, purple, blue, and gold and silver inks, were the principal varieties. The red was made from vermilion, cinnabar, and carmine; the purple from murex; one kind of which, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the emperors. Gold ink was much more popular among the Greeks than among the Romans.

During the Middle or Dark Ages, the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the high degree of perfection to which the art was carried. The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business; another connected with it, and to which it owed its origin, was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words, in colored and gold and silver inks.

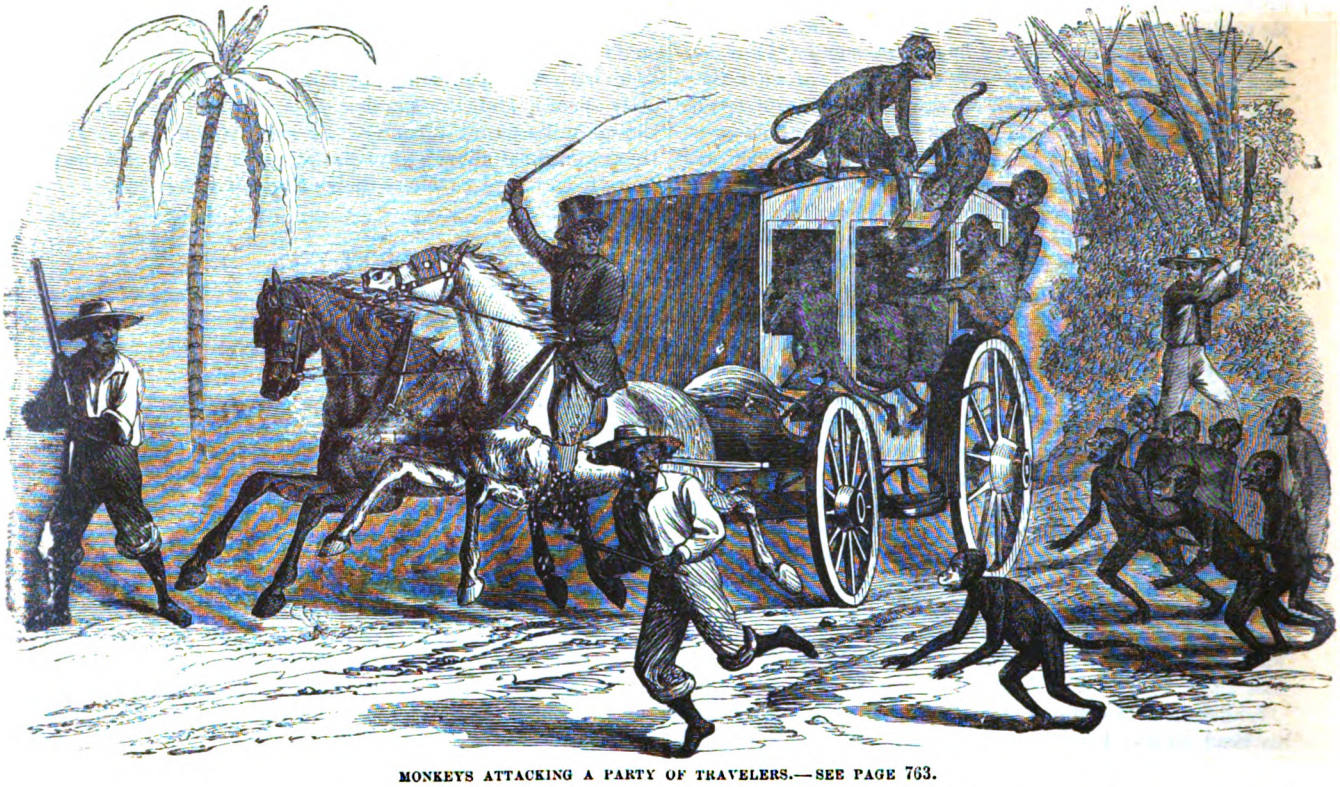
A BABOON MOTHER.

A Mr. Hazely, in a letter on Africa, tells the following story: A woman, belonging to a settlement of about 150 souls, went one day to gather some wood, and left her child on the ground to take care of itself. While the mother was gone, a female baboon appeared on the scene, and, espying the child, approached and began to fondle it. The child was allowed to partake of the baboon's milk, which deprived it of any appetite for its mother's.

When the mother returned, she noticed that the child was carefully covered over with leaves, and had lost its hunger. This was done for several days before the mother ascertained who performed the unthankful act. When the mother did find out the doer, she induced the men of her tribe to lie in wait for the baboon the next day. The animal noticed the men raise their weapons to fire, and began to wave her hand, or paw, as if asking them not to kill her, and, at the same time, pointed to a young one on her breast. But the natives killed her. No sooner had they done so, however, than the male baboon put in its appearance, and, by a loud shout, summoned others of his tribe to the spot. Then, in a body, the animals attacked the natives, and forced them to flee to their huts for safety.

One of the baboons tracked them to their settlement, and the next day they were visited by about 500 baboons, who assaulted them with cocoanuts, and compelled them to run away from their homes. The animals kept a watch over the huts for several days, and prevented the natives from returning to their dwellings.

Digitized by Google



MONKEYS ATTACKING A PARTY OF TRAVELERS.—SEE PAGE 763.

DETECTION OF ADULTERATIONS AND FRAUDS BY THE SPECTROSCOPE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

A better detective for good and bad has not been found than the spectroscope. By means of it we study the composition of bodies which are so distant that it has required countless ages for the light from them to reach our globe, and we as easily investigate the minutest object immediately under our feet. The instrument is the result of a long series of investigations carried on by men of science during the last two hundred years. The first impulse was given by Sir Isaac Newton, who allowed the light to shine through a prism by boring a hole in a shutter and afterward catching the spectrum on a screen. He found that by this means the light was split up into seven different colors, arranged in the following order: Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. Fig. 1 shows how the original experiment was conducted. It was a very simple thing to do, but in its consequences it has led to researches and discoveries which ramify in every direction and are constantly presenting new facts to view. By carefully following the trail in one direction, we shall soon come upon the spectroscope, and learn how it finally found its way into court as a detector of frauds. Fraunhofer, a famous manufacturer of optical instruments in Munich, in the early part of this century, examined the spectrum discovered by Newton through a telescope, and found that it was composed of a great number of lines. If the beam of light examined by Sir Isaac Newton had been let in through a slit instead of a round hole, he, too, would have seen those black lines, and no doubt have traced their origin; on such trifling accidents hang the fate of many great discoveries.

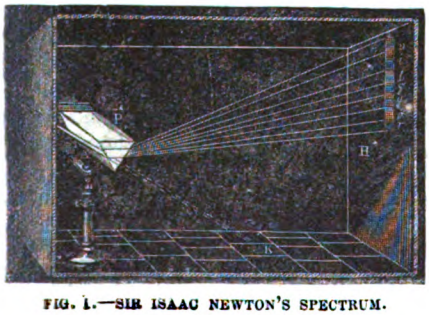


FIG. 1.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S SPECTRUM.

Fraunhofer saw that a few lines were very prominent, and these he named from the letters of the alphabet *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, etc., and they are designated as the Fraunhofer lines in all subsequent researches.

Fig. 2 shows the position of these lines on the solar spectrum.

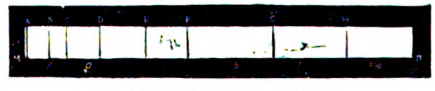


FIG. 2.—FRAUNHOFER LINES.

Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford, of New York City, contributed another important link in the research by actually photographing the lines of the spectrum, thus bringing them out with great sharpness and detail for future study. The photograph disclosed several thousand lines, and it is now adopted over the world as the chart for laying down all measurements of the spectrum. Fig. 3 shows how numerous the lines on Rutherford's photograph are, in contrast with the few mapped by Fraunhofer.

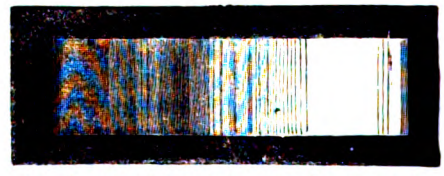


FIG. 3.—RUTHERFORD'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.

To pass from the examination of the action of sunlight to an analysis of light derived from artificial sources is a natural transition, and as soon as this was done a remarkable difference was observed. While the sunlight gave lines which always occupied the same relative positions, the lines derived from artificial light were found to be as various as the substances employed, and were scattered in different parts of the spectrum.

Dr. John W. Draper, professor in New York University, was the first to suggest a practical use of these observations.

Digitized by Google

In the *Philosophical Magazine* for May, 1847, and February, 1848, he published a paper upon "Methods for the Prismatic Analysis of Substances," in which he called attention to this peculiar property of artificial light to give characteristic lines, and he at that time suggested this method as being remarkably delicate for the detection of numerous substances.

His observations were forgotten, and it was not until 1860 that the subject was again taken up by Bunsen and Kirchoff, who founded upon it their celebrated discovery of new metals, and of the constitution of the atmosphere of the sun.

Bunsen had been investigating methods for the detection of substances by flame reactions. He invented a burner to be used for this purpose, which has been called after him, the Bunsen Burner. (Fig. 4.)



FIG. 4.—BUNSEN BURNER.

By screwing a tube three inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter upon an ordinary fish-tail burner, and then boring some holes near the bottom for the air to pass through, he obtained a colorless flame, which he could use for experimenting upon all salts. He examined the colors through all kinds of glasses, and finally it must have occurred to him to see what the effect would be of passing the light through a prism, as Sir Isaac Newton had done, and viewing it through a telescope, as Fraunhofer had suggested. Bunsen called to his assistance his talented colleague, Professor Kirchoff, and the two worked out the problem together. Neither of them was aware of what Dr. Draper had done, so that they were entirely original in their research. In order to study the action of light when transmitted through a prism, an instrument called the spectroscope was invented. It is a very simple contrivance, and consists of a flint glass prism, a telescope, and a hollow tube, with a slit in one end for the passage of the light. (Fig. 5.)

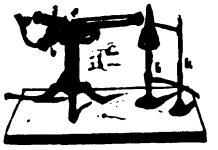


FIG. 5.—SPECTROSCOPE.

When it is used, an alcohol lamp, or a Bunsen burner, is placed before the slit, and the substance to be examined is suspended in the flame on a platinum wire; the light from the burning substance passes through the prism, and its image is viewed through the telescope. Every substance gives a peculiar series of lines, and when we once know where to place these lines, we can detect any metal. Bunsen and Kirchoff subjected everything they could lay their hands upon to this test.

Among other things, Bunsen, in his official quality of Government Inspector of Mineral Waters, had some of the residue from the evaporation of the waters of the Durkheim Spring, and, while subjecting this to the usual test, he observed a couple of blue lines which were not traceable back to any known substance. This was a sufficient clue to enable him to follow the trail, and he immediately caused several tons of the water to be evaporated, so as to obtain enough residue for his experiments. It was not long before he was convinced of the existence of a new metal, and as the blue lines had first led to its detection, the element was called cæsium, from the Latin *cæsius*, meaning sky-blue. (Fig. 6.)

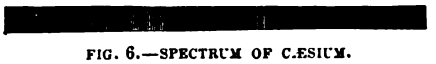


FIG. 6.—SPECTRUM OF CÆSIUM.

It was thus that Bunsen made his celebrated discovery of a new metal. He published an account of it in July, 1861. Since then four other new metals have been discovered in the same way.

The spectroscope as an aid to research now became one of the most important instruments in the hands of scientists. The light from the sun, moon and stars, and from every possible artificial source, has been examined and the phenomena carefully noted. Finally it occurred to some one to study the absorption-bands produced by different colored media, either transparent solids or liquids—it was soon found that the absorption lines are characteristic of a great variety of substances, and afford a way of detecting their presence quite as unerringly as the peculiar lines produced by the combustion of the vapor of metals. The substance to be examined is simply placed before the slit of the spectroscope and the light passed through it. A red glass will absorb all the colors but the red; blue glass admits the passage of the blue rays, absorbs the green entirely and the red partially. Such kinds of glass, therefore, show an elective absorption. It has been found that many gases, liquids, and solids exert at ordinary temperature of the air a selective absorption power upon white light when it passes through them. If we take a solution of blood or of magenta and place the cells containing them before the slit, we get the distinct absorption dark bands characteristic of those substances (fig. 7). The accuracy of this method of detecting blood, was put to the severest test by Valentin. Twenty numbered packages, containing mixtures of different origin, were given to him for examination. He emptied each separately in distilled water, filtered the solutions, submitted them to spectroscopic analysis and pointed out four packages containing blood. The first contained scrapings of a block which had served in the dissecting-room of a medical college, but had lain for three years unused, in a corner; the next contained scrapings from a block still in use for a similar purpose; the third contained rust from an old iron hook on which meat had been suspended in a butcher's shop; and the fourth contained a piece of cloth from a coat. In every case he could recognize the two absorption lines of the blood so clearly as to leave no shadow of doubt of its presence. These lines can be faintly seen, even when the blood has been diluted with 7,000 times its volume of water, when it is

DARK BAND IN MAGENTA.

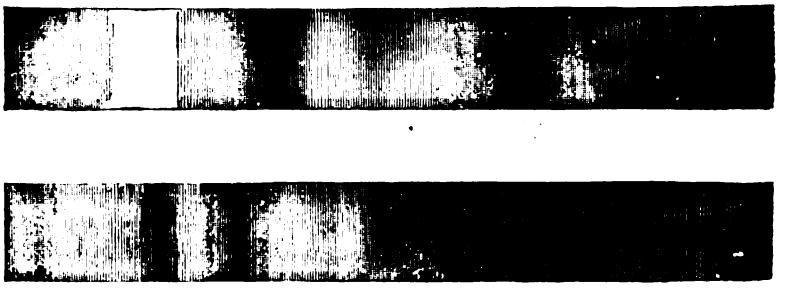


FIG. 7.— DARK BANDS IN BLOOD.

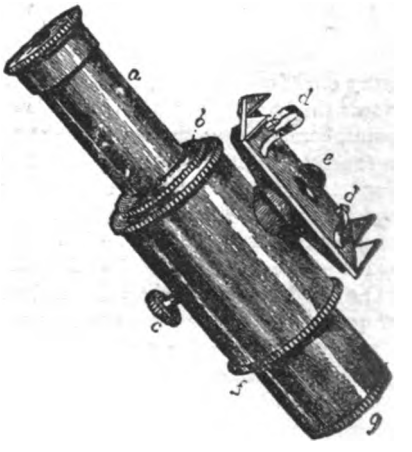


FIG. 8.— MICRO-SPECTROSCOPE.

Digitized by Google

perfectly colorless to the naked eye by transmitted light, and by reflected light showing, at most, a faint, yellowish tinge. The micro-spectroscope is the name of the instrument employed for conducting this class of researches. The construction of this instrument is represented in figs. 8 and 9. The prism is contained in a small tube (*a*), which can be removed at pleasure, and which is shown in section in fig. 9. By means of this contrivance the absorption spectra of a

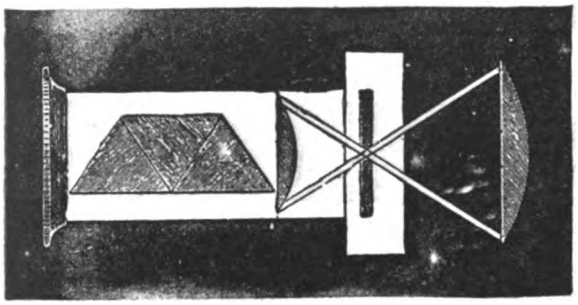


FIG. 9.—DIRECT VISION INSTRUMENT.

great number of substances have been sketched by Sorby, Stokes, Vogel, and others, and methods pointed out for the detection of adulteration.

A new method of measuring the absorption bands in spectra has been communicated to the Royal Microscopical Society by Mr. H. C. Sorby. The apparatus consists of a crystal of quartz, cut so that the light passes along the line of the principal axis: the thickness used is exactly 1¼ inches. This crystal is placed between two Nicol prisms, the upper one capable of rotation for the purpose of adjustment; the lower one fixed to an ivory circle, 2½ inches in diameter, each half of which is divided into ten parts, and these again into five smaller divisions, so that there is no difficulty in reading off to 1-100th of a half-revolution. The light passing through this apparatus, when viewed with the spectroscope, divides the spectrum into eight spaces by seven well-defined bands, which in a prism spectrum are apparently at very uniform intervals, but at a much less wave-length interval at the blue than at the red end. When the apparatus is attached to the micro-spectroscope, the pointer of the circle being placed at zero, the upper prism is rotated so that the centre of the second dark band from the red end of the spectrum exactly coincides with the sodium line, or with the solar line D. All the other dark bands are then in perfectly constant and definite positions, depending on the action of quartz on light of various wave-length. On rotating the ivory circle each band gradually passes from the red end towards the blue until, when the circle comes to the next zero point, commencing the next semicircle, the series of bands is exactly the same as at first. The formula for reducing the degrees of the scale to their respective wave-lengths is given, and also a table for an instrument constructed with a crystal of quartz of exactly 1¼ inches in thickness, cut and mounted as described. The chief objections to the apparatus appear to be the difficulty of obtaining and cutting a suitable piece of quartz, and also the size of the apparatus, its length being about 3½ inches, which renders the instrument inconvenient for attachment to the ordinary micro-spectroscope, but it has answered well, placed below the stage of Mr. Sorby's binocular spectrum microscope.

The spectroscope affords the simplest method of detecting the adulterations of wine, especially in regard to coloring matter. Pure, concentrated wine absorbs the whole spectrum, to the orange. Dilute wine destroys the dark-blue almost entirely, allows the light-blue to pass, but absorbs the green and yellow-green, and stops at *D*, while red goes through unchanged. Indigo is strongly absorbed. Professor H. Vogel employs for the examination of wines a pocket spectroscope, and the liquids are placed in square white bottles about 0.30 inch thick. A novel and ingenious application of the spectroscope as a witness in a case of alleged forgery was recently made in New York City by Professor P. H. Van der Weyde. The *Scientific American* says: "A suit was brought to recover, on a check which the plaintiff alleged had been certified at the bank. The bank, in defense, claimed that the certification was a forgery; and, among other statements, asserted that the ink used was not the same as that employed on other checks certified by the same person on the same day. Dr. Van der Weyde was called as an expert to determine this point, and he appeared in court armed with a powerful microscope having a spectroscopic eye-piece. By carefully observing the spectrum of sunlight reflected from the surface of the paper covered with different inks, and then passed through the micro-spectroscope, he previously had satisfied himself that all inks, other than black, such as Prussian blue, carmine, aniline red, etc., absorb certain parts of the solar spectrum, so that it would be a certain and easy way of recognizing the identity of the two inks to note the fact that both produced an absorption of, and so blotted out, exactly similar parts of the solar spectrum. This, of course, was spectrum analysis produced otherwise than by examining the incandescent vapor of the substance, an obviously impracticable proceeding in the case of the check. On the witness-stand, Dr. Van der Weyde was given a variety of checks from the bank, together with the particular document on which the suit rested. The microscopic part of his instruments magnified the writing so highly that the dot on an *i* was sufficient for all purposes. The result was that the ink of the alleged forged signature and that of the bank's genuine writing gave exactly the same absorption spectrum, and hence were pronounced identical, and this although the check in suit had been handled and exposed to the light until the ink had faded considerably."

It will thus be seen that the micro-spectroscope is the instrument of the future. It is only necessary that the observations of chemists shall be carefully mapped in order to furnish the proper data upon which to base all calculations. No doubt this will be done, and by using the chart thus prepared the chemist can navigate through all the hidden rocks and quicksands which abound in the great ocean of fraud and adulteration, and he can as unerringly point out the danger as the mariner, aided by the labors of previous voyages, can steer clear of rocks and shoals.

RESPIRATION OF PLANTS.

M. COVENWINDER has been studying the respiration of plants, and for the purpose of measuring the amount of oxygen gas consumed and of carbonic acid gas respired, he devised a neat and simple apparatus. He discovered that the green part of a plant, called chlorophyl, was only able in sunlight to absorb carbonic acid and assimilate the carbon while it liberated the oxygen. At night he found that plants gave off carbonic acid, thus confirming the popular notion that it is dangerous to have plants in a sleeping apartment. The presence of chlorophyl is indispensable to the healthy growth of a plant, and the action of sunlight alone can keep it supplied. If it is entirely wanting the plant must either die or maintain a sickly existence.

SUN STEAM ENGINE.—Mouchot, who succeeded so well in cooking by solar heat, has invented a simple engine in which steam is produced by the sun's rays. A cone of polished tin opens to the sun, and concentrates the rays on a metal boiler, lamp-blacked, inside a glass flask. The steam drove a miniature engine.

Digitized by Google

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EFFECT OF EXTREME COLD ON THE MIND, AND DANGER OF USING ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS DURING PHYSICAL EXPOSURE.—M. Payer, the eminent Arctic explorer, referring to a certain day on which the thermometer indicated 58 deg. Fah. below zero, says that so great an amount of cold paralyzes the will, and that, under its influence, men, from the unsteadiness of their gait, their stammering talk, and the slowness of their mental operations, seem as if they were intoxicated. Another effect of such cold, mentioned by M. Payer, is a tormenting thirst, which is due to the evaporation of the moisture of the body. It is unwholesome, too, to use snow to quench the thirst, as it brings on inflammation of the throat, palate, and tongue; besides, a temperature of 35¼ to 58 deg. below zero, Fah., makes it taste like molten metal. Snow-eaters in the North are considered as feeble and effeminate, in the same way as is an opium-eater in the East. A party of Americans crossing the Sierra Nevada encamped at a spot above the snow line, and in an exposed situation. Some of them took a good deal of spirits before going to sleep, and they lay down warm and happy; some took a moderate quantity, and they lay down somewhat but not very cold; others took none at all, and they lay down very cold and miserable. Next morning, however, those who had taken no spirits got up feeling quite well, those who had taken a little got up feeling cold and wretched, and those who had taken a good deal did not get up at all; they had perished from cold during the night. Those who took no alcohol kept their heart warm at the expense of their skin, and they remained well: those who took much warmed their skin at the expense of their heart, and they died.

AN APPARATUS of great delicacy has lately been devised by Dr. Mosso of Turin, for measuring the movements of the blood-vessels in man. A description of it, with figures, appears in *Comptes Rendus* of January 24. The arrangement of the *plethysmograph* (as it is called) consists in inclosing a part of the body, the fore-arm, *e. g.*, in a glass cylinder with caoutchouc ring, filling the cylinder with tepid water, and measuring, by a special apparatus, the quantity of water which flows out or in through a tube connected with the cylinder, as the arm expands or contracts. An opening in the cylinder is connected by a piece of caoutchouc tubing with a glass tube opening downwards into a test tube suspended from a double pulley with counterpoise, to which the recording lever is attached, in a vessel containing a mixture of alcohol and water. When the vessels of the arm dilate water passes from the cylinder into the test tube, which is thereby immersed further, so that the counterpoise rises; in the opposite case water flows back from the test-tube into the cylinder, the test-tube rises, and the counterpoise descends. Among other applications of the apparatus, Dr. Mosso employs it in studying the physiology of thought and cerebral activity. The slightest emotions are revealed by the instrument by a change in the state of the blood-vessels. The entrance of a person during the experiment, in whom one is interested, has the effect of diminishing the volume of the fore-arm four to fifteen cubic centimetres. The work of the brain during the solution of an arithmetical or other problem, or the reading of a passage difficult to understand, is always accompanied by contraction of the vessels proportional to the effort of thought.

A NEW MAP OF FRANCE.—A magnificent new map of France has recently been completed at the Dépôt of Fortifications, and is now being published in sheets. It is on a scale of 1 500,000, and is intended to replace the map constructed on the scale of 1.864,000, and published in 1820. There are to be 15 sheets, which, when pasted together, will form a map 2 metres long and 2.50 metres wide. For the purpose of giving many details without obscuring the execution, the employment of various colors has been adopted—black for inhabited places, roads, etc; blue for natural springs, lakes, canals, etc; bistre for the mountains, etc., and green for forests. As everything is on scale, it will be easily possible to tell at a glance the distance from one place to another. Much information is given by ingenious devices as to population and other important statistics. On the whole, the map will prove a model for other nations to follow in the publication of similar work.

TECHNICAL APPLICATIONS OF SALICYLIC ACID.—Professor R. Wagner suggests a number of purposes in the arts to which salicylic acid can be applied. Meat moistened with a solution of salicylic acid in water, showed no signs of decay, and gave off no odor after the lapse of two months. The acid can be further used for the preservation of salted meats, sausage-meat, unsalted butter, dried fruits, and green vegetables. It also prevents soup from souring in warm weather. Professor Wagner also recommends experiments with the acid in the manufacture of leather. In the manufacture of perfumes the acid must prove invaluable. The author remarks that some salicylate of potash prepared by Professor Joy, of New York, underwent spontaneous decomposition, and had the odor of attar of roses. This observation suggests the possibility of manufacturing rose-water from salicylic acid.

MANUFACTURE OF FLAT MATCHES IN SWEDEN.—Young aspen-trees are cut into sections six times the length of a match, and the bark is removed by children with an ordinary hatchet. The stick of wood is clamped into a lathe, and by means of a horizontal knife and five perpendicular knives, six shavings are pared off of the proper thickness and width for matches. Sixty of these shavings are piled upon each other, and are cut into the length of matches by a guillotine knife, such as is employed in paper-mills. A man and two boys, by aid of this machine, can cut 2,000 matches in a minute, or 1,000,000 in a day. The aspen wood, which is also in demand for paper-making, is fast disappearing from many parts of Sweden. The Swedish safety match is very highly prized in Europe, and ought to be more generally known in this country.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A MEDICAL REGIMENT.—The Lance-ers.

"HABITS" OF AMERICAN BIRDS.—Feathers.

TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—Three miles of water.

OPERA FOR TEETOTALERS.—The *Water-Carrier*.

DECEPTION one cannot see through—A glass eye.

A PLEASANT REFLECTION.—A pretty girl's face in a glass.

NOTE THE DIFFERENCE.—A ship is decked for use, a woman is decked for ornament.

CURIOUS.—We are born into the world, and borne out of it. 'Tis a bourne, however, with a difference.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Name of a new newspaper (to be on the breakfast-table every day)—*The Morning Appetizer*.

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

THE Sunday-school lessons learned in childhood are never apt to leave a man's mind, except when he attempts to walk over a croquet lawn on a dark night.

A GARDENER of our acquaintance has suffered so much from rheumatism and plum-bago that melon-cholia has ensued. Appleless man! his life is despair'd of!

A CITIZEN of a village on the Hudson River has excited great indignation by gratifying his fondness for patting dogs on the head. He uses a heavy steel poker to pat them with.

A WELL-KNOWN physician had left town for a few days, and a notice to that effect was posted on the door of his house. Some wag added, "Patients expected to recover in the meantime."

FORGETFULNESS TOO GENERAL.—When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free; of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf. You wonder that he doesn't remember me! Why so? You see he has forgot himself!

"ON which side of the platform is my train?" asked a stranger, at a railway station, the other day. "Well, my friend," replied a gentleman, passing, "if you take the left you'll be right; if you take the right you'll be left."

A LABORER employed in breaking stone on a roadside, and having a shade over one eye as a preventive, was thus accosted by a companion: "I say, Tummy, hast 'e lost an eye?" "Why?" replied the other; "hast 'e found one?"

"I MAKE it a principle not to lend money," said a good man to a friend lately, "but in your case I sacrifice principle for interest." And when the latter found he had charged twenty per cent. discount, he said he thought he did.

IT is said that a young widow in Nevada has a "a silver claim," on which pounds of the precious metal are mined every day, but she doesn't mind it, as she has fixed her mind on minding a little minor, the only son of the departed miner.

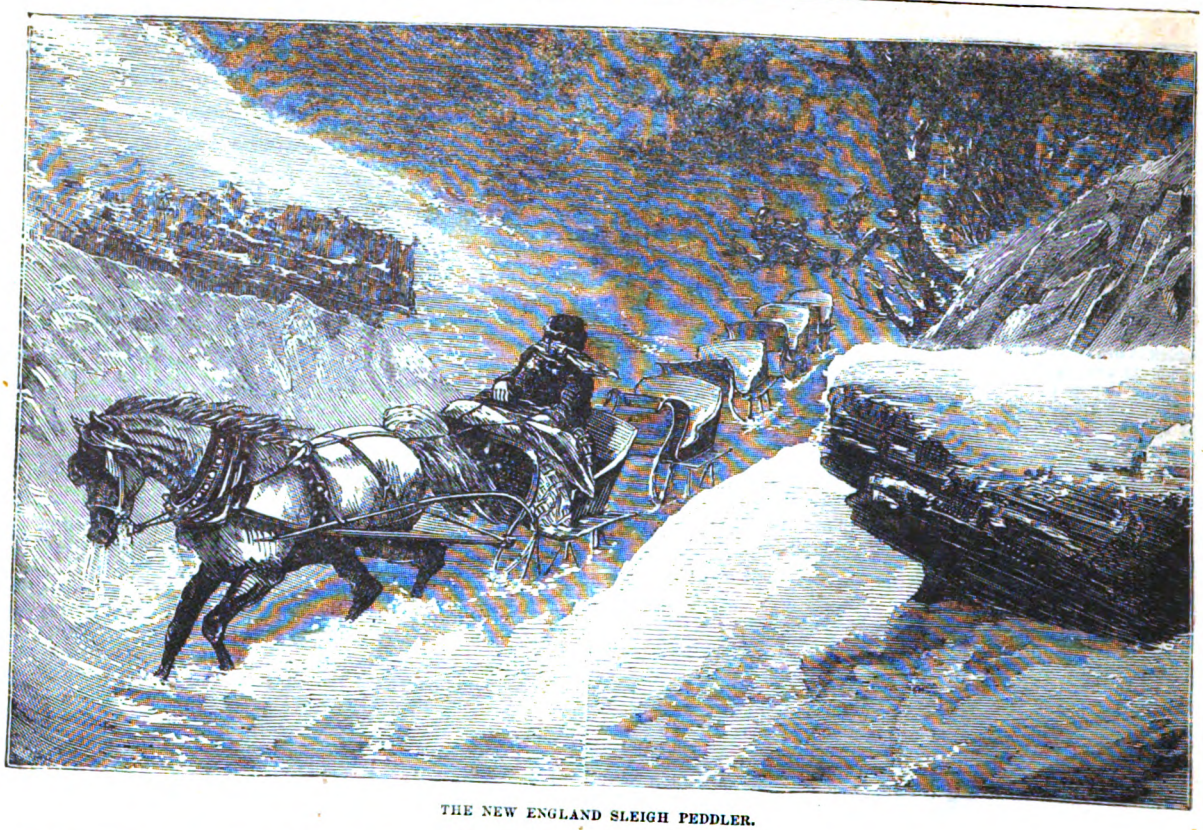
A SHORT CREED.—A skeptical young man one day conversing with the celebrated Doctor Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand, at which the doctor grimly said, "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

A NEW PRESS GANG.—The latest novelty in journalism is a newspaper published in Sicily in the interests of the brigands of that island, and called *Il Mafirso*. The profits of the journal are divided among the fraternity, who also contribute articles. Here is an instance in the history of the Press, then, where all news gets corobber-ation.

MYSORE POINT.—The poetic and the practical are no longer to be opposed. A new era has dawned upon us, and a new light descended. To be all things to all men is evidently the burning wish of the gentleman who advertises in the *Echo*, "Tippo Sahib, the Sultan of Mysore: A Poem. With a Treatise on Swimming." Maybe it is only on Swimming in the Head, a procedure not nearly so much opposed to poetry as at first appears. In fact, rather in favor of it.

WESTERN ORATORY.—Specimens of Western oratory are rather stale; but here is a bit related by a trustworthy authority, which has not been in print before: "Where is Europe with America? Nowhar! Where is England? Nowhar! They call England the mistress of the sea, but what makes the sea? The Mississippi River makes it. And all we've got to do is to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave, and the English Navy will be floundering in the mud."

"THE LIVING HUMOR OF MADNESS."—A well-known politician has a passion for visiting mad-houses and interviewing their inmates; and recently he has come across an incident almost unparalleled in its incomprehensibility. He went to a private lunatic asylum which he had previously visited, and, seeing there a distinguished-looking man sitting moodily alone, went up and said to him, "How do you do? I think I have seen you before. May I ask your name?" "My name!" returned the man, fiercely. "I am Alexander the Great!" "Why," said the visitor, who suddenly remembered having already had a discussion with the man, "the last time I was here you were St. Paul!" "Yes, of course," the man rejoined, quickly, "but that was by the first wife."



THE NEW ENGLAND SLEIGH PEDDLER.



THE MUSIC LESSON IN THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

Digitized by Google